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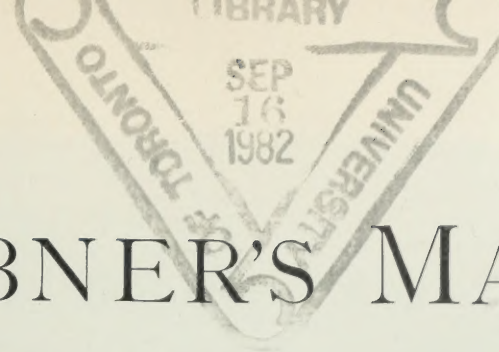


COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Drawn for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE by Charles Dana Gibson—by courtesy of *Life*, in which periodical Mr. Gibson's work will appear exclusively.

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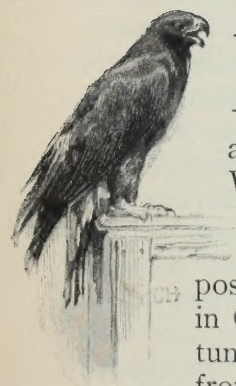
Shoeing a Bronco—Camp San Antonio, Texas.

THE ROUGH RIDERS BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry



RAISING THE REGIMENT



The Mascot "Teddy."

DURING the year preceding the outbreak of the Spanish War I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. While my party was in opposition, I had preached, with all the fervor and zeal I possessed, our duty to intervene in Cuba, and to take this opportunity of driving the Spaniard from the Western World. Now that my party had come to power, I felt it incumbent on me, by word and deed, to do all I could to secure the carrying out of the policy in

which I so heartily believed; and from the beginning I had determined that, if a war came, somehow or other, I was going to the front.

Meanwhile, there was any amount of work at hand in getting ready the navy, and to this I devoted myself.

Naturally, when one is intensely interested in a certain cause, the tendency is to associate particularly with those who take the same view. A large number of my friends felt very differently from the way I felt, and looked upon the possibility of war with sincere horror. But I found plenty of sympathizers, especially in the navy, the army,



Regimental Drill of the Rough

and the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Commodore Dewey, Captain Evans, Captain Brownson, Captain Davis—with these and the various other naval officers on duty at Washington I used to hold long consultations, during which we went over and over, not only every question of naval administration, but specifically everything necessary to do in order to put the navy in trim to strike quick and hard if, as we believed would be the case, we went to war with Spain. Sending an ample quantity of ammunition to the Asiatic squadron and providing it with coal; getting the battle-ships and the armored cruisers on the Atlantic into one squadron, both to train them in manœu-

vring together, and to have them ready to sail against either the Cuban or the Spanish coasts; gathering the torpedo-boats into a flotilla for practice; securing ample target exercise, so conducted as to raise the standard of our marksmanship; gathering in the small ships from European and South American waters; settling on the number and kind of craft needed as auxiliary cruisers—every one of these points was threshed over in conversations with officers who were present in Washington, or in correspondence with officers who, like Captain Mahan, were absent.

As for the Senators, of course Senator Lodge and I felt precisely alike; for to fight in such a cause and with such an



Colonel Wood.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt.

Riders at San Antonio, Texas.

enemy was merely to carry out the doctrines we had both of us preached for many years. Senator Davis, Senator Proctor, Senator Foraker, Senator Chandler, Senator Morgan, Senator Frye, and a number of others also took just the right ground; and I saw a great deal of them, as well as of many members of the House, particularly those from the West, where the feeling for war was strongest.

Naval officers came and went, and Senators were only in the city while the Senate was in session; but there was one friend who was steadily in Washington. This was an army surgeon, Dr. Leonard Wood. I only met him after I entered the navy department, but we soon found

that we had kindred tastes and kindred principles. He had served in General Miles's inconceivably harassing campaigns against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions—the Medal of Honor; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognized as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to serve, he com-

bined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and, like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and, though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was the chance to lead men in some kind of hazard. To every possibility of such adventure he paid quick attention. For instance, he had a great desire to get me to go with him on an expedition into the Klondike in mid-winter, at the time when it was thought that a relief party would have to be sent there to help the starving miners.

In the summer he and I took long walks together through the beautiful broken country surrounding Washington. In winter we sometimes varied these walks by kicking a foot-ball in an empty lot, or, on the rare occasions when there was enough snow, by trying a couple of sets of skis or snow skates, which had been sent me from Canada.

But always on our way out to and back from these walks and sport, there was one topic to which, in our talking, we returned, and that was the possible war with Spain. We both felt very strongly that such a war would be as righteous as it would be advantageous to the honor and the interests of the nation; and after the blowing up of the Maine, we felt that it was inevitable. We then at once began to try to see that

we had our share in it. The President and my own chief, Secretary Long, were very firm against my going, but they said that if I was bent upon going they would help me. Wood was the medical adviser of both the President and the Secretary of War, and could count upon their friendship. So we started with the odds in our favor.

At first we had great difficulty in knowing exactly what to try for. We could go on the staff of any one of several Generals, but we much preferred to go in the line. Wood hoped he might get a commission in his native State of Massachusetts; but in Massachusetts, as in every other State, it proved there were ten men who wanted to go to the war for every chance to go. Then we thought we might get positions as field-officers under an old friend of mine, Colonel—now General—



Captain Bucky O'Neill.

Francis V. Greene, of New York, the Colonel of the Seventy-first; but again there were no vacancies.

Our doubts were resolved when Congress authorized the raising of three cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains. During Wood's service in the Southwest he had commanded not only regulars and Indian scouts, but also white frontiersmen. In the Northwest I had spent much of my time, for many years, either on my ranch or in long hunting trips, and had lived and worked for months together with the cowboy and the mountain hunter, faring in every way precisely as they did.

Secretary Alger offered me the command of one of these regiments. If I had taken it, being entirely inexperienced in military work, I should not have known how to get it equipped most rapidly, for I should have

spent valuable weeks in learning its needs, with the result that I should have missed the Santiago campaign, and might not even have had the consolation prize of going to Porto Rico. Fortunately, I was wise enough to tell the Secretary that while I believed I could learn to command the regiment in a month, yet that it was just this very month which I could not afford to spare, and that therefore I would be quite content to go as Lieutenant-Colonel, if he would make Wood Colonel.

This was entirely satisfactory to both the President and Secretary, and, accordingly, Wood and I were speedily commissioned as Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. This was the official title of the regiment, but for some reason or other the public promptly christened us the "Rough Riders."

At first we fought against the use of the term, but to no purpose; and when finally the Generals of Division and Brigade began to write in formal communications about our regiment as the "Rough Riders," we adopted the term ourselves.

The mustering-places for the regiment were appointed in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory. The difficulty in organizing was not in selecting, but in rejecting men. Within a day or two after it was announced that we were to raise the regiment, we were literally deluged with applications from every quarter of the Union. Without the slightest trouble, so far as men went, we could have raised a brigade or even a division. The difficulty lay in arming, equipping, mounting, and disciplining the men we selected. Hundreds of regiments were being called into existence by the National Govern-

ment, and each regiment was sure to have innumerable wants to be satisfied. To a man who knew the ground as Wood did, and who was entirely aware of our national unpreparedness, it was evident that the ordnance and quartermaster's bureaus could not meet, for some time to come, one-tenth of the demands that would be

made upon them; and it was all important to get in first with our demands. Thanks to his knowledge of the situation and promptness, we immediately put in our requisitions for the articles indispensable for the equipment of the regiment; and then, by ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats, who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency, we succeeded in getting our rifles, cartridges, revolvers, clothing, shelter-tents, and horse gear just in time to enable us to



Captain Allyn Capron.

go on the Santiago expedition. Some of the State troops, who were already organized as National Guards, were, of course, ready, after a fashion, when the war broke out; but no other regiment which had our work to do was able to do it in anything like as quick time, and therefore no other volunteer regiment saw anything like the fighting which we did.

Wood thoroughly realized what the Ordnance Department failed to realize, namely, the inestimable advantage of smokeless powder; and, moreover, he was bent upon our having the weapons of the regulars, for this meant that we would be brigaded with them, and it was evident that they would do the bulk of the fighting if the war were short. Accordingly, by acting with the utmost vigor and promptness, he succeeded in getting our regiment armed with the Krag-

Jorgensen carbine used by the regular cavalry.

It was impossible to take any of the numerous companies which were proffered to us from the various States. The only organized bodies we were at liberty to accept were those from the four Territories. But owing to the fact that the number of men originally allotted to us, 780, was speedily raised to 1,000, we were given a chance to accept quite a number of eager volunteers who did not come from the Territories, but who possessed precisely the same temper that distinguished our Southwestern recruits, and whose presence materially benefited the regiment.

We drew recruits from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and many another college; from clubs like the Somerset, of Boston, and Knickerbocker, of New York; and from among the men who belonged neither to club nor to college, but in whose veins the blood stirred with the same impulse which once sent the Vikings over sea. Four of the policemen who had served under me, while I was President of the New York Police Board, insisted on coming—two of them to die, the other two to return unhurt after honorable and dangerous service. It seemed to me that almost every friend I had in every State had some one acquaintance who was bound to go with the Rough Riders, and for whom I had to make a place. Thomas Nelson Page, General Fitzhugh Lee, Congressman Odell of New York, Senator Morgan; for each of these, and for many others, I eventually consented to accept some one or two recruits, of course only after a most rigid examination into their physical capacity, and after they had shown that they knew how to ride and shoot. I may add that in no case was I disappointed in the men thus taken.

Harvard being my own college, I had such a swarm of applications from it that I could not take one in ten. What particularly pleased me, not only in the Harvard but about Yale and Princeton men, and, indeed, in these recruits from the older States generally, was that they did not ask for commissions. With hardly an exception they entered upon their duties as troopers in the spirit which they held

to the end, merely endeavoring to show that no work could be too hard, too disagreeable, or too dangerous for them to perform, and neither asking nor receiving any reward in the way of promotion or consideration. The Harvard contingent was practically raised by Guy Murchie, of Maine. He saw all the fighting and did his duty with the utmost gallantry, and then left the service as he had entered it, a trooper, entirely satisfied to have done his duty—and no man did it better. So it was with Dudley Dean, perhaps the best quarterback who ever played on a Harvard Eleven; and so with Bob Wrenn, a quarterback whose feats rivalled those of Dean's, and who, in addition, was the champion tennis player of America, and had, on two different years, saved this championship from going to an Englishman. So it was with Yale men like Waller, the high jumper, and Garrison and Girard; and with Princeton men like Devereux and Channing, the foot-ball players; with Larned, the tennis player; with Craig Wadsworth, the steeple-chase rider; with Joe Stevens, the crack polo player; with Hamilton Fish, the ex-captain of the Columbia crew, and with scores of others whose names are quite as worthy of mention as any of those I have given. Indeed, they all sought entry into the ranks of the Rough Riders as eagerly as if it meant something widely different from hard work, rough fare, and the possibility of death; and the reason why they turned out to be such good soldiers lay largely in the fact that they were men who had thoroughly counted the cost before entering, and who went into the regiment because they believed that this offered their best chance for seeing hard and dangerous service. Mason Mitchell, of New York, who had been a chief of scouts in the Riel Rebellion, travelled all the way to San Antonio to enlist; and others came there from distances as great.

Some of them made appeals to me which I could not possibly resist. Woodbury Kane had been a close friend of mine at Harvard. During the eighteen years that had passed since my graduation I had seen very little of him, though, being always interested in sport, I occasionally met him on the hunting field, had seen him on the deck of the Defender



Sergeant Tully with flag.

Lieutenant Woodbury Kane.

Troop K, Rough Riders.

Captain Jenkins.

First Lt. K. Jenkins.

when she vanquished the Valkyrie, and knew the part he had played on the *Navy*, when, in her most important race, that otherwise unlucky yacht vanquished her opponent, the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*. When the war was on, Kane felt it his duty to fight for his country. He did not seek any position of distinction. All he desired was the chance to do whatever work he was put to do well, and to get to the front. And he enlisted as a trooper. When I went down to the camp at San Antonio he was on kitchen duty, and was cooking and washing dishes for one of the New Mexican troops; and he was doing it so well that I had no further doubt as to how he would get on.

My friend of many hunts and ranch partner, Robert Munro Ferguson, of Scotland, who had been on Lord Aberdeen's staff as a Lieutenant but a year before, likewise could not

keep out of the regiment. He, too, appealed to me in terms which I could not withstand, and came in like Kane to do his full duty as a trooper, and like Kane to win his commission by the way he thus did his duty.

I felt many qualms at first in allowing men of this stamp to come in, for I could not be certain that they had counted the cost, and was afraid they would find it very hard to serve—not for a few days, but for months—in the ranks, while I, their former intimate associate, was a field-officer; but they insisted that they knew their minds, and the events showed that they did. We enlisted about fifty of them from Virginia, Maryland, and the Northeastern States, at Washington. Before allowing them to be sworn in, I

gathered them together and explained that if they went in they must be prepared not merely to fight, but to perform the weary, monotonous labor incident to the ordinary routine of a soldier's life; that they must be ready to face fever exactly as they were to face bullets; that they were to obey unquestioningly, and to do their duty as readily if called upon to garrison a fort as if sent to the front. I warned them

that work that was merely irksome and disagreeable must be faced as readily as work that was dangerous, and that no complaint of any kind must be made; and I told them that they were entirely at liberty not to go, but that after they had once signed there could then be no backing out.

Not a man of them backed out; not one of them failed to do his whole duty.

These men formed but a small fraction of the whole. They went down to San An-



A Full-blooded Choctaw.

tonio, where the regiment was to gather and where Wood preceded me, while I spent a week in Washington hurrying up the different bureaus and telegraphing my various railroad friends, so as to insure our getting the carbines, saddles, and uniforms that we needed from the various armories and storehouses. Then I went down to San Antonio myself, where I found the men from New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma already gathered, while those from Indian Territory came in soon after my arrival.

These were the men who made up the bulk of the regiment, and gave it its peculiar character. They came from the Four Territories which yet remain within the boundaries of the United States; that is, from the lands that have been most re-



Colonel Leonard A. Wood and Staff.

cently won over to white civilization, and in which the conditions of life are nearest those that obtained on the frontier when there still was a frontier. They were a splendid set of men, these Southwesterners—tall and sinewy, with resolute, weather-beaten faces, and eyes that looked a man straight in the face without flinching. They included in their ranks men of every occupation; but the three types were those of the cow-boy, the hunter, and the mining prospector—the man who wandered hither and thither, killing game for a living, and spending his life in the quest for metal wealth.

In all the world there could be no better material for soldiers than that afforded by these grim hunters of the mountains, these wild rough riders of the plains. They were accustomed to handling wild and savage horses; they were accustomed to following the chase with the rifle, both for sport and as a means of livelihood. Varied though their occupations had been, almost all had, at one time or another, herded cattle and hunted big game. They were hardened to life in the open, and to shifting for themselves under adverse circumstances. They were used,

for all their lawless freedom, to the rough discipline of the round-up and the mining company. Some of them came from the small frontier towns; but most were from the wilderness, having left their lonely hunters' cabins and shifting cow-camps to seek new and more stirring adventures beyond the sea.

They had their natural leaders—the men who had shown they could master other men, and could more than hold their own in the eager driving life of the new settlements.

The Captains and Lieutenants were sometimes men who had campaigned in the regular army against Apache, Ute, and Cheyenne, and who, on completing their term of service, had shown their energy by settling in the new communities and growing up to be men of mark. In other cases they were sheriffs, marshals, deputy-sheriffs, and deputy-marshals—men who had fought Indians, and still more often had waged relentless war upon the bands of white desperadoes. There was Bucky O'Neill, of Arizona, Captain of Troup A, the Mayor of Prescott, a famous sheriff throughout the West for his feats of victorious warfare against the Apache, no

less than against the white road-agents and man-killers. His father had fought in Meagher's Brigade in the Civil War; and he was himself a born soldier, a born leader of men. He was a wild, reckless fellow, soft spoken, and of dauntless courage and boundless ambition; he was staunchly loyal to his friends, and cared for his men in every way. There was Captain Llewellyn, of New Mexico, a good citizen, a political leader, and one of the most noted peace-officers of the country; he had been shot four times in pitched fights with red marauders and white outlaws. There was Lieutenant Ballard, who had broken up the Black Jack gang of ill-omened notoriety, and his Captain, Curry, another New Mexican sheriff of fame. The officers from the Indian Territory had almost all served as marshals and deputy-marshals; and in the Indian Territory, service as a deputy-marshal meant capacity to fight stand-up battles with the gangs of outlaws.

Three of our higher officers had been in the regular army. One was Major Alexander Brodie, from Arizona, afterward Lieutenant-Colonel, who had lived for twenty years in the Territory, and had become a thorough Westerner without sinking the West Pointer—a soldier by taste as well as training, whose men worshipped him and would follow him anywhere, as they would Bucky O'Neill or any other of their favorites. Brodie was running a big mining business; but when the Maine was blown up, he abandoned everything and telegraphed right and left to bid his friends get ready for the fight he saw impending.

Then there was Micah Jenkins, the Cap-

tain of Troop K, a gentle and courteous South Carolinian, on whom danger acted like wine. In action he was a perfect game cock, and he won his majority for gallantry in battle.

Finally, there was Allyn Capron, who was, on the whole, the best soldier in the regiment. In fact, I think he was the ideal

of what an American regular army officer should be. He was the fifth in descent from father to son who had served in the army of the United States, and in body and mind alike he was fitted to play his part to perfection. Tall and lithe, a remarkable boxer and walker, a first-class rider and shot, with yellow hair and piercing blue eyes, he looked what he was, the archetype of the fighting man. He had under him one of the two companies from the Indian Territory; and he so soon im-



Colonel Wood.

pressed himself upon the wild spirit of his followers, that he got them ahead in discipline faster than any other troop in the regiment, while at the same time taking care of their bodily wants. His ceaseless effort was so to train them, care for them, and inspire them as to bring their fighting efficiency to the highest possible pitch. He required instant obedience, and tolerated not the slightest evasion of duty; but his mastery of his art was so thorough and his performance of his own duty so rigid that he won at once not merely their admiration, but that soldierly affection so readily given by the man in the ranks to the superior who cares for his men and leads them fearlessly in battle.

All—Easterners and Westerners, Northerners and Southerners, officers and men, cow-boys and college graduates, wherever they came from, and whatever their social



Colonel Roosevelt.

position—possessed in common the traits of hardihood and a thirst for adventure. They were to a man born adventurers, in the old sense of the word.

The men in the ranks were mostly young; yet some were past their first youth. These had taken part in the killing of the great buffalo herds, and had fought Indians when the tribes were still on the war-path. The younger ones, too, led rough lives; and the lines in their faces told of many a hardship endured, and many a danger silently faced with grim, unconscious philosophy. Some were originally from the East, and had seen strange adventures in different kinds of life, from sailing round the Horn to mining in Alaska. Others had been born and bred in the West, and had never seen a larger town than Santa Fé or a bigger

body of water than the Pecos in flood. Some of them went by their own name; some had changed their names; and yet others possessed but half a name, colored by some adjective, like Cherokee Bill, Happy Jack of Arizona, Smoky Moore, the bronco-buster, so named because cow-boys often call vicious horses "smoky" horses, and Rattlesnake Pete, who had lived among the Moquis and taken part in the snake dances. Some were professional gamblers, and, on the other hand, no less than four were or had been Baptist or Methodist clergymen—and proved first-class fighters, too, by the way. Some were men whose lives in the past had not been free from the taint of those fierce kinds of crime into which the lawless spirits who dwell on the border-land between civ-



Troop H at Drill.

ilization and savagery so ready drift. A far larger number had served at different times in those bodies of armed men with which the growing civilization of the border finally puts down its savagery.

There was one characteristic and distinctive contingent which could have appeared only in such a regiment as ours. From the Indian Territory there came a number of Indians—Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Creeks. Only a few were of pure blood. The others shaded off until they were absolutely indistinguishable from their white comrades; with whom, it may be mentioned, they all lived on terms of complete equality.

Not all of the Indians were from the Indian Territory. One of the gamest fighters and best soldiers in the regiment was Pollock, a full-blooded Pawnee. He had been educated, like most of the other Indians, at one of those admirable Indian schools which have added so much to the total of the small credit account with which the White race balances the very unpleasant debit account of its dealings with the Red. Pollock was a silent, solitary fellow—an excellent penman, much given to drawing pictures. When we got down to Santiago he developed into the regimental clerk. I never suspected him of having a sense of humor until one day, at the end of our stay in Cuba, as he was sitting in the Adjutant's tent working over the returns, there turned

up a trooper of the First who had been acting as barber. Eying him with immovable face Pollock asked, in a guttural voice, "Do you cut hair?" The man answered "Yes;" and Pollock continued, "Then you'd better cut mine," muttering, in an explanatory soliloquy, "Don't want to wear my hair long like a wild Indian when I'm in civilized warfare."

Another Indian came from Texas. He was a brakeman on the Southern Pacific, and wrote me telling me he was an American Indian, and that he wanted to enlist. His name was Colbert, which at once attracted my attention; for I was familiar with the history of the Cherokees and Chickasaws during the eighteenth century, when they lived east of the Mississippi. Early in that century various traders, chiefly Scotchmen, settled among them, and the half-breed descendants of one named Colbert became the most noted chiefs of the Chickasaws. I summoned the applicant before me, and found that he was an excellent man, and, as I had supposed, a descendant of the old Chickasaw chiefs.

He brought into the regiment, by the way, his "partner," a white man. The two had been inseparable companions for some years, and continued so in the regiment. Every man who has lived in the West knows that vindictive though the hatred between the white man and the

Indian is when they stand against one another in what may be called their tribal relations, yet that men of Indian blood, when adopted into white communities, are usually treated precisely like anyone else.

Colbert was not the only Indian whose name I recognized. There was a Cherokee named Adair, who, upon inquiry, I found to be descended from the man who, a century and a half ago, wrote a ponderous folio, to this day of great interest, about the Cherokees with whom he had spent the best years of his life as a trader and agent.

I don't know that I ever came across a man with a really sweeter nature than another Cherokee named Holderman. He was an excellent soldier, and for a long time acted as cook for the head-quarters mess. He was a half-breed, and came of a soldier stock on both sides and through both races. He explained to me once why he had come to the war; that it was because his people always had fought when there was a war, and he could not

feel happy to stay at home when the flag was going into battle.

Two of the young Cherokee recruits came to me with a most kindly letter from one of the ladies who had been teaching in the academy from which they were about to graduate. She and I had known one another in connection with Governmental and philanthropic work on the reservations, and she wrote to commend the two boys to my attention. One was on the Academy foot-ball team and the other in the glee-club. Both were fine young fellows. The foot-ball player now lies buried with the other dead who fell in the fight at San Juan. The singer was brought to death's door by fever, but recovered and came back to his home.

There were other Indians of much wilder type, but their wildness was precisely like that of the cow-boys with whom they were associated. One or two of them needed rough discipline; and they got it, too. Like the rest of the regiment, they



In Line for Rations



Five Bronco Busters.

were splendid riders. I remember one man, whose character left much to be desired in some respects, but whose horsemanship was unexceptionable. He was mounted on an exceedingly bad bronco, which would bolt out of the ranks at drill. He broke it of this habit by the simple expedient of giving it two tremendous twists, first to one side and then to the other, as it bolted, with the result that, invariably, at the second bound its legs crossed and over it went with a smash, the rider taking the somersault with unmoved equanimity.

The life histories of some of the men who joined our regiment would make many volumes of thrilling adventure.

We drew a great many recruits from Texas; and from nowhere did we get a higher average, for many of them had served in that famous body of frontier fighters, the Texas Rangers. Of course, these rangers needed no teaching. They were already trained to obey and to take responsibility. They were splendid shots, horsemen, and trailers. They were accustomed to living in the open, to enduring great fatigue and hardship, and to encountering all kinds of danger.

Many of the Arizona and New Mexico men had taken part in warfare with the

Apaches, those terrible Indians of the waterless Southwestern mountains—the most bloodthirsty and the wildest of all the red men of America, and the most formidable in their own dreadful style of warfare. Of course, a man who had kept his nerve and held his own, year after year, while living where each day and night contained the threat of hidden death from a foe whose goings and comings were unseen, was not apt to lose courage when confronted with any other enemy. An experience in following in the trail of an enemy who might flee at one stretch through fifty miles of death-like desert was a good school out of which to come with profound indifference for the ordinary hardships of campaigning.

As a rule, the men were more apt, however, to have had experience in warring against white desperadoes and law-breakers than against Indians. Some of our best recruits came from Colorado. One, a very large, hawk-eyed man, Benjamin Franklin Daniels, had been Marshal of Dodge City when that pleasing town was probably the toughest abode of civilized man to be found anywhere on the continent. In the course of the exercise of his rather lurid functions as peace-officer he had lost half

of one ear—"bitten off," it was explained to me. Naturally, he viewed the dangers of battle with philosophic calm. Such a man was, in reality, a veteran even in his first fight, and was a tower of strength to the recruits in his part of the line. With him there came into the regiment a deputy-marshal from Cripple Creek named Sherman Bell. Bell had a hernia, but he was so excellent a man that we decided to take him. I do not think I ever saw greater resolution than Bell displayed throughout the campaign. In Cuba the great exertions which he was forced to make, again and again, opened the hernia, and the surgeons insisted that he must return to the United States; but he simply would not go. On one occasion he escaped from the hospital and came eight miles, half of the time on all-fours, in really excruciating agony, to catch up with the regiment; and Dr. Church fixed him up so that he was temporarily all right. The Doctor, however, as in duty bound, directed that he should go to the rear, and that night an ambulance came to take him; but Bell slipped off into the jungle, and lay out there until next morning. Then he cautiously followed in the rear of the regiment until the fight was on at San Juan. When the firing had once begun he knew he would not be sent back; and on he came to fight in the front, resolute, to have his share of the danger and honor. That he did splendidly in battle it is hardly necessary to say.

Then there was little McGinty, the bronco-buster from Oklahoma, who never had walked a hundred yards if by any possibility he could ride. When McGinty was reprov'd for his absolute inability to keep step on the drill-ground, he responded that he was pretty sure he could keep step on horseback. McGinty's short legs caused him much trouble on the marches, but we had no braver or better man in the fights.

One old friend of mine had come from far northern Idaho to join the regiment at San Antonio. He was a hunter, named Fred Herrig, an Alsatian by birth. A dozen years before he and I had hunted mountain sheep and deer when laying in the winter stock of meat for my ranch on the Little Missouri, sometimes in the bright fall weather,

sometimes in the Arctic bitterness of the early Northern winter. He was the most loyal and simple-hearted of men, and he had come to join his old "boss" and comrade in the bigger hunting which we were to carry on through the tropic mid-summer.

The temptation is great to go on enumerating man after man who stood pre-eminent, whether as a killer of game, a tamer of horses, or a queller of disorder among his people, or who, mayhap, stood out with a more evil prominence as himself a dangerous man—one given to the taking of life on small provocation, or one who was ready to earn his living outside the law if the occasion demanded it. There was tall Proffit, the sharp-shooter, from North Carolina—sinewy, saturnine, fearless; Smith, the bear hunter from Wyoming, and McCann, the Arizona book-keeper, who had begun life as a buffalo-hunter. There was Crockett, the Georgian, who had been an Internal Revenue officer, and had waged perilous war on the rifle-bearing "moonshiners." There were Darnell and Wood of New Mexico, who could literally ride any horses alive. There were Goodwin and Taylor and Armstrong the ranger, crack shots with rifle or revolver. There was many a skilled packer who had led and guarded his trains of laden mules through the Indian-haunted country surrounding some outpost of civilization. There were men who had won fame as Rocky Mountain stage-drivers, or who had spent endless days in guiding the slow wagon-trains across the grassy plains. There were miners who knew every camp from the Yukon to Leadville, and cow-punchers in whose memories were stored the brands carried by the herds from Chihuahua to Assiniboia. There were men who had roped wild steers in the mesquite brush of the Nueces, and who, year in and year out, had driven the trail herds northward over desolate wastes and across the fords of shrunken rivers to the fattening grounds of the Powder and the Yellowstone. They were hardened to the scorching heat and bitter cold of the dry plains and pine-clad mountains. They were accustomed to sleep in the open, while the picketed horses grazed beside them near some shallow, reedy pool.

They had wandered hither and thither across the vast desolation of the wilderness, alone or with comrades. They had cowered in the shelter of cut banks from the icy blast of the north, and far out on the midsummer prairies they had known the luxury of lying in the shade of the wagon during the noonday rest. They had lived in brush lean-tos for weeks at a time, or with only the wagon-sheet as an occasional house. They had fared hard when exploring the unknown; they had fared well on the round-up; and they had known the plenty of the log-ranch houses, where the tables were spread with smoked venison and calf ribs and milk and bread, and vegetables from the garden-patch.

Such were the men we had as recruits: soldiers ready-made, as far as concerned their capacity as individual fighters. What was necessary was to teach them to act together, and to obey orders. Our special task was to make them ready for action in the shortest possible time. We were bound to see fighting, and therefore to be with the first expedition that left the United States; for we could not tell how long the war would last.

I had been quite prepared for trouble when it came to enforcing discipline, but I was agreeably disappointed. There were plenty of hard characters who might by themselves have given trouble, and with one or two of whom we did have to take rough measures; but the bulk of the men thoroughly understood that without discipline they would be merely a valueless mob, and they set themselves hard at work to learn the new duties. Of course, such a regiment, in spite of, or indeed I might almost say because of, the characteristics which made the individual men so exceptionally formidable as soldiers, could very readily have been spoiled. Any weakness in the commander would have ruined it. On the other hand, to treat it from the stand-point of the martinet and military pedant would have been almost equally fatal. From the beginning we started out to secure the essentials of discipline, while laying just as little stress as possible on the non-essentials. The men were singularly quick to respond to any appeal to their intelligence and patriotism. The faults they committed were those of igno-

rance merely. When Holderman, in announcing dinner to the Colonel and the three Majors, genially remarked, "If you fellars don't come soon, everything'll get cold," he had no thought of other than a kindly and respectful regard for their welfare, and was glad to modify his form of address on being told that it was not what could be described as conventionally military. When one of our sentinels, who had with much labor learned the manual of arms, saluted with great pride as I passed, and added, with a friendly nod, "Good-evening, Colonel," this variation in the accepted formula on such occasions was meant, and was accepted, as mere friendly interest. In both cases the needed instruction was given and received in the same kindly spirit.

One of the new Indian Territory recruits, after twenty-four hours' stay in camp, during which he had held himself distinctly aloof from the general interests, called on the Colonel in his tent, and remarked, "Well, Colonel, I want to shake hands and say we're with you. We didn't know how we would like you fellars at first; but you're all right, and you know your business, and you mean business, and you can count on us every time!"

That same night, which was hot, mosquitoes were very annoying; and shortly after midnight both the Colonel and I came to the doors of our respective tents, which adjoined one another. The sentinel in front was also fighting mosquitoes. As we came out we saw him pitch his gun about ten feet off, and sit down to attack some of the pests that had swarmed up his trousers' legs. Happening to glance in our direction, he nodded pleasantly and, with unabashed and friendly feeling, remarked, "Ain't they bad?"

It was astonishing how soon the men got over these little peculiarities. They speedily grew to recognize the fact that the observance of certain forms was essential to the maintenance of proper discipline. They became scrupulously careful in touching their hats, and always came to attention when spoken to. They saw that we did not insist upon the observance of these forms to humiliate them; that we were as anxious to learn our own duties as we were to have them learn theirs, and as scrupulous in paying respect to our

superiors as we were in exacting the acknowledgment due our rank from those below us; moreover, what was very important, they saw that we were careful to look after their interests in every way, and were doing all that was possible to hurry up the equipment and drill of the regiment, so as to get into the war.

Rigid guard duty was established at once, and everyone was impressed with the necessity for vigilance and watchfulness. The policing of the camp was likewise attended to with the utmost rigor. As always with new troops, they were at first indifferent to the necessity for cleanliness in camp arrangements; but on this point Colonel Wood brooked no laxity, and in a very little while the hygienic conditions of the camp were as good as those of any regular regiment. Meanwhile the men were being drilled, on foot at first, with the utmost assiduity. Every night we had officers' school, the non-commissioned officers of each troop being given similar schooling by the Captain or one of the Lieutenants of the troop; and every day we practised hard, by squad, by troop, by squadron and battalion. The earnestness and intelligence with which the men went to work rendered the task of instruction much less difficult than would be supposed. It soon grew easy to handle the regiment in all the simpler forms of close and open order. When they had grown so that they could be handled with ease in marching, and in the ordinary manoeuvres of the drill-ground, we began to train them in open order work, skirmishing and firing. Here their woodcraft and plaincraft, their knowledge of the rifle, helped us very much. Skirmishing they took to naturally, which was fortunate, as practically all our fighting was done in open order.

Meanwhile we were purchasing horses. Judging from what I saw I do not think that we got heavy enough animals, and of those purchased certainly a half were nearly unbroken. It was no easy matter to handle them on the picket-lines, and to provide for feeding and watering; and the efforts to shoe and ride them were at first productive of much vigorous excitement. Of course, those that were wild from the range had to be thrown and tied down before they could be shod. Half the horses

of the regiment bucked, or possessed some other of the amiable weaknesses incident to horse life on the great prairies; but we had abundance of men who were utterly unmoved by any antic a horse might commit. Every animal was speedily mastered, though a large number remained to the end mounts upon which an ordinary rider would have felt very uncomfortable.

My own horses were purchased for me by a Texas friend, John Moore, with whom I had once hunted peccaries on the Nueces. I only paid fifty dollars apiece, and the animals were not showy; but they were tough and hardy, and answered my purpose well.

Mounted drill with such horses and men bad fair to offer opportunities for excitement; yet it usually went off smoothly enough. Before drilling the men on horseback they had all been drilled on foot, and, having gone at their work with hearty zest, they knew well the simple movements to form any kind of line or column. Wood was busy from morning till night in hurrying the final details of the equipment, and he turned the drill of the men over to me. To drill perfectly needs long practice, but to drill roughly is a thing very easy to learn indeed. We were not always right about our intervals, our lines were somewhat irregular, and our more difficult movements were executed at times in rather a haphazard way; but the essential commands and the essential movements we learned without any difficulty, and the men performed them with great dash. When we put them on horseback, there was, of course, trouble with the horses; but the horsemanship of the riders was consummate. In fact, the men were immensely interested in making their horses perform each evolution with the utmost speed and accuracy, and in forcing each unquiet, vicious brute to get into line and stay in line, whether he would or not. The guidon-bearers held their plunging steeds true to the line, no matter what they tried to do, and each wild rider brought his wild horse into his proper place with a dash and ease which showed the natural cavalryman.

In short, from the very beginning the horseback drills were good fun, and everyone enjoyed them. We marched out through the adjoining country to drill wherever we found open ground practis-

ing all the different column formations as we went. On the open ground we threw out the line to one side or the other, and in one position and the other, sometimes at the trot, sometimes at the gallop. As the men grew accustomed to the simple evolutions, we tried them more and more in skirmish drills, practising them so that they might get accustomed to advance in open order and to skirmish in any country, while the horses were held in the rear.

Our arms were the regular cavalry carbine, the "Krag," a splendid weapon, and the revolver. A few carried their favorite Winchesters, using, of course, the new model, which took the Government cartridge. We felt very strongly that it would be worse than a waste of time to try to train our men to use the sabre—a weapon utterly alien to them; but with the rifle and revolver they were already thoroughly familiar. Many of my cavalry friends in the past had insisted to me that the revolver was a better weapon than the sword—among them Basil Duke, the noted Confederate cavalry leader, and Captain Frank Edwards, whom I had met when elk-hunting on the head-waters of the Yellowstone and the Snake. Personally, I knew too little to decide as to the comparative merits of the two arms; but I did know that it was a great deal better to use the arm with which our men were already proficient. They were therefore armed with what might be called their natural weapon, the revolver.

As it turned out, we were not used mounted at all, so that our preparations on this point came to nothing. In a way, I have always regretted this. We thought we should at least be employed as cavalry in the great campaign against Havana in

the fall; and from the beginning I began to train my men in shock tactics for use against hostile cavalry. My belief was that the horse was really the weapon with which to strike the first blow. I felt that if my men could be trained to hit their adversaries with their horses, it was a matter of small moment whether, at the moment when the onset occurred, sabres, lances, or revolvers were used; while in the subsequent *mêlée* I believed the revolver would outclass cold steel as a weapon. But this is all guesswork, for we never had occasion to try the experiment.

It was astonishing what a difference was made by two or three weeks' training. The mere thorough performance of guard and police duties helped the men very rapidly to become soldiers. The officers studied hard, and both officers and men worked hard in the drill-field. It was, of course, rough and ready drill; but it was very efficient, and it was suited to the men who made up the regiment. Their uniform also suited them. In their slouch hats, blue flannel shirts, brown trousers, leggings and boots, with handkerchiefs knotted loosely around their necks, they looked exactly as a body of cow-boy cavalry should look. The officers speedily grew to realize that they must not be over-familiar with their men, and yet that they must care for them in every way. The men, in return, began to acquire those habits of attention to soldierly detail which mean so much in making a regiment. Above all, every man felt, and had constantly instilled into him, a keen pride of the regiment, and a resolute purpose to do his whole duty uncomplainingly, and, above all, to win glory by the way he handled himself in battle.

(To be continued.)

ON THE FEVER SHIP

By Richard Harding Davis

THERE were four rails around the ship's sides, the three lower ones of iron and the one on top of wood, and as he looked between them from the canvas cot he recognized them as the prison-bars which held him in. Outside his prison lay a stretch of blinding blue water which ended in a line of breakers and a yellow coast with ragged palms. Beyond that again rose a range of mountain-peaks, and stuck upon the loftiest peak of all a tiny block-house. It rested on the brow of the mountain against the naked sky as impudently as a cracker-box set upon the dome of a great cathedral.

As the transport rode on her anchor-chains, the iron bars around her sides rose and sank and divided the landscape with parallel lines. From his cot the officer followed this phenomenon with severe, pains-taking interest. Sometimes the wooden rail swept up to the very block-house itself, and for a second of time blotted it from sight. And again it sank to the level of the line of breakers, and wiped them out of the picture as though they were only a line of chalk.

The soldier on the cot promised himself that the next swell of the sea would send the lowest rail climbing to the very top of the palm-trees or, even higher, to the base of the mountains; and when it failed to reach even the palm-trees he felt a distinct sense of ill use, of having been wronged by someone. There was no other reason for submitting to this existence, save these tricks upon the wearisome, glaring landscape; and, now, whoever it was who was working them did not seem to be making this effort to entertain him with any heartiness.

It was most cruel. Indeed, he decided hotly it was not to be endured; he would bear it no longer, he would make his escape. But he knew that this move, which could be conceived in a moment's desperation, could only be carried to success with great strategy, secrecy, and careful cunning. So he fell back upon his pillow and closed his eyes, as though he were asleep,

and then opening them again turned cautiously, and spied upon his keeper. As usual, his keeper sat at the foot of the cot turning the pages of a huge paper filled with pictures of the war printed in daubs of tawdry colors. His keeper was a hard-faced boy without human pity or consideration, a very devil of obstinacy and fiendish cruelty. To make it worse, the fiend was a person without a collar, in a suit of soiled khaki, with a curious red cross bound by a safety-pin to his left arm. He was intent upon the paper in his hands; he was holding it between his eyes and his prisoner. His vigilance had relaxed, and the moment seemed propitious. With a sudden plunge of arms and legs, the prisoner swept the bed-sheet from him, and sprang at the wooden rail and grasped the iron stanchion beside it. He had his knee pressed against the top bar and his bare toes on the iron rail beneath it. Below him the blinding blue water waited for him. It was cool and dark and gentle and deep. It would certainly put out the fire in his bones, he thought; it might even shut out the glare of the sun which scorched his eyeballs.

But as he balanced for the leap, a swift weakness and nausea swept over him, a weight seized upon his body and limbs. He could not lift the lower foot from the iron rail, and he swayed dizzily and trembled. He trembled. He who had raced his men and beaten them up the hot hill to the trenches of San Juan. But now he was a baby in the hands of a giant, who caught him by the wrist and with an iron arm clasped him around his waist and pulled him down, and shouted, brutally, "Help, some of you're quick; he's at it again. I can't hold him."

More giants grasped him by the arms and by the legs. One of them took the hand that clung to the stanchion in both of his, and pulled back the fingers one by one, saying, "Easy now, Lieutenant—easy."

The ragged palms and the sea and block-house were swallowed up in a black

fog, and his body touched the canvas cot again with a sense of home-coming and relief and rest. He wondered how he could have wanted to escape from it. He found it so good to be back again that for a long time he wept quite happily, until the fiery pillow was moist and cool.

The world outside of the iron bars was like a scene in a theatre set for some great event, but the actors were never ready. He remembered confusedly a play he had once witnessed before that same scene. Indeed he believed he had played some small part in it; but he remembered it dimly, and all trace of the men who had appeared with him in it was gone. He had reasoned it out that they were up there behind the range of mountains, because great heavy wagons and ambulances and cannon were emptied from the ships at the wharf above and were drawn away in long lines behind the ragged palms, moving always toward the passes between the peaks. At times he was disturbed by the thought that he should be up and after them, that some tradition of duty made his presence with them imperative. There was much to be done back of the mountains. Some event of momentous import was being carried forward there, in which he held a part; but the doubt soon passed from him, and he was content to lie and watch the iron bars rising and falling between the block-house and the white surf. If they had been only humanely kind, his lot would have been bearable, but they starved him and held him down when he wished to rise; and they would not put out the fire in the pillow, which they might easily have done by the simple expedient of throwing it over the ship's side into the sea. He himself had done this twice, but the keeper had immediately brought a fresh pillow already heated for the torture and forced it under his head.

His pleasures were very simple, and so few that he could not understand why they robbed him of them so jealously. One was to watch a green cluster of bananas that hung above him swivling from the ceiling by a string. He could count as many of them as five before the bunch turned and swung lazily back again, when he could count as high as twelve; sometimes when the ship rolled heavily he could count to twenty. It was a most fascinat-

ing game, and contented him for many hours. But when they found this out they sent for the cook to come and cut them down, and he carried them away to his galley.

Then, one day, a man came out from the shore, swimming through the blue water with great splashes. He was a most charming man, who spluttered and dove and twisted and lay on his back and kicked his legs in an excess of content and delight. It was a real pleasure to watch him; not for days had anything so amusing appeared on the other side of the prison-bars. But as soon as the keeper saw that the man in the water was amusing his prisoner, he leaned over the ship's side and shouted, "Sa-ay, you, don't you know there's sharks in there?"

And the swimming man said, "The h—ll there is!" and raced back to the shore like a porpoise with great lashing of the water, and ran up the beach half-way to the palms before he was satisfied to stop. Then the prisoner wept again. It was so disappointing. Life was robbed of everything now. He remembered that in a previous existence soldiers who cried were laughed at and mocked. But that was so far away and it was such an absurd superstition that he had no patience with it. For what could be more comforting to a man when he is treated cruelly than to cry. It was so obvious an exercise, and when one is so feeble that one cannot vault a four-railed barrier it is something to feel that at least one is strong enough to cry.

He escaped occasionally, traversing space with marvellous rapidity and to great distances, but never to any successful purpose; and his flight inevitably ended in ignominious recapture and a sudden awakening in bed. At these moments the familiar and hated palms, the peaks and the block-house were more hideous in their reality than the most terrifying of his nightmares.

These excursions afield were always predatory; he went forth always to seek food. With all the beautiful world from which to elect and choose, he sought out only those places where eating was studied and elevated to an art. These visits were much more vivid in their detail than any he had ever before made to these same re-

sorts. They invariably began in a carriage, which carried him swiftly over smooth asphalt. One route brought him across a great and beautiful square, radiating with rows and rows of flickering lights; two fountains splashed in the centre of the square, and six women of stone guarded its approaches. One of the women was hung with wreaths of mourning. Ahead of him the late twilight darkened behind a great arch, which seemed to rise on the horizon of the world, a great window into the heavens beyond. At either side strings of white and colored globes hung among the trees, and the sound of music came joyfully from theatres in the open air. He knew the restaurant under the trees to which he was now hastening, and the fountain beside it, and the very sparrows balancing on the fountain's edge; he knew every waiter at each of the tables, he felt again the gravel crunching under his feet, he saw the *maître d'hôtel* coming forward smiling to receive his command, and the waiter in the green apron bowing at his elbow, deferential and important, presenting the list of wines. But his adventure never passed that point, for he was captured again and once more bound to his cot with a close burning sheet.

Or else, he drove more sedately through the London streets in the late evening twilight, leaning expectantly across the doors of the hansom and pulling carefully at his white gloves. Other hansoms flashed past him, the occupant of each with his mind fixed on one idea—dinner. He was one of a million of people who were about to dine, or who had dined, or who were deep in dining. He was so famished, so weak for food of any quality, that the galloping horse in the hansom seemed to crawl. The lights of the Embankment passed like the lamps of a railroad station as seen from the window of an express; and while his mind was still torn between the choice of a thin or thick soup or an immediate attack upon cold beef, he was at the door, and the *chasseur* touched his cap, and the little *chasseur* put the wicker guard over the hansom's wheel. As he jumped out he said, "Give him half a crown," and the driver called after him, "Thank you, sir."

It was a beautiful world, this world outside of the iron bars. Everyone in it contributed to his pleasure and to his comfort.

In this world he was not starved nor man-handled. He thought of this joyfully as he leaped up the stairs, where young men with grave faces and with their hands held negligently behind their backs bowed to him in polite surprise at his speed. But they had not been starved on condensed milk. He threw his coat and hat at one of them, and came down the hall fearfully and quite weak with dread lest it should not be real. His voice was shaking when he asked Ellis if he had reserved a table. The place was all so real, it must be true this time. The way Ellis turned and ran his finger down the list showed it was real, because Ellis always did that, even when he knew there would not be an empty table for an hour. The room was crowded with beautiful women; under the light of the red shades they looked kind and approachable, and there was food on every table, and iced drinks in silver buckets. It was with the joy of great relief that he heard Ellis say to his underling, "Numero cinque, sur la terrace, un couvert." It was real at last. Outside, the Thames lay a great gray shadow. The lights of the Embankment flashed and twinkled across it, the Tower of the House of Commons rose against the sky, and here inside the waiter was hurrying toward him carrying a smoking plate of rich soup with a pungent intoxicating odor.

And then the ragged palms, the glaring sun, the immovable peaks, and the white surf stood again before him. The iron rails swept up and sank again, the fever sucked at his bones, and the pillow scorched his cheek.

One morning for a brief moment he came back to real life again and lay quite still, seeing everything about him with clear eyes and for the first time, as though he had but just that instant been lifted over the ship's side. His keeper, glancing up, found the prisoner's eyes considering him curiously, and recognized the change. The instinct of discipline brought him to his feet with his fingers at his sides.

"Is the Lieutenant feeling better?"

The Lieutenant surveyed him gravely.

"You are one of our hospital stewards?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Why ar'n't you with the regiment?"

"I was wounded, too, sir. I got it same time you did, Lieutenant."

"Am I wounded? Of course, I remember. Is this a hospital ship?"

The steward shrugged his shoulders. "She's one of the transports. They have turned her over to the fever cases."

The Lieutenant opened his lips to ask another question; but his own body answered that one, and for a moment he lay silent.

"Do they know up North that I—that I'm all right?"

"Oh, yes, the papers had it in—there was pictures of the Lieutenant in some of them."

"Then I've been ill some time?"

"Oh, about eight days."

The soldier moved uneasily, and the nurse in him became uppermost.

"I guess the Lieutenant hadn't better talk any more," he said. It was his voice now which held authority.

The Lieutenant looked out at the palms and the silent gloomy mountains and the empty coast-line, where the same wave was rising and falling with weary persistence.

"Eight days," he said. His eyes shut quickly, as though with a sudden touch of pain. He turned his head and sought for the figure at the foot of the cot. Already the figure had grown faint and was receding and swaying.

"Has anyone written or cabled?" the Lieutenant spoke, hurriedly. He was fearful lest the figure should disappear altogether before he could obtain his answer. "Has any one come?"

"Why, they couldn't get here, Lieutenant, not yet."

The voice came very faintly. "You go to sleep now, and I'll run and fetch some letters and telegrams. When you wake up, may be I'll have a lot for you."

But the Lieutenant caught the nurse by the wrist, and crushed his hand in his own thin fingers. They were hot, and left the steward's skin wet with perspiration. The Lieutenant laughed gayly.

"You see, Doctor," he said, briskly, "that you can't kill me. I can't die. I've got to live, you understand. Because, sir, she said she would come. She said if I was wounded, or if I was ill, she would come to me. She didn't care what people thought. She would come anyway and nurse me—well, she will come."

"So, Doctor—old man—"

He plucked at the steward's sleeve, and stroked his hand eagerly, "old man—" he began again, beseechingly, "you'll not let me die until she comes, will you? What? No, I know I won't die. Nothing made by man can kill me. No, not until she comes. Then, after that—eight days, she'll be here soon, any moment? What? You think so, too? Don't you? Surely, yes, any moment. Yes, I'll go to sleep now, and when you see her rowing out from shore you wake me. You'll know her; you can't make a mistake. She is like—no, there is no one like her—but you can't make a mistake."

That day strange figures began to mount the sides of the ship, and to occupy its every turn and angle of space. Some of them fell on their knees and slapped the bare deck with their hands, and laughed and cried out, "Thank God, I'll see God's country again!" Some of them were regulars, bound in bandages; some were volunteers, dirty and hollow-eyed, with long beards on boy's faces. Some came on crutches; others with their arms around the shoulders of their comrades, staring ahead of them with a fixed smile, their lips drawn back and their teeth protruding. At every second step they stumbled, and the face of each was swept by swift ripples of pain.

They lay on cots so close together that the nurses could not walk between them. They lay on the wet decks, in the scuppers, and along the transoms and hatches. They were like shipwrecked mariners clinging to a raft, and they asked nothing more than that the ship's bow be turned toward home. Once satisfied as to that, they relaxed into a state of self-pity and miserable oblivion to their environment, from which hunger nor nausea nor aching bones could shake them.

The hospital steward touched the Lieutenant lightly on the shoulder.

"We are going North, sir," he said. "The transport's ordered North to New York, with these volunteers and the sick and wounded. Do you hear me, sir?"

The Lieutenant opened his eyes. "Has she come?" he asked.

"Gee!" exclaimed the hospital steward. He glanced impatiently at the blue mountains and the yellow coast, from which the transport was drawing rapidly away.

"Well, I can't see her coming just now," he said. "But she will," he added.

"You let me know at once when she comes."

"Why, cert'nly, of course," said the steward.

Three trained nurses came over the side just before the transport started North. One was a large, motherly looking woman, with a German accent. She had been a trained nurse, first in Berlin, and later in the London Hospital in Whitechapel, and at Bellevue. The nurse was dressed in white, and wore a little silver medal at her throat; and she was strong enough to lift a volunteer out of his cot and hold him easily in her arms, while one of the convalescents pulled his cot out of the rain. Some of the men called her "nurse;" others, who wore scapulars around their necks, called her "Sister;" and the officers of the medical staff addressed her as Miss Bergen.

Miss Bergen halted beside the cot of the Lieutenant and asked, "Is this the fever case you spoke about, Doctor—the one you want moved to the officers' ward?" She slipped her hand up under his sleeve and felt his wrist.

"His pulse is very high," she said to the steward. "When did you take his temperature?" She drew a little morocco case from her pocket and from that took a clinical thermometer, which she shook up and down, eying the patient meanwhile with a calm, impersonal scrutiny. The Lieutenant raised his head and stared up at the white figure beside his cot. His eyes opened and then shut quickly, with a startled look, in which doubt struggled with wonderful happiness. His hand stole out fearfully and warily until it touched her apron, and then, finding it was real, he clutched it desperately, and twisting his face and body toward her, pulled her down, clasping her hands in both of his, and pressing them close to his face and eyes and lips. He put them from him for an instant, and looked at her through his tears.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "sweetheart, I knew you'd come."

As the nurse knelt on the deck beside him, her thermometer slipped from her fingers and broke, and she gave an ex-

clamation of annoyance. The young Doctor picked up the pieces and tossed them overboard. Neither of them spoke, but they smiled appreciatively. The Lieutenant was looking at the nurse with the wonder and hope and hunger of soul in his eyes with which a dying man looks at the cross the priest holds up before him. What he saw where the German nurse was kneeling was a tall, fair girl with great bands and masses of hair, with a head rising like a lily from a firm, white throat, set on broad shoulders above a straight back and sloping breast—a tall, beautiful creature, half-girl, half-woman, who looked back at him shyly, but steadily.

"Listen," he said.

The voice of the sick man was so sure and so sane that the young Doctor started, and moved nearer to the head of the cot. "Listen, dearest," the Lieutenant whispered. "I wanted to tell you before I came South. But I did not dare; and then I was afraid something might happen to me, and I could never tell you, and you would never know. So I wrote it to you in the will I made at Baiquiri, the night before the landing. If you hadn't come now, you would have learned it in that way. You would have read there that there never was anyone but you; the rest were all dream people, foolish, silly—mad. There is no one else in the world but you; you have been the only thing in life that has counted. I thought I might do something down here that would make you care. But I got shot going up a hill, and after that I wasn't able to do anything. It was very hot, and the hills were on fire; and they took me prisoner, and kept me tied down here, burning on these coals. I can't live much longer, but now that I have told you I can have peace. They tried to kill me before you came; but they didn't know I loved you, they didn't know that men who love you can't die. They tried to starve my love for you, to burn it out of me; they tried to reach it with their knives. But my love for you is my soul, and they can't kill a man's soul. Dear heart, I have lived because you lived. Now that you know—now that you understand—what does it matter?"

Miss Bergen shook her head with great vigor. "Nonsense," she said, cheerfully. "You are not going to die. As soon as

we move you out of this rain, and some food cook——"

"Good God!" cried the young Doctor, awfully. "Do you want to kill him?"

When she spoke the patient had thrown his arms heavily across his face, and had fallen back, lying rigid on the pillow.

The Doctor led the way across the prostrate bodies, apologizing as he went. "I am sorry I spoke so quickly," he said, "but he thought you were dead. I mean he thought you were someone he really knew——"

"He was just delirious," said the German nurse, calmly.

The Doctor mixed himself a Scotch and soda and drank it with a single gesture.

"Ugh!" he said to the ward-room. "I feel as though I'd been opening another man's letters."

The transport drove through the empty seas with heavy, clumsy upheavals, rolling like a buoy. Having been originally intended for the freight-carrying trade, she had no sympathy with hearts that beat for a sight of their native land, or for lives that counted their remaining minutes by the throbbing of her engines. Occasionally, without apparent reason, she was thrown violently from her course; but it was invariably the case that when her stern went to starboard, something splashed in the water on her port side and drifted past her, until, when it had cleared the blades of her propeller, a voice cried out, and she was swung back on her home-bound track again.

The Lieutenant missed the familiar palms and the tiny block-house; and seeing nothing beyond the iron rails but great wastes of gray water, he decided he was on board a prison-ship, or that he had been strapped to a raft and cast adrift. People came for hours at a time and stood at the foot of his cot, and talked with him and he to them—people he had loved and people he had long forgotten, some of whom he had thought were dead. One of them he could have sworn he had seen buried in a deep trench, and covered with branches of palmetto. He had heard the bugler, with tears choking him, sound *-taps-*; and with his own hand he had placed the dead man's campaign hat on the mound of fresh earth above the grave. Yet here he was

still alive and he came with other men of his troop to speak to him; but when he reached out to them they were gone—the real and the unreal, the dead and the living—and even She disappeared whenever he tried to take her hand, and sometimes the hospital steward drove her away.

"Did that young lady say when she was coming back again?" he asked the steward.

"The young lady! What young lady?" asked the steward, wearily.

"The one who has been sitting there," he answered. He pointed with his gaunt hand at the man in the next cot.

"Oh, that young lady. Yes, she's coming back. She's just gone below to fetch you some hardtack."

The young volunteer in the next cot whined grievously.

"That crazy man gives me the creeps," he groaned. "He's always waking me up, and looking at me as though he was going to eat me."

"Shut your head," said the steward. "He's a better man crazy than you'll ever be, with the little sense you've got. And he has two Mauser holes in him. Crazy, eh? It's a damned good thing for you that there was about four thousand of us regulars just as crazy as him, or you'd never seen the top of the hill."

One morning there was a great commotion on deck, and all the convalescents balanced themselves on the rail, shivering in their pajamas, and pointed one way. The transport was moving swiftly and smoothly through water as flat as a lake, and making a great noise with her steam-whistle. The noise was echoed by many more steam-whistles; and the ghosts of out-bound ships and tugs and excursion steamers ran past her out of the mist and disappeared, saluting joyously. All of the excursion steamers had a heavy list to the side nearest the transport, and the ghosts on them crowded to that rail and waved handkerchiefs and cheered. The fog lifted suddenly, and between the iron rails the Lieutenant saw high green hills on either side of a great harbor. Houses and trees and thousands of masts swept past like a panorama; and beyond was a mirage of three cities, with curling smoke-wreaths and sky-reaching buildings, and a great swinging bridge, and a giant statue of a woman waving a welcome home.

The Lieutenant surveyed the spectacle with cynical disbelief. He was far too wise and far too cunning to be bewitched by it. In his heart he pitied the men about him who laughed wildly, and shouted, and climbed recklessly to the rails and ratlines. He had been deceived too often not to know that it was not real. He knew from cruel experience that in a few moments the tall buildings would crumble away, the thousands of columns of white smoke that flashed like snow in the sun, the busy shrieking tug-boats, and the great statue would vanish into the sea, leaving it gray and bare. He closed his eyes and shut the vision out. It was so beautiful that it tempted him; but he would not be mocked, and he buried his face in his hands. They were carrying the farce too far, he thought. It was really too absurd; for now they were at a wharf which was so real that, had he not known by previous suffering, he would have been utterly deceived by it. And there were great crowds of smiling, cheering people, and a waiting guard of honor in fresh uniforms, and rows of police pushing the people this way and that; and these men about him were taking it all quite seriously, and making ready to disembark, carrying their blanket-rolls and rifles with them.

A band was playing joyously, and the man in the next cot, who was being lifted to a stretcher, said, "There's the Governor and his staff; that's him in the high hat." It was really very well done. The Custom-house and the Elevated Railroad and Castle Garden were as like to life as a photograph, and the crowd was as well handled as a mob in a play. His heart ached for it so that he could not bear the pain, and he turned his back on it. It was cruel to keep it up so long. His keeper lifted him in his arms, and pulled him into a dirty uniform which had belonged, apparently, to a much larger man—a man who had been killed probably, for there were dark-brown marks of blood on the tunic and breeches. When he tried to stand on his feet, Castle Garden and the Battery disappeared in a black cloud of night, just as he knew they would; but when he opened his eyes from the stretcher, they had returned again. It was a most remarkably vivid vision. They kept it up so well. Now the young Doctor and the hos-

pital steward were pretending to carry him down a gang-plank and into an open space, and he saw quite close to him a long line of policemen, and behind them thousands of faces, some of them women's faces—women who pointed at him and then shook their heads and cried, and pressed their hands to their cheeks, still looking at him. He wondered why they cried. He did not know them, nor did they know him. No one knew him; these people were only ghosts.

There was a quick parting in the crowd. A man he had once known shoved two of the policemen to one side, and he heard a girl's voice speaking his name, like a sob; and She came running out across the open space and fell on her knees beside the stretcher, and bent down over him, and he was clasped in two young, firm arms.

"Of course it is not real, of course it is not She," he assured himself. "Because She would not do such a thing. Before all these people She would not do it."

But he trembled, and his heart throbbed so quickly that he could scarcely breathe.

She was pretending to cry.

"They wired us you had started for Tampa on the hospital ship," She was saying, "and Aunt and I went all the way there before we heard you had been sent North. We have been on the cars a week. That is why I missed you. Do you understand? It was not my fault. I tried to come. Indeed, I tried to come."

She turned her head and looked up fearfully at the young Doctor.

"Tell me, why does he look at me like that?" she asked. "He doesn't know me. Is he very ill? Tell me the truth." She drew in her breath quickly. "Of course you will tell me the truth."

When she asked the question he felt her arms draw tight about his shoulders. It was as though she was holding him to herself, and from someone who had reached out for him. In his trouble he turned to his old friend and keeper. His voice was hoarse and very low.

"Is this the same young lady who was on the transport—the one you used to drive away?"

In his embarrassment, the hospital steward blushed under his tan, and stammered.

"Of course it's the same young lady," the Doctor answered, briskly. "And I

won't let them drive her away." He turned to her, smiling gravely. "I think his condition has ceased to be dangerous, madam," he said.

People who in a former existence had been his friends, and Her brother and Her aunt, gathered about his stretcher and bore him through the crowd and lifted him into a carriage filled with cushions, among which he sank lower and lower. Then She sat beside him, and he heard Her brother say to the coachman, "Home, and drive slowly and keep on the asphalt."

The carriage moved forward, and She put her arm about him and his head fell on her shoulder, and neither of them spoke. The vision had lasted so long now that he was torn with the joy that after all it

might be real. But he could not bear the awakening if it were not, so he raised his head fearfully and looked up into the beautiful eyes above him. His brows were knit, and he struggled with a great doubt and an awful joy.

"Dearest," he asked, "is it real?"

"Is it real?" she repeated.

Even as a dream, it was so wonderfully beautiful that he was satisfied if it could only continue so, if for but a little while.

"Do you think," he begged again, trembling, "that it is going to last much longer?"

She smiled, and, bending her head slowly, kissed him.

"It is going to last — always," she said.

THOUGH WE REPENT

By Louise Chandler Moulton

THOUGH we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair—
Turn false to true, and carelessness to care,
And let us find again what now we lack?

Oh, once, once more to tread the old-time track,
The flowers we threw away once more to wear—
Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?

Who can repulse a stealthy ghost's attack—
Silence a voice that doth the midnight dare—
Make fresh hopes spring from grave-sod of despair—
Set free a tortured soul from memory's rack?
Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

EARLY ENGINEERING EXCURSIONS

INTRODUCTION



THE following pages contain the first instalment of a series of selections from the correspondence of the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson, which is to be continued in these columns throughout the whole or the greater part of the current year. The task of preparing Mr. Stevenson's Life and Letters for publication has been entrusted to me by his representatives, in accordance with his own wish repeatedly expressed during his lifetime, and I am now engaged upon the work. In the meantime it has been arranged that a portion of the letters shall appear in advance in the pages of this Magazine, to which Mr. Stevenson was for so long one of the most valued contributors.

Mr. Stevenson, while he lived, was often charged by his friends with being a bad correspondent, and was always amiably ready to admit the charge. Nevertheless, when those of his letters which had been preserved came to be collected after his death, they turned out to be very numerous, dating from almost all periods of his life, and written in all manner of moods to a great variety of correspondents. From the letters chosen for publication, those here selected have been grouped mainly according to subject, having regard only in a secondary degree to order of dates. The group given in this number consists of some of the letters written by Stevenson to his parents in 1868 and 1869, in the course of excursions undertaken by way of training for his intended profession as an engineer. In the former year, 1868, he was sent to watch two important harbor works in course of construction by the family firm, namely, the breakwater at Anstruther on the coast of Fife, and that at Wick, in the northern extremity of Caithness. In 1869 he accompanied his father on board the *Pharos*, the official steamer of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, on a tour of inspection to the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and related his experiences in long journal letters to his mother.

Some of these letters, as is natural from the circumstances of their origin, exhibit touches of a guide-book quality; nor will the reader expect to find in them the full charm and color of the writing of the R. L. S. of after years. But, on the other hand, it is interesting to perceive how lively a power of observation and expression, what a degree of maturity, alike in intelligence, character, and reading, this Scottish lad of eighteen or nineteen already possessed. In one particular, it must be confessed, namely, in spelling, he shows himself remarkably boyish. But Stevenson in truth never learnt to spell quite in a grown-up manner; and for this master of English letters a catarrh was apt to be a "cattarrh," and a neighbor a "nieghbor," and literature "litterature" to the end. To reproduce all these trips and slips in print would be mere pedantry; and the normal orthography has been adopted, except where he himself is aware of his difficulties and laughs over them.

The letters here given will be found to contain the writer's first notes and observations on several matters turned afterward to literary account in his *Essays*. Readers familiar with "*Memories and Portraits*," and with the later "*Random Memories*," first published in this Magazine in 1888, are acquainted already with the "chamber scented with dry rose-leaves at Anstruther;" with the two little Italian vagabonds who ran behind the coach in Caithness; with the storm-shattered breakwater of Wick, "the chief disaster of my father's life;" and with the memories of Medina Sidonia, at the Fair Isle.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

First sheet: Thursday.
Second sheet: Friday. [July, 1868.]

[KEWIE] HOUSE (or whatever it
is called), ANSTRUTHER.

MY DEAR FATHER: My lodgings are very nice, and I don't think there are any children. There is a box of mignonette in the window and a factory of dried rose-leaves, which make the atmosphere a trifle heavy, but very pleasant.

When you come, bring also my paint-box—I forgot it. I am going to try the travellers and jennies, and have made a sketch of them and begun the drawing. After that I'll do the staging.

This morning I walked over with M. and young B—— to the Quarry, where M. and I halloed: B—— unbuttoned his waistcoat, and then funked.

Mrs. Brown "has suffered herself from her stommick, and that makes her kind of think for other people." She is a motherly lot. Her mothering and thought for others displays itself in advice against hard-boiled eggs, well-done meat, and late dinners, these being my only requests. Fancy—I am the only person in Anstruther who dines in the afternoon.

If you could bring me some wine when you come, 'twould be a good move: I fear *in D'Anstruther*; and having procured myself a severe attack of gripes by two days' total abstinence on chilly table beer, I have been forced to purchase Green Ginger ("Somebody or other's 'celebrated'"), for the benefit of my stomach, like St. Paul.

There is little or nothing doing here to be seen. By heightening the corner in a hurry to support the staging they have let the masons get ahead of the divers and wait till they can overtake them. I wish you would write and put me up to the sort of things to ask and find out. I received your registered letter with the £3; it will last for ever.

To-morrow I will watch the masons at the pier-foot and see how long they take to work that five-ness stone you ask about; they get sixpence an hour; so that is the only datum required.

It is awful how slowly I draw, and how ill: I am not nearly done with the travellers, and have not thought of the jennies yet. When I'm drawing I find out something I have not measured, or, having

measured, have not noted, or, having noted, cannot find; and so I have to trudge to the pier again ere I can go farther with my noble design.

I had a ride to-day on B.'s pony. He gave me rather a dismal account of its temper, mouth, et cætera. M. told me I must not believe it all, for B. was "not a very daring horseman," he thought. His own groom was more explicit.

"Has Mr. B. a good seat?" I asked.

"Him? Hech no! By G——, he's a puir show i' the saidle, him!"

M. says the divers can't work when the tide's out because of the weight. It has occurred to me that a great part of the weight at least might be taken off; it seems such a pity to lose all the time.

I haven't *seen* fruit since I left. Love to all.—Your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

[ANSTRUTHER] Tuesday, July, 1868.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Tell Papa that his boat-builders are the most illiterate folk with whom I ever had any dealing. From beginning to end of their specification, there was no stop, whether comma, semicolon, colon, or point; and to tell whether the adjectives belonged to the previous or the subsequent noun was work for five experienced boat-builders. However, I made daylight of it, copied it, and sent it to Porringer; it took me and Mitchell two hours to understand the part called "the specification," and there were several parts in the "offer" or "tender" which had to be copied as well. So confused, indeed, and so insufficient was the whole thing that the saving clause, smuggled in in the tender, "and things not fully specified needful for efficient service," forms its whole value.

Have you sent the Essays off? Do see to it. Can you find and send to me the last lines of Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, beginning—

"It is Lucifer, son of the air," and so on. "Since God put him there, he is God's minister for some good end."

Wednesday.

To night I went with the youngest M. to see a strolling band of players in the town hall. A large table placed below the gallery with a print curtain on either side

of the most limited dimensions was at once the scenery and the proscenium. The manager told us that his scenes were sixteen by sixty-four, and so could not be got in. Though I knew, or at least felt sure, that there were no such scenes in the poor man's possession, I could not laugh, as did the major part of the audience, at this shift to escape criticism. We saw a wretched farce, and some comic songs were sung. The manager sang one, but it came grimly from his throat. The whole receipt of the evening was 5*s.* and 3*d.*, out of which had to come room, gas, and town drummer. We left soon; and I must say came out as sad as I have been for ever so long: I think that manager had a soul above comic songs. I said this to young M., who is a "Phillistine" (Matthew Arnold's Philistine you understand), and he replied, "How much happier would he be as a common working man!" I told him I thought he would be less happy earning a comfortable living as a shoemaker than he was starving as an actor, with such artistic work as he had to do. But the Phillistine wouldn't see it. You observe that I spell Philistine time about with one and two l's.

As we went home we heard singing, and went into the porch of the school-house to listen. A fisherman entered and told us to go in. It was a psalmody class. One of the girls has a glorious voice. We stayed for half an hour.—I remain your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

ANSTRUTHER, July, 1868.

KENZIE HOUSE, ANSTRUTHER,
Toosda' [July, 1868].

I am utterly sick of this gray, grim, sea-beaten hole. I have a little cold in my head, which makes my eyes sore; and you can't tell how utterly sick I am, and how anxious to get back among trees and flowers and something less meaningless than this bleak fertility.

Papa need not imagine that I have a bad cold or am stone blind from this description, which is the whole truth.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Fortune called in a dog-cart, Fortune's beard and Mrs. F.'s brow glittering with mist-drops, to ask me to come next Saturday. Conditionally, I accepted. Do you think I can cut it? I am only anxious to go slick home on the Saturday. Write by return of post

and tell me what to do. If possible, I should like to cut the business and come right slick out to Swanston.—I remain your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

In the interval between July and September, R. L. S. had spent some time with his family at their home in the Pentlands, and then gone north with his father to watch the harbor works in progress at Wick, where he was presently left by himself. The following is the second letter written home after his father had left.

[NEW HARBOR HOTEL, PULTENEY] WICK,
Friday, September 11, 1868.

MY DEAR MOTHER: To go on with my description:—Wick lies at the end or elbow of an open triangular bay, hemmed on either side by shores, either cliff or steep earth-bank, of no great height. The gray houses of Pulteney extend along the southerly shore almost to the cape; and it is about half-way down this shore—no six-sevenths way down—that the new break-water extends athwart the bay. . . . Certainly Wick in itself possesses no beauty: bare, gray shores, grim gray houses, grim gray sea; not even the gleam of red tile; not even the greenness of a tree. The southerly heights, when I came here, were black with people, fishers waiting on wind and night. Now all the S.Y.S. (Stornoway boats) have beaten out of the bay, and the Wick men stay indoors or wrangle on the quays with dissatisfied fish-curers, knee-high in brine, mud and herring refuse. The day when the boats put out to go home to the Hebrides, the girl here told me there was "a black wind;" and on going out I found the epithet as justifiable as it was picturesque. A cold, *black* southerly wind, with occasional rising showers of rain; it was a fine sight to see the boats beat out a-teeth of it.

In Wick I have never heard anyone greet his neighbor with the usual "Fine day" or "Good morning." Both come shaking their heads, and both say, "Breezy, breezy!" And such is the atrocious quality of the climate, that the remark is almost invariably justified by the fact.

The streets are full of the Highland fishers, lubberly, stupid, inconceivably lazy and heavy to move. You bruise against

them, tumble over them, elbow them against the wall—all to no purpose; they will not budge; and you are forced to leave the pavement every step.

To the south, however, is as fine a piece of coast scenery as I ever saw. Great black chasms, huge black cliffs, rugged and over-hung gullies, natural arches, and deep green pools below them, almost too deep to let you see the gleam of sand among the darker weed: there are deep caves too. In one of these lives a tribe of gypsies. The men are *always* drunk, simply and truthfully always. From morning to evening the great villainous-looking fellows are either sleeping off the last debauch, or hulking about the cove "in the horrors." The cave is deep, high, and airy, and might be made comfortable enough. But they just live among heaped bowlders, damp with continual droppings from above, with no more furniture than two or three tin pans, a truss of rotten straw, and a few ragged cloaks. In winter the surf bursts into the mouth and often forces them to abandon it.

An *émeute* of disappointed fishers was feared, and two ships of war are in the bay to render assistance to the municipal authorities. This is the Ides; and, to all intents and purposes, said Ides have passed. Still there is a good deal of disturbance, many drunk men, and a double supply of police. I saw them sent for by some people and enter an inn, in a pretty good hurry: what it was for I do not know.

You would see by papa's letter about the carpenter who fell off the staging: I don't think I was ever so much excited in my life. The man was back at his work, and I asked him how he was: but he was a Highlander, and—need I add it?—dickens a word could I understand of his answer. What is still worse, I find the people here about—that is to say, the Highlanders, not the northmen—don't understand *me*.

I have lost a shilling's worth of postage stamps, which has damped my ardor for buying big lots of 'em: I'll buy them one at a time as I want 'em for the future.

The Free Church minister and I got quite thick. He left last night about two in the morning, when I went to turn in. He gave me the enclosed.—I remain your affectionate son,
R. L. STEVENSON.

WICK, September 5, 1868,
Monday.

MY DEAR MAMMA: This morning I got a delightful haul: your letter of the fourth (surely mis-dated); Papa's of same day; Virgil's "*Bucolics*," very thankfully received, and Aikman's "*Annals*,"* a precious and most acceptable donation, for which I tender my most ebullient thanksgivings. I almost forgot to drink my tea and eat mine egg.

It contains more detailed accounts than anything I ever saw, except Wodrow, without being so portentously tiresome and so desperately overborne with foot-notes, proclamations, acts of Parliament, and citations as that last history.

I have been reading a good deal of Herbert. He's a clever and a devout cove; but in places awfully twaddley (if I may use the word). Oughtn't this to rejoice Papa's heart—

Carve or discourse; do not a famine fear.
Who carves is kind to two, who talks to all.

You understand? The "fearing of famine" is applied to people gulping down solid vivers without a word, as if the ten lean kine began to-morrow.

Do you remember condemning something of mine for being too obtrusively didactic. Listen to Herbert—

Is it not verse except enchanted groves
And sudden arbors shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veiled, while he that reads divines
Catching the sense at two removes?

You see "except" was used for "unless" before 1630.

Tuesday.

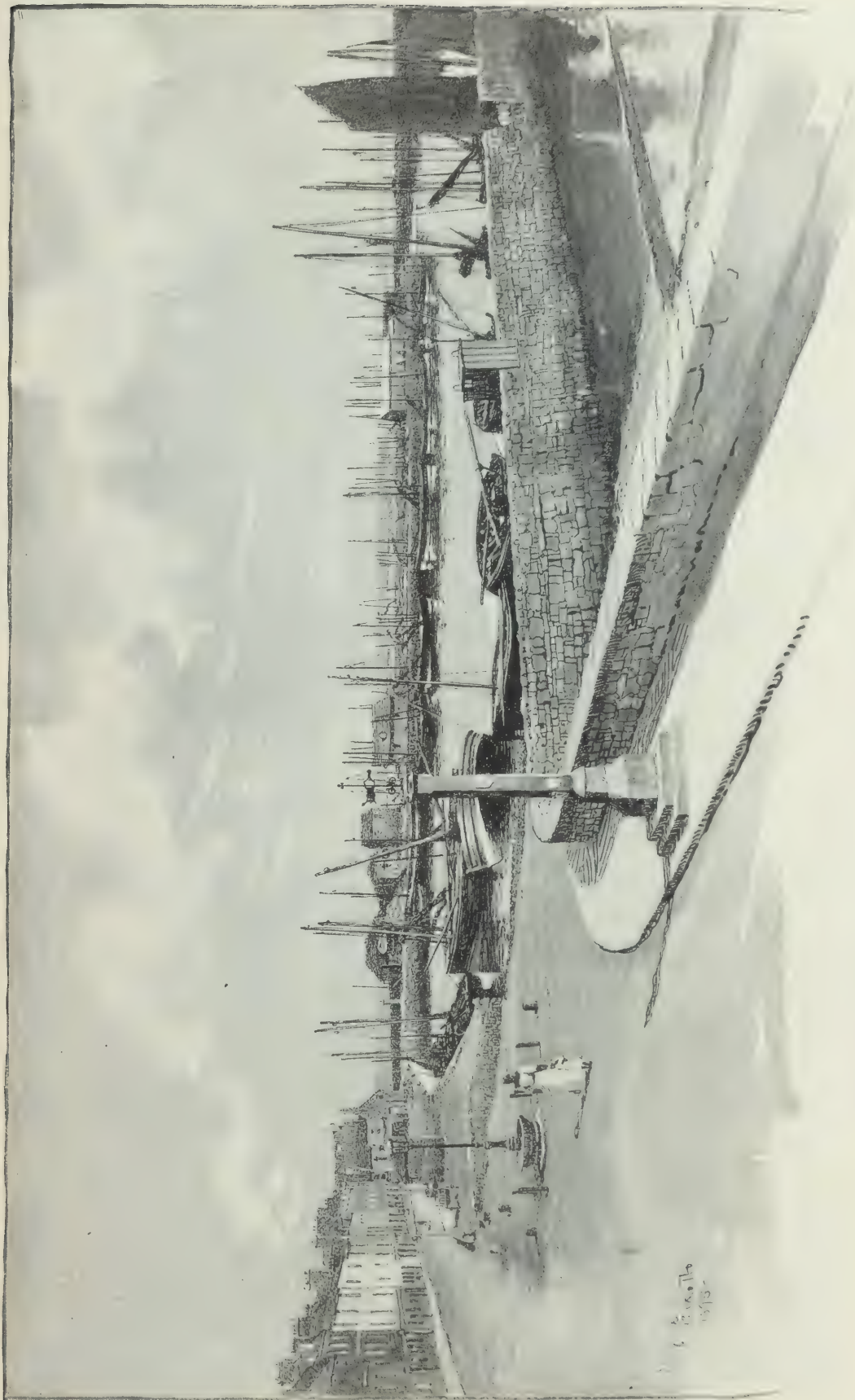
The riots were a hum. No more has been heard: and one of the war-steamers has deserted in disgust.

The "*Moonstone*" is frightfully interesting: isn't the detective prime? Don't say anything about the plot; for I have only read on to the end of Betteredge's narrative, so don't know anything about it yet.

I thought to have gone on to Thurso to-night, but the coach was full; so I go to-morrow instead.

To-day I had a grouse: great glorification.

* Aikman's "*Annals of the Persecution in Scotland*."



Shore Street and Harbor, Anstruther.
Drawn from a copyright photograph by Valentine A. Scott, Dundee.



Fishing Boats Going Out, Wick.
 Drawn from a copyright photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

There is a drunken brute in the house who disturbed my rest last night. He's a very respectable man in general, but when on the "spree" a most consummate fool. When he came in he stood on the top of the stairs and preached in the dark with great solemnity and no audience from 12 P.M. to half-past one. At last I opened my door. "Are we to have no sleep at all for that *drunken brute*?" I said. As I hoped, it had the desired effect. "Drunken brute!" he howled, in much indignation; then after a pause, in a voice of some contrition, "Well, if I am a drunken brute, it's only once in the twelvemonth!" And that was the end of him; the insult rankled in his mind; and he retired to rest. He is a fish-curer, a man over fifty, and pretty rich too. He's as bad again to-day; but I'll be shot if he keeps me awake; I'll douse him with water if he makes a row. —Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

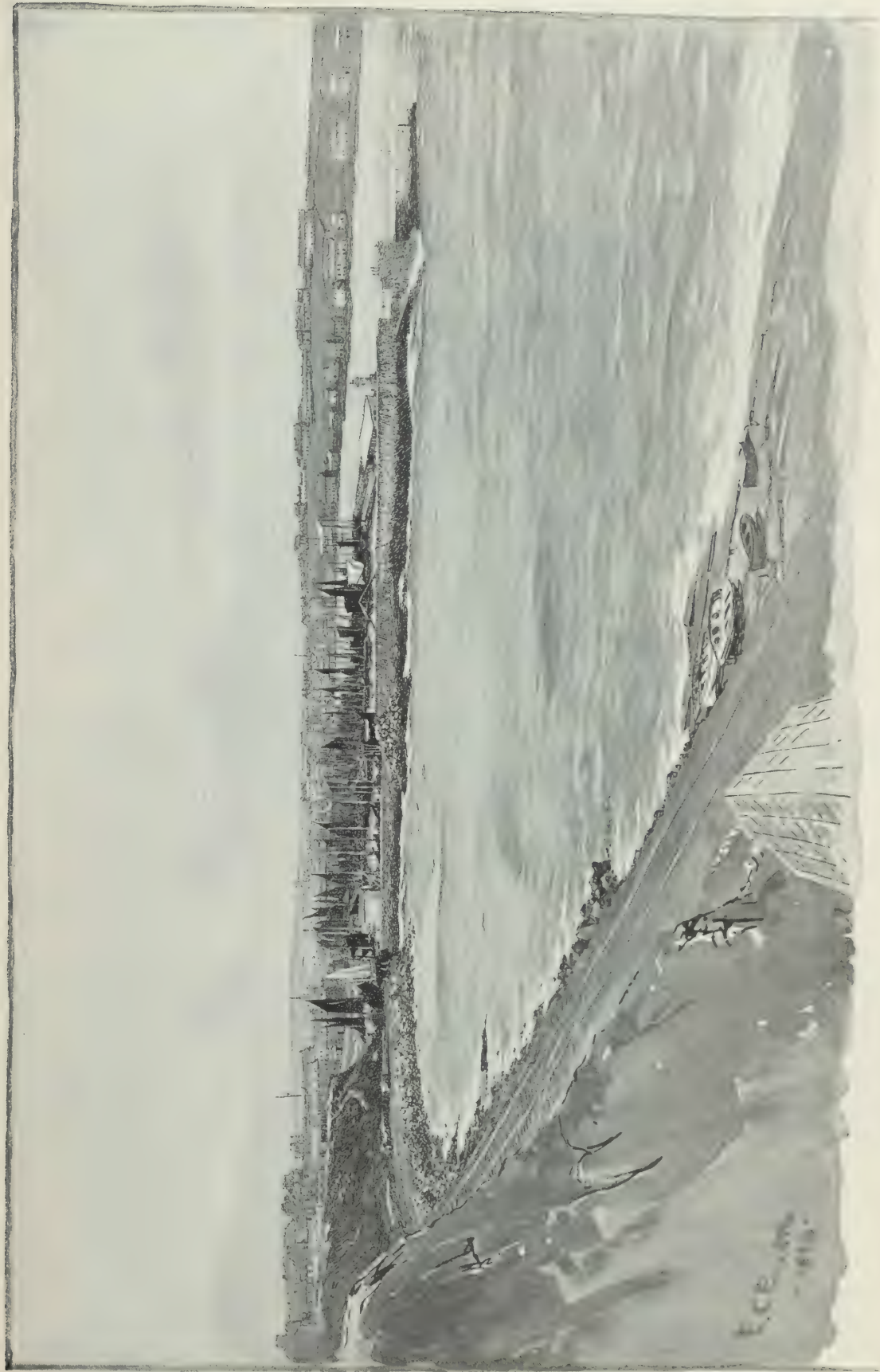
NEW HARBOUR HOTEL, PELTENEY,
 September 14, 1868

MY DEAR MOTHER: My trip to Thurso took up so much of my time that I have

been rather remiss in my correspondence. I had good fun there. There was a Colonel M——, an awful swearer, who was very good fun, and five bagmen, with whom I dined the second day. The bagmen told some good stories. As this is Sunday, I shall say no more on that head. Colinton for length of service is a joke to Wick. Two hours morning and evening. This afternoon we had two hours all but three minutes. I did not look at my watch at the sermon till I was pretty tired, certainly not less than twenty minutes; and the discourse lasted three-quarters of an hour and two or three minutes after that! O Lillo! Lillo!

The girl here tells me that she was a fortnight in bed of the Wick Revival. She had been in the country, and went to a week-day evening service. A fearful sermon was given, and a woman near the pulpit began screaming in a dreadful manner. It worked so strongly on her that she took a trembling fit, and had to be helped home.

I asked if she knew any of the people who had made a row during the period, and if there were any change in 'em. She knew scores of them, she said, young men



Wick from Signal Station.

Origin from a copyright photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dublin.

and young women, and, if anything, they were worse—a statement I can quite believe from all I have heard and seen.

After all, this is a mere stirring of emotional fibre, like one crying over a novel.

Terrants no more their savage nature kept
And *foes* to virtue wondered why they wept.

Aye, aye, but wait till to-morrow morning and see how his savage nature is then! For some good things on this, see one of Bulwer Lytton's essays: "On the *sympathetic* (?) temperament." See what a very Sunday letter 'tis!

It has been bitterly cold to-day.

Monday.

And is bitterly ditto to-day. I have drawn the table up to the fire, and my hands are sore and stiff. We had a fire in the office.

Account of one of my days? Very well. Breakfast: movable feast, 9 to 9.30—tea, herring, finnan haddock, eggs, rolls, salt butter, to which I am now entirely acclimatized. After breakfast: breakwater,

drawing, general loafing and inspection. One P.M. lunch: sherry, Latheron cheese, rolls, salt butter. After lunch: breakwatering again. Five: dinner, heaps o' things. (*N.B.*—Curds called "yearned milk" hereaway.) After dinner, letters, algebra, reading, smoking, waiting for bedtime; now and then a walk. 9.30 or 10, tea, rolls, butter, cheese. Nightcap in requisition about 11 or 11.30 or 10.30.

Tell Myrrha that when she came to envying G—— his hand, I wept—positively wept—so just, so well founded did that envy appear—so truly did I respond the wish at that moment, then laboring in the depths. I lost, I fear, some of the choicest witticisms of the epistle. Indeed, my state of mind put me deeply in mind of the Sweet Singer's description of a storm at sea—*vide* Psalmn (any more dumb consonants required? It would look better thus Psawlmn) 107. Don't you think, by the by, that David must have been sick; it *is* so lifelike. "They go down into the depths." O yes, but what about their stommiks? "They reel to and fro like a drunken man." I declare I can almost hear a faint voice



Gilchrist Castle and Coast near Wick.

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Tinkler's Cave, Near Wick.

Drawn from a copyright photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

cry "Steward!" at that part. You see that Myrrha's letter has produced a healthy effect upon my spirits; but I'm not going to mention her again, it costs such labor to spell it. Fancy, I had to ring the bell and ask the girl how she spelt "myrrh." I question much if she told me right. But what between it and the *Psalmms*, my mind about spelling is lost.—I remain your affectionate son,

R. L. S.

WICK, September, 1868,
Saturday, 10 A.M.

MY DEAR MOTHER: The last two days have been dreadfully hard, and I was so tired in the evenings that I could not write. In fact, *last* night I went to sleep

immediately after or very nearly so. My hours have been 10—2 and 3—7 out in the lighter or the small boat, in a long, heavy roll from the nor'-east. When the dog was taken out, he got awfully ill, and combed to particulars promiscuously, involving many kicks and much swabbing; one of the men, Geordie Grant by name and surname, followed *shoot* with considerable *éclat*; but, wonderful to relate! I kept well. My hands are all skinned, blistered, discolored, and engrained with tar, some of which latter has established itself under my nails in a position of such natural strength that it defies all my efforts to dislodge it. The worst work I had was when David (MacDonald's d-

dest) and I took the charge ourselves. He remained in the lighter to tighten or slacken the guys as we raised the pole toward the perpendicular, with two men. I was with four men in the boat. We dropped an anchor out a good bit, then tied a cord to the pole, took a turn round the sternmost thwart with it, and pulled on the anchor line. As the great, big, wet hawser came in it soaked you to the skin: I was the sternest (used, by way of variety, for sternmost) of the lot, and had to coil it—a work which involved, from *its* being so stiff and *your* being busy pulling with all your might, no little trouble and an extra ducking. We got it up, and, just as we were going to sing “Victory!” one of the guys slipped in, the pole tottered—went over on its side again like a shot, and behold the end of our labor.

You see I have been roughing it, and though some parts of the letter may be neither very comprehensible nor very interesting to *you*, I think that perhaps it might amuse Willie Traquair, who delights in all such dirty jobs.

The first day, I forgot to mention, was like mid-winter for cold, and rained incessantly so hard that the livid white of our cold-pinched faces wore a sort of inflamed rash on the windward side. I am not a bit the worse of it, except fore-mentioned state of hands, a slight crick in my neck from the rain running down, and general stiffness from pulling, hauling, and tugging for dear life.

We have got double weights at the guys, and hope to get it up like a shot.

What fun you three must be having! I think I see—cheating at cards! I hope the cold don’t disagree with you.—I remain, my dear Mother, your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

WICK,
September, 1868.

Sunday,
PETERHEAD.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Another storm: wind higher, rain thicker: the wind still rising as the night closes in and the sea slowly rising along with it; it looks like a three days’ gale.

Last week has been a blank one: always too much sea.

I enjoyed myself very much last night at R.’s. There was a little dancing, much singing and supper.

Are you not well that you do not write? I haven’t heard from you for more than a fortnight.

The wind fell yesterday and rose again to-day; it is a dreadful evening; but the wind is keeping the sea down as yet. Of course, nothing more has been done to the poles; and I can’t tell when I shall be able to leave, not for a fortnight yet I fear, at the earliest, for the winds are persistent. Where’s Myrrha? Is Cummie struck dumb about the boots? I wish you would get somebody to write an interesting letter and say how you are, for you’re on the broad of your back I see. There hath arrived an inroad of farmers to-night; and I go to avoid them to M—— if he’s disengaged, to the R.’s if not.

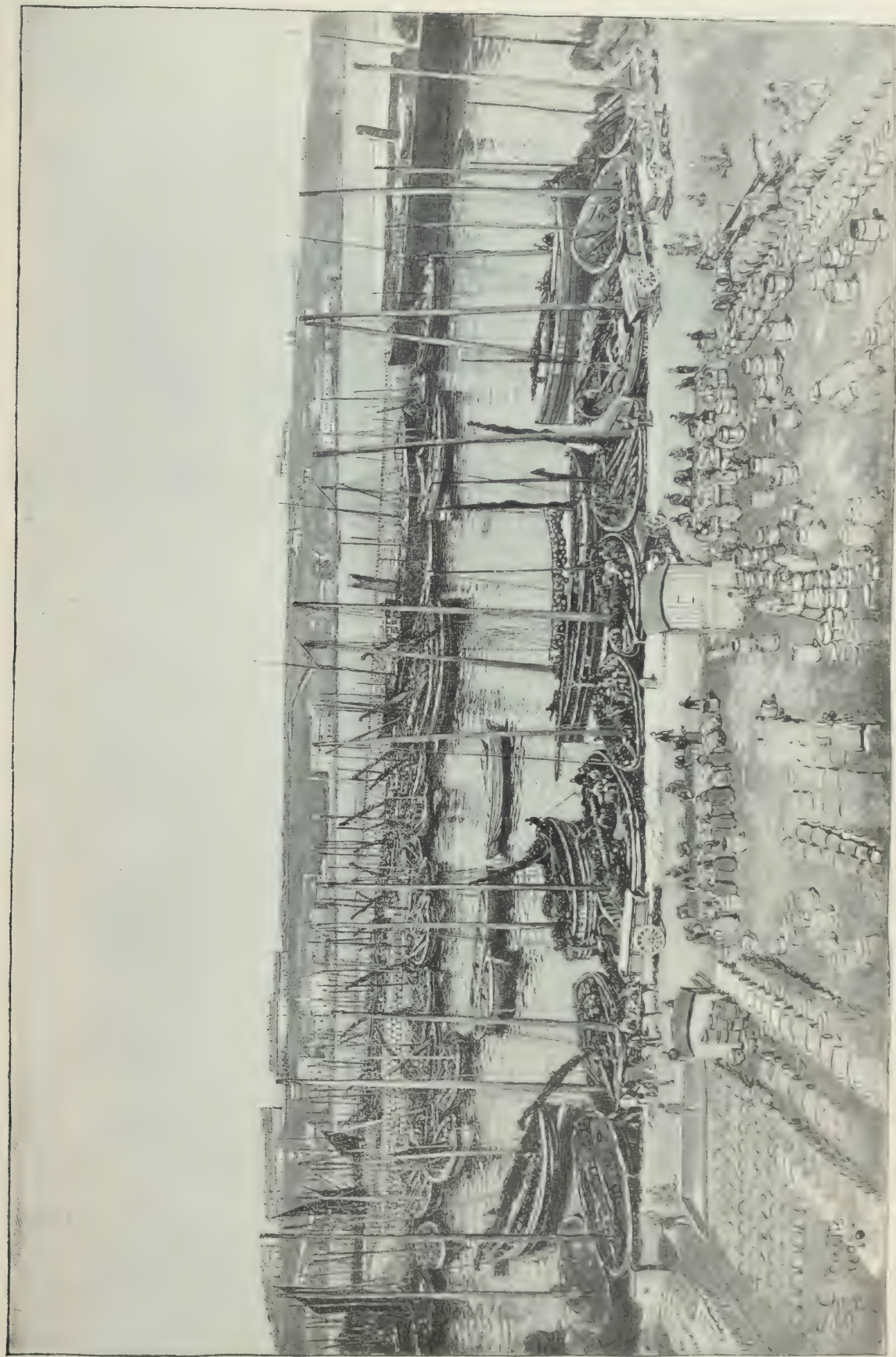
Sunday (later).

Storm without: wind and rain: a confused mass of wind-driven rain-squalls, wind-ragged mist, foam, spray, and great, gray waves. Of this hereafter: in the meantime let us follow the due course of historic narrative.

Seven P.M. found me at 9 Breadalbane Terrace, clad in spotless blacks, white tie, shirt, et cætera, and finished off below with a pair of navvies’ boots. How true that the devil is betrayed by his feet! A message to Cummy at last: Why, O treacherous woman! were my dress boots withheld?

Dramatis personæ: père R., amusing, long-winded, in many points like papa; mère R., nice, delicate, likes hymns, knew Aunt Margaret (’t’ould man knew Uncle Alan); fille R., nommée Sara (no h), rather nice, lights up well, good voice, *interested* face; Miss L., nice also, washed out a little, and, I think, a trifle sentimental; fils R., in a Leith office, smart, full of happy epithet, amusing, pompous. They are very nice and very kind, asked me to come back—“any night you feel dull: and any night doesn’t mean no night: we’ll be so glad to see you.” *C’est la mère qui parle.*

I was back there again to-night. There was hymn-singing, and general religious controversy till eight, after which talk was secular. Mrs. S. was deeply distressed about the boot business. She consoled me by saying that many would be glad to have such feet whatever shoes they had



Wick Harbor in Fishing Season.

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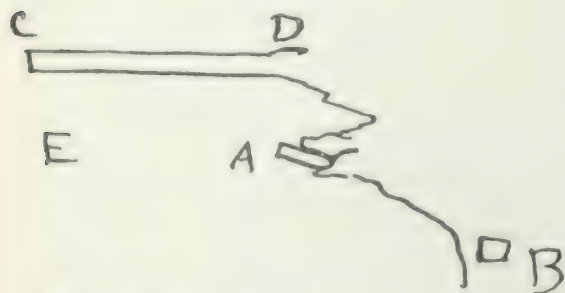


St. Magnus's Cathedral at Kirkwall, from the Southeast.

Drawn from a copyright photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

on. Unfortunately, fishers and seafaring men are too facile to be compared with ! This looks like enjoyment ; better speck than Anster.

I have done with frivolity. This morning I was awakened by Mrs. S. at the door. "There's a ship ashore at Shaltigoe !" As my senses slowly flooded, I heard the whistling and the roaring of wind, and the lashing at the wind of gust-blown and uncertain flams of rain. I got up, dressed, and went out. The mingled spray and rain blinded you.



C D is the new pier.

A the schooner ashore. B the salmon house.

She was a Norwegian : coming in she saw our first gauge-pole standing at point E. Norse skipper thought it was a sunk

smack, and dropped his anchor in full drift of sea : chain broke : schooner came ashore. Insured : laden with wood : skipper owner of vessel and cargo : bottom out. I was in a great fright at first lest we should be liable ; but it seems that's all right.

Some of the waves were twenty feet high. The spray rose eighty feet at the new pier. Some wood has come ashore, and the roadway seems carried away. There is something fishy at the far end where the cross wall is building ; but till we are able to get along, all speculation is vain.

I am so sleepy I am writing nonsense.

I stood a long while on the cope watching the sea below me ; I hear its dull, monotonous roar at this moment below the shrieking of the wind ; and there came ever recurring to my mind the verse I am so fond of :—

But yet the Lord that is on high
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is
Or great sea-billows are.

The thunder at the wall when it first struck—the rush along ever growing higher—the great jet of snow-white spray some

forty feet above you—and the “noise of many waters,” the roar, the hiss, the “shrieking” among the shingle as it fell head over heels at your feet. I watched if it threw the big stones at the wall; but it never moved them.

Monday.

The end of the work displays gaps, cairns of ten ton blocks, stones torn from their places and turned right round. The damage above water is comparatively little: what there may be below, *on ne sait pas encore*. The roadway is torn away, cross heads, broken planks tossed here and there, planks gnawn and mumbled as if a starved bear had been trying to eat them, planks with spales lifted from them as if they had been dressed with a rugged plane, one pile swaying to and fro clear of the bottom, the rails in one place sunk a foot at least. This was not a great storm, the waves were light and short. Yet when we are standing at the office, I felt the ground beneath me *quail* as a huge roller thundered on the work at the last year's cross-wall.

How could *noster amicus M. maximus* appreciate a storm at Wick. It requires a little of the artistic temperament, of which Mr. T[homas] S[tevenson], C. E., possesses some, whatever he may say. I can't look at it practically, however: that will come, I suppose, like gray hair or coffin nails.

Our pole is snapped: a fortnight's work and the loss of the Norse schooner all for nothing!—except experience and dirty clothes.—Your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

Referring to this undertaking, in his biographical essay on his father, Stevenson has told how in the end “the sea proved too strong for men's arts, and after expedients hitherto unthought of, and on a scale hyper-Cyclopean, the work must be deserted, and now stands a ruin in that bleak, God-forsaken bay.” The letters that follow belong to the next year, 1869, and are dated from the Pharos during her trip to the northern coasts and islands.

LIGHTHOUSE STEAMER. Between
CANTICK and HOY. 9 A.M.
Friday, June 18, 1869.

DEAR MAMMA: I herewith begin my journal letter, which is intended to con-

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tain an account, full, true, and particular, of all my “sore journeying and perilous peregrination.”

About ten, we came on board at Scrabster, after coming to Thurso by the Castleton coach with a pretty little girl who knew everybody on the road. “That is the doctor.” “That other is a farmer.” At Wick, at Keiss, at Castleton, at Thurso, she was equally well-informed. It put me in mind of my similar journey last autumn with fourteen Lewis fishermen going back to the west, when we saw a still smoking whitely in the middle of a brown-looking moorland, and met two Italian music boys within a mile or so of John o' Groat's House. Our little fellow-traveller ate many peppermint drops on the way, and offered some to my father; and, whenever anything was dropped or any one wished out or in, she it was who picked it up or opened the door. Our last conversation was at Thurso, when she broke forth in hearty excitement and pointed out to us her sister who was there to meet her.

It was after sundown then, but still daylight; and we went to see Holborn Head. The man was in such a woundy fright, growing redder and breathing hard in mortal terror. Verily, *mon père* is a great man here: he putteth out his lip, and all men tremble.

We steamed across the Pentland Firth with Holborn Head behind us, Dunnet Head and Skerries on our right, and Cantick Head in front. The vessel rolled a little; but the swell was nothing. There were squalls of rain all along the shore, and not a few of them where we were. Soon after there came a great white streak between two layers of cloud in the eastward, which widened and brightened into orange and red. This was the dawn. Just then, the bell rang for midnight. It was very picturesque: the decks all lucid and shining with the early shower, the dawn brightening feebly, and the ship rolling between the two low shore lines. Near one, we came round Cantick Head and dropped anchor in Kirk Hope with the light flashing on one side, and the dawn, orange and yellow and red, waxing brighter above a row of murky clouds. Turned in, very sleepy.

This morning we landed and saw Can-

nick Head light. The faces of the men were sufficient for inspection. You could see they were at their ease. The flag was hoist while we were in. We are now waiting for breakfast and running for Graemsay, with the high land of Hoy on our right.

12 MIDD.

We have been at High and Low Hoy Sound lights, Island of Graemsay. From the latter, which was in good order, the view was very pretty. The water a sort of dark purple with here and there a streak of vivid emerald marking the position of some sandy shoal. The picture above is not the least like—not the slightest—but I had no time. The hills behind are in Hoy and are the only Highlands of Orkney: the tower in front is the High Light mentioned above. Stromness is just opposite on the mainland, a cluster of gray houses in the upper end of a bight—not very inviting.

4.30 P.M.

We are here in Scapa How, where we anchored about two, when the captain, Mr. Andrews, papa and I, together with Mr. Henderson the steward, in quest of cheese, landed on a shoaling beach and walked across an isthmus to Kirkwall. The first sight one gets of Kirkwall is rather striking—a cluster of gray roofs with the red cathedral and a knot of umber ruin at the top, and the sea at its foot, running into a long and shallow creek which is severed from the open ocean by a ridge or bar of sand with some walls atop.

The whole aspect of the town is distinctly English. The houses, white with harl, present crowstepped gables and picturesque chimneys to the street; while on one hand, through an arched gateway, one catches a cool glimpse of a paven entrance court. Some of these arches are green with burdock and grass, and even with fern, and, to render the likeness to a village of the Riviera a thought more striking, on one occasion at least, there was a secondary arch within the first uselessly spanning the stone passage, a nest for weed and a roosting-place for fowls. The slates are grayish white without the smallest tinge of color; so it is a great relief to the general whiteness of wall and roof, to see green trees of decent size

spreading in the court within. Above the doors there are inscriptions and emblems.

But the glory of Kirkwall, as of Salisbury, lies about its cathedral, which towers, with narrow gables and slope-slate roof and wonder of red stone-work and white, above the little green and the little gray town on the seaboard. You enter through the usual triple door of Gothic churches, at the foot of the tall, narrow gables with mouldings of alternate red and white, and red columns crumbled down to the consistency of Madeira cake.

From the corner of the chancel just below the square tower you get the best look of the sombre church, with its black and scarlet stonework and its Catherine wheel at the chancel end; and hence you ascend to the belfry and the top of the church. And here I must fairly give up any hope, and my hope from the first has been feeble, to give you any idea of this delightful old church. From every corner of the tower, a corkscrew staircase ascends, giving admittance into passages along the blind clerestory of nave, choir, and chancels: thence more stairs and narrower passages still—where one has to go on sidelong like a crab in a rock-cleft—leading along past the little windows of the nave, and between the double windows of the choir: thence more stairs to the dusty and limbered lofts above the groined roof and to the belfry, criss-crossed by great unpainted wooden beams and hung with the big bells, on whose mellow sides the modern sacristan rings a stormy chime; and thence, by ladder, to the outside of the tower. This is the climax: below you, like a knife-edge, the sharp ridge and swift slope of the two slate roofs, each with its broad leaden gutters, the kirkyard with its stones, the little green, the ruins, and the cluster of gray-slate roofs crouching at your feet. I wish I could let you feel, as I felt, these little stairs and passages—this network or web of dark and narrow alleys, with the very smallest windows sometimes, and sometimes with no windows at all. You expect to meet a “priest in surplice white that defunctive music knows,” a sexton in hose and steeple hat, a tonsured monk, a mitred bishop worn with conflict against heathen earls and savage boors, at every corner of the dusty maze; and when you come

forth on the surface, the roof looks like that on which Dom Claude descends and breaks his fall, ere he plunges finally to the causeway below. I know nothing so suggestive of legend, so full of superstition, so stimulating to a weird imagination, as the nooks and corners and by-ways of such a church as St. Magnus, in Kirkwall.

We then went down to the pier, where indeed we had a lamentable awakening and grievous revocation from middle-ages dreamland to everyday vulgarity and affection. A London engineer has erected an iron jetty, like the ornamental bridge over the water in a cockney tea-garden—a gimcrack lane of corner lamp-posts—infinitely neat and infinitely shaky—a nurse-maid's walk, that might have done at Greenwich, projecting into the easterly surge from Pomona, the mainland of Orkney. Alas! Alas!

OFF LERWICK,
Saturday, June 19, 11.30 P.M.

Lerwick lies in the hollow angle of a winding sound between the mainland of Shetland and the Island of Bressay. As we came up we saw many people on a gravel spit at the corner, drying fish on the baked white stones. The houses present their one gable to the water, which laves their foundations, and their other to the main street, which runs parallel to the line of the shore. When we landed—about eight—this narrow way was swarming with people. It is paved from wall to wall with broad flat paving-stones; and the resemblance to a Riviera village is further heightened by the narrow side-lanes, which climb the hill-side on long flights of ruinous steps between high houses on either hand. At the north of the town stands Fort Charlotte, founded, as I hear, by Cromwell. It overhangs the water with a circuit of heavy grass-grown walls, backed by mounds, supported by ruinous buttresses and pierced by some four-arched gateways. The sea-pink blooms thickly among the lichened crevices of the old stone-work. Inside there are two whitewashed buildings, a few sheds for the exercise of the naval reserve—four hundred of whom appear every winter on their return from the whale and seal fishing, and a great black-looking tank, as old, I suppose, as the fort, and lipping with repulsive-looking water. The

largest of these buildings is the jail and court-house—a long, low house with massive leaden gutters bearing the initials of George II. and the date seventeen hundred and eighty. The court is held in the upper part; and the lower windows, which are shaded by a wooden hutch, have a melancholy interest in our eyes; for, not many days ago, a young man was sentenced to forty-five days' imprisonment for shooting ducks at Unst, who hanged himself behind the midmost of these blank windows before the first night had come.

After seeing Fort Charlotte we took a walk with some gentlemen whom we had met and to whom Captain Graham had introduced us. Among these was Captain M'Kinnon, of the *Eaglet*, Revenue cutter, who gave us some interesting particulars about the degenerate modern smuggling. On their first voyage to the Faroe fishing, they never smuggle; for should they be caught, they would be detained too long to get away again; but on their second they bring home as much as they can get. They are not dishonest; but they think smuggling their right, and give the captain no little trouble. In these bright nights of the north, he cannot get near them before they have thrown everything overboard; but on some occasions he manages to catch them napping. One foggy night last summer, for example, he left the cutter behind an islet and took a circuit with his gig. They did not observe him till he was close at hand; but when they did, they lost no time. He saw them tumbling tobacco overboard out of a great big sack; and, when he boarded, the scuppers were awash with brandy and a man below was still staving in the casks. They got off easily on trial. The captain had great trouble with one man called Preaching Peter, who, whenever he got back with his spoils from Faroe, sent round handbills to announce his coming, and went about the country preaching. After he had much prayed and much preached, he gave the benediction, and then was the signal for all who knew him to crowd round. "How many gallons shall I give you?" "How many do you want?" Such was the conversation; and so he sold his smuggled spirits, and improved the people's souls while he filled his own purse.

The four gentlemen whom we had met

came out and took grog on board, when we had some interesting talk.

George Macdonald, ill of inflammation of the knee-joint, passed here *en route* for Norway in a yacht a short time ago. The doctor, who told us this, mentioned also that leprosy and lazaretto houses lingered into last century in this *Ultima Thule* of the ancients; and was succeeded by small-pox so violent that it swept away one-third of the population. In Foula, out of two hundred souls, there were left six men to bury friends and relations and neighbors. Shortly afterward inoculation was brought in its more violent form, when it killed one out of every four or five; and of course it became common in Shetland. Now, there was one, Paterson, I think, a jack-of-all-trades—a tailor, a shoemaker, a fish-curer, a doctor—who bethought him of weakening the matter introduced. He dried the pus on glass plates, mixed it with camphor, hung it for long in peat smoke, and finally buried it for seven whole years. When this long ceremony was at an end, he used it, and, out of three or four thousand, lost not one life; but his useful discovery was eclipsed by vaccination, which followed so shortly after. Nowadays, the women suffer much from drinking too much tea. The collector told us that the fishers of Dunrossness take cod-liver oil with them to drink, when they go out on a fishing-cruise.

Four bells—midnight—has rung some time ago. Upstairs it is perfectly calm, the sky very dark with mottling of white and gray cirrus, and the yellow moon half out, half in the clouds above the houses of the town—the whole thing mirrored to perfection in the water of the Sound. Some fishermen are singing on the shore, probably in imitation of Italy; for they please themselves by calling Lerwick the northern Venice. This appearance is heightened by the excessive lightness.

To-morrow we shall send our letters off; so here I conclude and remain your affectionate son.

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE TOWN OF LERWICK, H.M.,
Sunday, June 20, 1869.

MY DEAR MAMA: On Saturday evening, there were some hundred boats out before the town fishing herring with the

bright hook—by which means Mr. Johnston of the coast-guard told me he had caught three hundred the night before. Now the Shetland boats are crook-backed, with high stem and bow; and the appearance of this fleet upon the still, bright waters was as that of Indian canoes. It verily required the faint scent of peat smoke to remind you you were still in Scotland.

To-day, we landed and heard Mr. Sanders of the Established Church, who gave us a most excellent sermon, swarming with epigrams. As instances, "The Bible required the gloss of the great teacher: the book of Moses had to be set up in the gospel type." "Yes, my friends, we find the devil in the narrow way as an angel of light—as a preacher extolling the righteousness of the everlasting God." "Men's consciences may be elastic; but Heaven's gate is not." The seat in the gallery, kindly given us by Mr. Henry, was so low that my father wished to hold me when I stood up—true paternal solicitude.

The women, who wear on the week-days white Shetland tippets, are very well dressed on Sunday and make a resplendent show.

In the afternoon, we heard Mr. S. again, after which Mr. and Mrs. Henry took us for a walk behind the town and showed us two little ponies. One—a very pretty one, might be up to my waist: the other, much smaller, with his towsey mane, feathery head, bearded chin, and ragged tail, was a very walking jest; and a very scurvy jest too. We then said good-by and walked out a bit to see a Pict's house. The town of Lerwick stands on a low hill, circled in front by the sea, and behind by the loch of Klikomin ("Klik 'em in" is the way it's said), so that four roads alone join it to the island—one of them on an isthmus and the others on mere dykes. In this sheet of water stands the Pict's house.

From a sandy point, on which the little ripple lays curves of strange-looking emerald slime, there stretches out a causeway of rough stones, defended near the far end by two square piles of stones, with a narrow path between to act, I suppose, very much as the * that covered the draw-bridge of the feudal castle. The whole islet, thus joined to the mainland, is buried

* Gap left for the word which the writer wanted, and had evidently forgotten.

in stones and stone ramparts, with many unroofed underground chambers; and the centre is occupied by a hollow round tower not unlike to a lime-kiln. In the thickness of its walls are passages along which I had to creep on all-fours, stairs with steps three inches wide, round chambers buried in perfect darkness, and small doorways, like coal-hatches in a modern house, which seemed to have led by covered ways to the outlying subterranean rooms.

The people who built and occupied Maes-How must have been two or three feet high at the outside; and there is, I think, something singularly disgusting in the whole idea. I fancied the place swarming with little dirty devils talking outlandish jargon and brandishing their flint-head axes; and, with the natural human hatred for swarms of minute life, I confess that I brought myself to share in the horror of these old "Peghts" which is felt in Orkney and Shetland to this day.

In a note to the *Pirate* you will find a good story illustrative of this. There came a travelling missionary to the island of North Ronaldsha: and, being wearied with journeying, he went straightway to the house of the teacher and there lay down to sleep. But, as ill-luck would have it, he had been observed by the people, who instantly concluded, from his small frame and dark visage, that he was one of the old Picts, whether in the body or out of the body they could not tell; so they gathered about the house with evil intentions. The school-master feared for his guest's bodily safety, and bethinking him of my grandfather, who was then in the island, he sent a messenger for him and asked him to pacify the angry Norsemen. Unwilling to wake the fatigued man, he tried to convince them of their mistake by showing them the clumsy boots which he had left outside the door; but they would not be persuaded; and at last he was obliged to go in. Fortunately he recognized the man as having been a shop-keeper in Edinburgh before he became a missionary, and set their suspicions at rest.

We then walked up the road a small way, in a valley with a burn. The lowlands were cultivated after a skimble-skamble fashion: ruinous walls ran here and there, sometimes wandering aimlessly into the middle of the fields and there

ending with as little show of reason, sometimes gathering into gross heaps of loose stones, more like an abortive cairn than an honest dry-stone dyke: for crop, it seemed that docken and the yellow wild mustard, which made bright patches every here and there, were much more plentiful than turnip or corn. Mixed up with this unwholesome-looking wilderness were thatched cottages bearing every sign of desertion and decay, except the curl of smoke from the place where the chimney should be and was not; and in some cases presenting bare gables and roofless walls to the bitter ocean breeze. The uplands were a sere yellow-brown, with rich, full-colored streaks of peat, and gray stretches of outcropping rock. The whole place looks dreary and wretched; for here, nature, as Hawthorne would have said, has not sufficient power to take back to herself what the idleness and absence of man has let go. There is no ivy for the ruined cottage; no thorn or bramble for the waste wayside.

We returned again to the water-stair beside the town-hall and waved a handkerchief for the gig, a romantic action which made me remember many old day-dreams when it was my only wish to be a pirate or a smuggler.

I forgot to say that, in the afternoon, the congregation was double the size; and that because the people, lured by the long clear night, sit up to all hours and do not rise till nine or ten.

Between SUMBURGH and FAIR
ISLE, 11.50 A.M.,
Monday, June 21, 1860.

This morning we visited Sumburgh Head Lighthouse. This, the southernmost point of Shetland, as Unst is the most northerly, is joined to the mainland by a very narrow isthmus of low sand-hills and thin bent grass. There is shoal water on either hand, or the sea would soon carry it away. Inshore of this isthmus, the land is high and bare, with the huge crags of Fitful Head running out a few miles off. Among these sand-hills, on a grassy mound, stand some low and ruinous house-walls, all that remains of Jarlsboff, so often mentioned in the *Pirate*; and a little way above it, an elegant new house built by Mr. Bruce of Sumburgh. During its erection, there was much disturbance among the masons:

and the Aberdeen men, who were members of one Trade Union, refused point blank to work with Shetland men who were not: so the curse of Bright and Broadhead is felt even in *Ultima Thule*. The people call this house, with picturesque simplicity worthy of a primitive country and verily refreshing after miles of "Laurel Groves" and "Ivy Lodges," "The new building," and "the new building of Sumburgh." By the way, is there not something grand in that name of Sumburgh—a hollow boom, as it were of bursting surf.

We pulled in to a small slip on the beach with some gray houses at its head, one of which purported to sell "Tea and Tobacco," with blotches where "Spirits and Ale" had been painted out—a silent commentary on the habits of the people. We had then two miles to walk along the narrow headland, which rises in precipitous cliffs to the east and on the west, stretches down to the sea in a gentle sweep of spring turf. Here and there, however, the voes run in on either hand with a rush of water and a screaming of gulls, and leave but a neck of land three hundred feet above the surf. For all that the spray flies over it in clouds. Down in these voes, we saw the white gulls sitting on their eggs and the young ones beginning to walk about. We then visited the light and went on board again, passing easily through a jabble of short cresting waves which, in spring tides and heavy gales, is the fatal Sumburgh Roost. The sketch [opposite] represents the outmost spur of the head from the eastward. The light is three hundred feet high.

BETWEEN FAIR ISLE AND RONALDSIA,
A 45 F.M.

The coast of the Fair Isle is the wildest and most un pitying that we have yet seen. Continuous cliffs from one to four hundred feet high, torn by huge voes and echoing caverns, line the bare downs with scarcely a cove of sand or a practicable cleft in the belt of iron precipice. At intervals, it runs out into strange peninsulas, square bluff headlands, and plumb faces of stone, tingled with the faint green of some sort of lichen.

Close by one of these was the long, bleak inlet into which the Duke of Medina Sidonia's vessel, the flag-ship of the great

Armada, was driven in the storm. It was strange to think of the great old ship, with its gilded castle of a stern, its scroll-work and emblazonry, and with a Duke of Spain on board, beating her brains out on the iron-bound coast of the Fair Isle.

As we pulled into the cove, a tall thin gentleman and a small boy came down the beach as if to meet us. He said he was only four days old in Fair Isle, and on our asking after his name and position, replied: "I am a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have come here to preach His word." He had been sent over in Mr. Bruce of Sumburgh's sloop, and occupied the room which that gentleman—to whom the island belongs—keeps for himself in the minister's house. To this he showed us the way; and the minister himself, Mr. Macfarlane, led us to see whatever was interesting. The appearance from the landing-place is very picturesque; for the land, sloping gradually upward, ends in the clear-cut, sharp and singularly wild and savage outline of the cliffs. It was toward this farther side, that Mr. Macfarlane escorted us. We first saw the school-house, a dark, damp apartment, wet with rain droppings, and half-roofed with wreck-timber thrown across the rafters: it required the "tawse" and the ragged school-books to remind you where you were. On our way thence to some strange holes in the land, we heard that our first friend was one Lord Teynham—the family name Curzon. It was strange to find a nineteenth-century nobleman preaching the gospel in the desolate Fair Isle. The people are very unwilling, Mr. Macfarlane mentioned, to speak about the Armada sailors—indeed, almost the only fact they will communicate is that, when hand in hand, the shipwrecked Spaniards reached right across the island. Their reason for this is easily understood: they believe it throws discredit on their ancestors; for many of these unfortunate seamen were murdered in case of a famine, with so many extra mouths to fill. But there can be little question that the Duke himself must have consented to the deed; for how could the unarmed islanders—even now only three hundred in number—have kept head against Medina Sidonia and his sailors and soldiers? and again, if such were the case, how did so many

We then visited the light and went on board again, passing easily through a jumble of short cresting waves, which, in spring tides and heavy gales, is the fatal Sumbagh Roost. The sketch represents the entrance of the head from the eastward. The height is three hundred ⁵⁷ feet high.



Fac simile of a Part of a Letter Written by Stevenson in 1869.



escape, by way of Kirkcaldy, to their own country? They seem to have left little traces, beyond a bayonet and the like, with the exception of the colored woollen work which they are said to have taught to the islanders. It must have been a strange sight—all these southerners, fresh from the oranges of Seville, living in filthy cottages on the wildest island of our northern archipelago: very rusty, I doubt not, were their cuirasses, and very ragged the lace, and ruffle, and sash of the Spanish grandee officers, ere they had done creeping among the gios and caverns of the iron-bound coast-line.

Before all this was heard, we had reached what we had come to see. The land, as I said, slopes almost continuously from the low shore on one side to the cliff top at the other; but in two places, the ground suddenly leaves your feet and you see a huge rocky tank, some seventy feet deep, with a great arched doorway into the ocean, right through the hill-side: the noise of a stone dropped in reverberates with a hollow boom and splash up the rough sides on either hand. Close by there was a fine, graceful curve of beach, surrounded by red cliffs, and strangely marked by a great red stack or isolated pillar, standing among the heaped brown sea-weed on the sweep of the bay.

On our return we entered the church, a cottage set with plain unvarnished benches and a ditto pulpit—neat and tidy, however, and seated for two hundred and fifty. Outside was a small graveyard, with headstones consisting of rough slates about a foot high thrust into the ground. On two alone are there any letters, and these two are made of wood and cut by a man in the island. They were two of the oldest men that had ever died in the place, and yet the ages were but sixty-one and sixty-four respectively. Intermarriage and bad homes make them a weak lot: and almost none of the women, as I hear, have good eyes. One of these inscriptions I had the curiosity to copy, by reason of the error it contains. "In memoriam of T. Wilson. Born January 5th, 1801. Died January 13th, 1865, aged

sixty-four years and eight days. Time flies." My father took out his knife to alter the mistake; but Mr. Macfarlane stopped him, as the people would have looked on it as insulting the dead. *Apropos* of tombstones, the same gentleman told us that there were some lettered stones on the hill-top, but what the inscriptions meant he was unable to tell us.

From the church we proceeded to the store, where tea, teapots, linen and blankets are sold to the inhabitants; and where the inhabitants expose, on the other hand, their quaint-patterned, parti-colored, knitted socks, gloves, and mittens.

During our absence his lordship had been taking Mr. Curry about among the sick folk; and he said that of all the miserable people he had ever seen, they were the worst. Two twin old women of six-and-eighty years, literal skeletons, lived in misery and sickness in a wretched den waited on by the daughter of one, now well up in years herself. One of these had burnt her foot the day before, and the cloth she had wrapped about it, was no finer than ordinary sacking. Their only hope was in death.

Such more or less seems the condition of the people. Beyond reach of all communication, receiving such stray letters as may come not once in six long months, with diseased bodies, and wretched homes, they drag out their lives in the wildest and most barren island of the North. Their crops, raised with often hard labor from a cold and stony soil, can only support them for three months out of the twelve. Indeed, their only life is from the sea. It is the sea that brings the fish to their nets: it is the sea that strews their shore with the spoils of wrecked vessels. (Thus we saw in the minister's house a huge German musical box saved from the wreck of the *Lessing*.)

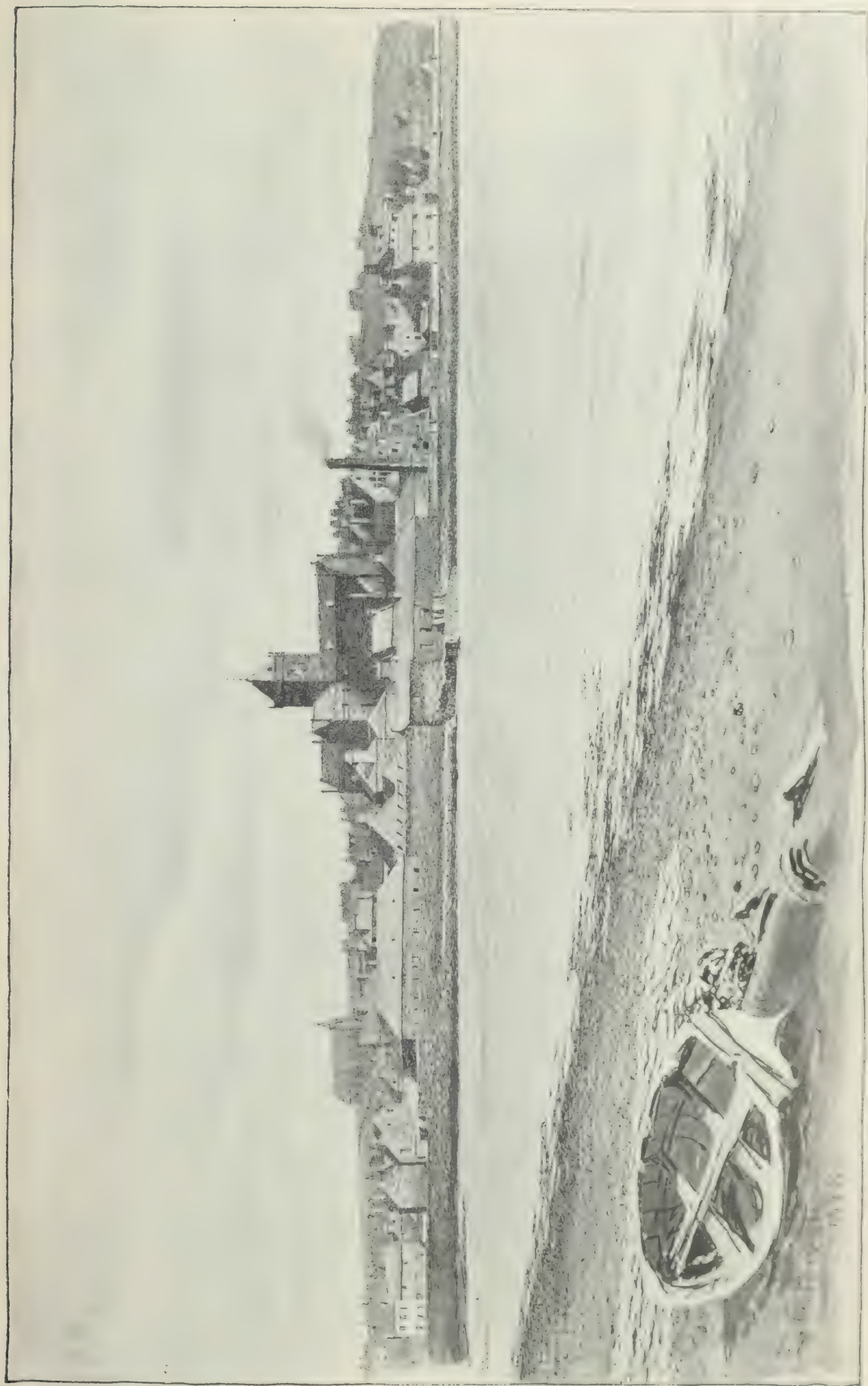
Seeing a great parcel of papers, we went on board again.

Tuesday, 22d.

IN SNABSTER ROADS.

This letter goes to-night; hoping all are well, believe me ever your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.



Kirkwall from the Causeway
Drawn from a sketch by Valentine A. Scott, Dundee.

THE ENTOMOLOGIST

By George W. Cable

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY ALBERT HERTER

I

AN odd feature of New Orleans is the way homes of all ranks, in so many sections of it, are mingled. The easy, bright democracy of the thing is what one might fancy of ancient Greeks; only, here there is a general wooden frailty.

A notable phase of this characteristic is the multitude of small, frame, ground-story double cottages fronting endwise to the street, on lots that give either side barely space enough for one row of twelve-foot rooms with windows on a three-foot alley leading to the narrow back-yard.

Thus they lie, deployed in pairs or half-dozens, by hundreds, in the variable intervals between houses and gardens of dignity and elegance; hot as ovens, taking their perpetual bath of the great cleanser, sunshine. Sometimes they open directly upon the banquette (sidewalk), but often behind as much as a fathom of front-yard, as gay with flowers as a girl's hat, and as fragrant of sweet-olive, citronelle, and heliotrope as her garments. In the right-hand half of such a one, far down on the Creole side of Canal Street, and well out toward the swamp, lived our friend the entomologist.

Just a glance at it was enough to intoxicate one's guessworks. It seemed to confess newness of life, joy, passion, temperance, refinement, aspiration, modest wisdom, and serene courage. You would say there must live two well-mated young lovers—but one can't always tell.

We first came to know the entomologist through our opposite neighbors, the Fontenettes, when we lived in the street that still bears the romantic name, Sixth. What a pity nothing rhymes to it! *Their* ground-story cottage was of a much better sort. It lay broadside to the street, two-thirds across a lot of forty feet width, in the good old Creole fashion, its front garden twelve feet deep, and its street fence, of white palings, higher than the passer's head. The parlor and dining-room were on the

left, and the two main bedrooms on the right, next the garden, Mrs. Fontenette's in front, opening into the parlor, Monsieur's behind, letting into the dining-room. For there had been a broader garden on the parlor and dining-room side, but that had been sold and built on. I fancy that if Mrs. Fontenette—who was not a Creole, as her husband was, but had once been a Miss Bangs, or something, and still called blackberries "blackbries," and made root rhyme with foot—I fancy if she had been doomed to our entomologist's sort of a house she would have been too broken in spirit to have made anybody's acquaintance.

For our pretty blonde neighbor had ambitions, or *had* had, as she once hinted to me with a dainty sadness. When I somehow let slip to her that I had repeated her delicately balanced words to my wife she gave me one melting glance of reproach, and thenceforth confided in me no more beyond the limits of literary criticism and theology—and botany. I remember we were among the few roses of her small flower-beds at the time, and I was trying to show her what was blighting them all in the bud. She called them "rose-es."

They rarely bloomed for her; she was always for being the rose herself—as Monsieur Fontenette once said; but he said it with a glance of fond admiration. Her name was Flora, and yet not flowers, but their book-lore, best suited her subtle capriciousness. There hung in our hall an entire unmarred beard of the beautiful gray Spanish moss, eight feet long. I had got this unusual specimen by tiptoeing from the thwarts of a skiff with twelve feet of yellow crevasse-waters beneath, the shade of the vast cypress-forest above, and the bough whence it hung brought within hand's reach for the first time in a century. Thus I explained it one day to Mrs. Fontenette, as she touched its ends with a delicate finger.

"Tillandsia" was her one word of response. She loved no other part of botany quite so much as its Latin.

"The Baron ought to see that," said Monsieur. He was a man of quiet manners, not over-social, who had once enjoyed a handsome business income, but had early—about the time of his marriage—been made poor through the partial collapse of the house in Havre whose cotton-buyer he had been, and, in a scant way, still was. "When a cotton-buyer gets down, he stays," was all the explanation he ever gave us. He had unfretfully let adversity cage him for life in the only occupation he knew, while the wife he adored kept him pecuniarily bled to death, without sharing his silent resigna— There I go again! Somehow I can't talk about her without seeming unjust and rude. I felt it just now, even, when I quoted her husband's fond word, that she always chose to be the rose herself. Well, she nearly always succeeded; she was a rose—with some of the rose's drawbacks.

When we asked who the Baron might be it was she who told us, but in a certain disappointed way, as if she would rather have kept him unknown awhile longer. He was, she said, a profoundly learned man, graduate of one of those great universities over in his native Germany, and a naturalist. Young? Well, eh—comparatively—yes. At which the silent husband smiled his dissent.

The Baron was an entomologist. Both the Fontenettes thought we should be fascinated with the beauty of some of his cases of moths and butterflies.

"And coleoptera," said the soft rose-wife. She could ask him to bring them to us. "Take us to him?—Oh!—eh—her embarrassment made her prettier, as she broke it to us gently that the Baroness was a seamstress. She hushed at her husband's mention of shirts; but recovered when he harked back to the Baron, and beamed her unspoken apologies for the great, brave scholar who daily, silently bore up under this awful humiliation.

Toward the close of the next afternoon she brought the entomologist. I can see yet the glad flutter she could not hide as they came up our front garden-walk in an air spiced by the "four-o'clocks,"

with whose small trumpets—red, white, and yellow—our children were filling their laps and stringing them on the seed-stalks of the cocoa-grass. He was bent and spectacled, of course; *l'entomologie oblige*; but, oh, besides!—"Comparatively young," Mrs. Fontenette had said, and I naturally used her husband, who was thirty-one, for the comparison. Why, this man? It would have been a laughable flattery to have guessed his age to be forty-five. Yet that was really the fact. Many a man looks younger at sixty—oh, at sixty-five! He was dark, bloodless, bowed, thin, weather-beaten, ill-clad—a picture of decent, incurable penury. The best thing about him was his head. It was not imposing at all, but it was interesting, albeit very meagrely graced with fine brown hair, dry and neglected. I read him through without an effort before we had been ten minutes together; a leaf still hanging to humanity's tree, but faded and shrivelled around some small worm that was feeding on its juices. And there was no mistaking that worm; it was the avarice of knowledge. He had lost life by making knowledge its ultimate end, and was still delving on, with never a laugh and never a cheer, feeding his emaciated heart on the locusts and wild honey of entomology and botany, satisfied with them for their own sake, without reference to God or man; an infant in emotions, who time and again would no doubt have starved outright but for his wife, whom there and then I resolved we should know also. I was amused to see, by stolen glances, my wife study him. She did not know she frowned, nor did he; but Mrs. Fontenette knew it every time. We all had the advantage of him as to common sight. His glasses were obviously of a very high power, yet he could scarcely see anything till he clapped his face close down and hunted for it. When he pencilled for me the new Latin name he had given to a small, slender, almost dazzling green beetle inhabiting the Spanish moss—his own scientific discovery—he wrote it so minutely that I had to use a lens to read it. As we sat close around the library lamp, I noticed how often his poor clothing had been mended by a woman's needle. His linen was discouraging, his cravat awry and dingy, and his hands—we



Drawn by Albert Herpin.

They rarely bloomed for her; she was always for being the rose herself.—Page 50.

had better pass his hands ; yet they were slender and refined.

Also they shook, though not from any habit commonly called vicious. You could see that no vice of the body nor any lust of material things had ever led him captive. He gave one the tender despair with which we look on a blind babe.

When we expressed regret that his wife had not come with him, he only bent with a deeper greed into a book I had handed him, and after a moment laid it down disappointedly, saying that it was "fool of plunders." Mrs. Fontenette asking to be shown one of them, they reopened the book together, she all consciousness as she bent against him over the page, he oblivious of everything but the phrase they were hunting. He gave his forehead a tap of despair as he showed where the book called this same *Tillandsia*, or Spanish moss, a parasite.

"It iss no baraseet," he explained, in a mellow falsetto, "it iss an epipheet!"

"An air-plant!" said his fair worshipper, softly drinking in a bosomful of gladness as she made the distance between them more discreet.

Distances were all one to him. He seemed like a burnt log, still in shape but gone to ashes, except in one warm spot where glowed this self-consuming, world-sacrificing adoration of knowledge; knowledge sought, as I say, purely for its own sake and narrowed down to names and technical descriptions. Men of *perverted* principles and passions you may find anywhere; but I never had seen anyone so totally undeveloped in all the emotions, affections, tastes that make life *life*.

A few afternoons later I went to his house. For pretext I carried a huge green worm, but I went mainly to see just how unluckily he was married. He was not at home. I found his partner a small, bright, toil-worn, pretty woman of hardly twenty-eight or nine, whose two or three children had died in infancy, and who had blended wifedom and motherhood together, and was taking care of the Baron as a widow would care for a crippled son, and at the same time reverencing him as if he were a demigod. Of his utter failure to provide their daily living she confessed herself by every implication, simply—proud! What else should a demigod's

wife expect? At the same time, without any direct statement, she made it clear that she had no disdain, but only the broadest charity, for men who make a living. It was odd how few her smiles were, and droll how much sweetness—what a *same* winsomeness—she managed to radiate without them. I left her in her clean, bright cottage, like a nesting bird in a flowery bush, and entered my own home, declaring, with what I was gently told was unnecessary enthusiasm, that the Baron's wife was the "unluckily married" one, and the best piece of luck her husband had ever had. I had seen women make a virtue of necessity, but I had never before seen one make a conviction, comfort, and joy of it, and I should try to like the Baron. I said, if only for her sake.

Of course I became, in some degree, a source of revenue to him. Understand, there was always a genuine exchange of so much for so much: he was not a "baraseet"—oh, no!—yet he hung on. We still have, stowed somewhere, a large case of butterflies, another of splendid moths, and a smaller one of glistening beetles. Nor can I begrudge their cost, of whatever sort, even now when my delight in them is no longer a constant enthusiasm. The cases of specimens have passed from daily sight, but thenceforth, as never before, our garden was furnished with guests—pages, ladies, poets, fairies, emperors, goddesses—coming and going on gorgeous wings, and none ever a stranger more than once. My non-parasitic friend "opened a new world" to me; a world that so flattered one with its grace and beauty, its marvellous delicacy and minuteness, its glory of color and curiousness of marking, and its exquisite adaptation of form to need and function, that in my meaner depths, or say my childish shallows—I resented Mrs. Fontenette's making the same avowal for herself—I didn't believe her!

I do not say she was consciously shamming; but I could see she drank in the Baron's revelations with no more true spiritual exaltation than the quivering twilight moths drew from our veranda honeysuckles. Yet it was mainly her vanity that feasted, not any lower impulse—of which, you know, there are several—and, possibly, all her vanity craved at first

was the tinsel distinction of unusual knowledge. One night she got into my dreams. I seemed to be explaining to Monsieur Fontenette apologetically that this newly opened world was not at all separate from my old one, but shone everywhere in it, like our winged guests in our garden, and followed and surrounded me far beyond the Baron's company, terminology, and magnifying-glass, lightening the burdens and stress of the very counting-room and exchange. Whereat he seemed to flare up!

"Ah!—you—I believe yes! But she?" he waved his hand in fierce unbelief.

I awoke concerned, and got myself to sleep again only by remembering the utter absence of vanity in the Baron himself. I lay smiling in the dark to think how much less all our verbal caressings were worth to him than the drone of the most familiar beetle, and how his life-long delving in books and nature had opened up this fairy world to him only at the cost of shutting up all others. If education means calling forth and perfecting our powers and affections, he was ten times more uneducated than his wife, even as we knew her then. He appeared to care no more for human interests, far or near, in large or small, than a crab cares for the stars. I fell asleep chuckling in remembrance of an occasion when Mrs. Fontenette, taking her cue from me, spoke to him of his plant-and-insect lore as one of the many worlds there are within *the* world, no more displacing it than light displaces air, or than fragrance displaces form or sound. He made her say it all over again, and then asked: "Where was dat?"

No butterfly raptures for him; he devoured the one kind of facts he cared for, as a caterpillar devours leaves.

How Mrs. Fontenette got us entangled with some six or eight others in her project for a botanizing and butterfly-chasing picnic I do not know; but she did. On the evening before the appointed day I perfidiously crawfished out of it, and our house furnished only one delegate, whom I urged to go rather than break up the party—I never break up a party if I can avoid it. "But as for me going," I said, "my business simply won't let me!" At which our pretty neighbor expressed her regrets with

a ready resignation that broke into open sunshine as she lamented the same inability in her husband. To my suggestion that the Baroness be invited, Mrs. Fontenette smiled a sweet amusement that was perfect in its way, and said she hoped the weather would be propitious; people were so timid about rain.

It was. When I came home, tardily, that afternoon, the picnickers had not returned, though the oleanders and crape-myrtles on the grounds next ours cast shadows three times their length across our lawn. In an aimless way I roamed from the house down into my small rear garden, thinking oftenest, of course, of the absentees, and admiring the refined good sense with which Monsieur Fontenette seemed to have decided to let this unperilous attack of silliness run itself out in the woman he loved with so much tenderness and with so much passion. "How much distress he is saving himself and all of us," I caught myself murmuring, audibly, out among my fig-trees. Finding two or three figs fully ripe, I strolled over the way to see him among his trees and maybe find chance for a little neighborly boasting. As our custom with each other was, I ignored the bell on his gate, drew the bolt, and, passing in among Mrs. Fontenette's invalid roses, must have moved, without intention, quite noiselessly from one to another, until I came around behind the house, where a strong old cloth-of-gold rose-vine half covered the latticed side of the cistern-shed. In the doorway I stopped in silent amaze. A small looking-glass hanging against the wooden cistern showed me—although I was in much the stronger light—Monsieur Fontenette. He was just straightening up from an oil-stone he had been using, and the reflection of his face fell full on the glass. Once before, but once only, had I seen such agony of countenance—such fierce and awful looking in and out at the same time: that was on a man who was still trying to get the best of a fight in which he knew he was mortally shot. Fontenette did not see me. I suppose the rose-vine screened me, and his glance did not rise quite to the mirror, but followed the soft thumbings with which he tried the two edges and point of as murderous a knife as ever I saw.

As softly as a shadow I drew out of

sight, turned away, and went almost back to the gate before I let my footfall be heard, and called, "M'sieu' Fontenette!"

He hallooed from the shed in a playful sham of being a mile or so away, and emerged from the lattice and vine with that accustomed light of equanimity on his features which made him always so thoroughly good-looking. He came hitching his waistband with both hands in that innocent Creole way that belongs to the latitude, and how I knew I cannot tell you, but I did know—I didn't merely feel or think, but I knew!—*positively*—that he had that hideous thing on his person.

Against what contingency I could only ask myself and wonder, but I instantly decided to get him away from home and keep him away until the picnickers had got back and scattered. So I proposed a walk, a diversion we had often enjoyed together.

"Yes?" he said, "to pazz the time whilse they don't arrive? With the greatest of pleasu'e!"

I dare say we were both more preoccupied than we thought we were, for outside the gate we fairly ran into a lady—yes, a seamstress—the wife of the entomologist. My stars! she had seemed winning enough before, but now—what a rise in values! As we conversed it was all I could do to keep my eyes from saying: "A man with you for a wife belongs at home whenever he can be there!" But whether they spoke it or not, in some way, without word or glance, by simple radiations from the whole sweet woman, she revealed that to make that fact plain to him, to *her*, and to all of us, was what this new emphasis of charm was for. She had come, she said—and scarcely on the lips of the loveliest Creole did I ever hear a more bewitching broken English—she had come according to a half-promise made to Mrs. Fontenette to show her—"I tidn't etsectly promised, I chust said I vill some time come—"

"And Mrs. Fontenette didn't object," I playfully interrupted—

"No," said the unruffled speaker, "I chust said I vill come; yes; to show her a new vay to remoof, remoof? is sat English? So? A new way to remoof old stains."

"A new way—" responded Fontenette, with an air of gravest interest in all matters of laundry.

"Yes," she repeated, as simply as a

babe, "a new vay; and I sough I come now so to go home viss mine hussbandt." There, at last, she smiled, and to make the caressing pride of her closing tone still prettier, lifted her figured muslin out sideways between the thumb and forefinger of each hand with even more archaic grace than playfulness.

As the three of us crossed over and took seats on my veranda, we were joined by the neighbor whose garden-trees I have mentioned; the same man of whom I once told you, how he failed to strike a bargain with old Manouvrier, the taxidermist; a Missourian, in the produce business, a thoroughly good fellow, but—well—oh—! He came perspiring, flourishing a palm-leaf fan and a large handkerchief, to say I might keep all the shade his tall house and trees dropped on my side of the fence. And presently what does the simple fellow do but begin to chaff the three of us on the absence of our three partners!

I held my breath in dismay! The more I strove to change the subject the more our fat wag, fancying he was teasing me to the delight of the others, harped on the one string, until with pure apprehension of what Fontenette might presently do or say, my blood ran hot and cold. But Monsieur showed neither amusement nor annoyance, only a perfectly gracious endurance. Yet how could I know what instant that might give way, or what serpent's eggs the joker's inanities might in the next day or hour turn out to be, laid in the hot heart of the Creole gentleman? Then it was that this slender little German seamstress-wife shone forth like the first star of the breathless twilight.

Seamstress? no; she had left the seamstress totally behind her. You might have thought the finest tactics of the drawing-room—not of to-day, but of the times when gentlemen wore swords and dirks—had been at her finger-ends all her life. She took our good neighbor's giddy pleasantries as deep truths lightly put, and answered them in such graceful, mild earnest, and with such a modest, yet fetching, quaintness, that we were all preached to more effectively than we could have been by seven priests from one pulpit. Or, at any rate, that was my feeling; every note she uttered was melodiously kind, but every sentence was an arrow sent home.

"You make me," she said, "you make me sink of se aunt of my musser, vhat she said to my musser vhen my musser iss getting married. 'Senda,' she said, 'vonce in a vvhile'—is sat right, 'vonce in a vvhile?'—so?—'vonce in a vvhile your Rudolph going to see a voman he better had married san you. Sen he going to fall a little vay—maybe a good vay—in love viss her; and sen if Rudolph iss a scoundtrel, or if you iss a fool, sare be trouble. But if Rudolph don't be a fool he vill pretty soon straight' up himself and say, 'One man can't ever sing have, and mine Senda she is enough! . . . Sat vas my Aunt Senda.'"

"Your mother was named for her?"

"Yes, my musser, and me; I am name' Senda, se same. She vas se Countess von (Something)—sat aunt of my musser. She vas a fine voman."

"Still," said our joker, "you know she was only about half right in that advice."

"No," she replied, putting on a drowsy tone, "I don't know; and I sink you don't know eeser."

"I reckon I do," he insisted. "We're all made of inflammable stuff. Any *man* knows that. We couldn't, any of us, pull through life decently if we didn't let each other be each other's keeper; could we, Fontenette?"

No sound from Fontenette. "Hmm!" hummed the little woman, in such soft derision that only he and I heard it; and after a moment she said, "Yes, it is so. But, you know who is se only good keeper? Sat is love."

"And jealousy," suggested Bulk; "the blindfold boy and the green-eyed monster."

"Se green-eyedt—no, I sink not. Chalousie have destroyed—is sat correct?—yes? Chalousie have destroyed a sow-sand sowsand times so much happiness as it ever saved! ah! see se lightening! I sink sat is se displeasure of heaven to my so bad English. Ah? see it again? Vell, I vill stop."

"You ought to be in a better world than this," laughed our fat neighbor.

"No," she chanted, "I rasser sis one. I sink mine hussbandt never be satisfied viss a vorld not full of vorns and bugs; and I am glad to stay always viss mine hussbandt."

"And I reckon he thinks you're big enough world for him, just yourself, doesn't he?"

"No." She seemed to speak more than half to herself. "A man—see se lightening!—a man who can be satisfied viss a vorld no bigger as I can by mineself gif him—mine Kott! I vould not haf such a man! See se lightening! but I sink sare vill be no storm; sare is no sunder viss se ligh'—Ah! sare are se trhuants!" We rose to meet them. First came the children, vaunting their fatigue, then a black maid or two, with twice their share of baskets, and then our three spouses; the Baron was mute. The two ladies called cheery, weary good-byes to another contingent, that passed on by the gate, and hail and farewell to our fat neighbor as he went home. Then they yielded their small burdens to us, climbed the veranda stairs and entered the house.

No battle, it is said, is ever fought, and I dare say no game—worth counting—is ever played, exactly as previously planned. One of our company had planned, very secretly, as he thought, a battle; another, almost openly, was already waging hers; while a third was playing a game—though probably, I admit, fighting, inwardly, her poor weak battle also; and none of the three offered an exception to this rule. The first clear proof of it—which it still gives me a low sort of pleasure to recall—was my prompt discovery, as we gathered around the tea-board, to eat the picnic's remains, that our Flora was out of humor with the Baron. It was plain that the whole day's flood of small experiences had been to her pretty vanity a Tantalus's cup. She was quick to tell, with an irritation, which she genuinely tried to conceal, and with scarcely an ounce of words to a ton of dead-sweet insinuation, what a social failure he had chosen to be. Evidently he had spent every golden hour of sweet spiritual opportunity—I speak from her point of view, or, at least, my notion of it—not in catching and communicating the charm of any scene or incident, nor in thrilling comparisons of sentiment with anyone, nor in any impartation of inspiring knowledge, nor in any mirthful exchange of compliments or gay glances over the salad and sandwiches; but in

constantly poking and plodding through thicket and mire and solitarily peering and prying on the under sides of leaves and stems and up and down and all around the bark of every rough-trunked tree.

She made the picture amusing, none the less, and to no one more so than to the Baron's wife, whose presence among us at the board was as fragrant, so to speak, as that of a violet among its leaves and sisters. "Ah! Gustaf," she said, with a cadenced gravity more taking than mirth, "sat iss a treat-ment nobody got a right to but me. But tell me, tell se company, what new sings have you found? I know you have not hunt all se day and nosing new found."

But the Baron had found nothing new. He told us so with his mouth dripping and his nose in the trough—his plate I should say. You could hear him chew across the room. Suddenly, however, he ceased eating and began to pour forth an account of his day's observation, in response to which M. Fontenette, to my amused mystification, led us all in the interest with which we listened. The Baron forgot his food, and when reminded of it, pushed it away with a grunt and talked on and on, while we almost forgot our own.

As we rose to return to the veranda, the Creole still offered him an undivided attention, which the Baron rewarded with his continued discourse. As I gave Fontenette a light for his cigarette I held his eye for a moment with a brightness of face into which I put as significant approval as I dared; for I fancied the same unuttered word was brooding in both our hearts: "A new way to remoof old stains." Then he turned and gave all his attention once more to the entomologist, as they walked out upon the gallery together behind their wives. And the German woman courted the pretty New Englander as sweetly as the Creole courted her husband, and with twice the energy. She was a bubbling spring of information in the Baron's science; she was a well of sweet philosophy on life and conduct, and at every turn of their conversation, always letting Mrs. Fontenette turn it, she showed her own to be the better mind and the better training.

When Mrs. Fontenette, before anyone else, rose to go—maybe my dislike of

her only made it seem so—but I believed she did it out of pure bafflement and chagrin. Not so believed her husband. He responded gratefully; yet lingered, still listening to the entomologist, until she fondlingly chid him for forgetting that while he had been all day in his swivel-chair, she had passed the hours in unusual fatigues! She declined his arm in our garden-walk, and positively forbade me to cut a rose for her—but with a grace almost maidenly. As I let them out, the heat-lightning gleamed again low in the west. A playfulness came into M. Fontenette's face and he murmured to me, "See se lightening."

"Yes," I replied, pressing his hand, "but I sink sare vill be no storm if sare iss no sunder."

Mrs. Fontenette gave a faint gasp of impatience and left us at a run, tripping fairily across the rough street at the only point visible to those on the veranda. Fontenette scowled unaware as he started to follow, and the next moment a short "aha!" escaped him. For, at her gate, to my unholy joy, she stumbled just enough to make the whole performance unspeakably ridiculous, and flirted into her cottage—

"In tears!" I offered to bet myself as I turned to rejoin my companions on the veranda, and wished with all my soul the goggled Baron could have seen it.

But the best of eyes would not have counted this time, for he was not there. He had accepted the offer of a room, where he was giving the day's specimens certain treatments which he believed, or pretended, could not wait until he should reach his far downtown cottage. His hostess and his wife had gone with him, but now some light discussion of house adornment was drawing them to the parlor. As this room was being lighted I saw our guest, evidently through force of an early habit, turn a critical glance to the music on the piano, and as quickly withdraw it. Both of us motioned her solicitously to the music-stool.

"No, I do not play."

"Then you sing."

"No, not now, any more yet." But when she had let us tease her a wee bit just for one little German song, she went to the instrument, talking slowly as she went,

and closing the door in the entomologist's direction as she talked.

"Siss a great while I haf not done siss," she concluded, as her fingers began to drift over the keys, and then she sang, very gently, even guardedly, but oh, so sweetly!

We were amazed. Here, without the slightest splendor of achievement or adventure, seemed to be the most incredible piece of real life we had ever seen. Why, I asked myself, was this woman so short even of German friends as to be condemned to a seamstress's penury? And my best guess was to lay it to the zeal of her old-fashioned—and yet not merely old-fashioned—wifehood, which could accept no friendship that did not unqualifiedly accept him; and he?—Goodness!

When she ceased neither listener spoke; the tears were in our throats. She bent her head slightly over the keys, and said, "I like to sing you anusser." We accepted eagerly, and she sang again. There was nothing of personal application in either song, yet now, near the end, where there was a purposed silence in the melody, the silence hung on and on until it was clear she was struggling with herself; but again the strain arose without a tremor, and so she finished. "Oh, no, no," she replied, to our solicitation, with the grateful emphasis of one who declines a third glass, "se sooner I stop, se better for ever'body," meaning specially herself, I fancy, speaking, as she rose, in a tone of such happy decision, and yet so melodiously, that two or three strings in the piano replied.

Her hostess took her hands and said there was one thing she could and must do; she and her husband must spend the night with us. There was a bed-chamber connected with the room where the Baron was still at work, and, really—this and that, and that and this—until in the heat of argument they called each other "My dear," and presently the ayes had it. The last word I heard from our fair guest was to her hostess at the door of her chamber, the farthest down the hall. It was as to shutting or not shutting the windows. "No," she said, "I sink sare vill be no storm, because sare is yet no sunder visse lightening." And so it turned out. But at the same time—

My room adjoined the Baron's in front as his wife's did farther back. A door of his and window of mine stood wide open on the one balcony, from which a flight of narrow steps led down into the side garden. Thus for some time after I was in bed I heard him stirring; but by and by, with no sound to betoken it except the shutting of this door, it was plain he had lain down.

I awoke with a sense of having been some hours asleep, and in fact the full moon, shining gloriously, had passed the meridian. The balcony was lighted up by it like noon, and on it stood the entomologist, entirely dressed. The door was shut behind him. He was looking in at my window, but he did not know the room was mine, and with eyes twice as good as he had he could not have seen through my mosquito-bar. I wondered, but lay still till he had started softly down the steps. Then I sprang out of bed on the dark side, and dressed faster than a fireman. When half-clad I went and looked out a parlor window. He was trying the gate, which was locked. But he knew where the key always hung, behind the post, and turned to get it. I went back and finished dressing—stole down the inner, basement stairs and out into the deep shadows of the garden, and presently saw my guest passing in through the Fontenettes' gate, whose bolt he had drawn from the outside. As angry now as I had been amazed I hurried after. To avoid the moonlight I followed the shadows of the sidewalk-trees down to the next corner, to cross there and come back under a like cover on the other side. But squarely on the crossing I was met and stopped by a belated drunkard, who had a proposition to make to me which he thought no true gentleman, such as he was, for instance, could decline. I was alone, he asked me to notice; and he was alone; but if he should go with me, which he would be glad to do, why, then, you see, we should be together. He stuck like a bur, and it was minutes before I got him well started off in his own right direction. I slipped to the Fontenettes' gate, as near as was best, and instantly saw, between one of its posts and a very black myrtle-orange, Fontenette himself, standing as still as the trees. I was not in so deep a shade as he, but I

might have stepped right out into the moonlight without his seeing me, so intensely was he watching his wife's front door. For there stood the entomologist. He had evidently been knocking, and was about to knock again when there came some response from within, to which he replied, in a suppressed yet eager and agitated voice, "Mine Psyche! Oh, mine Psyche! She is come to me undt she is bringing me already more as a hoondredt—vhat?" He had been interrupted from within. "Vhat you say?"

Fontenette drew his knife.

I stood ready to spring the instant he should stir to advance. I realized almost unbearably my position, stealing thus at such a moment on the heels of my neighbor and friend, but this is not a story of feelings, at any rate, not of mine.

"Vhat?" said the entomologist. "Go away. Mien Gott! No, I vill not ko away. Mien gloryform! Gif me first mine gloryform! Dot Psyche hass come out fon ter grysalis! she hass drawn me dot room full mit oder Psyches, undt you haf mine pottle of gloryform in your pocket yet! Yes, ko kit ut; I vait; ach!" Presently he seemed to hear from inside a second approach. Then the door opened an inch or so, and with another "Ach!" and never a word of thanks, he snatched the vial and, turning to make off with it, came nose to nose with M. Fontenette, who stood in the moonlight gateway holding a blazing match to his cigarette.

"Well, sir, good-evening again," said the Creole. I noticed the perfection of his dress; evidently he had not as yet loosed as much as a shoestring. And then I observed also that the visitor so close before him was without his shoes. "Good-evening—or, good-morning, perchance," said Fontenette. "I suepose thaz a great thing to remove those old stain' that chloroform, eh?"

"Ach! it iss you? Ach, you must coom—coom undt hellup me! Coom! you shall see *someding*."

"A moment," said the Creole. "May I inquire you how is that, that you call on us in yo' sock feet?"

"Ach! I am already t'e socks putting on pefore I remember I do not need t'em! But coom! coom! see a vonderfool!" He led, and Fontenette, when he had blown a

cloud of smoke through his nose, followed, saying exclusively for his own ear:

"A wonder fool, yes! But a fool is no wonder to me any more; I find myself to be that kind."

When, hypocritically clad in dressing-gown and slippers, I stopped at my guest's inner door and Fontenette opened it just enough to let me in, I saw, indeed, a wonderful sight. The entomologist had lighted up the room, and it was filled, filled! with gorgeous moths as large as my hand and all of a kind, dancing across one another's airy paths in a bewildering maze or alighting and quivering on this thing and that. The mosquito-net, draping almost from ceiling to floor, was beflowered with them majestically displaying in splendid alternation their upper and under colors, or, with wings lifted and vibrant, tipping to one side and another as they crept up the white mesh, like painted and gilded sails in a fairies' regatta.

And all this life and beauty, this gay glory and tremorous ecstasy and effort was here for moth-love of one incarnate fever of frail-winged loveliness! Oh! to what unguessed archangelic observation, to what infinite seraphic compassion, may not our own swarming race, who dare not too much pity ourselves, be but just such dainty ephemera! Splendid in purposes, intelligence, and affections as these in colors and grace, glorious when on the wing, and marvellous still, riddles of wonder, even when crawling and quivering, tipping and swerving from the upright and true, like these palpitating flowers of desire, now this way and now that, forever drawn and driven by the sweet tyrannies of instinct and impulse. So rushed the thought in upon me, and if it was not of the divinest or manliest inspiration, at least it took some uncharity out of me for the moment. As in mechanical silence Fontenette obeyed the busy requests of the entomologist, I presently looked more on those two than on the winged multitude, and thought on, of the myriad true tales of love-weakness and love-wrath for which they and their two pretty mates were just now so unlucky as to stand; of the awful naturalness of such things; of the butterfly beauty and wonder—nay, rather the divine possibilities of the lives such things so naturally speed to wreck;

and then of Tom Moore almost too playfully singing:

Not did we take for Heaven above
But had such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What Angels we should be!

But while I moralized there came a change. Beneath the entomologist's dark hand, as it searched and hurried through-out the room, the flutter of wings had ceased as under a wind of death.

"You must have a hundred and fifty of them." I said as the last victim ceased to flutter.

"Yes."

"Their sale is slow, of course, but every time you sell one, you ought to get"—I was judging by some prices he had charged me—"you ought to get two dollars." And I secretly rejoiced for "Senda."

"I not can afford to sell t'em," he replied, with his back to me.

"Why, how so?"

"No, it iss t'is kind vhat I can exchange for five, six, maybe seven specimenss fon Ahfrica undt Owstrahlia. No, I vill not sell t'em."

"Oh, I see," said I. "Fontenette, I'm going to bed." And Fontenette went too.

The next day was cloudless—in two hearts; "Senda's," and Fontenette's. As to the sky, that is another matter; one of the charms of that warm wet land is that, with all its sunshine, it is almost never without clouds. And indeed it would be

truer to say of my two friends' skies, that they had clouds, but the clouds were silvered through with happy reassurances. Jealousy, we are told, once set on fire, burns without fuel; but I must think that that is oftenest, if not always, the jealousy of a selfish love. Or, rather—let me quote Senda, as she spoke the only other time she ever touched upon the subject with us. Our fat neighbor had dragged it in again as innocently as a young dog brings an old shoe into the parlor, and, the Fontenettes being absent, she had the nerve and wisdom not to avoid it. Said she: "Some of us—not all—have great power to love.* Some, not all, who have sis power—to love—have also se power to trust. Me, I rasser be trustet and not loved, san to be loved and not trustet."

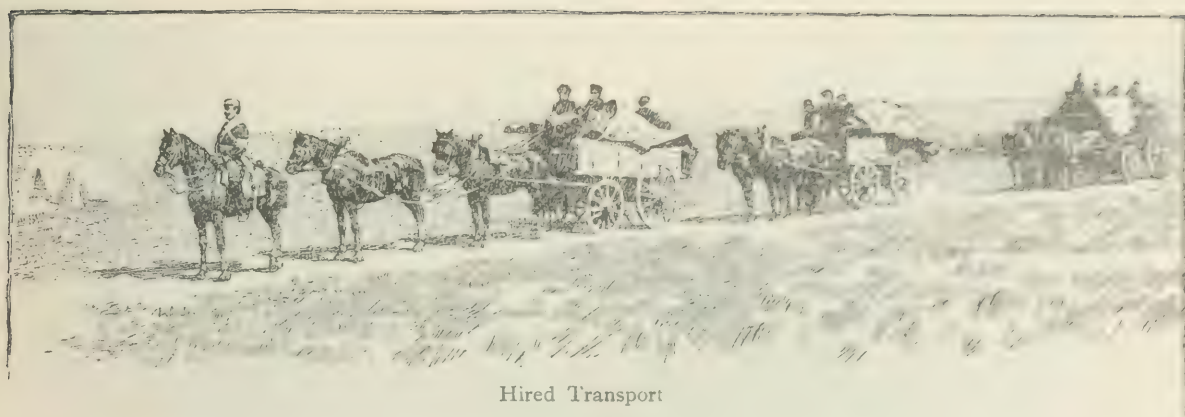
"How about a little of each?" asked our neighbor.

"Oh! If se *nature* iss little, sat iss, maybe, very vell—?" She spoke as kindly as a mother to her babe, but he stole a slow glance here and there, as though someone had shot him with a pea in church, and dropped the theme.

Which I, too, will do when I have noted the one thing I had particularly in mind to say, of Fontenette: that, as Senda remarked—for the above is an abridgment—"I rasser see chalousie vissout cause, san cause vissout chalousie;" and that even while I was witness of the profound ferocity of his jealousy when roused, and more and more as time passed on, I was impressed with its sweet reasonableness.

(To be continued.)





Hired Transport

THE BRITISH ARMY MANŒUVRES

By Captain W. Elliott Cairnes

Royal Irish Fusiliers

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS



WHILE the Egyptian army, led and trained by British officers and stiffened by two British brigades of picked troops, was engaged in dealing the death-blow to Mahdism in the Soudan, the English military authorities at home were endeavoring, by exercising

large bodies of troops in mimic war, to give to the staff and to the officers of the higher grades that training in the art of handling and moving large bodies of men which is now held to form an indispensable part of the education of the European soldier.

For many years English officers have looked with wistful eyes on the great annual manœuvres of enormous continental armies of Europe, and have at last succeeded in impressing on the British Government the necessity for providing some legislative measure by which private owners might be, if necessary, compelled to permit the free passage of troops over their land, provision being at the same time made for the issue of adequate compensation where damage could be proved. The powers asked for were provided by the Manœuvre Act, which, after a certain amount of opposition, finally became law

in the course of the last session of Parliament. This Act provides that, by giving a few months' notice, the military authorities can acquire the right to move troops freely over any proclaimed area, to close to the public certain roads, if necessary should arise, to forbid the access of civilians to any particular points, and, finally, to make all the ordinary civilian traffic of the district subservient for the moment to the military requirements of the situation. On the other hand, this Act provides that officers should be appointed to receive all complaints of damage to crops, fences, or game, caused by the troops, a special clause further protecting the land-owner or occupier by legislating for the assembly of a committee, on which the local authorities should be represented to adjudicate on all disputed points on the close of the operations. The Act may appear rather drastic to some, but to the military authorities it had become quite clear that without it or some similar legislation it would, considering the rapid growth of the population, soon become necessary to abandon all attempts to train an army for war. In the neighborhood of Aldershot, the Curragh, and other great military centres, it was possible to train limited numbers of men in marching, shooting, and a certain amount of minor tactics, but it was quite out of the question at these stations to practise the concentration of

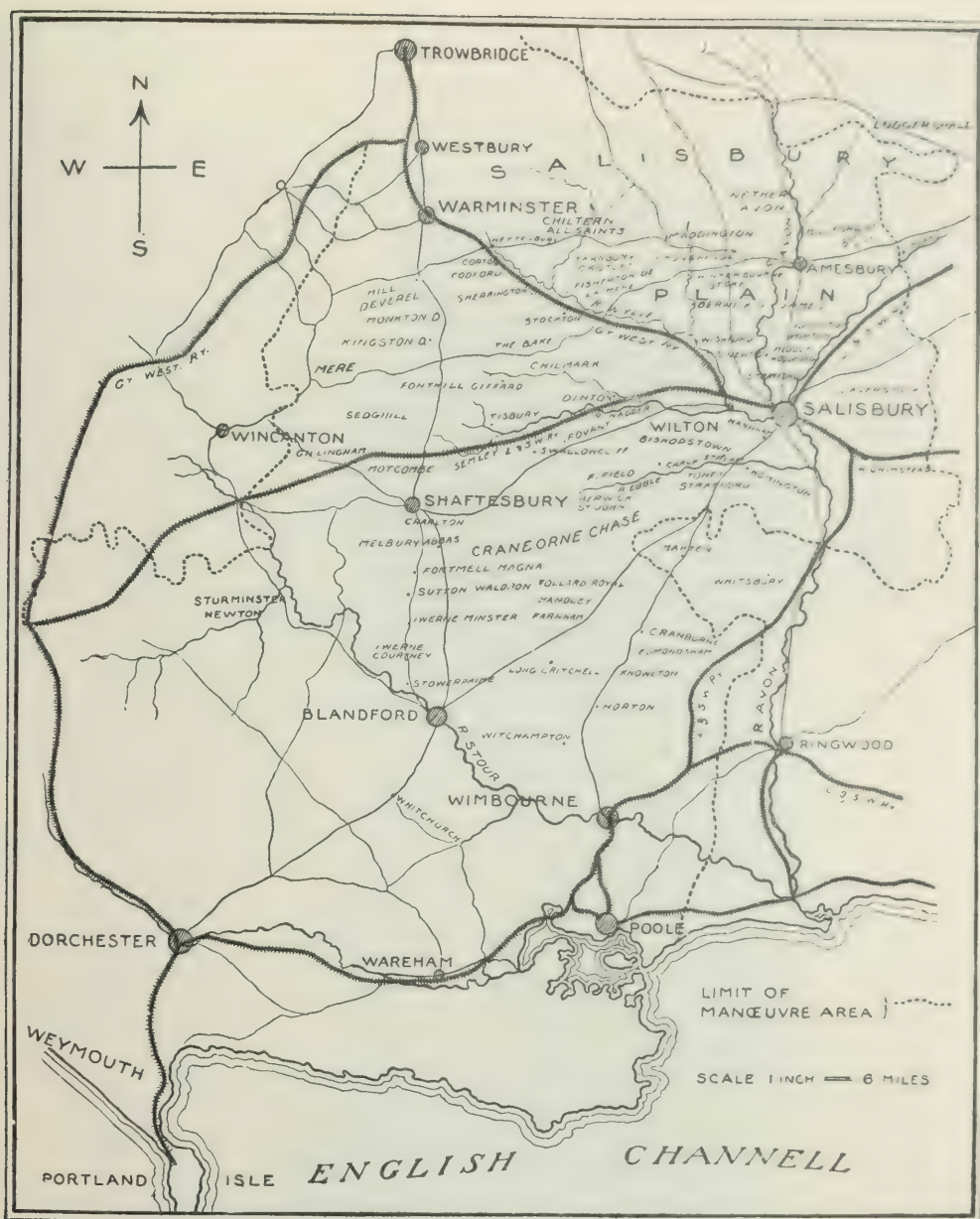
large bodies of troops, or the moving and feeding of such bodies when concentrated, which latter operations have such an enormous influence on the successful conduct of a campaign. Moreover, even had sufficient ground been available at any of the military stations above mentioned, it would still have been unsuitable for manœuvres on an important scale, as familiarity with the district would have prevented the superior officers and the staff from acquiring that practice and instruction which can only be acquired by continually working over a strange country. It is true that the British army is almost invariably at war in some part of the world, and the training thus acquired by the troops engaged is invaluable, but, fortunately or unfortunately, according to one's point of view, the forces engaged are usually so small as to limit the instruction received in war's stern school to a very small circle of students; while from the same cause the general officers and staff of the army get little or no practice in the handling, organization, and moving of troops in the large masses which we should be compelled to employ if ever embroiled in a war with one of the great military powers of Europe. The fact that we have in our navy a first line of defence which should preserve our shores inviolate from the foot of the invader, does not absolutely guarantee us against an invasion, and it is well known that there is a certain school of military thought in the army, a school to which the Commander-in-Chief himself belongs, in which it is held as a doctrine that an operation of that nature in the case of war with a European power of the first class would certainly be attempted, and might, in certain eventualities, be attempted with a very fair prospect of success.

Under these circumstances it will no longer be considered surprising that we are bestirring ourselves to set our army in order, and the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain, which I am about to describe, may be considered as one of the first steps taken with that end; as all the defects in our existing organization had been plainly exposed, it was evidently idle to expect that its weak points would be remedied.

It will, I hope, now be clear to the un-military reader why the Manœuvre Act was passed, and why, the way being thus

clear, manœuvres on a scale hitherto un-attempted by us were this year held in the southwest corner of England. It having been decided that manœuvres were to be held, a decision had to be come to as to the number of troops to be engaged, as to the "locale" to be selected, and as to the problems on which light was to be sought. It has for some time been regarded as an axiom that, should it become necessary to send abroad for active service a large expeditionary force, it would be sufficient if we made provision for the despatch in the first instance of two army corps, or, roughly speaking, some 70,000 men; presumably on this account it was decided that a force, which by the calling out of the reserves would be equal to these two army corps, should be concentrated for training, thus affording instruction to the regimental officers in the handling of squadrons and companies at war strength, and enabling the general and staff officers, who would be in all probability entrusted with commands in any important expedition, to acquire an insight into their duties which no amount of theory or study of books would give them. As to the "locale," as the War Department had acquired by purchase a large tract of land on Salisbury Plain on which a good deal of preliminary instruction could be given to the mounted branches of the service before the final concentration for the manœuvres, it was decided to proclaim under the Manœuvre Act a considerable portion of both Dorset and Wilts, stretching to the southward of the Plain almost as far as the sea.

So much for the forces to be employed and the ground to be worked over; now as to the problems on which information was to be sought. For very many years it has been more than suspected that, in the event of a mobilization for war, there was a probability of serious trouble in the organization and working of those departments of our army which have to deal with the duties of supply and transport. To maintain these departments on a war footing in times of peace is, from financial reasons, an impossibility, therefore it was decided that one of the first questions to be settled at these manœuvres was whether we could rely on supplementing our military transport in case of need



The Field of the Manœuvres.

by civilian transport hired from some of our great contractors. This was the chief problem on which light was sought ; and as I tell the story of the operations, you will be able to judge for yourselves how far the experiment may be regarded as having succeeded. Minor experiments were also tried with a new kind of cap, which during the manœuvres was worn by the staff, and also with several new articles of equipment, including among other things two kinds of valise equipment, both on the German model, one being fastened to the wearer by two leather braces, and the other having, in addition, a kind of yoke. I may as well say here that the former was on the whole preferred by the wearers, as it has the great advantage

of being easily slipped off and on, allowing a rest to be obtained during short halts.

Details of this kind having been decided, it became necessary to take steps to insure an adequate water-supply for the troops at the places where it was proposed to form camps on the manœuvre area, and here at one time it appeared that there was some danger of a breakdown. Very fortunately, considering the tropical character of the weather during the operations, these doleful anticipations were not realized ; and the troops were at all times able to procure enough water to keep them in health, though the supply was at some places rather restricted. However, the scarcity of water, though it was to some

extent overcome, yet was an insuperable difficulty in the way of allowing commanders a free hand as to the localities to be occupied by their troops every night, and it became necessary to fix on the sites for the different camps several weeks beforehand, and to so frame the schemes for each day's operations as to permit of these selected camps being occupied from night to night without entailing undue fatigue on the troops engaged. This unavoidably involved a good deal of unreality, which was not lessened by the fact that it was also found to be necessary to regard the baggage-trains and advance parties of the opposing forces as neutral, a convention which occasionally led to some rather amusing contretemps, the offensive movements of one of the combatants being, for instance, on more than one occasion, hampered owing to the presence of their enemy's baggage-train on the only road available. I think I have now given sufficient preliminary explanation to make my account of the operations intelligible, so, merely stating that the manœuvre period proper was preceded by a series of formal drills on a large scale, in which the different units were exercised by the officers who were to command them during the operations, I will now go on to describe, as clearly as I can, the manœuvres as I witnessed them.

The map which accompanies this article [p. 63] will give a fair idea of the lie of the country over which the contending armies struggled for supremacy for the week to which the operations were limited, though the scale is of necessity so small that I have had to omit the names of some of the little villages which acquired a fictitious importance while the war was still in progress. However, I think I have put in sufficient detail to enable anyone to follow the operations from day to day. It will be noticed that the country, especially in the neighborhood of Salisbury, is split up by a number of streams. These streams, which are locally dignified by the name of rivers, are in reality insignificant obstacles to the movements of troops, though for purposes of instruction they were on some occasions assumed to be unfordable, and flow, as a rule, in a *devans* course through deep valleys eaten out by the action of the water on the chalk. The general nature of the

country is undulating, rolling downs and sheltered valleys, with villages clustered along the courses of the numerous streams, and dotted here and there, especially in the southern portion of the manœuvre area, are the more pretentious houses of the county magnates, surrounded by their parks and game preserves. The roads follow, as a rule, the course of the streams, with the result that they are sheltered from the wind but not from the sun, a circumstance which our troops found to be exceedingly unpleasant in those tropical September days. In no part of the manœuvre area can the country be described as strongly fenced. Slight hedges marked the boundaries of different properties in many places, while on the downs barbed wire seemed to be the favorite method of fencing. The hedges offer no obstacle to the movements of any branch of the service, and with the barbed wire the soldiers had a very short way of dealing, the uprights, as a rule, being pulled out of the ground, and the whole fence rolled up bodily and hurled to one side. For damage of this sort, compensation was, of course, promptly forthcoming.

Now for a description of the contending forces: for the purposes of the manœuvres about 53,000 men, 10,000 horses, and 220 guns were concentrated: these troops were divided into a Northern, or defending army, under the Duke of Connaught, and a Southern, or invading army, under Sir Redvers Buller, V. C., with the result that each commander could dispose of three batteries of Royal Horse Artillery, fifteen field batteries, about four and a half cavalry regiments, including one of yeomanry, and thirty-seven battalions of infantry, twelve of which in each army belonged to the militia. Among the infantry of the Duke's army were three battalions of foot-guards and two of Royal Marines, and right well did the "sea-soldiers" bear themselves on the trying days to which all members of both armies were exposed. The Duke was also fortunate in having under his orders a very large proportion of the troops belonging to his own Aldershot command, who had been trained under his own eye, and with whose capabilities he must have been well acquainted. In his mounted troops also he was fortunate, having in his cavalry



General G. D. de la Motte

12th Lancers with Machine Gun, showing Lancers in the Background Preparing to Charge.



Regimental Cook at Work.

brigade three regiments of light cavalry, the Twelfth Lancers, and the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Hussars, who may fairly claim to represent the flower of the British army.

In addition to the troops already mentioned, each commander had, attached to his cavalry brigade, two companies of that very useful force, mounted infantry, who did excellent service during the brief campaign, and both armies were supplied with telegraph and bridging detachments of the Royal Engineers, who also placed a balloon for purposes of reconnoissance at the disposal of each general. The new Army Medical Corps was also represented, and the unusual heat of the weather kept them fairly busy, especially during the last few days of the operations. As distinguishing marks, the army of the Duke wore white covers on their caps, the invaders retaining their usual head gear. In addition to the great number of men and horses which I have enumerated, it must be remembered that there was a long

train of wagons of every description, from the smart and well-horsed army service wagon to the ramshackle, nondescript vehicle, with ill-fed and unevenly matched animals provided either locally or by some London contractor. There were hundreds of these wagons with each army, all but the military carts, which formed a very small minority, being driven by civilian drivers, the majority of whom had had no previous experience of working with troops, and were quite unable to comprehend the exceeding im-

portance of punctuality, and in some cases even of sobriety. In this heterogeneous mass of hired transport was to be found to a great extent the *raison d'être* of the manœuvres; our military authorities wanted to ascertain the resources at the disposal of the great carrying firms, and it is needless to say that these resources were tested to the utmost in the course of the operations. It will be perfectly clear that the feeding alone of these great masses, moving as they were from day to day, was in itself no light undertaking, especially as the British soldier is no Spartan in his tastes, but has a strongly expressed pref-



Fifteenth Hussars on Road from Salisbury to Bower Chalke.



Brigadier Watching his Troops Pass.

erence for fresh beef and good beer, while the moving of the tents and impedimenta of these hosts was a Herculean task. Some idea of its magnitude may be gathered from the fact that over four thousand tents had to be moved every day in addition to the equipment of the numerous messes and the private baggage of all the regimental officers, which was limited on the average to a weight of eighty pounds per officer. Add to this that the roads very soon became several inches deep in a thick chalky dust, that they were very narrow, that the gradients were very severe, that the weather was the hottest ever experienced in England, and that experience in grappling with such conditions was almost totally lacking, and few people will cease to wonder at the manner in which a total breakdown was averted.

I have already given the numbers of men, guns, and horses engaged on each side; I ought now to say a word or two about their organization. Each force was regarded as a complete army corps, and consequently consisted of three divisions, the divisions numbering a squadron of cavalry, three field batteries, and two infantry brigades of six battalions each. These battalions were not at their full

strength, but mustered only sixteen officers and five hundred men; the remainder, chiefly recruits and sick, being left at their stations. In addition, each army corps had its cavalry brigade of three regiments with horse artillery and mounted infantry, and its corps troops, the latter consisting of two horse and six field batteries, a cavalry regiment, and a battalion of infantry, besides details. In command of these divisions were some of the generals of the highest reputation in the British army, among them being Sir William Butler, Thynne, Clery, Kelly, Kenny, Gossett, and others of equal distinction. All these officers added to their reputation during the manœuvres, the mistakes in leading on the part of any of the divisional commanders being very few and far between.

When I decided to witness these manœuvres I had to make up my mind as to the best way of seeing all that there was to be seen from a spectacular point of view, and at the same time of getting an insight into the manner in which the opposing forces were handled by their commanders, while I was also anxious to see the hired transport at work in order to be able to form an opinion as to its utility in case of mobilization for war.

I came to the conclusion that I would best attain these ends by taking up my quarters with one of the opposing forces, and making occasional excursions into the enemy's country to see how things were going from their point of view. As the probable tactics of an invader would be of most interest, I decided to throw in

one was delighted that the soldiers had come; everyone hoped that they would come again, though old folks who remembered the last manœuvres on the plain in '72 shook their heads doubtfully, and suggested that the farmers would probably make such heavy claims for damage done to their crops and fences, that the Govern-



General View of Camping Ground.

my lot with Buller, and in pursuance of this resolution I joined his army on the eve of the manœuvres, finding his three divisions encamped on a line running roughly east and west through Blandford. At this time the Red or Northern army was about twenty-one miles away, occupying camps along the line of the river Nadder, between Tisbury and Wilton. Passing through Salisbury on my way to Blandford, I found it decidedly *en fête*; flags were hanging from all the windows, the greater part of the population was in the streets, up every by street children were playing at soldiers, and, in short, the sleepy old cathedral town was fairly awake for the first time for many years. Every-

ment would be forced to go elsewhere. At Blandford it was just the same. The people all welcomed the military with effusion, and every farmer and yokel for miles round had put all his womenkind into a cart and brought them to feast their eyes on the medley of strange uniforms and the curious doings of the new arrivals who had whitened the downs for miles round with their rows of canvas tents. As I passed through the camps the air was full of martial music, the braying of the brass bands and the warlike screams of the bagpipes making a musical medley which was not entirely agreeable. Buller had been exercising his men in a last field day, the scheme consisting in employing

the greater part of his command in a formal attack against a position held by the remainder, and the weary troops were now returning to camp. As battalion after battalion strode past I had a good look at the men, and was much struck with their bearing and physique. Remember that these men were Britain's "boy soldiers," whose physical shortcomings have furnished copy for most of the London papers for months past. Most generals would be proud to lead boys like these; as they passed me they had been under arms for over eight hours, they had marched many miles under a scorching sun, they had had nothing to eat or drink since dawn except the drain of tepid water in their water-bottles, but their bearing was erect and manly and they strode along under their heavy kits as though they had only come on parade half an hour before. The militia compared very well with the line; they were not perhaps quite so well set up, but the men were older and more seasoned looking, and the scraps of colored ribbon on



Refreshment for the Troops.

many jackets hinted at the presence in their ranks of soldiers who had fought under the Union Jack in Burmah, Egypt, and on the Indian frontier. The camps were very clean and well kept, and it was evident that all that was possible had been done to make the men as comfortable as possible. After the troops had been dismissed, dinners were issued to the different messes, and on these being disposed of,

"feet inspection parade" concluded the day's work. This inspection of feet is a comparatively recent introduction into our service, and its object is to insure that perfect cleanliness without which the soldier cannot keep his feet in good order for marching. At this parade also, men whose feet are chafed or blistered are "spotted," and the necessary simple remedies are applied, thus healing in time what might if neglected turn into a crippling sore. A stroll through the camps brought me a good deal of information. I soon discovered



Infantry Range Finder at Work.



The Royal Highlanders.

that the hired transport had not been an unequivocal success up to date ; in the lines of one battalion I heard a tale of a regiment waiting in the rain from noon till seven at night for their tents, which had only to be brought to them a distance of some seven miles, and I also heard many complaints that there was on occasion a scarcity of beer and mineral waters. This complaint is not difficult to understand. Tommy Atkins is at all times a thirsty individual, and I have no doubt whatever that the thirst which he can develop under this scorching sun on these chalky downs would dry up the sources of supply of any contractor in the wide world.

The general idea governing the coming operations was now out, and I give it below "in extenso."

"An invading force (Blue) has landed between Weymouth and St. Albans Head to co-

operate in an attack on London with another force (imaginary), which is disembarking on the southern shore of the Bristol Channel (sixty miles distant). The rolling stock of the railway having been withdrawn, the Blue force is unable to use the railways, and they are available for the Red force only for purposes of supply."

The above was the only clew to the operations which had at that time become public property, but it was known that hostilities were to commence on the morrow, and speculation was rife in the camps as to the form the opening day would take. The general belief was that the first day

would be a cavalry day pure and simple, as it is evidently the rôle of the mounted branch to locate the position of the enemy and his strength, so that the commander can base his plans on a knowledge of his movements.

When the "Special Idea" on which the invaders were to work became known, an



Dragoons Going Home.



Bringing up Field Guns.

idea emanating from the directing staff presided over by the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, it was evident that a cavalry field day was intended.

The Special Idea for Blue, or the invaders, was as follows: "On the afternoon of August the 31st the commander of the advanced troops receives at Blandford the following order: From the general officer commanding the Southern army to the officer commanding advanced troops near Blandford. Head-quarters, Blue army, Dorchester, 4.30 P.M., Aug. 31, 1898. NO. 1. I learn Salisbury is being strongly intrenched. You will, therefore, await near Blandford news of our troops which are disembarking in the Bristol Channel before committing yourself to a further advance northward. Send out your cavalry to-morrow toward Salisbury to clear up the situation in that direction. (Signed) &c."

This order evidently committed our cavalry to an advance toward Salisbury, and as the Duke, as we afterward learned, received orders to reconnoitre toward Blandford with his mounted troops, a collision between the hostile forces appeared to be inevitable. Anxious to see as much as I could of the cavalry work, I made an early start on the Thursday morning, the first day of hostilities, and was well repaid by the little cavalry combat which in course of time developed itself at my feet. The Southern cavalry brigade, under Colonel French, looked uncommonly fit and well

as they moved past me out of their camp; the stalwart troopers of the Household cavalry, on their big black horses, the Royal Dragoons, smart in their scarlet serges, and the natty horsemen of the celebrated Tenth Hussars, the Prince of Wales's Own, formed together a body of cavalry equal, man for man and horse for horse, to any in the world. The Third Dragoon Guards, a regiment recently serving in South Africa, was despatched on a reconnoitring mission to the west to protect our left flank and to gain tidings of our imaginary allies marching from their landing-place on the Bristol Channel. Taking the Salisbury road, French moved his brigade along it as far as Tarrant Hinton, and, sending on patrols to give timely warning of an enemy's approach, halted the bulk of his force under the shelter of some rising ground. A tedious wait ensued, and I was just beginning to fear that the day would end without a collision, when our scouts came helter-skelter back on the main body, driven in by the advance of the white-capped horsemen. French, eager to meet the foe, sent forward the Tenth and part of the Royals to attack the enemy in front, the remainder of the Dragoons moving out to fall on their rear. An exciting combat followed, and, mimic war though it was, the thunder of the charging squadrons, the clink and clatter of sabre, bit, and spur, with the sunlight playing over all, were together enough to stir the blood of any



Ammunition Train.

soldier, even of those who had fleshed their swords in deadly earnest. The invaders, by their dashing onslaught, hurled back the Northerners, capturing a squadron of their hussars, but did not come off scatheless themselves, a squadron of the Royals being captured in their turn. The Whitecaps now retired, and a duel between the rival horse artillery batteries lasted with little effect for some time, till the enemy withdrew their force into the shelter of some woodlands, and French continued feeling his way cautiously to the eastward. No more fighting took place that day, though I heard that the Third Dragoon Guards had a smart little skirmish about Melbury Abbas with some of the enemy's hussars. On the whole, though the day was disappointing in the briefness of the cavalry combat, it was by no means barren of results, as the signallers with each party were able to send back by heliograph useful information of the enemy's movements to our leader

at Blandford. The cavalry did not return to camp till after seven, men and horses tired by their long day under a hot sun, but in good heart and well pleased with themselves. And so ended the first day's fighting.

The position of the defending army being now tolerably clear, it was plain that the bold invaders would have either to bring them to an engagement or to "play for safety" by taking up the attention of the enemy while working to their left to effect a junction with the army from Bristol.

When the "Special Idea" for Friday's operations was issued, it was

clear that the latter was the course suggested to the Blue General. If an attack on the Whitecaps were intended, the general line of advance would be through Salisbury, but the order to seize the commanding ground near Shaftesbury indicated that we were to stretch out a hand to our friends in the west. This was the scheme prepared by the director of the manœuvres: "Special



Field Telegraph Troop, Royal Engineers.

Idea (Blue). On the afternoon of September 1st the commander of the advanced force (Blue army) receives at Blandford the following instructions from the commander of the main army: — No. 2. Dorchester, 2 P.M., 1, 9, '98. Seize the high ground about Charlton Downs tomorrow. If unable to do so, hold the enemy there with a view to prevent him interfering with the advance of the main army (imaginary) on Shaftesbury. The main army will move to Blandford tomorrow. Information has been received that the disembarkation of the force (imaginary), one army corps, at Bristol, is proceeding without opposition. (Signed) &c."

When these orders became known in camp there was much excitement in the lines of the infantry; so far they had been idle, now their turn was coming, and so the issue proved, as both guns and infantry had a heavy day before they were allowed to enter their new camping grounds on that Friday evening.

After the severe work of Thursday the cavalry deserved and needed a good night's rest, and it must have been nearly eight before French took his horsemen out to cover, with a flexible screen of scouts, the army as it marched in three columns toward Shaftesbury. On the right, the Fourth Division were directed to move along the Salisbury road at first, ultimately turning in a northerly direction through Cranborne Chase. The Fifth Division had the roughest road allotted to it, as Gossett had to lead his men along the old Shaftesbury road through Tarrant Gunville, while Thynne had to lead his Sixth Division by the new road through Fontmell Magna. By choosing a central path over the downs I thought I should be able to see most of the fighting, and so it proved. The invaders had not pushed very far before the presence of the enemy began to be felt. His cavalry, scouting boldly to the front, came into collision with the Blue horsemen, and clouds of dust lying heavily along the horizon betrayed the line of advance of his columns. For some little time a series of picturesque little cavalry skirmishes took up the attention of the spectators, of whom great numbers, some on horseback, some on foot, and more on bicycles, swarmed on every hill-

top. The first more serious demonstration came soon after nine in the boom of field guns from my left, where a struggle was going on for the possession of Melbury Abbas; this could hardly be the main battle of the day, so, keeping an ear open for the thunder of guns from my right, I contented myself with moving across the downs till I could get a distant view of the struggle for that pretty little village, or rather for the high ground which commands it. I had not long to wait for a hint that the main attack was in progress. Before the contest for the village had done much more than declare itself, the heavy booming of artillery away to the eastward told me that I must hasten if I wished to see the climax of the battle. Pushing rapidly over the downs I soon obtained a panoramic view of the action. On the high ground beside me the guns of the invaders, many batteries, but how many I could not tell because of the thick clouds of smoke, were busy striving for supremacy with the long line of Northern guns in a fine position some 3,000 yards away to the North, and from each road and hollow way, Buller's hot and breathless infantry were pushing on in eagerness to the attack. That the enemy was also strong in this arm was clear; glasses showing masses of men moving forward to meet the invaders, and, though the great strength of the Red artillery made the result at least doubtful, yet no decisive result had been obtained on either side when, at half-past twelve, the "cease fire" sounded, and the battle came to an end. As is usual on these occasions both sides claimed the victory; indeed, though the umpires declared it a drawn battle, we of the Southern army counted it a decided gain in that we had practically possession of Shaftesbury. It is possible, however, that Lipton's supply arrangements had as much as Sir Redver's generalship to do with securing us that advantage. Whatever the reason, the position of our camping grounds showed that we had made a certain amount of progress, as the Southern army spent the night of September 2d camped along the line Fontmell Magna, Iwerne Minster, in advance of our old camps at Blandford, while the Red army were located on a line running roughly north and south through Fovant.

I will now shortly describe the events of Saturday and Sunday, the former day proving in every sense a *jour unique*, as the great battle which was confidently expected by the wisacres among us failed to come off, the Duke withdrawing his men to their camps along the line of the Nadder before the invaders had established touch. Our orders were to advance to an imaginary line through Hindon and Fonthill Giffard, that is to say, our previous northerly course was to be altered for one in the northeasterly direction, driving the defenders before us, while the Duke was bidden to remain in observation of the invaders, and if attacked to fall back on Fovant, so as to be in a position to co-operate with an imaginary army due to reach Salisbury on the Sunday evening. Whatever the intention of the Directing Staff, no battle resulted, though there was some desultory firing at long ranges by the artillery; consequently, I had ample opportunity for observing the demeanor of the men, and the various incidents of the weary march to our new camps between Fonthill Giffard and Semley. Moving at an early hour from our Friday night's camps, three divisions were confined to one narrow road, winding its devious course through high banks, every breath of air shut out by the high ground on either side. The track, cut up by the guns and horses of our advanced troops, as well as by the whole wheeled transport of the retiring Northerners, was ankle deep in a white chalky dust, which soon rose in clouds, and floated over the marching columns like a pall. The heat was intense, and though the kindly inhabitants came running to their doors with pails of water, with milk and other gifts for the parched men, the distress, especially among the younger men of the militia, was soon manifest, and, for the first time in the course of the manœuvres I saw men falling out, dead beat, by the side of the road. Though some fell out, it was not till nature was exhausted, and others, though palpably "done to a turn," struggled manfully on, pride and *esprit de corps* forbidding them to quit the ranks while a breath remained. For these weary men the crowd had much sympathy. I heard of one young lady, driving past the column in a well-appointed private carriage, who offered to

carry the rifle of a fainting young militiaman. The lad was grateful, but stuck to his weapon with the words, "That is the last thing I would part with, Miss." This little incident shows, I think, that the right spirit animates these young soldiers, and I have no doubt that when the hour of trial comes they will do their duty as gallantly as did their forefathers before them. Behind the marching columns came the transport, and now I had an opportunity of seeing the working of the experimental system. I must admit at once that I was not favorably impressed. Walking beside an Army Service Corps officer for some distance, I had the benefit of his views on the hired transport, their horses, and their drivers. According to this officer, who had been dealing with them since the commencement of the manœuvres, the horses were not equal to their loads, the wagons were not suited to the army purposes, and the drivers, though he was ready to admit that the majority did their best, and that they all suffered great hardships through constant failure of their supplies, were yet unequal to their work from being quite unaccustomed to military requirements. Moreover, at awkward moments there had been several cases of insubordination, some men had got drunk and caused serious delay to a whole baggage-train, and others were not able to get the work out of their horses. The transport officer put the chief part of the difficulty to the need for moving the tents. "It is bad enough as it is, but wait and see what happens if it rains heavily before the manœuvres are over. The tents will weigh twice as heavy, the roads will be quite impassable, and there will be a complete collapse." As no rain fell, my friend's prophecy was not put to the test, but I see no reason to doubt that he was right. On Sunday the troops had a welcome day of rest, a day, moreover, which was made doubly memorable owing to the arrival on that day of the news of the great victory of Omdurman. The enthusiasm was tremendous. Nearly everyone had a friend or comrade serving in the army of the Sirdar, and the stampede for the morning papers when the hawkers arrived in camp was a sight not to be quickly forgotten. The troops all turned out and cheered again and again, the guns boomed out

salutes, and the bands woke the unaccustomed echoes with the stirring strains of "Rule, Britannia."

I had now spent several days with the invaders, so on Monday I went over to the enemy, and had a look at the Red army. I arrived about eight o'clock near Dinton station, and stood for some time watching the whitecapped columns defiling past on the way to occupy the high ground of the Bake, in order to check Buller's advance. The men looked very fit. Bronzed, hardy, and active, finer food for powder could not be imagined, and they passed me with a swing and go which spoke volumes for their marching powers. One battalion which particularly struck me was a battalion of Highland militia, recruited from the hardy fishermen of Skye. Tough, wiry-looking men, with the gaunt, earnest faces of the highland Celt, these men were magnificent fighting material. Gaelic is their native tongue, and I was informed that only about ten per cent. could speak English. The problem set the Duke on this day was to thrust himself between the invaders and their imaginary friends from Bristol, a problem the solution of which began with a struggle for the high ground overlooking Chilmark. The Duke's infantry pushing on, gained their objective, but Buller was not going to give in without a struggle, and hurled his devoted cavalry in a succession of brilliant charges against the Red skirmishers. As a spectacle, nothing could have been more brilliant; as an operation of war, nothing could have been more costly, and French's horsemen were soon beaten back discomfited behind the friendly shelter of some woodland. If the Red cavalry had been at hand, the Blue could hardly have escaped annihilation. The great Ridge Wood, to the eastward of the Bake, was now filled with contending infantry, the rattle of the rifles being incessant all along the front. The guns were late in coming into action, but on their arrival fought with great vigor, the battle finally ceasing about 11.30 with indecisive results.

Again the men had had a trying day; and again, on their arrival in camp, the transport kept them waiting a long time for their tents.

The Northerners now fell back to their new camps round Wishford. the invaders

occupying their deserted camping-grounds. On Tuesday took place one of the prettiest fights of the week. The Duke was ordered to fight a rear-guard action on the line between Wishford and Berwick St. James, and showed great judgment in the handling of his command. To carry out his object the Duke left his cavalry and horse artillery with one brigade of the First Division in position round Yarnbury Castle, and took up a covering position with the remainder of his force on the high ground above Berwick St. James. The day began with a success for the invaders. The whitecapped cavalry were caught unawares by French's brigade, were roughly handled, and lost their two horse batteries, the rest of the cavalry being compelled to seek shelter behind their infantry close by. This was the extent of Buller's success. Assuming, rashly, that the Duke's main position was about Yarnbury Castle, he developed a strong attack upon it with tremendous force, only to find that his enemy had escaped his grasp, and that he had shown his hand too soon. From my station on the high ground above Berwick I had a splendid view, and the sight of Buller's divisions deploying on the downs below for the attack on their vanished foe, was very fine. This day's proceedings probably more nearly resembled a situation which might occur in war than any of the fights which had preceded it. Wednesday, the final day, was another triumph for the Duke; but Buller could hardly be blamed for this, as he was set the hardest task in war—namely, to defend a river-line against an enemy of equal strength. Feinting with his first division on the left, a feint which succeeded in misleading his adversary, the Red commander struck heavily at his opponent with his right and would have effectually rolled him up had not the bugles bade him cease fire and return to camp to prepare for the march-past of the morrow. Such is a brief summary of the day. Of incidents, picturesque and otherwise, there was no lack. Much amusement was caused by the manner in which the Highlanders tucked up their kilts when fording the river, and the bridging operations of the Royal Engineers also attracted great attention. Of this useful corps and their work I have hitherto said but little, but evidences of their skill were to be noticed on every

hand. To them credit is due for the arrangements for water-supply, and the rapidity with which the field-telegraph was laid over the district was also beyond praise. Their balloon detachments did useful work, and were on several occasions of the greatest value to the reconnoitring staff. Of these balloons I have made little mention, but they were daily in evidence floating over the lines of each army, and exciting the greatest wonder among the rustic population.

For the Northern army the last day was comparatively an easy one, but for their opponents it was probably the worst day of the campaign. Many battalions which had marched off at daybreak did not reach their new camps till close on sunset, and as the sun was hotter than ever, the amount of distress among the men crowding those dusty roads may be easily imagined. The transport also suffered terribly from the heat, many dead horses were to be seen along the road, and but for the kindly attentions of the country people many of the men would have been in little better case. On Thursday the whole army marched past before the Commander-in-Chief and an enormous crowd of spectators. From daybreak on that day foot-people and carriages began to take up a position on the downs, and it is computed that over 70,000 people assembled to witness the spectacle. One march past is very much like another, so I will content myself with remarking that everything went off splendidly, and that the men and horses, in spite of their hard work, looked ready to go anywhere and to do anything. On the Friday, in truth on the Thursday itself, the dispersal of the forces began, and it was amusing to hear the hearty cheers with which the troops sent rejoicing on their way the first regiment

to depart. The staff arrangements for the entraining of that great number of troops were excellent, and showed great forethought, and the officers and men worked with a celerity and silence which showed their discipline and careful training. In conclusion, the manœuvres of 1898 will have served a good purpose if they effect nothing else but a remodelling of our transport system, and of the scale on which the weights to be carried for troops in the field is calculated.

So far as the feeding of the men and horses of the fighting units was concerned no justifiable complaints were heard of by me. The food was always good and the men got their full rations, though the hours at which they were issued, often left a good deal to be desired. But this again was a question of transport. One very noticeable feature of the operations was the great attention paid by regimental officers to the comfort and well-being of their men. In this respect a great improvement over former experiences was to be noticed, though I think that the British officer has always compared well so far as this point is concerned with his *confrères* in the armies of the Continent. Great strides have also been made in the tactical training of both officers and men, and I witnessed numerous instances of correct tactical appreciation of the situation, and of a bold initiative, which might have been looked for in vain some ten or fifteen years ago.

The British army is on the up grade; from year to year a sensible improvement is noticeable, and there is no doubt that, unpleasant as manœuvres are to the troops engaged, they play a very useful part in educating both officers and men for war, which is, after all, the ultimate aim and end of all armies.



A Gun Limber.

THE MUSE'S TRAGEDY

By Edith Wharton

I

DANYERS afterward liked to fancy that he had recognized Mrs. Anerton at once; but that, of course, was absurd, since he had seen no portrait of her—she affected a strict anonymity, refusing even her photograph to the most privileged—and from Mrs. Memorall, whom he revered and cultivated as her friend, he had extracted but the one impressionist phrase:—"Oh, well, she's like one of those old prints where the lines have the value of color."

He was almost certain, at all events, that he had been thinking of Mrs. Anerton as he sat over his breakfast in the empty hotel restaurant, and that, looking up on the approach of the lady who seated herself at the table near the window, he had said to himself, "*That might be she.*"

Ever since his Harvard days—he was still young enough to think of them as immensely remote—Danyers had dreamed of Mrs. Anerton, the Silvia of Vincent Rendle's immortal sonnet-cycle, the Mrs. A. of the "Life and Letters." Her name was enshrined in some of the noblest English verse of the nineteenth century—and of all past or future centuries, as Danyers, from the stand-point of a maturer judgment, still believed. The first reading of certain poems—of the "Antinous," the "Pia Tolomei," the "Sonnets to Silvia"—had been epochs in Danyers's growth, and the verse seemed to gain in mellowness, in amplitude, in meaning as one brought to its interpretation more experience of life, a finer emotional sense. Where, in his boyhood, he had felt only the perfect, the almost austere beauty of form, the subtle interplay of vowel-sounds, the rush and fulness of lyric emotion, he now thrilled to the close-packed significance of each line, the allusiveness of each word—his imagination lured hither and thither on fresh trails of thought, and perpetually spurred by the sense that, beyond what he had already discovered, more marvellous regions lay waiting to be explored. Danyers had writ-

ten, at college, the prize essay on Rendle's poetry (it chanced to be the moment of the great man's death); he had fashioned the fugitive verse of his own storm-and-stress period on the forms which Rendle had first given to English metre; and when two years later the "Life and Letters" appeared, and the Silvia of the sonnets took substance as Mrs. A., he had included in his worship of Rendle the woman who had inspired not only such divine verse but such playful, tender, incomparable prose.

Danyers never forgot the day when Mrs. Memorall happened to mention that she knew Mrs. Anerton. He had known Mrs. Memorall for a year or more, and had classified her as a cleverish woman with a crazy-quilt mind, who bored one with irrelevant anecdotes about celebrities; when one afternoon she remarked, as she put a second lump of sugar in his tea:

"Is it right this time? You're almost as particular as Mary Anerton."

"Mary Anerton?"

"Yes, I never *can* remember how she likes her tea. Either its lemon *with* sugar, or lemon *without* sugar, or cream without either, and whichever it is must be put into the cup before the tea is poured in; and if one hasn't remembered one must begin all over again. I suppose it was Vincent Rendle's way of taking his tea and has become a sacred rite."

"Do you *know* Mrs. Anerton?" gasped Danyers, awed by this acquaintance with the habits of his divinity.

"And did I once see Shelley plain? Mercy, yes! She and I were at school together—she's an American, you know. We were at a *pension* near Tours for nearly a year; then she went back to New York, and I didn't see her again until after her marriage. She and Anerton spent a winter in Rome while my husband was attached to our Legation there, and she used to be with us a great deal." Mrs. Memorall smiled reminiscently. "It was *the* winter."

"The winter they first met?"

"Precisely—but unluckily I left Rome just before the meeting took place. Wasn't it too bad? I might have been in the 'Life and Letters.' You know he mentions that stupid Madame Vodki, at whose house he first met her."

"And did you see much of her after that?"

"Not during Rendle's life. You know she has lived in Europe almost entirely, and though I used to see her occasionally when I went abroad, she was always so engrossed, so preoccupied, that one felt one wasn't wanted. The fact is, she cared only about his friends—she separated herself almost entirely from her own people. Now, of course, it's different; she's desperately lonely; she's taken to writing to me now and then; and last year, when she heard that I was going abroad, she asked me to meet her in Venice, and I spent a week with her there."

"And Rendle?"

Mrs. Memorall smiled and shook her head. "Oh, I never was allowed a peep at *him*; none of her old friends met him, except by accident. Ill-natured people say that was the reason she kept him so long. If one happened in while he was there, he was hustled into Anerton's study, and the husband mounted guard until the inopportune visitor had departed. Anerton, you know, was really much more ridiculous about it than his wife. Mary was too clever to lose her head or, at least to show that she'd lost it—but Anerton couldn't conceal his pride in the conquest. I've seen Mary shiver when he spoke of Rendle as *our poet*. Rendle always had to have a certain seat at the dinner-table, away from the draught and not too near the fire, and a box of cigars that no one else was allowed to touch, and a writing-table of his own in Mary's sitting-room—and Anerton was always telling one of the great man's *idiosyncrasies*; how he never would cut the ends of his cigars, though Anerton himself had given him a gold cutter set with a star-sapphire, and how untidy his writing-table was, and how the house-maid had orders always to bring the waste-paper basket to her mistress before emptying it, lest some immortal verse should be thrown into the dust-bin."

"The Anertons never separated, did they?"

"Separated? Bless you, no. He never would have left Rendle! And besides, he was very fond of his wife."

"And she?"

"Oh, he was the kind of man who was fated to make himself ridiculous, and she always let him have his way."

From Mrs. Memorall, Danyers further learned that Mrs. Anerton, whose husband had died some years before her poet, now divided her life between Rome, where she had a small apartment, and England, where she went occasionally to stay with those of her friends who had been Rendle's. She had been engaged, for some time after his death, in editing some juvenilia which he had entrusted to her care; but that task being accomplished, she had been left without definite occupation, and Mrs. Memorall, on the occasion of their last meeting, had found her listless and out of spirits.

"She misses him too much—her life is too empty. I told her so—I told her she ought to marry."

"Oh!"

"Why not, pray? She's a young woman still—what many people would call young," Mrs. Memorall interjected with a parenthetic glance at the mirror. "Why not accept the inevitable and begin over again? All the King's horses and all the King's men won't bring Rendle to life—and besides, she didn't marry *him* when she had the chance."

Danyers winced slightly at this rude fingering of his idol. Was it possible that Mrs. Memorall did not see what an anticlimax such a marriage would have been? Fancy Rendle "making an honest woman" of Silvia; for so society would have viewed it! How such a reparation would have vulgarized their past—it would have been like "restoring" a masterpiece; and how exquisite must have been the perceptions of the woman who, in defiance of appearances, and perhaps of her own secret inclination, chose to go down to posterity as Silvia rather than as Mrs. Vincent Rendle!

Mrs. Memorall, from this day forth, acquired an interest in Danyers's eyes. She was like a volume of unindexed and discursive memoirs, through which he patiently plodded in the hope of finding embedded amid layers of dusty twaddle some pre-

cious allusion to the subject of his thought. When, some months later, he brought out his first slim volume, in which the remodelled college essay on Rendle figured among a dozen somewhat overstudied "appreciations," he offered a copy to Mrs. Memorall; who surprised him, the next time they met, with the announcement that she had sent the book to Mrs. Anerton.

Mrs. Anerton in due course wrote to thank her friend. Danyers was privileged to read the few lines in which, in terms that suggested the habit of "acknowledging" similar tributes, she spoke of the author's "feeling and insight," and was "so glad of the opportunity, etc." He went away disappointed, without clearly knowing what else he had expected.

The following spring, when he went abroad, Mrs. Memorall offered him letters to everybody, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Louise Michel. She did not include Mrs. Anerton, however, and Danyers knew, from a previous conversation, that Silvia objected to people who "brought letters." He knew also that she travelled during the summer, and was unlikely to return to Rome before the term of his holiday should be reached, and the hope of meeting her was not included among his anticipations.

The lady whose entrance broke upon his solitary repast in the restaurant of the Hotel Villa d' Este had seated herself in such a way that her profile was detached against the window; and thus viewed, her domed forehead, small arched nose and fastidious lip suggested a silhouette of Marie Antoinette. In the lady's dress and movements—in the very turn of her wrist as she poured out her coffee—Danyers thought he detected the same fastidiousness, the same air of tacitly excluding the obvious and unexceptional. Here was a woman who had been much bored and keenly interested. The waiter brought her a *Secolo*, and as she bent above it Danyers noticed that the hair rolled back from her forehead was turning gray; but her figure was straight and slender, and she had the invaluable gift of a girlish back.

The rush of Anglo-Saxon travel had not set toward the lakes, and with the exception of an Italian family or two, and a hump-backed youth with an *abbé*, Dan-

yers and the lady had the marble halls of the Villa d' Este to themselves.

When he returned from his morning ramble among the hills he saw her sitting at one of the little tables at the edge of the lake. She was writing, and a heap of books and newspapers lay on the table at her side. That evening they met again in the garden. He had strolled out to smoke a last cigarette before dinner, and under the black vaulting of ilexes, near the steps leading down to the boat-landing, he found her leaning on the parapet above the lake. At the sound of his approach she turned and looked at him. She had thrown a black lace scarf over her head, and in this sombre setting her face seemed thin and unhappy. He remembered afterward that her eyes, as they met his, expressed not so much sorrow as profound discontent.

To his surprise she stepped toward him with a detaining gesture.

"Mr. Lewis Danyers, I believe?"

He bowed.

"I am Mrs. Anerton. I saw your name on the visitors' list and wished to thank you for an essay on Mr. Rendle's poetry—or rather to tell you how much I appreciated it. The book was sent to me last winter by Mrs. Memorall."

She spoke in even melancholy tones, as though the habit of perfunctory utterance had robbed her voice of more spontaneous accents; but her smile was charming.

They sat down on a stone bench under the ilexes, and she told him how much pleasure his essay had given her. She thought it the best in the book—she was sure that he had put more of himself into it than into any other; was she not right in conjecturing that he had been very deeply influenced by Mr. Rendle's poetry? *Pour comprendre il faut aimer*, and it seemed to her that, in some ways, he had penetrated the poet's inner meaning more completely than any other critic. There were certain problems, of course, that he had left untouched; certain aspects of that many-sided mind that he had perhaps failed to seize—

"But then you are young," she concluded, gently, "and one could not wish you, as yet, the experience that a fuller understanding would imply."

II

SHE stayed a month at Villa d' Este, and Danyers was with her daily. She showed an unaffected pleasure in his society; a pleasure so obviously founded on their common veneration of Rendle that the young man could enjoy it without fear of fatuity. At first he was merely one more grain of frankincense on the altar of her insatiable divinity; but gradually a more personal note crept into their intercourse. If she still liked him only because he appreciated Rendle, she at least perceptibly distinguished him from the herd of Rendle's appreciators.

Her attitude toward the great man's memory struck Danyers as perfect. She neither proclaimed nor disavowed her identity. She was frankly Silvia to those who knew and cared; but there was no trace of the Egeria in her pose. She spoke often of Rendle's books, but seldom of himself; there was no posthumous conjugality, no use of the possessive tense, in her abounding reminiscences. Of the master's intellectual life, of his habits of thought and work, she never wearied of talking. She knew the history of each poem; by what scene or episode each image had been evoked; how many times the words in a certain line had been transposed; how long a certain adjective had been sought, and what had at last suggested it; she could even explain that one impenetrable line, the torment of critics, the joy of detractors, the last line of "The Old Odysseus."

Danyers felt that in talking of these things she was no mere echo of Rendle's thought. If her identity had appeared to be merged in his it was because they thought alike, not because he had thought for her. Posterity is apt to regard the women whom poets have sung as chance pegs on which they hung their garlands; but Mrs. Anerton's mind was like some fertile garden wherein, inevitably, Rendle's imagination had rooted itself and flowered. Danyers began to see how many threads of his complex mental tissue the poet had owed to the blending of her temperament with his: in a certain sense Silvia had herself created the Sonnets to Silvia.

To be the custodian of Rendle's inner

self, the door, as it were, to the sanctuary, had at first seemed to Danyers so comprehensive a privilege that he had the sense, as his friendship with Mrs. Anerton advanced, of forcing his way into a life already crowded. What room was there, among such towering memories, for so small an actuality as his? Quite suddenly, after this, he discovered that Mrs. Memorall knew better: his fortunate friend was bored as well as lonely.

"You have had more than any other woman!" he had exclaimed to her one day; and her smile flashed a derisive light on his blunder. Fool that he was, not to have seen that she had not had enough! That she was young still—do years count?—tender, human, a woman; that the living have need of the living.

After that, when they climbed the alleys of the hanging park, resting in one of the little ruined temples or watching, through a ripple of foliage, the remote blue flash of the lake, they did not always talk of Rendle or of literature. She encouraged Danyers to speak of himself; to confide his ambitions to her; she asked him the questions which are the wise woman's substitute for advice.

"You must write," she said, administering the most exquisite flattery that human lips could give.

Of course he meant to write—why not to do something great in his turn? His best, at least; with the resolve, at the outset, that his best should be *the* best. Nothing less seemed possible with that mandate in his ears. How she had divined him; lifted and disentangled his groping ambitions; laid the awakening touch on his spirit with her creative *Let there be light!*

It was his last day with her, and he was feeling very hopeless and happy.

"You ought to write a book about *him*," she went on, gently.

Danyers started; he was beginning to dislike Rendle's way of walking in unannounced.

"You ought to do it," she insisted. "A complete interpretation—a summing-up of his style, his purpose, his theory of life and art. No one else could do it so well."

He sat looking at her perplexedly. Suddenly—dared he guess?

"I couldn't do it without you," he faltered.

"I could help you—I would help you, of course."

They sat silent, both looking at the lake.

It was agreed, when they parted, that he should rejoin her six weeks later in Venice. There they were to talk about the book.

III

LAGO D' ISEO, August 14th.

WHEN I said good-by to you yesterday I promised to come back to Venice in a week: I was to give you your answer then. I was not honest in saying that; I didn't mean to go back to Venice or to see you again. I was running away from you—and I mean to keep on running! If *you* won't, *I* must. Somebody must save you from marrying a disappointed woman of—well, you say years don't count, and why should they, after all, since you are not to marry me?

That is what I dare not go back to say. *You are not to marry me.* We have had our month together in Venice (such a good month, was it not?) and now you are to go home and write a book—any book but the one we—didn't talk of!—and I am to stay here, attitudinizing among my memories like a sort of female Tithonus. The dreariness of this enforced immortality!

But you shall know the truth. I care for you, or at least for your love, enough to owe you that.

You thought it was because Vincent Rendle had loved me that there was so little hope for you. I had had what I wanted to the full; wasn't that what you said? It is just when a man begins to think he understands a woman that he may be sure he doesn't! It is because Vincent Rendle *didn't love me* that there is no hope for you. I never had what I wanted, and never, never, never will I stoop to wanting anything else.

Do you begin to understand? It was all a sham then, you say? No, it was all real as far as it went. You are young—you haven't learned, as you will later, the thousand imperceptible signs by which one gropes one's way through the labyrinth of human nature; but didn't it strike you, sometimes, that I never told you any foolish little anecdotes about him? His trick, for instance, of twirling a paper-knife

round and round between his thumb and forefinger while he talked; his mania for saving the backs of notes; his greediness for wild strawberries, the little pungent Alpine ones; his childish delight in acrobats and jugglers; his way of always calling me *you* — *Dear you*, every letter began — I never told you a word of all that, did I? Do you suppose I could have helped telling you, if he had loved me? These little things would have been mine, then, a part of my life—of our life—they would have slipped out in spite of me (it's only your unhappy woman who is always reticent and dignified). But there never was any "our life;" it was always "our lives" to the end.

If you knew what a relief it is to tell someone at last you would bear with me, you would let me hurt you! I shall never be quite so lonely again, now that someone knows.

Let me begin at the beginning. When I first met Vincent Rendle I was not yet thirty. That was twenty years ago. From that time until his death, five years ago, we were fast friends. He gave me fifteen years, perhaps the best fifteen years, of his life. The world, as you know, thinks that his greatest poems were written during those years; I am supposed to have "inspired" them, and in a sense I did. From the first, the intellectual sympathy between us was almost complete; my mind must have been to him (I fancy) like some perfectly tuned instrument on which he was never tired of playing. Someone told me of his once saying of me that I "always understood;" it is the only praise I ever heard of his giving me. I don't even know if he thought me pretty, though I hardly think my appearance could have been disagreeable to him, for he disliked to be with ugly people. At all events he fell into the way of spending more and more of his time with me. He liked our house; our ways suited him. He was nervous, irritable; people bored him and yet he dreaded solitude. He took sanctuary with us. When we travelled he went with us; in the winter he took rooms near us in Rome. In England or on the Continent he was always with us for a good part of the year. In small ways I was able to help him in his work; he grew dependent on me. When we were apart

he wrote to me continually—he liked to have me share in all he was doing or thinking; he was impatient for my criticism of every new book that interested him; I was a part of his intellectual life. The pity of it was that I wanted to be something more. I was a young woman and I was in love with him—not because he was Vincent Rendle, but just because he was he!

People began to talk, of course—I was Vincent Rendle's Mrs. Anerton; when the *Sonnets to Silvia* appeared, it was whispered that I was Silvia. Wherever he went, I was invited; people made up to me in the hope of getting to know him; when I was in London my door-bell never stopped ringing. Elderly peeresses, aspiring hostesses, love-sick girls and struggling authors overwhelmed me with their assiduities. I hugged my success, for I knew what it meant—they thought that Rendle was in love with me! Do you know, at times they almost made me think so too? Oh, there was no phase of folly I didn't go through. You can't imagine the excuses a woman will invent for a man's not telling her that he loves her—pitiable arguments that she would see through at a glance if any other woman used them! But all the while, deep down, I knew he had never cared. I should have known it if he had made love to me every day of his life. I could never guess whether he knew what people said about us—he listened so little to what people said; and cared still less, when he heard. He was always quite honest and straightforward with me; he treated me as one man treats another; and yet at times I felt that he *must* see that with me it was different. If he did see, he made no sign. Perhaps he never noticed—I am sure he never meant to be cruel. He had never made love to me; it was no fault of his if I wanted more than he could give me. The *Sonnets to Silvia*, you say? But what are they? A cosmic philosophy, not a love-poem; addressed to Woman, not to a woman!

But then, the letters? Ah, the letters! Well, I'll make a clean breast of it. You have noticed the breaks in the letters here and there, just as they seem to be on the point of growing a little—warmer? The critics, you may remember, praised the editor for his commendable delicacy and good

taste (so rare in these days!) in omitting from the correspondence all personal allusions, all those *détails intimes* which should be kept sacred from the public gaze. They referred, of course, to the asterisks in the letters to Mrs. A. Those letters I myself prepared for publication; that is to say, I copied them out for the editor, and every now and then I put in a line of asterisks to make it appear that something had been left out. You understand? The asterisks were a sham—*there was nothing to leave out*.

No one but a woman could understand what I went through during those years—the moments of revolt, when I felt that I must break away from it all, fling the truth in his face and never see him again; the inevitable reaction, when not to see him seemed the one unendurable thing, and I trembled lest a look or word of mine should disturb the poise of our friendship; the silly days when I hugged the delusion that he *must* love me, since everybody thought he did; the long periods of numbness, when I didn't seem to care whether he loved me or not. Between these wretched days came others when our intellectual accord was so perfect that I forgot everything else in the joy of feeling myself lifted up on the wings of his thought. Sometimes, then, the heavens seemed to be opened.

All this time he was so dear a friend! He had the genius of friendship, and he spent it all on me. Yes, you were right when you said that I have had more than any other woman. *Il faut de l'adresse pour aimer*, Pascal says; and I was so quiet, so cheerful, so frankly affectionate with him, that in all those years I am almost sure I never bored him. Could I have hoped as much if he had loved me?

You mustn't think of him, though, as having been tied to my skirts. He came and went as he pleased, and so did his fancies. There was a girl once (I am telling you everything), a lovely being who called his poetry "deep" and gave him "Lucile" on his birthday. He followed her to Switzerland one summer, and all the time that he was dangling after her (a little too conspicuously, I always thought, for a Great Man), he was writing to me about his theory of vowel-combinations—or was it his experi-

ments in English hexameter? The letters were dated from the very places where I knew they were sitting by waterfalls together while he thought out adjectives for her hair. He talked to me about it quite frankly afterward. She was perfectly beautiful, and it had been a pure delight to watch her ; but she *would* talk, and her mind, he said, was "all elbows." And yet, the next year, when her marriage was announced, he went away alone, quite suddenly . . . and it was just afterward that he published "Love's Viaticum." Men are queer!

After my husband died—I am putting things crudely, you see—I had a return of hope. It was because he loved me, I argued, that he had never spoken ; because he had always hoped some day to make me his wife ; because he wanted to spare me the reproach—Rubbish! I knew well enough, in my heart of hearts, that my one chance lay in the force of habit. He had grown used to me ; he was no longer young ; he dreaded new people and new ways ; *il avait pris son pli*. Would it not be easier to marry me?

I don't believe he ever thought of it. He wrote me what people call "a beautiful letter ;" he was kind, considerate, decently commiserating ; then, after a few weeks, he slipped into his old way of coming in every afternoon, and our interminable talks began again just where they had left off. I heard later that people thought I had shown "such good taste" in not marrying him.

So we jogged on for five years longer. Perhaps they were the best years, for I had given up hoping. Then he died.

After his death—this is curious—there came to me a kind of mirage of love. All the books and articles written about him, all the reviews of the "Life," were full of discreet allusions to Silvia. I became again the Mrs. Anerton of the glorious days. Sentimental girls and dear lads like you turned pink when somebody whispered, "That was Silvia you were talking to." Idiots begged for my autograph—publishers urged me to write my reminiscences of him—critics consulted me about the reading of doubtful lines. And I knew that, to all these people, I was the woman whom Vincent Rendle had loved.

After awhile that fire went out too and

I was left alone with my past. Alone—quite alone ; for he had never really *been* with me. The intellectual union *counted* for nothing now. It had been soul to soul, but never hand in hand, and there were no little things to remember him by.

Then there set in a kind of Arctic winter. I crawled into myself as into a snow-hut. I hated my solitude and yet dreaded anyone who disturbed it. That phase, of course, passed like the others. I took up life again, and began to read the papers and consider the cut of my gowns. But there was one question that I could not be rid of, that haunted me night and day. Why had he never loved me? Why had I been so much to him, and no more? Was I so ugly, so essentially unlovable, that though a man might cherish me as his mind's comrade, he could not care for me as a woman? I can't tell you how that question tortured me. It became an obsession.

My poor friend, do you begin to see? I had to find out what some other man thought of me. Don't be too hard on me! Listen first—consider. When I first met Vincent Rendle I was a young woman, who had married early and led the quietest kind of life ; I had had no "experiences." From the hour of our first meeting to the day of his death I never looked at any other man, and never noticed whether any other man looked at me. When he died, five years ago, I knew the extent of my powers no more than a baby. Was it too late to find out? Should I never know *why*?

Forgive me—forgive me. You are so young ; it will be an episode, a mere "document," to you so soon! And, besides, it wasn't as deliberate, as cold-blooded, as these disjointed lines have made it appear. I didn't plan it, like a woman in a book. Life is so much more complex than any rendering of it can be. I liked you from the first—I was drawn to you (you must have seen that)—I wanted you to like me ; it was not a mere psychological experiment. And yet in a sense it was that too—I must be honest. I had to have an answer to that question ; it was a ghost that had to be laid.

At first I was afraid—oh, so much afraid—that you cared for me only because I was Silvia, that you loved me because you

thought Rendle had loved me. I began to think that there was no escaping my destiny.

How happy I was when I discovered that you were growing jealous of my past; that you actually hated Rendle! My heart beat like a girl's when you told me that you meant to follow me to Venice.

After our parting at Villa d' Este my old doubts reasserted themselves. What did I know of your feeling for me, after all? Were you capable of analyzing it yourself? Was it not likely to be two-thirds vanity and curiosity, and one-third literary sentimentality? You might easily fancy that you cared for Mary Anerton when you were really in love with Silvia—the heart is such a hypocrite! Or you might be more calculating than I had supposed. Perhaps it was you who had been flattering *my* vanity in the hope (the pardonable hope) of turning me, after a decent interval, into a pretty little essay with a margin.

When you arrived in Venice and we met again—do you remember the music on the lagoon, that evening from my balcony?

—I was so afraid that you would begin to talk about the book—the book, you

remember, was your ostensible reason for coming. You never spoke of it, and I soon saw that your one fear was that *I* might do so—might remind you of your object in being with me. Then I knew that you cared for me; yes, at that moment really cared! We never mentioned the book once, did we, during that month in Venice?

I have read my letter over; and now I wish that I had said this to you instead of writing it. I could have felt my way then, watching your face and seeing if you understood. But, no, I could not go back to Venice; and I could not tell you (though I tried) while we were there together. I couldn't spoil that month—my one month. It was so good, for once in my life, to get away from literature.

You will be angry with me at first—but, alas! not for long. What I have done would have been cruel if I had been a younger woman; as it is, the experiment will hurt no one but myself. And it will hurt me horribly (as much as, in your first anger, you may perhaps wish), because it has shown me, for the first time, all that I have missed.

SONG

By Richard Hovey

Love me, love me not—
What is that to me?
I have not forgot
When we two were three.

She who loved us twain
Well enough to die—
Can we love again
While her ghost stands by?

Love me, love me not—
I can love no more,
For the empty cot
And the open door.

THE PEACH

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZEL

I

BEFORE my uncle turned serious and began to put on flesh, he spent some years in the critical study of mankind, his researches compelling him to divide his time between Paris and Monte Carlo. For purposes of taking deep soundings in the sea of humanity he kept his steam-yacht in the Mediterranean, and it used to be said that the holding ground on the north shore of that pleasant lake was spoiled by the empty champagne bottles dropped overboard from the Merry Wives.

It was during this period of research and experiment that my uncle, very early one morning, kicked open the green baize doors of the Municipal Casino, in Nice, and emerged upon the Place Massena. Had it not been carnival time his appearance might have caused remark, since he wore a Pierrot costume of white satin, his face was floured, and his hair was covered by a smoothly fitting skull-cap. At my uncle's heels there followed a troop of male and female maskers who, with shrill cries, besought him not to leave them. Various propositions were advanced—"one more dance"—"a little supper at the London House"—"a drive to Cimella to ring up the monks"—but against all these my uncle, who by this time had entered a cab, turned a smiling but resolute face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in excellent French, waving his hand over the back of the voiture, "and thou especially, Hortense," and he threw a kiss to a tall girl in pink—"it lacerates my heart to leave you. But what would you; we are still young and the world is very small. Count Lenormand, I kiss your hands. Hortense, thy lips. To the harbor, coachman." The cab started when a young man in ordinary dress sprang forward and cried—"And me, Monsieur?" "Ah," said my uncle, "I had forgotten, jump in;" and the two drove off together, followed by

cheers, laughing adieus, and perhaps a tear or two, for my uncle had great possessions. At the harbor the Merry Wives lay so close to the quay that one had only to cross the gang-plank to reach her deck.

"Captain Sparrow," said my uncle to the officer who saluted him at the gangway. "This gentleman is so good as to give me a half-hour of his company, after that you may get under way." If the captain observed anything unusual in his owner's costume he gave no sign, but saluting again he turned on his heel and walked toward the engine-room hatch. The after-deck was covered with rugs and skins. On a large table were two softly shaded lamps, books, and a collection of pipes. Scattered about were several lounging-chairs. My uncle touched a bell and directed the steward who answered it to bring brandy and soda.

"Monsieur," said the young man, "before I partake of your hospitality I should tell you my name;" and he handed my uncle a visiting-card, upon which the latter read by the lamp-light the words "Sebastien Grantaire."

"Your name, Monsieur," said my uncle, "is a new one to me, and I do not recall your face, but I have an idea that I can guess the affair that gives me the pleasure of your acquaintance. When you spoke to me at the ball I said to myself—it has arrived. It is in behalf of a certain lady that you are here, is it not?"

The stranger shook his head with a smile.

"No, Monsieur," he replied, "I bear no challenge."

"I am delighted to see you, Monsieur," said my uncle.

"Perhaps," he resumed after a moment's pause, "it is that a cathedral is to be restored, and that an opportunity is afforded."

"No, Monsieur, I have no subscription paper."

"One more guess," said my uncle, "and I am done. It is that a noble family, hav-



Who, with shrill cries, besought him not to leave them.—Page 85.

ing met with reverses, is obliged to part with a Rembrandt or a Correggio. Ah, I have it at last."

"You are wrong again, Monsieur. I have not come to sell you pictures, but to lay the world at your feet."

"Have you it with you?" asked my uncle.

"Yes," said Grantaire, and putting his hand in his breast he drew forth a small green morocco portfolio which he placed upon the table.

My uncle eyed it curiously for a moment. "I see that the world is flat," he remarked.

"Monsieur," asked Grantaire, "what is

it that all mankind dreads but cannot escape?"

"The police," replied my uncle, promptly.

"No," said Grantaire, "it is death, and with this," and he placed his hand on the portfolio, "I shall abolish death. Do you desire greater wealth than you already possess? Do you long for power? You shall have such riches as the world never saw heaped up, and such power as never yet man wielded. I have spent fifteen years and a fortune seeking it. Listen a moment. When Miserob the Armenian, early in the fifth century, wished to translate the Bible, he sent his students to Alexandria to learn the Greek tongue. One of them brought this back with him. Miserob gave it to Moses of Khorene, who placed it in the Vatican library in the year 437. When the Popes went to Avignon in 1309 it went with them, and when they returned to Rome, Gregory XI. carried it back. When the Duke of Bourbon sacked the Vatican in 1527, and was shot by Benvenuto Cellini, one of his soldiers stole it, sold it to the royal library at Fontainebleau in 1534, and stole it back again the next day. This soldier caused me much trouble, Monsieur. He pawned it once in Paris, and twice in Marseilles, under an assumed name, and chancing to die at Corbie in Picardy, the monk who shrived him took it from his bosom. This monk placed it in the library of the monastery, and it appears in the catalogue of 1638. In 1794, it was removed to the town library of Amiens, where it was unnoticed. Four years ago I was made care-taker at Amiens, and day before yesterday I found it. It had been stolen for fourteen hundred years, and I had no scruples. Why should I? It had cost me the best years of my life, and 500,000 francs to find it. Who is the rightful owner? The library at Alexandria. Where is that library? Cæsar burned it."

"That was a long time ago, Monsieur," remarked my uncle.

"So long," said Grantaire, "that the statute has run. It is mine by right of discovery, and history begins from this day."

My uncle struck a match and lit a pipe. "Monsieur Grantaire," he asked, "what is *it*?"

The Frenchman sprang from his chair. "Haven't I told you?" he exclaimed; then, leaning over, he whispered in my uncle's ear, "It is a map showing the exact location of the Garden of Eden, and a manuscript by Miserob, who visited it."

Just then Captain Sparrow came aft and asked if he should get under way.

"Does it matter whether you stay here or go on to Monaco?" asked my uncle of Grantaire.

"No," he replied; "the little bag I brought aboard is my luggage."

My uncle nodded to the captain, who gave an order and went upon the bridge. The boatswain's whistle sounded, the crew cast off the hawsers, a bell jingled in the engine-room, the screw began to slowly beat the water, and the Merry Wives glided out of the harbor. Just then the sun peeped over the boot of Italy, and the water and the sky turned from gray to pink and then to blue; a faint breeze sprang up from the east, bringing with it the scent of roses and of pines, the bugles sounded from Villafranca, and my uncle leaned over and blew out the lamps, for it was morning.

II

WHEN Grantaire came on deck at four bells the yacht lay at anchor under the palace of Monaco. An awning had been stretched over the after-deck, and under this breakfast was laid. The steward had just placed the melons on the table when my uncle came up the hatch. "Ah, Monsieur," he said, "I dreamed of the Garden of Eden all night, and we wake to find it on our port bow," and he waved his hand toward Monte Carlo. "Yes," he continued, as they took their seats, "here you have sky, water, trees, flowers, music, pigeon-shooting, gambling, and every two-footed beast that walks the earth, besides there are no taxes. Does not that make a paradise? Why did you spend so much money for your map when you could have bought a Baedeker for four francs?"

"Monsieur," replied Grantaire, "I fear that you do not take me seriously. Have you a Bible?"

"Steward," said my uncle, "is there a Bible on board?"



I spent three years in that sweet spot.—Page 92.

"Yes, sir," replied the steward; "when we was fittin' in Southampton the mate won one at a Salvation Army raffle."

"Ask the mate to loan it to me," said my uncle, "and meanwhile, Monsieur, try these eggs *à la Bercy*."

The steward came back with the book. Grantaire took it and crossed himself. "This," he said, solemnly, "is the Word of God."

Then he read the following from the Book of Genesis :

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed.

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat;

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

He paused a moment and resumed :

And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever :

Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden the Cherubim and the flame of a sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.

He closed the book and said : "Do you understand now what I have obtained? Do you see that what the world has been seeking for ages I have found in a search of only fifteen years? Don't you understand that the man who finds the Garden of Eden will find there growing the Tree of Life, and that he who finds the tree may eat of the fruit thereof?"

My uncle buttered a muffin with great care. "Monsieur," he said at length, "do you believe what you have just read?"

"Yes," replied Grantaire. "My mother taught me to believe it when I was a child, and I have met no man since who was wise enough to give me a substitute. Besides, Miserob found the garden and the tree."

"It does not seem to have worked in his case," said my uncle. "He is quite dead, is he not?"

"Yes, he died fourteen hundred years ago, but he did not eat of the fruit."

"And you, Monsieur, if you were to find the tree, would you disobey the divine injunction and eat thereof; would your mother approve of that?"

"Ah, Monsieur," replied Grantaire, "man was told that he might freely eat of every tree in the garden save only of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. He was not forbidden to eat of the tree of life."

My uncle smoked silently for some minutes; then he said, somewhat abruptly, "Tell me what you wish and why you have come to me."

"Monsieur," said Grantaire, "I wish money for my journey, and I come to you because you are young and venturesome and the richest man of your years in France to-day."

My uncle rose from the table, and the quartermaster, who had been waiting this signal that breakfast was over, hauled down the meal pennant. Grantaire remained in his seat. My uncle took a turn up and down the deck, returned Captain Sparrow's good-morning, and then went on the bridge. He came down again and walked aft to where Grantaire was sitting.

"Monsieur," he said, "how much will it cost?"

"As you would travel," replied Grantaire, "with a caravan, bearers, a chef, a valet and an ice machine, it would take a million francs. As I shall go, a hundred thousand will suffice."

"Have you any money?" asked my uncle.

"Two louis," replied Grantaire; and he laid them on the table.

"They will buy you an umbrella for your journey," said my uncle. "You were wise to come to me, for as you say, I am very; very young. I have also more money than is good for me. I decline to furnish 100,000 francs, but I will make you a sporting proposition. I came here this morning to gamble. I have 50,000 francs in my cabin. I never lose more. I will divide with you, and we will go to Monte Carlo after lunch; if you win 75,000 francs, there you are."

"And if I lose?" asked Grantaire.

"Why, in that event," said my uncle, "there you are also."

At luncheon there were some hot-house peaches on the table. Grantaire took one up and said: "By the way, Monsieur, I am convinced that I shall find the fruit to be more like a peach than an apple, which in its palatable form is artificial."

"Excuse me," said my uncle, somewhat impatiently, "but the launch is at the gangway, and if you are ready, I am. Here are the 25,000 francs."

While in the launch, Grantaire said: "This is the nineteenth of the month and my birthday."

They landed just east of the station, and crossing the tracks mounted the long flight of steps to the terrace. When they entered the casino, Grantaire went into the bureau and asked for a card of admission. He called my uncle's attention to the fact that it was numbered 1906. Then they left their hats and Grantaire's bag in the vestiaire. Grantaire's hat check was number 719. They went into the large room where the four roulette tables are.

"Good luck to you," said my uncle, and turned to the left. Grantaire went toward the table on the right.

"Now," said my uncle to himself, "I'll give him a chance to bolt and close the incident."

But Grantaire did not bolt. He took his stand behind the players until someone rose to leave, then he threw a louis on the table and claimed the vacant seat. My uncle went over and stood where he could watch him. Grantaire handed the croupier two notes for 1,000 francs each and received the gold for them. Then he placed eight louis on the number nineteen, and 1,200 francs on the line between nineteen and twenty-two, thus playing the "transverse." He next laid 3,000 francs on the middle dozen. The croupiers and the players began to watch him. Next he placed 6,000 francs on "black," the same on "passe" and the same on "impair"; the remainder, 2,620 francs, he laid in the square at the bottom of the first column of figures. The croupiers unfolded the notes and called their amounts. The players from the other tables crowded about, and my uncle had hard work to keep his place.

"Make your play, ladies and gentlemen," called the croupier, then, after a moment's pause, he spun the wheel and threw the ball. There was silence until the ball began to hit against the partitions of the slowing wheel. "Nothing more goes," called the croupier, and then the seconds became hours. Suddenly the click of the ball ceased—it had settled into one of the partitions. "Dix neuf, passe, impaire et noir," called the croupier. Grantaire sat unmoved while the croupiers counted out his several bets and when they finally pushed over to him 41,890 francs, he gathered them up but left his stakes upon the table and added to them from his winnings sufficient to cover the other "transverse," the "corners," the "couples" and the "cross," and he also completed his stake upon the first column.

No one else made a bet. The croupier bowed to Grantaire and asked, "Is Monsieur quite ready?"

"Quite," replied Grantaire, and the wheel started. There was the same strained silence broken only by the clicking of the ball, and when that ceased, before the croupier could announce the result the crowd shouted. The ball had stopped in number nineteen. The croupier counted out to Grantaire 78,650 francs. He gathered up all the money on the table and left his seat. He walked into the entrance-hall and consulted a railway time-table which hung on one of the pillars. My uncle joined him there.

"Ah, Monsieur," said Grantaire, "a train leaves for the East in six minutes. I have won 120,540 francs. I return you the 25,000 which you so kindly loaned me, and the 20,540 as interest," and he thrust a roll of notes into my uncle's hand. They walked toward the station.

"Monsieur," said my uncle, "I admired your courage when you left your stake upon the table."

Grantaire took off his hat. "It was nothing," he said, "compared with yours when you loaned me the 25,000 francs. May I ask why you have never asked to see the map?"

My uncle laughed. "I was afraid," he answered, "that if I saw it I should go with you."

Just then the engine whistled, and the two men shook hands.

"I shall report to you in New York," said Grantaire, and ran down the steps.

III

EIGHT years afterward, on an afternoon in early June, the Merry Wives passed Whitestone bound west. The yacht being feminine had changed her name and was now the Beatrix. Captain Sparrow was on the bridge and my uncle was dozing in a steamer-chair under the after-awning. On the table, among the books and flowers, lay a pair of small gloves and a fan. A green parrot hung in a gilded cage.

"Jack," came a voice from the after hatch. My uncle smiled and half opened his eyes.

"Here," he replied.

"Jack," the voice continued, "throw me down your keys."

My uncle fished his key-ring out of his trousers pocket and tossed it down the hatch; then he resumed his slumbers, but not for long, for soon there emerged from the companionway a white sailor hat, then a comely, smiling face, then a blue serge gown and finally, as my aunt stepped onto the deck, a white shoe and a few inches of black silk stocking.

"Jack," she said, "see what I found in the little drawer in your dressing-table," and she held out a visiting-card to which were pinned a number of French bank-notes. "Who is Sebastian Grantaire?"

"I declare," said my uncle, "I had forgotten all about it," and he took the notes from my aunt and counted them. "Twenty thousand five hundred," he said. Then he took a small purse from his pocket from which he abstracted two louis. "These," he said, "go with them, and make up the 20,540 francs." And then he told my aunt the story.

"Jack," said she, "it seems to me that you did very strange things when you were studying in Europe."

"Nothing," replied he, "to what I have done since."

"What?" asked my aunt.

"There's my total reformation, for one thing," said my uncle, who grew demonstrative.

"Don't," said my aunt, straightening her hat, "some of the men will see you."

"They don't mind," said my uncle, and he did it again.

When the Beatrix dropped her anchor off the yacht-station at Twenty-sixth Street, my uncle and my aunt went ashore in the gig, and were met at the float by a servant who, as he shut the door of the brougham handed in a bundle of letters. My uncle opened the first one, read it, settled back into the corner and dropped the hand which held the paper onto his knee. My aunt, who had been looking out of her window, surprised him in this attitude.

"What is it, Jack?" she asked.

My uncle handed her the letter. It was in French, and she read it aloud.

If Monsieur will take the elevated railway this evening and will descend at 155th Street as if to proceed to the Polo Grounds, he will learn the gratitude of

SEBASTIAN GRANTAIRE.

Friday, June fourth.

They sat silent for some moments, then my aunt drew close to my uncle and said, "Jack, I'm afraid; just think, we were talking of him only an hour ago, and you had not thought of him before in eight years; and now the first thing you get when you reach home is his letter, and he wants you to go way up to the Polo Grounds to-night. Shall you go, Jack?"

"Of course I shall," he replied, "and I'll have Grantaire in to lunch to-morrow. Perhaps you can get on to his game—he's too deep for me."

This attribute to my aunt's superior astuteness silenced her objections, and my uncle went down the steps of the elevated at 155th Street that evening at just six minutes past nine and started to walk toward Eighth Avenue. He had not gone far when a shadow clambered down from the rocks and stood in the road until my uncle came up, then the shadow raised its hat and said, "Monsieur, I felt sure that you would come."

"Grantaire," asked my uncle, somewhat nervously, "is that you?"

"Ah, Monsieur," replied the shadow, "that opens a philosophical question which has baffled the ages. There are good things to be said on both sides of it; and to be frank with you, I don't know. I only know that eight years ago you loaned me 25,000 francs, and if I were

Grantaire then I am Grantaire now, but who knows? Come."

They turned off from the road across the rocks.

"Where are you going?" asked my uncle.

"But a step," replied Grantaire; "my house is yonder."

In a few moments they stopped at one of those composite huts found only in the upper part of Manhattan Island. While Grantaire was working at the lock my uncle looked about him and saw over at the south the illuminated tents of "The Greatest Show on Earth" pitched on the Polo Grounds, and the faint breeze brought to his ears the music of the circus. Grantaire entered the hut and turned up the lamp. My uncle followed him, and then for the first time saw his companion's face. Grantaire was an old man. His hair and beard were white, his flesh had wasted and turned yellow, and his eyes were only glittering black beads, without pupil or iris, that rested on my uncle for an instant and then turned away.

"Monsieur," said Grantaire, his eyes averted, his fingers ceaselessly playing upon the arms of his chair, "to-night I am in a position to repay the loan you made me."

"You forget," said my uncle, "that you paid it to me the same day at Monte Carlo, and left with me in addition 20,540 francs, which I now return to you." And he placed them on the table.

"As you please," said Grantaire, "they will help to pay postage. To-morrow, when my secret is known, I shall have a correspondence. When I said that I was in a position to repay your loan I did not mean that I actually had the money; I meant that I had the power to command money. I have found the Tree of Life. Shall I tell you where I found it?"

My uncle thought a moment and then said, "No; tell me what you found. Don't tell me your route. If I knew that I might wake some morning with an irresistible desire to travel."

"I found," said Grantaire, "after a six months' journey over mountain-ranges and across deserts, two small volcanoes that were marked upon my map as the 'Cherubim with the Flaming Sword,' and traversing a short valley which lay between

them I entered the Garden of Eden. I spent three years in that sweet spot as the trusted guest of a tribe of grave and gentle men whose whole world is bounded by the hills which circle them. All beyond is, to them, the desert.

"In the midst of the garden is a group of small trees which is guarded night and day. The fruit is never touched, and where it falls it lies. No one ever enters the grove except the chief or high priest, and his family. I need not tell you that those trees are the descendants of the Tree of Life, but the inhabitants of the garden do not know it. All that they know is that their fathers, from time immemorial, have guarded the grove, and that, for some reason, it is sacred.

"For three years I lived in the shadow of the trees, but I never passed the line of guards which encircled them. Then, one night in the autumn of the fourth year, when the ripe fruit had begun to fall, I stole away from the valley, passed the Cherubim and the Flaming Sword, which seemed to menace me, and once more crossed the desert that separates Eden from the world."

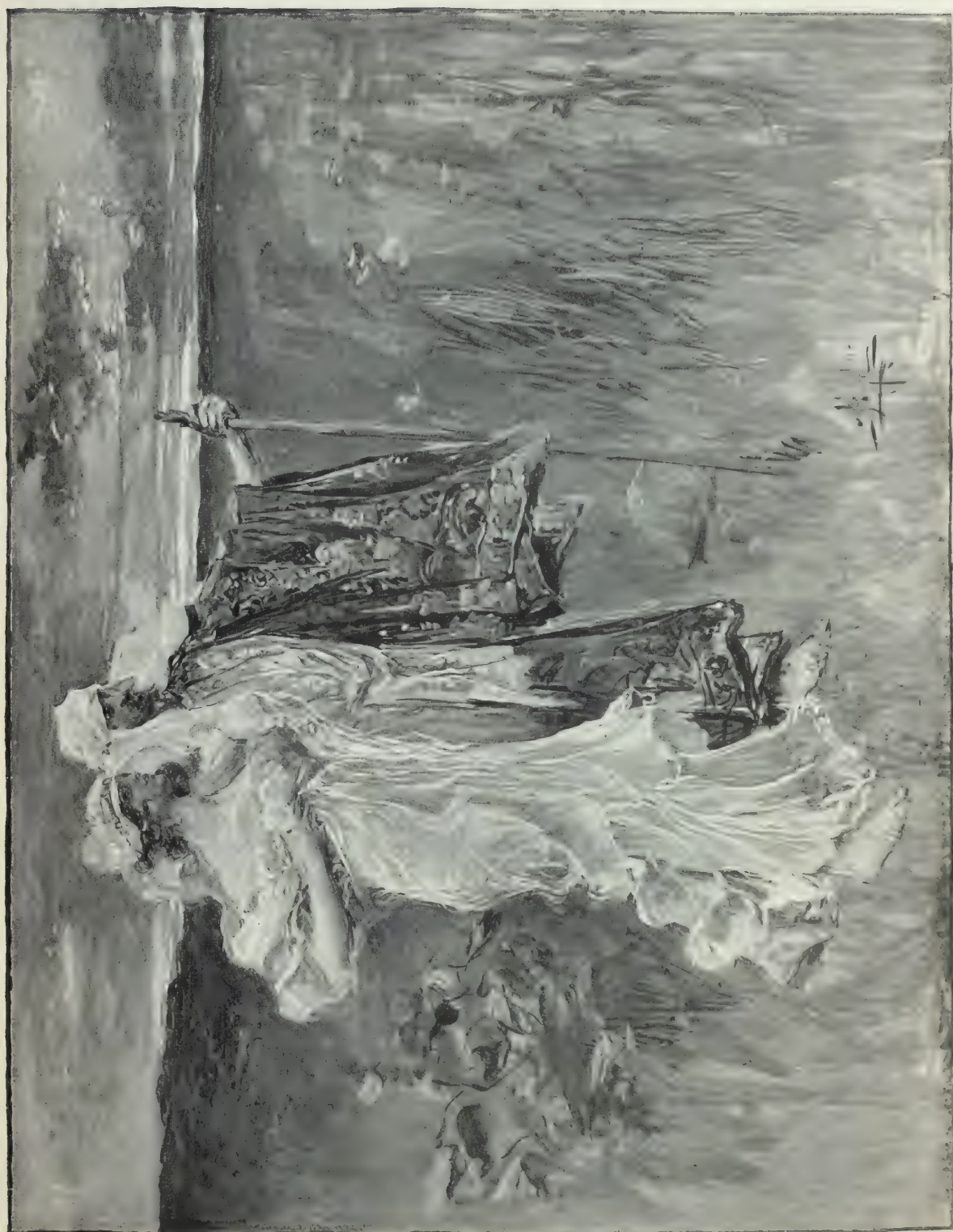
"And the Tree of Life," cried my uncle—"you did not eat of it after all?"

"No," answered Grantaire, "I have never tasted of it, but I shall to-night, and so shall you."

He took up the lamp, crossed the room to a door, opened it, and my uncle followed him into a rudely constructed hot-house, framed with scantling, and covered with the glass-sash which market gardeners use for their frames.

The glass was thickly whitewashed. There was a stove at one end, and a litter of matting, straw, and broken packing-boxes covered the floor. In the centre stood a large wooden box painted green, and in the box a tree about four feet high was growing.

My uncle had scarcely time to note these things when he heard Grantaire say something in a strange language, and a woman came out of the shadow and stood in the light. She was clothed in some graceful, flowing garment, her hands were crossed upon her breast, and her yellow hair hung about her waist. My uncle had not known that the world possessed anything so beautiful. She stood a moment,



She came across the desert with me.—Page 95.



Then the roof fell in.—Page 95.

knelt at my uncle's feet, and then went back to her seat in the shadow.

"I told her," said Grantaire, "that you and she are the only friends I have in the

world. You may speak freely; she knows only her own tongue."

"Who is she?" my uncle whispered.

Grantaire did not reply at once. Finally

he said : " She is Lilith, the daughter of the high priest. She took the fruit after I had besought her for two years, and she came across the desert with me. Do you think the good God will ever forgive me? She brought away two of the fruit and I planted the pits when we reached Marseilles. I was right, you see, the tree is more like a peach than an apple. Both of the pits sprouted and grew until we were half-way across the Atlantic, then one of them died. Lilith and I have watched the other every moment during the last four years, turn and turn about, and I have asked you to come here to-night, for it has borne fruit and the fruit is ripe. I have beggared myself, spent twenty-three years of my life, and "—glancing toward the form in the shadow—" have been a scoundrel, but I have gained immortality. Why should I bother about my soul if it is never to leave my body, and what can happen to my body when death shall have no more dominion over me? "

" I never exactly understood, " said my uncle, " how this fruit is so secure to you what you claim. How will it make you rich? How will it give you power? "

Grantaire became excited at once. " What would you give me if the young wife, which the newspapers say you have taken, were dying and I could save her life? Multiply that sum by half the population of the earth, and what do you get? How much would the French Government have paid me in 1870 if I could then have made her soldiers proof against the German bullets? How much would the life insurance companies of the world give me to render all their risks a nullity? And as for power—is there any limit to him who holds life and death in his hand, and who can make the history of the world? Come, " he cried—" The harvest is ripe, let us eat. "

He walked toward the tree, still carrying the lamp. My uncle followed, and among the shining leaves saw a highly colored fruit, somewhat oblong in shape, and very like a peach. Grantaire stood a moment holding the lamp above his head and peering about the room as though dreading interruption. The lamp shook and flared. Finally he reached his hand toward the fruit, but drew it back again and taking his handkerchief from his

pocket he wiped his forehead. Then he muttered to himself : " And now, lest he put forth his hand and take also of the Tree of Life, and eat and live forever " and then he thrust out his hand quickly and plucked the fruit.

A low moan came from the woman crouched in the shadow. Grantaire, still carrying the lamp, walked over to her and offered her the fruit. She shuddered, drew back, and hid her face in her hands. With a shrug of his shoulders, Grantaire came back and held out the fruit to my uncle, who put his hands behind him and shook his head.

" Coward ! " hissed Grantaire ; " most men fear to die—it appears that you are afraid to live ; " and he raised the fruit to his lips.

Just then there was a faint rustling in the straw at the foot of the tree. Grantaire heard it and glanced down, and my uncle, who was watching his face, saw it suddenly grow gray.

Then my uncle looked down also and saw slowly gliding out from the straw a little green and black field snake that twined itself about the stem of the tree.

" Look ! " screamed Grantaire—" Satan, who tempted man aforetime to lose his soul is here to see he does not win it back again"—and he flung the lamp, with all his force, straight at the glistening coil.

There was a crash—silence—and then all was fire. My uncle put his arms across his face and burst through the glass. Burned and cut he turned and saw for a moment that Grantaire was bending over the tree, evidently trying to shield it with his body, and that the woman was kneeling at his feet, her arms clasped about his knees. Then the roof fell in, the flames shot up, and my uncle saw no more.

Some days after, my uncle, plastered and bandaged, opened his eyes upon the sweet face of my aunt who was bending over him.

" What is it ? " he asked, faintly.

" You have been badly hurt, " she replied. " You were burned and "—

" Oh, yes, " he said, " I remember now. "

Then in a moment he whispered, " Poor Grantaire—I found paradise nearer home"—and he raised my aunt's hand to his lips.

SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS

TO A YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN IN SEARCH OF THE IDEAL

By Robert Grant

I



SHALL assume certain things to begin with. If a young man, that the dividing-line between mine and thine is so clearly defined to your own consciousness that you are never tempted to cross it. For instance, that it is your invariable practice to keep the funds of others

in a separate bank-account from the money which belongs to you, and not to mix them. That you will not lie to escape the consequences of your own or others' actions. That you are not afraid to stand up and be shot at if necessary. That you do not use your knife to carry food to your mouth ; say "How ?" for "What ?" or hold the young lady whom you are courting or to whom you are engaged by the crook of her elbow and shove her along the street as though she were a perambulator. If a young woman, that you are so pure in thought that you do not feel obliged to read diseased fiction in order to enlighten yourself as to what is immorality. That you do not bear false witness against your neighbor by telling every unpleasant story you hear to the next person you meet. That you do not repeat to an acquaintance, on the plea of duty, the disagreeable remarks or criticisms which others have made to you regarding her. That you try to be unselfish, sympathetic, and amiable in spite of everything. That you neither chew gum nor use pigments. And that you do not treat young men as demi-gods, before whom you must abase yourself in order to be exalted.

I take it for granted that you have reached the moral and social plane which this assumption implies. Manners are, indeed, a secondary consideration as compared with ethics. A man who eats with his knife may, nevertheless, be a hero.

And, yet, it is not always easy to fix where manners and ethics begin. Many a finished young woman who stealthily heightens the hue of her complexion and blackens her eyebrows with paint probably regards the girl who chews gum with superior scorn. Yet tradition associates paint rather than gum with the scarlet woman. To avoid introducing the subtleties of discussion where all is so clear, it is simpler to exclude the use of either as a possible characteristic of fine womanhood. The homely adage that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear is full of meaning for democracy. Manners must go hand in hand with morals, or character will show no more lustre than the uncut and unpolished diamond, whose latent brilliancy is marred by uncouthness, so that it may readily be mistaken for a vulgar stone.

I assume, then, that you possess honesty, purity, and courage, the intention to be unselfish and sympathetic, and an appreciation of the stigma of vulgarity. If you are seeking the ideal, you will try to be, in the first place, an uncommon person. A common person is one who is content to be just like everyone else in his or her own walk of life. The laws on our statute-books are made for the benefit of common people ; that is to say, they are tempered to the necessities of the weak and erring. If you stop short there you will keep out of jail, but you will be a very ordinary member of society. This sounds trite, but the application of the principle involved is progressive. It is easy to be ordinary in the higher walks of civilization and yet pass for a rather superior person. It is only necessary to be content to "do as everyone else does," and accept the bare limit of the social code under which you live as the guide of conduct.

(NOTE.—I am reminded here by my wife, Josephine that, though the statute-laws are broken by few of our friends,

there is one law which women who claim to be highly civilized and exceedingly superior are constantly breaking—the statute which forbids them to smuggle.)

Scene : An ocean steam-ship. Two sea-chairs side by side.

Dramatis Personæ : A Refined and Gifted Instructress of Youth on the home passage from a summer's vacation abroad, and your Philosopher. A perfect sea and sky, which beget confidences.

Refined and Gifted Instructress of Youth. It's rather a bother to have friends ask you to bring in things.

The Philosopher. I always say "Certainly; but I shall be obliged to declare them." That ends it.

Refined and Gifted. My friends wouldn't like that at all. It would offend them. You mustn't tell, but I have as commissions a dress, two packages of gloves, and a large French doll, in my trunk.

The Philosopher. Yet you will be obliged to sign a paper that you have nothing dutiable and that everything you have is yours.

Refined and Gifted. If I were to declare the things, the duties would all have to come out of my own pocket. I shouldn't have the face to collect it from my friends.

The Philosopher. They expect you to fib, of course. You prefer, then, to cheat the Government rather than disappoint persons who made use of you in order to accomplish that very thing?

Refined and Gifted. You don't put it nicely at all, Mr. Philosopher. Besides, the things are mine. I paid for them with my own money; and, until I am paid back, the things belong to me. There, now, why shouldn't I sign the paper?

The Philosopher. A shallow sophistry. A merchant who acted on that theory would be sent to jail. Will a refined and gifted instructress of youth, whose mission in life it is to lead the young in the paths of virtue, evade the law by a subterfuge?

Refined and Gifted. It's an odious law. My family all believe in free trade.

The Philosopher. Very possibly. But it is the law.

Refined and Gifted (after a pause). I

don't care. If I declare the things they would never forgive me, and I can't afford to pay charges on their things myself. I've only just enough money to get home, anyway. Perhaps no one will ask me to sign it. By the way, how much ought I to give the man if he passes everything nicely?

The Philosopher. Nothing. That would be bribery.

Refined and Gifted. Why, I thought all men did that.

The Philosopher. Chiefly women who try to smuggle. (*Silence of five minutes.*)

Refined and Gifted. I don't care. I shall sign it.

And she did.

Those whose office it is to utter the last word over the dead rarely yield to the temptation to raise the mantle of charity and show the man or woman in all his or her imperfections. Society prefers to err on the side of mercy and forbearance, and to consign dust to dust with beautiful generalizations of hope and congratulation, even though the subject of the obsequies be a widely known sinner. However fitting it may be to ignore the truth in the presence of death, there can be no greater peril for one in your predicament than to cherish the easy-going doctrine that you are willing to take your chance with the rest of the world. The democratic proposition that everyone is as good as his neighbor is readily amended so as to read that, if you are as good as your neighbor, everybody ought to be satisfied. A philosopher has a right to take liberties with the dead which a clergyman must deny himself. "Died at his late residence on the 5th inst., Solomon Grundy, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Friends are kindly requested not to send flowers." Perhaps you saw it? Very likely you knew him. If so, you may have attended the funeral and heard read over his bier the beautiful words, "I heard a voice from Heaven which said, write Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and the hymn, which the family had requested, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The officiating clergyman was not to blame. Solomon Grundy had worshipped at his church with regularity for twenty years, and had been a fairly generous contributor to foreign and domestic missions, in spite of the fact that

he had the reputation down-town of being close as the bark of a tree. The obituary notices in the newspapers referred to him as "a leading merchant" and "a gentleman of the old school." No wonder that the Rev. Peter Tyson, who is a brave man and has been known to rear on occasions, felt that he could let himself go without injury to his conscience. Besides, even so discriminating a person as your Philosopher saw fit to attend the funeral, and remembering that the old gentleman had given him a wedding present, would probably have ordered a wreath but for the wishes of the family. And yet the facts of Solomon Grundy's life, when examined in a philosophic spirit, serve chiefly to point a moral for one who is in search of the ideal. Read the itinerary of his earthly pilgrimage and judge for yourself:

Infancy (first six years).—No reliable data except a cherubic miniature, and the family tradition that he once threw into the fire a necklace belonging to his grandmother. People who know all about such matters will tell you that during these first six years the foundations of character are laid. The miniature was always said to bear a striking resemblance to his maternal grandfather, who was a man of—nay, nay, this will never do. Those same people to whom I have just referred will tell you that we inherit everything we are, and, if I proceed on that theory, we are done with Solomon Grundy as soon as he was born. Decidedly a young man or woman in search of the ideal cannot afford to palm off on ancestors the responsibility for his or her own conduct.

Boyhood (six to sixteen).—So-called highly respectable surroundings and good educational advantages. Here we are brought face to face again with those same persons whom I have already instanced. *They* will assure you that Solomon's father and mother and his "environment" were the responsible agents during this period, and that whatever Solomon did not inherit or have settled for him before his sixth year was settled for him by them without the knowledge of said Solomon. This is rather discouraging as a study of Solomon as a conscious, active *ego*, but it affords you an opportunity, if you are not in search of the ideal, to make your parents and that comfortable

phrase your "environment" bear the burden of all your shortcomings until you are sixteen, and serve as an excuse for your shortcomings in the future.

Youth (sixteen to twenty-one).—Now we at least make progress. Solomon enters college. Gets one or two conditions, but works them off and stands erect. High spirits and corresponding consequences. Becomes popular and idle. Subscribes to the faith that the object of going to college is to study human nature, and is fascinated by his own acumen. Sudden revulsion at beginning of senior year. The aims and responsibilities of life unfold themselves in absorbing panorama, and his soul is full of high resolve. The world is his oyster. Studies hard for six months and graduates somewhat higher than had been anticipated. (Curtain descends to inspiring music.) Solomon stands on the threshold of life the image of virile youth, shading his brow and looking at the promised land.

Early Manhood (twenty-one to thirty).—Solomon decides to go into business. Reasons chiefly pecuniary. No special aptitude for anything else. Is sent abroad to study more human nature, acquire breadth of view and learn French. Does so in Paris. Returns with some of his high resolve tarnished, and with only a smattering of the language in question. Goes into the employ of a wholesale dry-goods merchant, and begins at the lowest round of the ladder. Works hard and absorbedly. Very little leisure. Devotes what he has to social diversion. Develops a pleasing talent for private theatricals, in the exercise of which falls in love with a pretty but impecunious young woman. (Slow and sentimental music.) Yearns to marry, but is advised by elderly business friends that he cannot afford it. Dejected winter in bachelor apartments. Takes up with Schopenhauer. Spirits slightly restored by first rise on ladder. Eschews society and private theatricals. Forms relations, which recall Paris, with sympathetic, nomadic young person. Gets another rise on the ladder, and is spoken of among his contemporaries as doing well.

Manhood (thirty-one to forty).—Works steadily and makes several fortunate investments. Joins one or two clubs, and gains eight pounds in weight. Grows side-

whiskers or a goatee. Gets another rise, and the following year is taken into the firm. Complaints of dyspepsia, and at advice of physician buys saddle-horse. Contributes \$50 to charity, joins a book-club and attends twopolitical caucuses. Thinks of taking an active interest in politics, but is advised by elderly business friends that it would interfere with his business prospects. Owing to the death of a member of the firm, becomes second in command. Thinks of changing bachelor rooms and wonders why he shouldn't marry instead. Goes into society a little and looks about. Gains five extra pounds and makes more fortunate investments. Picks out good-looking, sensible girl eight years younger than himself, with a tidy property in her own right. Is conscious of being enraptured in her presence, and deems himself very much in love. (Orchestra plays waltz by Strauss.) Offers himself and is accepted. Burns everything in his bachelor rooms and sells out all his speculative investments. Regrets to observe that he is growing bald. Impressive ceremony and large wedding-cake.

Manhood—Middle Age (forty to fifty-five).—Conservative attitude toward domestic expenses. Works hard from what he calls "new incentive." Delights in the peacefulness of the domestic hearth. Blissful mental condition. (Religious music.) Buys pew in Rev. Peter Tyson's church. Buys baby-wagon. Increasing profits in dry-goods business. Almost bald. Gives \$200 to foreign missions. Is proud of his wife's appearance and entertains in moderation. Becomes head of firm. Buys gold-headed cane and gains five more pounds. Goes to Europe for six months, with his wife, and conducts himself with propriety, visiting cathedrals and historical monuments. Shows her Paris. Foresees financial complications and turns ship accordingly. Increasing family expenses and depressing conditions in dry-goods trade. Completely bald. First attack of gout. Absorbed in business and in real-estate investments. On return of commercial prosperity, reaps the reward of foresight and sagacity. Is chosen director of two railroads and a trust company. Is elected president of his club. Gives \$500 to domestic missions. Buys new house and a barouche

for his wife. Gives large evening entertainment. Second attack of gout. Goes to Carlsbad for treatment. (Toccata by Galuppi.)

Old Age (fifty-five to sixty-seven).—Addresses Christian association on "How to Succeed in Life." Is appointed trustee of a hospital and an art museum. Votes conservatively on every question. Is referred to in newspapers as "Hon. Solomon Grundy." Slight attack of paralysis. Becomes somewhat venerable in appearance. Deplores degeneracy of modern ideas. Retires from active business. More venerable in appearance. Second attack of paralysis and death.

And that was the end of Solomon Grundy. A highly respectable representative of a second-class man. The term suggests an idea. We have here no first, second, and third class railway carriages, as are found in England and other countries. But it would be interesting, from a philosophical point of view, to invent such a train for the occasion, and bestow our friends and acquaintances, and, indeed, society at large, according to their qualifications. You, of course, are desirous to know who are the persons entitled to travel first-class, in order that you may be introduced to them and avoid intimacy with the others, so far as is consistent with Christian charity and the mutual obligations of social beings. But let me first dip my pen in the ink again.

II

ABRACADABRA. Presto! Behold the train. The gates are opened and the people press in. There will not be much trouble with the third-class passengers. See how they take their proper places of their own accord. Some of them deserve to ride second-class quite as much as many who will be affronted at not being allowed to go first-class. Do you see that man? He is a commercial traveller, or drummer, and, naturally, early on the ground. He doesn't hesitate or examine his tickets, but gets directly into a second-class smoking-car, settles himself, and puts on a silk cap. He knows that it is useless to ask for a first-class seat, and he

is going to make the best of it (which is good philosophy). Very likely if you were sitting next to him he would utter some such cheery remark as, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence," and tell you a pat story to illustrate the situation. Did you happen to notice, though, the longing look he cast at the first-class coaches as he went by? I feel sure that down in his heart he is ready to admit that there are such things as ideals, after all, and he is making resolutions as to what he would do if he could live his life over again.

Did you notice that stout, fashionably dressed man who stopped and looked at me with a grin? He was trying it on, so to speak. He knew just as well as Tom Johnson, the drummer, that he had no right to travel first-class, but he thought I might admit him on the score of social prestige. He is one of the kindest-hearted of fellows—just the man to whom a friend would apply in a tight place, and I rather think he would be apt to help an enemy, unless it happened that something he had eaten for supper the night before had disagreed with him. He has the digestion of an ostrich, and he needs it, for his skin is full of oil, and whiskey, and tortured goose-liver, and canvas-back ducks, and pepper-sauce, and ripe Camembert cheese, and truffles, and Burgundy, and many other rich and kindred delicacies. He could tell four different vintages of champagne apart with his eyes shut, and he has honor at his club on account of it. His name is Howard Vincent. An illustrious-sounding name, isn't it? He inherits gout from both sides of the family. He does not know Tom Johnson, the drummer. They have moved in different social strata. But they belong to the same order of human beings. There! you notice, he asks Tom for a light, and they have begun to talk together. They are laughing now, and Tom is winking. I shouldn't wonder if they were making fun of the first-class passengers. Vincent has read more or less in his day, and he rather prides himself on what he calls keeping abreast of the times in the line of thought. See, they have opened the window, and are beckoning to me. Let us hear what they have to say.

Drummer. Ah, there, philosopher! You

wouldn't let us in, and I guess you know your business. We've had a good time in life, anyhow. If the religious folk are right, we shall be in it up to our necks. If they're wrong, they've been wasting a lot of valuable time.

Howard Vincent. We've ridden straight, at all events. (Vincent is an authority on sporting matters.) We haven't pretended to be something we were not. We've never cheated anybody, and we've never lied to anybody, and each, according to his light (this last qualification was for Tom's benefit), has been a gentleman. We've been men of the world, and we have found the world a reasonably satisfactory place. We're in no haste to leave it.

The Philosopher. And may I add, gentlemen, that each of you has a kind and generous heart?

Did you observe how pleased they looked when I said that? It was a little weak of me to say it, but I could not help it. Somehow, it is very difficult to be sufficiently severe to such easy-going, pleasant-natured fellows, who are content to take the world as they find it, laugh and grow fat. Moreover, Tom Johnson has for twenty years supported his old mother and invalid sister, and remained single as a consequence; and Howard Vincent has a habit of giving away delightful sums on Christmas Day without advertising the fact. How often, on the occasion of death, do we hear the aphorism that everything counts for nothing save the kindly deeds of the deceased, until one is tempted to believe that a genial commercial traveller, like our friend, with a benignant soul is more admirable and inspiring than a highly sensitive gentleman and scholar. Indisputably this is so if the gentleman and scholar lacks the humanity for which the other is conspicuous; but, nevertheless, it behooves the soul in search of the ideal to beware of the slough of mere warm-heartedness. It is an attribute which, if relied on too exclusively as a leavening force, is readily made to subserve very ordinary purposes. The two Falstaffian men in the second-class car belong there, even though you might find their kindly ways and their stories attractive up to a certain point. They are of the class of men who, more signally perhaps than any other, bar the path of

the world's progress toward the stars by means of the argument that what has been must be, and that what is is good enough. They are of the men who shrug their shoulders when the hope is expressed that the abuse of liquor may be lessened and finally controlled; who sneer at the efforts of the police authorities to shut up all the houses of ill-repute, on the ground that prostitution has always existed and must always exist. (That it will never become "unpopular," as the drummer would tell you in his breezy way.) Assuredly, you need to be on your guard against infatuation with those big, genial and (usually) pot-bellied personages whose large hearts and abundant charity and splendid appetites allow them to discard as unworthy of a sensible man's regard everything but honesty, reading, spelling and arithmetic (add, in the case of Howard Vincent, a dash of accomplishments and agnostic philosophy), Worcestershire sauce and jests of custom-made humor. Blessed be humor. The man or woman without it is like a loaf of stale bread or a cup of brackish water. But to be content with the mere workaday world and its ways is like travelling perpetually with a grip-sack. When we open the grip-sack, what do we find? The barest necessities of life, without a trace of anything which inspires or refines. I have no desire to betray the private affairs of any commercial traveller, or to imply that the Bible and Shakespeare are not occasionally to be found both in the kit of the travelling man and the English leather trunk of the more elegant man of fashion. I am simply cautioning you, my male correspondents, to beware of accepting as final your world as you find it. Nothing is more sure to make you a second-class person. Mere good-natured common-sense ("horse-sense," as our drummer would call it) is a useful virtue, but it would keep civilization ordinary to the crack of doom.

Ah! now we are likely to have trouble. Notice, please, the lady coming this way. How graceful and elegant she is. A delicate, refined face and bearing. See how she sidles off from the third and second class passengers with an expression of distaste for them which suggests pain. She cannot bear coarse people. She believes herself to be an intellectual woman with

serious tastes. She aims to be a spiritual person and she reads many essays—by Emerson, Matthew Arnold, Pater, and others. She is fond of history and politics: not of this country, because she claims that it is vulgar and lacks picturesqueness. But she can tell you all about the governments of Europe, and who is prime minister of or in authority in each of them. Democracy does not interest her. It seems to her to concern the affairs of dirty or common people; and she cares nothing for the great social questions of the age. They appear to her to clash with personal spirituality and culture. She is very sensitive. She has made a study of music, especially Wagner. She is very particular as to what she has to eat, but the grossness of men, as she calls it, offends her seriously. She believes herself to be not very strong physically, and she is nervous on the subject of arsenic in wall-papers and germs in drinking-water. She has retained her maidenly instincts to the last.

What is that you ask, madam? A seat in a first-class carriage. Excuse me, you cannot go in there. You belong in the second-class section of the train. Mistake? There is no mistake. I understand perfectly. I'm ready to take your word for it that you have read Dante in the original, and I know that you are

Chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

(Doubtless you recall the quotation.) But you must stay out. Your ticket reads "Personal culture and individual salvation," and it entitles you to ride in any of those second-class cars. You don't like the passengers? I am very sorry, I'm sure, but my instructions are explicit. I was told to keep out all ladies of your kind, who think that the ideal is to be attained by hugging themselves to themselves (excuse the coarseness of the metaphor, madam) all their days in a hot-house atmosphere, and playing bo-peep with their own souls. You intend to write a letter about it to the *Boston Evening* —? Oh, very well. You will have to ride second-class, all the same.

Enter a clergyman. This seems more promising.

Clergyman. Is this the first-class section? I think my seat must be in here.

Philosopher. First-class here, sir. Tickets, please. (*Aside to correspondent.*) A modest gentleman, forsooth.

Clergyman (*stops fumbling in his pocket for his tickets and sniffs suspiciously*). I smell tobacco. Is there a smoking-car on the first-class train?

Philosopher. There is for those who smoke.

Clergyman. An outrage, sir. An unchristian outrage. I suppose next that you will tell me that intoxicating fluids are sold there.

Philosopher. Yes, sir, to those who use them. All the first-class passengers understand the use of such things in moderation. They are not injured by them.

Clergyman. A flimsy argument, sir. Think of the example. I repeat it, sir; think of the example. I protest against it, sir, as a crime against our highest civilization. I—I will have you removed from office. You are not fit to hold your position. I will see the governor about it immediately. I—I——

Philosopher (*to correspondent*). He fancies that he is arguing on the liquor question before a board of police commissioners. (*To clergyman.*) The gentleman will come to order.

Clergyman. I insist on having the smoking and drinking car detached, or I will not ride on the train.

Philosopher. You will not ride in the first-class portion of it, in any event. Your ticket reads "Well-intentioned but overbearing visionary enthusiast." Come, sir, pass on, or, in spite of your cloth, I shall be obliged to put you in charge of an officer for disturbing the peace.

I was interrupted here by my wife, Josephine. "Of course I understand," said she, "that he was very overbearing, and I have heard you say before that clergymen are more apt to lose their temper before committees than most other people. But the poor man was desperately in earnest. The whole thing means so much to him. He believes that the world will never be redeemed until liquor and tobacco are no longer used in it. Do you mean that you really think this will never come to pass?"

"Never is a long time, my dear," said I.

"But you were discussing the ideal."

"To be sure. Have you ever considered the matter from the moderate-drinker and smoker's point of view? Brain-weary, muscle-tired men have, from generation to generation, found a glass of wine or spirit and a cigar a refreshment and a comfort. Neither agrees with some, and many abuse the use of both. Drunkenness among the poor and tippling among the rich are, perhaps, the greatest enemies of civilization; and, consequently, there is a corps of many women and some men who cry out upon the use of alcohol as incompatible with the world's progress. This sentiment at the polls expresses itself chiefly in very small minorities, unless the voters are reasonably near to some large city or town. The failure of the movement to make important headway might be ascribed to the fact that the mass of people are still unenlightened, were there any signs that the intelligent workers of the world are disposed to side with the wearers of the white ribbon. The use of champagne, claret, brandy, and whiskey continues unabated over the civilized world, if one is to judge by economic statistics and trade circulars. They are quaffed on state and festal occasions, generally with moderation, by lords and ladies, statesmen, lawyers, doctors, bankers, soldiers, poets, artists, and often by bishops and clergymen. At ninety-nine out of every hundred formal dinner-parties in London, Paris, Berlin, or New York, alcohol is offered in some form to the guests as a stimulus to conversation, and, were it not so, there would be ninety-nine grumblers to every one man or woman who, at present, turns his or her glasses down with an ill-bred, virtuous air."

"And yet," said Josephine, "I have heard you say constantly that it would be no particular deprivation to you to give up wine."

"No more it would. In this country, with its stimulating climate, most nervous people are better for a very little if any alcohol, and many men are apt to find that it is simpler not to drink at all. But, remember, we are considering the question whether there is any reason why the man or woman in perfect health, and in search of the ideal, should be a teetotaler, and if there is any probability that the world will banish alcohol and cigars from the digni-

fied occasions of the future. In other words, when the world has learned not to drink and smoke too much, will it cease to drink and smoke altogether? I know that the advocates of total-abstinence argue about the serenity and sane joy of a cold-water banquet, and it may be that we are a trifle hysterical in our declarations that conversation must lag until one has had a glass of champagne; but is not much of the light, masculine laughter of life associated with the fruit of the grape and the aroma of tobacco? Have you ever tried to picture to yourself a world as it would be if there were well-enforced, rigid prohibition everywhere, and the tobacco-plant were no more?"

Josephine gave a little laugh. "You say the masculine laughter of the world. I assure you that much of the masculine laughter which you associate with the fruit of the grape is associated in the feminine mind with conjugal or maternal tears. I quite understand your appeal to the imagination from the masculine point of view. That is, I suppose the words wine and tobacco bring in their train for man many pleasing and even inspiring images; that under their influence the soldier believes himself more brave and wins battles in anticipation; that the artist gets a glimpse of his great picture, and that the tired husband and father sees evolve from the bottom of his beer-mug a transfigured reflection of his wife and children. But we women, who, as a sex, have always done without wine and tobacco, know from experience that, however lofty and delightful your visions at such times, there is always a reaction after alcohol, and that we generally get the full benefit of the reaction. If, now, inspiring visions never came to us and other total-abstainers, there would seem to be some reason why we should be willing to bear the brunt of man's inebrieties a little longer; but really, my dear philosopher, is there any reason to believe that we do not entertain visions quite as inspiring and delightful as yours? We drink only tea—too much of it for our nerves, I dare say—but we will gladly give that up if you will abjure alcohol and cigars. There certainly is no poetry in the aroma of tobacco in the curtains, next day, and we pass the morning with it when you have

gone down-town. Don't you think there is a great deal of humbug in the notion that in order to laugh lightly and remember gladly men need to be titillated either by wine or tobacco? I'm glad you wouldn't allow that bumptious clergyman to ride in a first-class car, but I don't see why the world should not be just as gay, and many women twice as happy, if there were no wine or tobacco. Only think how light-hearted woman would be if the incubus of man's drunkenness, under which she has staggered for hundreds of years, should be lifted off forever! She would be so bubbling over with happiness that, even though as a consequence man were in the dumps and without visions, she would make him merry in spite of himself."

"Very likely, Josephine. I am disposed to agree with you that the jest and merriment of masculine youth would not be entirely and hopelessly repressed. But you do not take sufficiently into consideration—and in this you imitate the bumptious clergyman who was going to have me removed—the world's cravings and necessities as a world. If, pardon me, men were all women in their appetites, and life were one grand pastoral à la Puvis de Chavannes—if, in short, the world were not the bustling, feverish, perplexing, exhausting, crushing, cruel world, men would not crave stimulants to help them to do their work or to forget it. If there were no alcohol or cigars, would not those who now use either to excess have recourse to some other form of stimulant or fatigue and pain disguiser instead? Why should those who have learned the great lesson of life, self-control, renounce the enjoyment of being artificially strengthened or cheered because others let their appetites run away with them and make beasts of them? I have, indeed, already suggested that it is a dangerous argument to instance an existing state of affairs as a reason against change: but I beg to call your attention to the fact that the world seems to pay very little heed to the lamentations of the teetotalers, so far as total-abstinence is concerned. There has been a change of temper among all classes in the direction of moderation in the use of liquor and wine, and legislation regulating and re-

stricting licenses is becoming popular. But if the wearers of the white ribbon were to make inquiries of the dealers in glass-ware, they would find that no fewer newly married couples, among the educated and well-to-do in every country, buy wine-glasses as a necessary table article, in order to provide wine or beer for those whom they expect to entertain. There are certainly no signs that society, in the best sense, has any intention of adopting prohibition as a cardinal virtue, but many signs that it is seriously determined to make warfare on inebriety, and no longer to proffer it the cloak of social protection when the offenders happen to be what the world used to call gentlemen. One's ideal should not be too remote from probable human conclusions, and it does not seem likely, from present indications, that man, unless he be persuaded that the moderate use of stimulants is seriously injurious to his health, will ever be willing to banish them from the markets of the world because a certain portion of the community has not the necessary intelligence or self-control to use them with discretion. As for tobacco, it is a long cry from now to the millennium, but a philosopher cannot afford, at this stage of the itinerary, to cut off the smoking-car from the first-class portion of the train, for by so doing he might confound even archbishops and other exemplary personages."

III

I was interrupted at this point in my letter by the loud ringing of the front-door bell. Glancing at the clock, I observed that it was eleven. Consequently, the servants must have gone to bed. Under these circumstances, a philosopher has to open the front door himself, or submit to a prolonged tintinnabulation. "Ting-a-ling-a, ling-a-ling-a-ling" went the bell again.

"It must be a telegram," said Josephine. "I wonder what has happened?"

"Or a dinner invitation which the servant was told to deliver this morning," I answered. "One would suppose that, after turning out the gas in the hall, one could work without callers."

Having lighted up, and having unbolted the inner door, I beheld, through the glass window of the outer, a young man in a slouch hat. Evidently he was not a telegraph-messenger or a domestic. Nor did he have exactly the aspect of a mid-night marauder. Nevertheless, I opened the door merely a crack and inquired, gruffly:

"What do you wish?"

Said a blithe, friendly voice: "I saw your light, and I took the liberty of ringing. Can't you give me 3,000 words on the death of the Czar of Russia?"

Before he had finished this sentence, he had backed me, by his persuasive manner, from the vestibule into the hall, and I remembered vaguely that I had seen him somewhere.

"I'm the local correspondent of the New York *Despatch*," he said, to refresh my memory.

I recollected then that he had tried to interview me six months before on my domestic interior, and that I had politely declined the honor. He was a lean, alert, bright-eyed man of thirty-five with a pleasant smile.

"Isn't it rather late to ring my door-bell?" I inquired, with dignity. (My mental language was, "What do you mean, you infernal young reprobate, by ringing my door-bell at this hour of the night on such an impudent errand?" But, in the presence of the press, even a philosopher is disposed to be diplomatic.)

"I needed you, badly," was the reply. "I've got to wire to New York to-night three thousand words on the death of the Czar."

"What do I know about the Czar of Russia? Why don't you go to the historians or politicians? There are several in the neighborhood. I'm a philosopher."

"I've tried them," he said, with a patient smile. "They were out or in bed. Then I thought of you. Anything you would say on the subject would be read with great interest."

"Pshaw!" I answered.

By this time he had backed me into the dining-room, and, under the influence of diplomacy, I searched for a box of cigars. I had no intention of giving him a single word on the deceased ruler of all the Russias, but I wished to let myself down easy, so to speak, and retain his good-will.

"Ah!" he said, settling in a chair, with a Cabana, "this is the first restful moment I have had to-day." He was pensive during a few puffs, then he added: "A reporter's life is not all strawberry ice-cream. Do you suppose I enjoy rousing a man at this hour of the night? It makes me shiver whenever I do it."

"I should think it might," I answered, in spite of myself. "Some men would be apt to resent it."

"You misunderstand me. I do not shiver from physical fear, but because my sense of propriety is wounded. I dare say," he continued, looking at me narrowly, "that you think I take no interest in the ideal; that you suppose me to be a materialistic Philistine."

You will appreciate that this was startling and especially interesting to me under the circumstances. I, in my turn, examined my visitor more carefully. There were evidences in his countenance of a sensitive soul, and of refined intelligence. The thought occurred to me that here was an opportunity to obtain testimony. "I think that every thoughtful man must take an interest in the ideal," I answered, "and, in spite of the lateness of the hour, I had not set you down as an exception to the rule. Curiously enough, however, I was busy when the bell rang answering a letter from several correspondents in search of the ideal. I will read it to you, if you like, as far as I have got."

Perhaps I hoped that in submitting he would appear slightly crest-fallen. But, on the contrary, he showed obvious enthusiasm at the suggestion, and begged me to fetch my manuscript at once. Josephine met me at the top of the stairs, and whispered that she had been dying with curiosity to know who it was.

"A reporter," I whispered, in reply.

"What does he wish for?"

"Three thousand words on the death of the Czar of Russia," I said, mysteriously; then I picked up my letter and glided away with my finger on my lips. "If he stays too long, dear, you may come down, as a gentle hint."

I began to read, and, as I read, my heart warmed toward my visitor on account of the absorbed attention he paid to my philosophy. "And now," said I, when I had finished, "pray tell what is your ideal?"

You have told me that you were interested in one."

He shook his head sadly. "No matter about me. It's too late. I can only shiver and go on. But I'm interested in what you're trying to do, and, if you like, I'm willing to throw in a word now and then while you work it out. I'm glad," he added, "that you hit the back numbers a rap."

I told him that he was not exactly intelligible.

"I mean the old familiar aspirants; in particular the lady interested in culture and personal salvation. There was no question about the man of the world and the drummer; one might feel kindly toward them, but of course they must ride second-class, and most newspaper men would ride with them—and some of the editors would have to go third. Easy-going commonness is the curse of democracy, even if I, who am a democrat of the democrats, do say it. But what I like most—and it's the nub of the whole matter—is that you knew enough to throw out that woman; she might equally well have been a man, for there are plenty of the same sort. If you'll excuse my saying so," he said, biting his cigar fiercely, "I shouldn't have expected it of a philosopher like you, and I honor your intelligence because of it. The man or woman of to-day in search of the ideal comes plumb up against sweating, bleeding, yearning democracy, and whoever funks, or shirks the situation has no first-class soul—be he or she ever so delicate, or cultured, or learned."

I could not but feel gratified at his fervor, nor did I mind his bringing his hand down on the table with the last word by way of emphasis, for he had grasped my meaning precisely. Evidently, too, he had taken the bit between his teeth and meant to have his say, for, as he lighted another cigar, his nostrils dilated with suppressed earnestness and his eye gleamed significantly.

"I'm not a man of culture," he continued. "I have the effrontery, from the necessities of my trade, to ring at your door-bell at midnight, and I know my own limitations, but I know what culture is. When I stand on the cliff and watch the waves hurl themselves against the shore—

when on a peaceful summer's night I view the heavens in their glory, I realize in my own behalf something of what those who have had more opportunities than I are able to feel, and I know that I am illiterate and common as compared with many. But, Mr. Philosopher, what has been the philosophy of beauty and art and intellect and elegance through all the centuries until lately? Individual seclusion, appropriation, and arrogance. The admirable soul, the admirable genius, the admirable refinement was that which gloried in its superiority to the rest of the world and claimed the right of aloofness. The monk and the nun lived apart from the common life, and were thought to walk nearer heaven because of it. That idea of the priesthood has nearly passed away, but aloofness and arrogance are still too typical of the mental and the social aristocrats. They glory in their own superiority and delicacy, lift their skirts if they're women, hold their noses if they're men, and thank heaven they are not as the masses are. They are charitable, they are sometimes generous, and invariably didactic, but they hold aloof from the common herd. They refuse to open the gates of sympathy, and sometimes it seems as though the gates will never be opened until they are broken down by the masses."

My visitor suddenly stopped, and started to rise from his chair. Turning to investigate the cause of the interruption, I encountered my wife, Josephine, armed with a tray containing a brazier and the essentials for a midnight repast.

"You will be able to talk better if you have something to eat," she exclaimed, affably.

The ceremony of introduction having been performed successfully without causing our guest to notice that we did not know his name, I begged him to continue his address.

"Yes, do," said Josephine, "while I cook the oysters. I could not help overhearing a little of your conversation, so I know the general drift."

(NOTE.—That means she had been leaning over the banisters, listening.)

"A lunch will taste very good," said the reporter.

(NOTE.—Here he ran up against one of my pet prejudices, and for a moment I

almost forgot that I was doing the honors of my own house. I almost said: "Speaking of democracy and culture, my dear sir, I should like to inquire if you have any authority for your use of the word 'lunch'? As employed by the appropriating and the arrogant it has long meant a meal or a bite between breakfast and dinner; but, as used by democracy, it seems to apply to afternoon tea or late supper equally well.")

"We were speaking of the ideal," he continued, addressing my wife, "and I was just saying that only recently had the world of noblest thought and aims begun to recognize that an ideal life must necessarily include interest in and sympathy for common humanity, and that the mere aristocrat of religion, of culture, or of manners, has ceased to be the Sir Galahad of civilization."

"Indeed it must be so," said Josephine, "and the idea is rapidly gaining ground. People used to be satisfied with making charitable donations; now they investigate facts and conditions and give themselves. But it isn't always easy for those who love beauty to avoid shrinking from people and things not beautiful. There is nothing which freezes a sensitive, artistic nature more quickly than dirt and ugliness, and yet the ideal modern soul does not turn away, but seeks to sympathize and to share. Might you not, dear (Josephine was now addressing me, not the reporter), say that the key-note of the ideal life is refined sympathy?"

"It certainly is an indispensable attribute of it," I answered.

"How much easier it is," mused Josephine, as she stirred the oysters in the melting butter, "to wrap one's self in one's own æsthetic aspirations and to let the common world shift for itself. It was possible, once, to do that and believe one's self a saint, but that day has passed forever. It's very hard, though, sometimes, Mr. Reporter. Constant contact with the common world is liable to make one terribly discouraged unless one has abiding faith in the future of democracy."

"I know it; I know it," he replied, eagerly. "We're a depressing lot—many of us. Don't you suppose I understand how the sensitive soul must suffer when it has to deal with some of us? Take the

cheap, ignorant, mercenary, city politician, such as disgraces the aldermanic chair of our large cities—there's a discouraging monster for you. There is a host of others; the shallow, self-sufficient, impertinent type of shop-girl, whose sole concern is her finery and her 'fellow'; the small dealer of a certain sort, who adulterates his wares, lies to maintain his cause, and will not hesitate to burn his stock in order to obtain the insurance money; the sordid number who seek to break the wills of their relations who have devised the property to others; the many, too, who make a mess of marriage, and leave wife or husband on the paltriest pleas. I know them well; they are the people, they are humanity, and they can no longer be ignored and loftily set aside as 'the uneducated mass' by those whose finer instincts cause them to live free from these sins. Hard? Of course it's hard, but the best hope for the improvement of society lies in the education and enlightenment of that mass; and this can be compassed only through the efforts and sympathy of the intelligent and refined."

Just then the clock struck midnight. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "every one will be in bed, and what will become of my telegram on the Czar of Russia? Instead of getting three thousand words from you, I have been giving you that number on your own topic."

"For once, then, I have got the better of a reporter," said I.

"But before I give you any supper, Mr. Reporter," said Josephine, "you must acknowledge, too, that the movement *is* gaining ground, and that the refined and educated *are* changing their point of view. Think of the hospitals, think of the museums, think of the colleges, think of the model tenements, the schools for manual training and cooking."

"I do acknowledge it; it is grand and inspiring. I have been merely calling attention to the fact that in the search for the ideal their new point of view must become permanent and extend still farther. To counterbalance your facts I could cite others. Think of the doings of the multi-millionaires, their modern palaces, their extravagant entertainments, their steam-yachts, their home-desecrating wives—a lot of third-class passengers,

with no more claim to be considered first-class than the alderman and the shop-girl and the other democrats of whom we were speaking a moment ago. Nothing of the ideal there, and they had such a grand chance! Yes, yes, I do admit, madam, that the efforts and progress of the refined and intelligent during the last quarter of a century have been notable and stirring, but democracy has been neglected for so many centuries that it may prove a little ungrateful at first. And here am I, Mr. Philosopher, keeping your train in three sections waiting all this time."

"The oysters are cooked," said Josephine.

"Five minutes for lunch"! cried the reporter.

(NOTE.—Confound the man! Why should he call my supper a lunch?)

IV

THAT beatific mental condition associated by my midnight visitor, the reporter, with people of alleged cultivation and æsthetic tastes, when in the presence of the beauties or marvels of nature, like sunset, mountain scenery, ocean calm and ocean storm, is doubtless a familiar experience to you. The wonder book of nature is constantly being held up by poet and painter as the source of human ideality, and all the traditions of civilization urge you to attain that degree of artistic development under the white light of which the seals of that book become loosened, and you are able to read in the evening star and the mountain torrent lessons of inspiration and truth. Next to nature in their æsthetic potency are her hand-maids, music, sculpture, letters and painting—briefly, the civilized arts, the medium by which mortals seek to woo and hold fast to beauty. We listen to the gorgeous anthems of the world's most famous composers, and our souls thrill and vibrate with emotion: life seems grand and everything possible. We stand before the greatest marbles and canvasses, and we seem to have truth within our grasp and nature almost subjugated. How exquisitely falls on the senses the sublimity of the lines

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

We catch a glimpse there of what we call heaven. Is there any more satisfactory occupation for a thirsty soul than to scan the fairness of the twilight heavens when the evening star shines alone and the saffron or purple glories of the departing day irradiate the west ?

Noi andavam per lo vespero attenti
Oltre, quanto potean gli occhi allungarsi,
Contro i raggi serotini e lucenti.

So wrote Dante in immortal verse, to portray the æsthetic value of a kindred experience.

I selected those lines of Wordsworth because he, of all the poets, suggests more ostensibly in his verse deliberate pursuit of the ideal. Shelley, indeed, reveals a bolder purpose to unmask the infinite, but his mood is oftener that of an audacious stormer of heaven than of a reverend seeker for perfect truth. We feel in Wordsworth a conscious intent to distill from the study of nature and of man a spiritual exhalation, which would enlighten him and enable him, by force of his poetic gifts, to enlighten us as to how best to live. When we think of him, we see him amid the exquisite scenery of his favorite lakes, walking in close communion with God ; discerning the manifestations of the infinite in the mountain and the wild flower, in the splendor of the storm and the faithful doings of the humblest lives.

Ever since he wrote Wordsworth has been the patron saint of introspective souls. In his poetry they have found not merely suggestion but a creed. The poet himself was at heart an enthusiast and a revolutionary, and his worship of quiet beauty and subjective refinement was the expression of a design broader and deeper in its scope than many of his followers have been willing to adopt. He revealed not merely the æsthetic significance of the contemplative life which substitutes soul analysis, with God in nature as a guide, for the grosser interests of the flesh, but also the unholiness of class distinctions and of the indifference of man to his fellow-man as distinguished from himself. The followers of Wordsworth were, for the most part, prompt to accept the first without including the second and equally fundamental tenet of his philosophy. What, a

quarter of a century ago, was the ordinary practice of the cultivated and refined, who had been stirred either directly or indirectly by the teaching of the great poet to adopt contemplation as the key-note of their daily lives? Their greatest number was in beautiful, rural England ; but the spiritual atmosphere breathed by them soon found its way across the Atlantic, and served to exalt and modify the ever moral inclinations of New England.

Picture, if you will, the model country house of the English country gentleman of comfortable means and refined tastes. To begin with, the structure itself is charming; time has bestowed upon it picturesqueness, and art has made it beautiful with the simple but effective arrangement of vines and flowers. There is nothing of the vileness of earth at hand to mar or offend. The proprietor himself, an elder son, has been left with a competence ; no riches, but sufficient to enable him to pursue his literary or other refined interests without molestation from pecuniary cares. The interior is tasteful and æsthetically satisfying; the spacious, comfortable rooms contain all that is desirable in the way of upholstery, ornaments, books and pictures. The large drawing-room windows command a fair expanse of velvet lawn, flanked by stately trees. Beyond lies an undulating acreage of ancestral metes and bounds, rich in verdure and precious with associations. Here lives our gentleman the greater portion of the year ; lives aspiringly according to his Wordsworthian creed. He eschews or uses with admirable moderation the coarser pleasures and vanities of life. Unselfishness, gentleness, and nicety of thought and speech are the custom of his household. He himself finds congenial occupation in literary or scientific research, in the hope of adding some book or monograph to the world's store of art or knowledge. His wife, in co-operation with the church, plays a gracious part among their tenants or among the village sick and poor, teaching her daughters to dispense charity in the form of soup, coals, jellies, and blankets. Parents and children alike, jealously intending to attain holiness and culture, continuously take an account of their individual spiritual successes and failures, and though they hold these audits with God in the church, they renew

them often under the inspiring influence of nature.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

or, as Dante expressed a similar conception,

'Twas now the hour that turneth back desire
In those who sail the sea, and melts the heart
The day they've said to their sweet friends farewell,

And the new pilgrim penetrates with love,
If he doth hear from far away a bell
That seemeth to deplore the dying day.

This is the hour when the Wordsworthian spirit, refined, conscientious, aspiring, beauty and duty loving, sees through the splendor of the lucent, saffron sky, heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending. Not always is the vision so adorable. Often enough the gazer knows the bitterness of divine discontent, and finds the golden glory but a bar, shutting out God. In the favorable hour, though, comes the rapture, and the transfiguration; the exquisite, refined feelings seem to find communion with the infinite, and a voice from heaven to say :

Well done, good and faithful servant.

I have selected this experience of the cultivated English household rather than that of the purely religious life as an example, for the reason that in it the æsthetic side is represented in the soul-hunger, and that the existing conditions of earth are, to a certain extent, taken into account. In the purely religious life, the emotions of the exalted soul have, in the past at least, been prone to exclude the actual conditions of human life from consideration. The thought has been that the earthly existence is travail, and at best a discipline ; that the joys of life are vanity, and the mundane problems of life unworthy of the interested attention of the heaven-seeking soul. Modern religious theories have modified this point of view, but certainly in some sects still the æsthetic value of existence is almost contemptuously discarded by religion. I have taken the beautiful lives of the Wordsworthians as an example, also because the religious element is so manifestly cherished and cultivated in

them. It is intended in them that art and God should work together, or, more accurately, the precept is that the æsthetic side of humanity is one of the noblest manifestations of the infinite within us. It is significant in this connection that though art has often reached its apogee in periods of moral decay, the ruin of the nation, thus robbed of spiritual vitality, has soon followed, in spite of the glory of its sculpture and canvasses. But that is a mere interjection. The point I wish to suggest is this : The sane soul recognizes, when face to face with truth, that what we see in the glory of the sunset, when we think we walk with God, must be, in order to be of value, an inspiration based on the conditions of mundane life. Without this, prayer and adoration become a mere nervous exhalation, reaching out for something which has no more substance than an *ignus fatuus*. The old saints who lived and died in prayer, ignoring human relations, seem to us to-day to have been woefully deluded. They yearned to be translated from a world to which they had contributed nothing but the desire to be holy. This desire is of the essence of the matter ; and so we consent to give their reverences the benison of our distinguished consideration. But aspiring souls, as evidenced by the æsthetic man and woman of culture, presently perceived the error. They recognized that aspiration, to be vital, must start with a conception of the world as it was, and seek a realization of the world as it might be, and that in this seeking lay service to God and preparation for heaven. Proceeding they fixed on unselfish human love and on beauty as the motive of their creed, and endeavored to live lives animated by these principles. This creed has been the real creed of aspiring humanity during the past century and a half, and it still seems sufficient to many. There have been diverse differences of application and administration in connection with it, according as the pendulum swung more or less near to one or the other of the two cardinal points of faith, unselfish love, or exquisite beauty. There have been some who, in their desire to make the relations of man toward those with whom he lived and whom he loved more ideal, have been disposed to ignore the claims of color and elegance ; and there have been others so

eager in their allegiance to the cause of beauty that they have exalted sense and emotion at the expense of unselfishness and purity. Essentially, however, the ideal life of the modern centuries has sought to develop the individual soul by stimulating its faculties to cherish self-sacrificing devotion to familiar friends, æsthetic appreciation of form, color and sound, and exquisite personal refinement. The Christian life, in its highest form, from this amalgamation of human traits, has constructed an ideal for the soul founded on something tangible and substantial in human consciousness. When the Christian said, "O God, make me pure and noble," it has been no longer necessary to rhapsodize on a heaven concerning which he knew nothing, and to disclaim all interest in this earth. On the contrary, he has appreciated that conceptions of the ideal must be based on human conditions or they cease to be intelligible, and that the soul which seeks God can reach him only through faithfulness to a method of life, the aim of which is to make the best use of earth and its possibilities.

Beautiful as have been the lives which have resulted from this æsthetic spirituality, the world has been beginning to realize, during the last twenty-five years, that this is a creed partially outworn, or, rather, a creed hampered by its limitations. In taking its suggestion for the ideal from the world, noble society chose to accept economic conditions as they were, and to fashion an ideal which necessarily shut out the larger portion of humanity from the possibility of attaining it. The æsthetic satisfaction which we draw from the sunset is due to the pleasure which conscience feels in its allegiance to an ideal of its own devising, and seeing God is only another term for the solemn identification of man's aspirations. The Wordsworthian soul, as interpreted by his followers, assumed that the political conditions of society were always to remain the same, or, more accurately speaking, it accepted those conditions as permanent and continuously inevitable. In other words, it did not foresee democracy. In short, its ideal was essentially aristocratic and exclusive, and it continues so stubbornly in the present day in many circles. To be sure, it has included and continues to include in its formula the car-

rying of soups, jellies, coals, and blankets to the poor, and the proffering of educational advantages to the ignorant, but it never has predicated, as essential to the world's true progress, such fundamental changes in the social status of society as would involve the annihilation of class distinctions and a greater general happiness for the mass of humanity. To be sure, there have always been individual philanthropists, who insisted upon these changes as vital, but they have been ignored by the leaders of ideal thought as visionary enthusiasts, or maligned as disturbers of permanent society. It has been the struggle of democracy itself that has been the chief revealer of a new vision in the sunset, until now, at last, the soul in search of the ideal appreciates that it does not walk with God unless it sees in the saffron glory its own sympathy with these new conditions.

The development of this recognition has been tolerably swift in certain directions. New hospitals, new colleges, college settlements among the poor, are concrete evidences of the modern spirit, and equally significant, if less heralded, are the faithful, zealous labors of physicians, teachers, clergymen, and the host of workers in various lines of industry, where the earnest, self-sacrificing work done is rarely if ever paid for, in dollars and cents, commensurate with its value. The serious energy of the best humanity, instead of pluming itself in the seductive contemplation of æsthetic beauty, seems rather to be celebrating the apotheosis of dirt. It feels that the cleansing of the physical and moral filth from our slums, the relief of appalling ignorance and superstition, the combating of political dishonesty and the checking of private greed are more to be desired at this time than great marbles and a great literature. Or, rather, perhaps, it seems probable that great marbles and a great literature will not come to us until the leaven of this new ideal expresses itself in the truths of art. The sane, aspiring soul can no longer be satisfied unless it recognizes the inevitableness and the pathos of democracy and adjusts its human perspective accordingly.

The world of vested rights and wealth is still reluctant to accept this new æstheticism, and the soul in search of the ideal

will find the allurements of aristocratic culture still insisted on as the secret of noble living. Social arrogance and the exclusive tendencies of class are slow in yielding to the hostility even of republican forms of government. In this country parents who profess to be Americans still choose to send their children to private instead of to the public schools, in order to separate them from the mass of the people. The doctrine of social caste, thus early impressed upon the youth of both sexes, serves to produce a class of citizens who are not really in sympathy with popular government. If one questions sometimes the depth of purpose of highly evolved man, and doubts the existence of God, it is because of the lavish wantonness of living of some of the very rich in the presence of the thousands of miserable and wretched creatures who still degrade our large cities. But there is this to be said

in this connection: This new æsthetic ideal is at least partially the fruit of the awakening of humanity to a keener appreciation of the conditions of human life; but its progress is made certain by the coming evolution of democracy, which slowly but surely will overwhelm the aristocratic spirit forever, even though æstheticism, as realized by the arrogant and exclusive, perish in the process. The ideal life to-day is that which maintains the noblest aims of the aspiring past, cherishing unselfishness, purity, courage, truth, joy, existence, fineness of sentiment and æsthetic beauty; but cherishes these in the spirit and for the purposes of a broader humanity than the melting soul has hitherto discerned in the sunset, the ocean, or the starry heavens. There are among us men and women living in this spirit of idealism, and they, O, my correspondents! are the first-class passengers.

A RIDE INTO CUBA FOR THE RED CROSS

By Charles R. Gill, M.D.

MISS CLARA BARTON expressed to me a desire of becoming acquainted with the condition of the country, and the needs of the people in the regions beyond the city of Santiago, in order that she might relieve their distress in the most intelligent manner, place them in the way of becoming self-supporting, and diminish the congestion of idle people in the city by setting them to work in the country. It was hoped by this plan not only to remove permanently the distress of the people of Santiago province, but also to relieve the generous public of the United States from carrying indefinitely a heavy burden. She was loath to ask me to undertake such an expedition of exploration and investigation, as she well knew the journey was one not without great hardship and danger. I required no urging, however, especially from one who never hesitates herself at personal discomforts or danger; and after a few words, as we were seated upon the stairs of our busy storehouse, I set about my preparation for the expedition—the first of its kind into the interior of Cuba and the first of any size since the war began.

By the kind assistance of Drs. Hubbell and Egan and Mr. Elwell, the provisions, medicines, saddles, and horses were got together. Taking with me two Cuban physicians, a packer, a “práctico” or guide, and two Cuban officers returning to General García, I started. According to Red Cross principle we were unarmed; and except as its sacred insignia should be respected, we were defenceless. The first thing that attracted my attention outside of the city was the number of small wooden forts or block-houses, some partly, some entirely burned. These were always surrounded by a trench, with the usual barbed-wire fence on the outside of the ditch. We began the ascent of the steep hills around Santiago, from the summit of one of which we had a beautiful view of the city and harbor, with the transports at anchor. Santiago could apparently be made impregnable with batteries upon these eminences, and miles of territory could be commanded. The natural defences are very strong indeed, and our army deserves a great deal of credit for having captured it so quickly.

Passing down the other side of the mountain, we went through the ruins of a hamlet burned by the Spaniards, and a little beyond we came upon a relic of man's inhumanity—the skull of some poor woman lying in the middle of the road. Dismounting, I removed it out of the line of travel, and hid the ghastly reminder under some bushes by the wayside. The women of Cuba! what have they not suffered? They have exhibited a devotion and heroism unsurpassed by any people in the world. The poor women and children, have my profoundest pity; they suffer the greatest terrors and share in none of the so-called “glories” of war.

We came to a small river, upon the banks of which we encamped for the night. Early in the morning, we suddenly encountered, at a turn in the road, an old man. The poor, frightened old fellow would have escaped if he could, but the river on one side and a high hill on the other side of the road prevented him. We quickly got around him and tried to allay his fear. I took him by the hand, shook it warmly and told him that I was an American, that Cuba was free. He would not believe it, for he did not know that Santiago had surrendered and evidently mistook us for Spaniards trying to deceive him. He was exceedingly prudent, and we could learn nothing from him except that he was hunting land turtles. Poor, terrorized old man! he characterizes the so-called “pacifico.” Spanish cruelty and deceit have made many such as he.

After awhile, we reached the western slope of the mountain. Here I caught my first glimpse of the interior of Cuba. As far as the eye can reach appears a vast plain, in reality a rolling country. Dark patches of woods contrasting with the lighter green of grass; the silvery threads of streams—the headwaters of the mighty Cauto—and the deep blue of distant mountains together with the coast-ranges to the north and south, form a landscape of rare beauty. The road here branches: the right hand one leads to St. Luis, the left hand one to Manzanillo; we took the middle one and descended into a rich valley. This region is called “Yaera Llaro,” and is about six leguas, or eighteen miles, from Santiago, and was the first considerable extent of good farming land that we

saw. The valley is several miles in length, with a small river running through it. The soil is a black loam, the vegetation very rank. We passed through tall grass and under majestic palm-trees, and soon reached the sugar plantation of “Atello.” We could see large frame buildings down a road to our left, and met here a Cuban guard. This consisted of one rather grim-looking and very ragged fellow, mounted upon a tough little horse, and armed with an old rusty carbine. He being uncommunicative, we saluted and passed on. We met a number of country people chewing sugar-cane, who said that with fruit it was all they had to eat; and their appearance did not belie them.

Here are people starving in a land, as rich perhaps as the sun ever shines upon; such are some of the consequences of war. Telling them that we would leave provisions at the first village that we came to, we pressed onward, as the sun was becoming intensely hot and we feared to exhaust our pack animals. In a short time we arrived at the village of Concepción, a collection of thatch-roofed, dirt-floored houses on the top of a hill. The entire population, including the dogs, turned out to see us, and we were besieged, as soon as we stated that we carried medicines and provisions, by such a motley, ragged, cadaverous, and hungry-eyed crowd as perhaps could be raised nowhere to-day, outside of Cuba. Everybody complained of being ill, and each one wanted to be treated first. There were a number of Cuban soldiers suffering from unhealed wounds.

After treating these and dispensing medicines and food, we passed on to Palmas Soreano, of which Concepción appeared to be a suburb. Upon arriving there we went directly to the mayor to pay our respects, and to obtain an empty house as quarters. This individual appeared anxious to help, and immediately set out to find us what we wanted, marching ahead with his cane held very pompously. I thanked him for his kindness, inquired as to the sanitary condition of the town, and suggested sending him a large supply of food for his people, which I was subsequently told he would have promptly sold to his merchant friends. Fortunately, I learned that he was con-

sidered a great scoundrel. He had been one of the worst guerillas of that section of country, and was most thoroughly hated by all the Cubans, who would rather have starved to death than received anything from his hands. By one of those blunders which our dear Government is frequently making in a land in which it understands neither the language nor the people, this man had been placed in authority by some process unknown to ordinary mortals.

I found here a company of United States troops, and was glad to see their honest faces and think that they were equally happy to see me, as they had been sent out on two days' rations, and had been gone nearly two weeks. They were very anxious to learn what was going on, for being completely isolated they had heard nothing since the day of the Santiago surrender. This was our advanced post, I presume. We were shortly visited by the commander of the Cuban forces, Colonel Dieguez, who was called "El Indio" (the Indian) on account of his personal appearance and his hatred of the Spaniards. He presented us with four horses and a mule, and engaged to send back our jaded ones to Santiago as soon as they had recuperated. He was very kind and attentive to our wants. We found here a great deal of distress and sickness; and we relieved as much as we could without exhausting our supplies. We could have given all of them very easily many times over; but a long and hard journey was ahead of us, and not knowing what distress we should encounter, we therefore could only relieve the most urgent cases. I promised to send them supplies to St. Luis, the end of the railroad, where they could easily obtain them. (This promise has been kept. The Red Cross has established there a large depot of supplies upon my recommendation.)

The town of Palmas Soreano consists of several hundred thatched houses, and perhaps about fifty frame, brick and stone houses, with tiled roofs. It is situated in a valley surrounded by hills. A line of forts stretches from northeast to southwest, with a line of barbed-wire fence in front of them toward the west. Standing in the lookout-box of one, I counted eleven of these small forts or block-houses, from one

hundred to two hundred or more yards apart. They are all surrounded with lines of barbed-wire, through which it would be almost impossible to pick one's way without becoming terribly lacerated. Beyond this entanglement is a deep and wide ditch, crossed by a bridge leading to a covered gate-way. Inside of this the parapet rises, made of logs, stones, and gravel. It has twelve embrasures and incloses an octagonal space about one hundred feet in diameter. Here I found an old brass rifled cannon, howitzer type, marked Sevilla, July 3, 1789, in a good state of preservation. In the centre of the inclosure stands a square, double-story log building, double-walled, filled with stone, and loop-holed. The second story and the sentinel or look-out box on the very top are accessible only by ladders from the inside; a truly formidable citadel against troops without artillery.

We left Palmas Soreano at seven o'clock in the evening in order to avoid the heat of the day, and travelled until two in the morning, covering a distance of twenty-one miles, when we swung our hammocks in a dense wood, and fell asleep to the music of the rain-drops on our ponchos. At seven o'clock we started through the mud, crossed a small stream, and ascending the bank emerged upon a most beautiful and fertile plain, covered with tall grass, palms, and fruit-trees. We took breakfast at noon on the east bank of the Cauto River. As our stock of provisions had been greatly depleted at Palmas Soreano, I concluded that we must proceed more rapidly, and the journey therefore became more arduous. I had to coax some of my Cuban friends along. I think that they were also inwardly sighing for the palm-groves and friends left behind.

A heavy thunder-shower threatening, I had to work very fast to cover our provisions and to pitch the tent, and had only just finished when the rain descended in torrents. "Our Cuban allies" (the directors) who had not assisted in the least—being too busy with gastronomic feats and smoking—very quickly sought the shelter of the tents. I felt inclined to lecture them a little, but the poor fellows certainly looked tired, and they said that they were exhausted and could proceed no farther. I was quite sure that something else

would become exhausted if they continued their tremendous attacks upon the commissary department, and that we all should be compelled to turn back; but I said nothing, and only suggested that they could return by easy stages to Palmas Soreano and wait there for my return, to which they very readily agreed. I then requested them to make a census of the needy people there, and gather statistics of sickness.

After dividing our provisions, and giving them Nicholas Murillo, my best man, as guide and packer, I saw them off on their return journey, and bade them good-by, being really sorry to part company with them. I now turned my horse's head toward the Cauto, which my little caravan soon safely crossed. We entered an open, rolling country where our "práctico," a young Cuban soldier furnished by our good friend, Colonel Dieguez, pointed out to me the place where his father was killed—shot from a block-house on a neighboring hill. I must stop a moment to introduce "Deonesio," as he was a very worthy little fellow, and one type of Cuban soldier. Deonesio Pereira lived at "Alta Gracia" (High Grace). He was twenty years old, but did not look over eighteen, and had been three years in the war, serving without pay, very little to eat, and hardly any clothes—his toes were sticking out of his old shoes. He carried an old carbine, which would have been suicidal for him to match against a "Mauser." His mother had ten children, of which he was the oldest. His brother of eleven years tilled the ground. He said that he wished that the war would end so that his brothers and sisters could learn to read. He was a very intelligent little mulatto, with a kind, sad face, and energetic, soldierly bearing.

This region appeared to me to be particularly well adapted for cattle-raising. I have never seen such luxuriant grass anywhere, although I have crossed our continent several times. It is of the bunch-grass variety, and was as high as my head as I sat on horseback. Cattle are very fond of it and grow fat upon it. We travelled through miles of it this night; and it was certainly very beautiful, waving in the moonlight, which was so bright that I wrote notes of these things as I sat on

my horse's back. We slept in an abandoned hut, near the burnt village of Baire. This hut was typical, and was constructed of poles, covered with palm-leaves, and had a hard dirt floor. Though deserted by its owner, it was still occupied by various kinds of active and numerous inhabitants, with whom we soon became well acquainted. "There was a hot time in the old hut that night." The first thing that I saw in the morning as I opened my eyes, was an army of large ants passing rapidly in single file out of my oatmeal bag, each with a grain held proudly high.

After breakfast, we saddled the horses and proceeded to Baire, where we stopped at the "Comandancia Militar, distrito de Igunai," Captain José Ramos. I was offered a cup of native chocolate, made very thick and coarse, the beans being pounded in a mortar, and without milk. It was not half bad and was quite nutritious. There being some ill here with malaria and scurvy, I gave them remedies, and departed after many adioses.

We had proceeded but a short distance when I discovered a large saddle-gall on one of our pack animals, and I at once turned back to the Prefecture or "Comandancia," where I could get water to cleanse the sore. While here I was led to deliver a little missionary talk upon the social and religious needs of the people. I lamented the deplorable condition of the country, and contrasted it with the progress of the United States; told them that it was largely due to the ignorance in which they had been kept, and that they were many years behind the age, like Spain; that they must learn to read, in order to know what was going on, and what had taken place in the world; that our progress was mainly due to our education, that our laws were just, and that we were free of conscience. I urged them to study the Bible, as the only guide to conduct; to think for themselves, and said that each one was responsible to God and not to any priest or church.

These elementary but fundamental facts were listened to very intently by this appreciative audience. One of them rose and said, in a very earnest and pathetic way, as he placed his fingers upon his eyes: "We are blind; we do not and cannot know what to do." I should have liked

to tarry longer with this simple-minded and sympathetic people.

We saw a woman and child hurrying through the tall grass ahead of us, and the guide said that they were afraid. I rode up to them, but could obtain no responses to any of my advances, and walked along to their hut, a miserable hovel, in which naked children were playing with a pig. The lord of the house I found squatted upon his haunches, where he remained the entire time during our interview, the personification of laziness. The women and children kept staring at me, and finally offered me three cigars, which I refused on the plea of not smoking. Telling them that the United States had freed Cuba, I left.

My guide told me that the hills on each side of the highway were full of people, mostly women and children. The men were in the army, but were allowed to go home occasionally to till the ground. We met no one on the road but armed Cubans, and these few and far between. The sun was very powerful. I travelled by dashes, going ahead and diving in wherever I saw an opening in the tall grass or trees, which led me to some hut. There were no houses along the road, they having been burned by the Spanish columns as they passed. My way of proceeding, while not altogether safe, was certainly very instructive and did not delay my pack train; it enabled me also to do scouting.

There were a number of battles fought here about a month ago, when the Spanish columns passed from Manzanillo to Santiago. I arrived in the afternoon at Igumai, a town surrounded by fourteen small forts built of masonry which are now in ruins. The Cubans, under General Garcia, took it after twelve days of fighting and left a small garrison in it; the Spaniards subsequently retook it and then withdrew.

The one-story houses of masonry, with broken doors and shattered windows, showing all the evidences of war and vandalism, impressed me; and proceeding, I encountered a group of pale, ragged women and naked children sitting on the sidewalk. They showed only too plainly all the signs of starvation in their poor little pinched faces and bodies, while some had the protruding abdomen and bloated appearance that mark one form of fatal cases.

They all stared at me with great, lustrous, unearthly eyes. I do not think that I shall ever forget that terrible picture.

Dismounting, I questioned them for awhile and told them that the American Red Cross had brought relief to them from the sympathizing people of the United States and of the world; that we should stop with them for awhile, and to come with all their friends to us as quickly as possible. We proceeded to the "comandancia," where I found Colonel Reyes, with about forty ragged soldiers. I confess that they were not a prepossessing lot. They looked like renegade Spaniards. The Colonel was a large man with Napoleonic whiskers, a cast in one eye, and somewhat sinister-looking. He showed me my quarters, directly across the plaza from his, and said that they were the best in the town. As they contained a desk and some chairs, and I saw none of these articles in the other houses into which I happened to look, I could believe him.

We were soon besieged by the sick and starving, and were rushed for several hours. Although we had had nothing to eat since early morning, we could not stop. Fearing that some of our horses might be spirited away and killed for food, I had them tied in front of my door, where they could be constantly watched.

Our provisions being distributed, leaving only barely enough to get back on, the sick and the wounded next claimed my attention, and when my work was done you can believe that I was tired.

We were now forced to return as quickly as possible, and I had to give up, for the present, the idea of seeing General Garcia for General O. O. Howard, who wished to effect a reconciliation between Garcia and General Shafter. I learned from Colonel Reyes that he was ninety miles to the north besieging Holguin, and my horses could not possibly have held out, as they were becoming exhausted by almost continuous travelling.

This town of Igumai, the birthplace of General Garcia, is extremely quaint. It resembles some of the towns in Palestine. A square, or "plaza," with grass and trees in the centre, is surrounded on four sides by one-story, brick stuccoed houses, with very thick walls, stone floors, large, heavy doors, flat, tiled roofs. Arcaded verandas.

Moorish style, extending over the sidewalks, form a sheltered passage around the square. Narrow streets lead from the four corners, and are crossed at irregular distances by others. Poking along through empty houses, I discovered a very large, old-fashioned billiard-table. How it could have been carried over roads that are no more than goat-tracks now is a mystery. Perhaps it might have come four hundred years ago, when roads were better.

We were now on our homeward journey. I concluded to return by another route, forming, as it were, a loop in order to pass over new country that I might understand this region better. We also proceeded through the woods in order to meet the people hidden away there. These woods are almost impassable except along narrow trails, the dense tropical foliage, overhanging vines and clusters of orchids obscuring vision. Twisting and turning along the trails, we came suddenly upon some little hut with a thatched roof and a dirt floor, upon which pigs, chickens, and naked children were often mixed up generally. There might be a little clearing in which was growing corn, sweet potatoes, yams, bananas—sometimes sugar-cane; or the patch might be skilfully hidden away in the woods out of the way of danger; frequently the house was also difficult to locate.

At some of these houses I received a very characteristic answer to my greeting of "How do you do?" A pale, sad-faced woman would answer: "Pasando lo que Dios quiere" (Passing through that which God wishes.) The patient endurance of these poor people is remarkable and beautiful. Old men, women, and children alone are seen. Some have food, most have very little in their houses, and all are sadly in need of clothing. This commodity is practically unobtainable at present. My soldier-guide showed me his uniform which consisted of a patched-up undershirt costing one dollar; a pair of cotton trousers at the same price per yard; a straw hat, and one suspender which he did not quote. He was guiltless of shoes. The hospitality of these poor people is very great. They will share with a stranger whatever they have. If the Cuban has nothing else to offer, he will extend a cigar with rare grace.

We travelled half of the night, and

were so tired that we slept upon our horses' necks. Camped at Juan Varon for a few hours' rest, but early in the morning we were on our way. We overtook two families on their way to Santiago from Manzanillo. They had two starved, worn-out horses, upon the bare backs of which clung a feeble-looking woman and a lot of small children. An old man, a woman, and a number of half-grown boys and girls were walking. They were all very ragged, thin, and tired. Dismounting I caused those on foot to mount our horses and we proceeded to Palmas. One poor woman, emaciated and almost exhausted, kept exclaiming: "Ave María, Virgen de Caridad, cuando se acaba la guerra?" (Ave Maria, virgin of charity, when will the war end?)

We passed a herd of fine beef cattle on their way to Santiago, the first cattle of any description that I had seen. Re-entered Palmas Soreano about August 4th. The American commander told me that my Cuban doctors had left that morning because they could find no food to eat. He himself was on the shortest kind of diet. I went up to the Spanish hospital to get some iodoform for my horses that had sore backs. The American surgeon accompanied me, and very gently hinted that his men were suffering for want of certain medicines. I found the hospital well supplied with these, and inasmuch as "Uncle Sam" had confiscated them, I ordered the Spanish apothecary to hand over quickly the drugs that our American doctor asked for in English. He at first hesitated, saying that some were locked up and that he did not have the keys. Insinuating very gently that such a little thing as that need not hamper "Uncle Sam," there was no further delay. While thus engaged, up rode the Cuban doctors, having turned back, and with them came Colonel Dieguez, several officers and men. One of the Spaniards in charge wanted to know when they were going back to Spain, to which I responded that they should have gone back years ago, which seemed to please greatly the Cubans, and even some of the Spaniards smiled sadly. We were glad to meet again, and greeted each other warmly.

While thus engaged, laughing and joking with the Cubans and Spaniards, I turned to find myself face to face with a

file of United States soldiers. I could not help but admire the grim-looking fellows, as they stood close to us ready for instant action. Upon learning of our peaceful intentions they withdrew; the Cubans also, in the opposite direction; and we proceeded to our quarters, a large brick stuccoed house on the Plaza.

Shortly afterward the American commander, Captain Lewis, paid us a visit. He asked if we had any malted milk, which fortunately we had, and I was happy to furnish him with it for his sick men. Then came General Cebreco and staff, and our good friend Colonel Dieguez; with them came a large number of sick and wounded, who were attended to promptly.

I shall never forget one poor old man, who was brought to me by his son, a Cuban officer. He was carried in a canvas sling by four men. He had long white hair and beard, and was wasted almost to a skeleton, and as he seized my hand in his dying ones and attempted to kiss it, he cried out: "Oh, Americano! Americano!" and could say no more, for the tears choked his feeble utterances. He had desired to live only long enough to see an American, one of that nation that had liberated his people. I very gently withdrew my hand from his dying clasp, and he was borne away with his hands raised in prayer to—die happy. Tell me not that Cubans have no gratitude toward Americans!

We went out to visit the sick that were too ill to come to us. I also went to the American and Spanish hospitals. After treating all the sick that we could find, we departed for St. Luis. This place is five leguas, or about fifteen miles, distant, and has a population of about seven thousand. Entering the town, we were suddenly confronted by Spanish soldiers with fixed bayonets and thought for a moment that we had fallen into a Spanish trap, but kept up a bold front, and saluting passed on. The town was full of Spanish soldiers, and it was not until we had passed through it that I saw some of our boys in their dark blue flannel shirts, and greasy and soiled dark brown canvas breeches. Poor fellows, they looked warm and dirty, but to my eyes were fine-looking, with their open countenances and frank manners, so different from the suspicious, cruel, and villain-

ous-looking Spaniards surrounding them. The town being very dirty, and there being no place to camp in but the streets, I concluded to push on to a sugar plantation or "Hacienda," where I was informed there was a good spring of water, and plenty of grass for our horses. The place proving satisfactory, I returned to my little caravan, when I saw, from the top of a hill, that it had halted. I rode quickly up and found that a horse had fallen exhausted. It lay with its head down-hill and looked as if it was going to die. My Cuban aids looked helplessly or carelessly on and smoked their cigars. I confess that I was provoked, and said a few short sharp words to stir them up to action, and after getting a pail of water from a brook nearby and wetting the poor animal's head, I managed to shame them into assisting me in getting the horse into a more comfortable position, and to cut some green branches with their machetes to protect it from the burning sun. This is not the first time that I have found Cubans helpless in an emergency. In their defense it may be said that the city Cuban cannot be expected to be of much use in the country. The day was blisteringly hot, and they were all nearly tired out. But these were the chaps that at the start were going to ride the American down and show him a trick or two. Their respect for Americans increased with the journey. After awhile, we got the poor horse on his feet and walked him to a fine grass field where we camped.

Our daily thunder-storm coming up, I had our provisions and things covered as usual with the gum cloths, and we took refuge in a large sugar mill nearby. I found that a hospital had been established here. Sixty sick men lay in cots and in hammocks among the machinery. This was out of a command of one hundred and twenty, I was informed by the hospital steward. Some of the "well men" were pointed out to me, and these poor fellows were hardly able to stand up. They had been in the fights around Santiago, and said that it was good for them, that the city had surrendered when it did, because, in a few days, they should have been unable to have moved out of the trenches. Most had more or less diarrhoeal troubles, many of them a climatic fever, and not a few typhoid. They were all

very thin and weak and had been short of rations, but were now doing better and recuperating, especially since they had had a roof over their heads. All appeared very glad to see us, and to hear me speak "United States," as one poor fellow said. We swung our hammocks in a wing of the building, and our Cuban friends were soon sound asleep. I sat up chatting with some of the "well men," and waited upon the sick till very late, then "turned in," only to be awakened shortly by one of the guards, requesting me to go and see a sick officer, which I very gladly did, and fortunately had remedies to help him.

In the morning, leaving the remainder of our medicines with our friends of the night, and bidding them good-by, I arranged with the American commander, Colonel Bisbee, and with Mr. Rousseau, the owner of the plantation, to receive and distribute the supplies of food, medicine, and clothing that would be sent out by the American National Red Cross from Santiago to St. Luis for the relief of that region. Mr. Rousseau accompanied us to St. Luis, where a large storehouse was secured. Passing through the vil-

lages of Dos Bocas, Cristo, and Cuevitas, we arrived that evening at Santiago, safe and sound, though rather the worse for wear. We had travelled almost continuously for eight days and nights, over a large area of country, and seen many strange and pitiable sights, some of which I wish that I had never beheld. I can conscientiously say that the Cuban people are in a deplorable condition, and I think that they need all the help that the generous people of the United States can send them.

The following day we reported to our honored president, who expressed high appreciation of our labors, and gave us praise greater than we deserved.

I cannot conclude this simple narrative without making an appeal for this suffering people. The distress is there—God knows I have seen it—and I cannot rest easy in knowing it. There never was a cry from suffering humanity more urgent than this from Cuba, at our very doors. We have not relieved it. The war has intensified it for the present, and whatever may be its ultimate benefits thousands of precious lives must yet be lost before adequate relief can reach them.

WITH THE SIRDAR

By Major Edward Stuart Wortley, C.M.G.

Commanding the Arab Irregular Force

SO many graphic details have been given by correspondents of great experience, descriptive of the late campaign in the Sudan, and of the great battle which resulted in the Khalifa's total defeat, that it seems difficult to add to them. However, a brief account of the formation and subsequent proceedings of the Arab Levies on the east bank may be of interest. No correspondent accompanied them, so it is possible to relate the story without fear of repetition.

The duties assigned by the Sirdar to the Arab Irregulars, were to clear the east bank of the Nile in order that a battery of howitzers might be placed in a position on that bank from whence the Mahdi's tomb, the Khalifa's house, and the principal buildings could be shelled, and the great wall be breached, which enclosed

the principal part of Omdurman. The Howitzer Battery under command of Major Elmslie, R.A., with its Lyddite shell, was a new experiment in warfare, and the effect of this shell was a subject of considerable speculation. Results, however, fully justified the most sanguine expectations.

The Arabs, of whom the Irregular Force was composed, represented many of the principal tribes of the Sudan. A glance at a map will show their various localities. The most important among them was the Taalin tribe. In the year 1885 this tribe fought with great gallantry against the small British force under Sir Herbert Stewart at Aba Klea and Gubat. They remained hostile to the Egyptian Government for many years. The other tribes who sent contingents to join the Ir-

regular Force were, the Bishariyeh, Haden-dowah (both of whom fought against us about Suakim on many occasions), the Sheikriyeh (a very powerful tribe from the Gedarif country), the Batahim, Massalamieh, Hassaniyeh, Sowarab, Shagiyeh and Gimiab; the last named being commanded by a son of Zebehr Pacha, who has played such a conspicuous part in the affairs of the Sudan for very many years. All these tribes had been, up to within a few months, bitterly hostile to the Egyptian Government; but, as is invariably the case with Arabs, they were ready to go with the flowing tide. The moral effect of the great victory gained by the Sirdar at the battle of the Atbara was tremendous; foreshadowing the near approach of the end of the Khalifa's rule. It was thus that they answered to the Sirdar's summons, and joined the Irregular Force, being collected to take part in the advance on Omdurman.

The Ababdeh tribe, not yet mentioned, who inhabit the desert near Assouan, had been faithful to the Government throughout the many years of conflict with the Dervishes. Being in touch with civilization, they presented a more regular appearance; they were more or less drilled under their worthy Sheikh, Achmed Bey Khalifa; one hundred and fifteen of them being armed with Martini-Henry rifles, which they had been taught how to use.

The process of concentration of an Arab tribe at a certain place on a certain date, requires considerable patience: it is always better to fix upon a date a few days in advance of the one really necessary, for by such means it is possible that the number of men, which the Sheikhs agree to muster, may be assembled. Time is little object with an Arab; and he does not understand our ways of military precision. "Bukra" (to-morrow) is a favorite thought all over the East.

However, it was on August 24, 1898, that I first assumed command of this weird Irregular force, Lieutenant C. Wood, Northumberland Fusiliers, accompanying me as my staff officer. They were concentrated on the east bank opposite the Sirdar's advanced camp at Wad Hamed, at the foot of the sixth Cataract.

I was met by the head Sheikhs of the various tribes, who gave me a very cordial welcome. Each tribe was bivouacked

separately, at some distance from one another. I ordered the whole force to be assembled under their respective Sheikhs, in order that I might have some idea of the material of which my army was composed. Then commenced the beating of drums, and weird war dances, blowing of horns and a great hubbub of voices. In about an hour's time bodies of men appeared from every direction and paraded on an open space of ground. Some were armed with Remington rifles (most of which were unserviceable), some with flint-lock muskets bearing the mark of the Tower of London, some with elephant guns, while others carried spears and swords; a large number were armed only with sticks. Their costumes were of a very simple description: merely a cloth round their loins, and a belt round their waists in which to carry ammunition.

Having assembled the head Sheikhs, I explained to them the duties the Sirdar had called them together to perform; and warned them that any benefits they might receive in future from the Sirdar's hands, would be dependent on their behavior until the fall of Omdurman. Eight hundred serviceable rifles were then given to the Sheikhs for distribution. Corn for seven days was also distributed, together with a certain amount of biscuit. The commissariat arrangements for a native force are not difficult, for Arabs are content with a very little; and no transport is required. For the next two or three days men were constantly arriving in obedience to the orders of their Sheikhs, until, on August 27th, the force numbered about 2,500 men, together with a fair proportion of women and children.

On August 27th, having received orders from the Sirdar to march in conformity with his advance on the west bank, I ordered a start to be made. I rode on about two miles ahead in order to inspect the force as they marched, as I was anxious to see what formation they would assume. They adopted none whatever. Some were on camels, some on horses, others on donkeys, but most of them were on foot, their women and children straggling along behind them, carrying all their worldly goods. At intervals rifles were fired in the air, regardless of the direction in which the bullets might go. Having halted this strag-

gling crowd, each tribe was then made to march together, and a more or less compact column was then formed. The Arabs seemed much impressed with this arrangement, each tribe forming line on a broad front, headed by their Sheikhs and mounted men. No incident of any importance occurred until August 29th. On that date, hearing that a village called Gaali was occupied by a small body of the enemy's cavalry and Tehadiehs, I started with a mixed force of Ababdeh, Taalin, Batahin, and Sowarab to reconnoitre and attack the Dervishes. The village was surrounded, and the Tehadiehs were killed or captured, the cavalry unfortunately escaping. The Arab mode of attack was quaint to a degree: formed in a line, each tribe advanced against a part of the village. When about five hundred yards from the mud houses they halted and commenced to dance, brandishing spears and swords in the air and firing off rifles. After a few moments they resumed the advance, dancing and firing all the while (in the air), when suddenly, with a yell, they rushed at the houses, and, having effected an entrance, they slaughtered everyone within. On this occasion there were very few dervishes, but I thought that if a village was strongly held, an attack conducted in such a fashion might meet with heavy loss. On August 30th I received definite orders from the Sirdar that the right bank of the river was to be cleared of all dervishes as early as possible on September 1st, the gun-boats under Commander Keppel being ordered to assist in the work of demolishing the forts in conjunction with the Arab attack on the villages opposite the Omdurman. The howitzer battery was to be towed in barges, in order to be landed on the east bank as soon as it had been cleared.

On August 31st definite information was obtained by the means of spies that the Khalifa had sent his cousin, a Baggarah Emir named Isa Zeckariah, with about one hundred cavalry and one thousand Tehadiehs, to hold the villages on the east bank between Halfiyeh and the Blue Nile. Although no actual contact occurred, the enemy's cavalry were seen retiring before the Arab advance.

On that night a violent storm took place, which rendered the low ground on the bank of the Nile almost impassable for camels,

thereby obliging the column to march at a distance from the river and out of touch with the gun-boats.

On September 1st, on arrival at Halfiyeh, which was unoccupied, a halt was made in order that a place of attack should be arranged with the gun-boat flotilla. The gun-boats were to steam ahead and engage the forts, while the Irregulars were to take them in rear, and clear the villages at some distance from the bank.

While yet at a safe distance from the enemy the warlike enthusiasm of the Arabs became intense: dancing was resumed and bullets were flying in every direction except that of the enemy. To each tribe a point of attack was then apportioned, the Taalin being kept in reserve. Two tribes who belonged to the immediate locality were selected for the most important attack.

The order for the general advance was then given. When within about five hundred yards of the villages held by the enemy, the leading tribes halted; they yelled, danced, fired in the air. It was in vain their Sheikhs ordered them to advance. Time, however, being pressing, and this tardiness in attacking not tending toward the accomplishment of the object in view, the Taalin were ordered to carry out the work of clearing the villages; they advanced at a slow pace in a long column, and surrounding house after house in a gallant manner, succeeded in completely routing the Dervishes. The Emir himself was killed with three hundred and fifty of his men, their own loss being fifty and sixty killed and wounded. Meanwhile the forts, which the gun-boats had engaged and silenced, were taken in the rear and their garrisons killed. During the attack, Lieutenant Wood, Captain Buckle, R.A., and two gunners and I had dismounted owing to the swampy state of the ground which caused our camels to slip up. Accompanied by an escort of fifty Arabs, we were crossing the front of a village then held by the enemy when suddenly a party of twenty-five Baggarah cavalry charged straight at us. The Arabs fled; and had it not been for the muddy state of the ground which impeded the advance of the horses, we must have fared badly. However, we succeeded in rallying a few of the Arabs and with their help and our

own revolvers we beat off the cavalry, killing fifteen of their number. These horsemen threw their long spears with great precision; and a sudden onslaught such as this requires steady troops to resist it.

Thus the east bank was cleared of the enemy by noon; the howitzer battery was then landed, and at 1.30 P.M. the first of the Lyddite shells fell on the dome of the Mahdi's tomb and greeted the Khalifa with a terrific explosion. In a short time all the principal buildings in Omdurman had been destroyed and a large breach made in the great wall. The effect of the great Lyddite shell is terrible. Charles Neufeld, who was a prisoner in Omdurman at the time, related how one shell bursting in the middle of a small open-air mosque, blew up one hundred men out of one hundred and eighteen who were praying in it. The moral effect of the fire of this battery must have been very great; and it is not to be wondered at that the Khalifa failed to persuade any of his followers to take up a position within the great wall. Such had been his intention, and to carry it out would have entailed house to house fighting and heavy loss of life on the Anglo-Egyptian force.

I should mention that immediately after the howitzer battery had been landed, the gun-boat flotilla embarked five hundred Taalin Arabs, with a view to clearing Tuti Island of dervishes. The gun-boats steamed slowly past all the forts on Tuti Island, Omdurman, and Khartum. These forts were constructed of mud, and were of great strength, but the embrasures were narrow and the guns were effective only over a very small radius. They were armed with seven-pounder brass guns and with a few nine-centimetre Krupp guns. The accuracy and rapidity of the fire from the quick-firing guns on board the gun-boats gave the enemy little time for aiming. One embrasure after another crumbled away until the openings were entirely blocked, while at the same time Maxim guns poured in a murderous fire on the rifle-trenches which flanked each fort.

It was found unnecessary to land the Taalin on Tuti Island, as it did not appear to be strongly held, and little opposition was shown from thence.

Two gun-boats being left as guard-ships, the remainder of the flotilla returned to the Sirdar to report the result of the day's operations.

Two hundred and fifty Arabs were now sent in pursuit of dervishes up the right bank of the Blue Nile, the remainder of the Irregulars forming a cordon round the battery and occupying the villages.

The night passed without incident, though not without discomfort, the wet ground rendering a bivouac somewhat unhealthy. Quinine was administered to the British soldiers.

At daybreak on September 2d the battery commenced firing again into Omdurman, and shortly afterward from five miles down the river on the west bank was heard the first gun, which told us the big battle had begun.

A curious incident now occurred. A deserter from Omdurman swam across the river to our side, and asked to be brought before the officer commanding. He came before me and inquired of me whether I had any means of communicating with the Sirdar of the main army on the west bank. Heliographic communication had just been established, so I told him it was possible. The deserter then said, "Tell the Sirdar that the Khalifa intends to make two attacks—the first will be made by a mass of Dervishes looked upon by the Khalifa as the riff-raff of his army. This attack he knows will be defeated. He then hopes that the Sirdar will consider that he has defeated the whole dervish force, and will order an advance into Omdurman. Meanwhile the Khalifa with the pick of his army will be concealed behind a hill" (which the deserter pointed out), "and as soon as the Sirdar advances into Omdurman, he will fall on his right flank and rear and annihilate him."

Unfortunately, heliographic communication was interrupted before this intelligence could be signalled; but the substance of it proved to be correct, the dispositions of the Khalifa being exactly as the deserter had described.

The handling of the Egyptian Division by Major-General Hunter and his Brigadiers, Colonels MacDonald, Maxwell, and Lewis, when attacked in the flank and rear, was worthy of comparison with any similar achievement in military history. The

Egyptian and Black Battalions changed front under the most critical conditions, with a steadiness which could not be excelled even if drilling in Hyde Park. So hard was MacDonald's Brigade pressed at the moment that General Hunter sent for a British Brigade under Colonel Wauchope to cross his rear and support him.

It is not, however, within the province of this article to describe the various incidents of the big battle on September 2d: full accounts having been given by eye-witnesses.

It was with the most perfect confidence that the progress of the battle was watched from the opposite bank; and great was the enthusiasm of the Arabs when the black flag of the Khalifa, together with the red Egyptian flag of the Sirdar, was seen passing slowly between the mud houses of Omdurman toward the Khalifa's house. We knew then victory had been complete. The howitzer battery ceased fire; and our only anxiety was as to the losses sustained by our comrades on the other bank. Some troops entered the main town of Omdurman through the breach which had been made by the howitzer battery.

The following day, September 3d, the whole of the Arab Irregulars were formed upon parade, and executed a wild and enthusiastic dance in celebration of the overthrow of dervish tyranny.

The anxiety of a great number of these Arabs to cross over the river can well be imagined, for the wives and children of many of them were in Omdurman, taken there as the fruits of many raids by dervishes on villages to the north. The Taalins especially were in a fever of excitement to learn the fate of their families, who had been taken from them at Metammeh in 1897. It was, however, impossible to convey them all across; but as many as it was possible to cram on the available boats were landed in Omdurman.

On September 4th, the Sirdar decided to send as many of the Irregulars as were mounted on camels, in pursuit of the fugitive Khalifa; it was with some difficulty that they were collected together, and crossed over the river; they would have preferred to have been allowed to run loose in Omdurman; looting what was left and paying off the Dervish in his own coin. The victorious Arab or Black soldier is

worse than a Dervish; he spares no one; and the wretched inhabitants might well have cried "save me from my friends."

With the despatch of these Irregulars in pursuit of the Khalifa, the story of the friendly Arabs ends: the remainder were disbanded, and returned to their several localities. It has been said that the great battle on September 2d was a wholesale slaughter, and no battle at all. It is true the Dervish loss was prodigious; but that cannot be wondered at considering the numbers of modern guns and rifles against which they hurled themselves; but it must be remembered that in fighting against fanatical savages there is no such thing as surrender: it is a case of kill or die. The comparatively small loss sustained by the Sirdar's force reflects the greater credit on his admirable conduct of the campaign.

Anyone who has not served in the Sudan cannot conceive the state of devastation and misery to which that unfortunate country has been brought under Dervish rule. Miles and miles of formerly richly cultivated country lies waste; villages are deserted; the population has disappeared. Thousands of women are without homes or families. Years must elapse before the Sudan can recover from the results of its abandonment to Dervish tyranny; but it is to be hoped and may be confidently expected, that in course of time, under just and upright government, the Sudan may be restored to prosperity; and the great battle of September will be remembered as having established peace, without which prosperity would have been impossible; and from which thousands of misguided and wretched people will reap the benefits of civilization.

Lastly: let us trust that the Government of the Sudan may be for many years under British direction, for that is a guarantee of justice; Arab Sheikhs are unanimous in attributing the rebellion which assumed a religious form, to the oppression of a succession of Egyptian Governors, whose object during their tenure of office was merely extortion; but with the feeling of right and justice which would be guaranteed by the greatest Mohammedan Power in the world, the British Empire, which rules the greatest number of Mohammedans, a future of peace and prosperity is assured.

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is a slow matter to settle down again after a war, even though it was only a short one. We have had an agitating year of it, a wearing year, with its emotions and excitements; and though we won our fight, and did it with little difficulty and at wonderfully small cost, our success, such as it was, has

New Year
Responsi-
bilities.

not left us exultant, but somewhat sadder than we were, possibly wiser, and a good deal bothered by the responsibilities that victory has brought us. We have gone far enough to see how defective an instrument of reform war is, but not far enough as yet to see much good come of it. New problems have come to us, new risks, new cares, new possibilities of mistake. What do we rely on to bring us safely through this critical time of our national life? Not on war-ships or fighting men; for though we have both, and trust their efficiency, we know that they are at least as proficient at creating new problems as at solving old ones. Military success is next most embarrassing to military failure. Nor do we count implicitly on the wisdom of our statesmen; for we know that they are fallible, like statesmen elsewhere, and almost as likely to make mistakes which we must rectify as to hit upon the precise course which best accords with justice and sound policy.

What we must rely upon is ourselves as the individuals who make up a nation. If we are, in the main, good people and fairly wise people—faithful, honest, industrious, and temperate—we shall win out of our perplexities and survive all our inevitable mistakes. There is no making a great nation out of inferior individuals. There is no stopping the career of a nation whose individuals are competent. What we do in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in Hawaii, in the Philippines, is indeed important; but what we do at home, in our own families, and schools, and courts, and churches, and counting-houses is still of incomparably the greater moment. The war is over. The mass of us private citizens can afford now to leave the arrangement of its issues to our appointed agents in whose hands it rests. Our affair now is to go on with our old works—to

seek peace and pursue it, to gain wisdom and use it, to grow in grace, to build up character, to raise up the weak, to restrain the oppressor, to determine what there is in life that is worth striving for, and to strive steadily and urgently for that. We went to war for the furtherance of peace; not to raise enmities, but to further good-will among men. If we are ultimately to accomplish those high aims, it must be because we can foster and maintain good-will in our own hearts. If greed overcomes our altruism and we use selfishly the opportunities which our victories have given us, we shall not escape either the fame or the responsibilities of such a perversion. We cannot grumble if the questioner, who asks what manner of folk are the Americans, shall choose to seek his answer not in Massachusetts or in Kansas, but in the Antilles or the Philippines. By our fruits, the fruits of our victories, we shall be known. What they shall be—not to-day or next month, but in the long run—depends upon us and what we are. If we are a people with a conscience, our conscience will be respected by those whom we appoint to act for us. We have given hostages to justice, and it becomes us more than ever before so to order our conduct at home, and from day to day, that our works that are seen abroad may be good works and our authority beneficent.

“WE talk about this being an age of specialization, and deplore this threatening tendency,” said a thoughtful employer, lately, “but I find that among my employees those who can do one thing well can usually do other things just as satisfactorily. It seems to be largely a matter of common-sense and adaptability, as I see it.”

“The reason why many persons are out of work,” said a social reformer, on another occasion, “is not because they are unable or unwilling to work, but because they are unwilling or unable, or both, to do the work they can get to do.”

Every housewife knows the story of the

The Genius of
Adaptability.

men who come to her back door; every pedestrian knows the story of the men who stop him on the streets with requests for dimes; every worker in organized reform knows the story of the applicants to his bureau. The man who asks a cup of coffee from your breakfast-table is a printer; type-setting machines have thrown hundreds of compositors out of work, hence his misfortune. The man who stops you with the plea for the price of a night's lodging is an ice-cutter; it is summer, and he is in temporary but periodical distress. The man who wants free medical assistance, or money to pay his rent or buy his children food is a telegrapher; it was recently ordered that operators in his office should type-write messages instead of transcribing them with a pen, and he, not knowing how to use a typewriter, was face to face with starvation—or the necessity of finding another place.

Now, type machines are operated by erstwhile compositors, and among them wages are pretty generally better than before; and of the remnant that is out of work it is true that it comprises a very considerable percentage of drinking or otherwise incompetent men. And an ice-cutter should make the best of ice-handlers in summer, while, as for the telegrapher, the use of a typewriter should be but a small matter, as it exacts only a little will and patience and a very little intelligence. So much we know, but what shall we then say?

It is easy for one whose faculties have been thoroughly trained, to affirm that the average worker is too easily daunted, that he has not enough native intelligence to meet a situation and surmount it; but it is not easy to say what should be incorporated in the education of the average worker to make him less of a screw, as it were, fitted to only one small hole in the mechanism of the universe, and useless if the hole change its dimensions or find another fit before him. It is easy to say that that is not education, in any real sense, which leaves a man no further equipped for life than this; but it is not easy to say how to get behind technical education and inculcate principles of individual character as the basis for principles of individual ability.

Every year sees the multiplication of training-schools; we have schools of technology for our well-to-do youth, and manual training schools for another class, and trade-schools

for still another, and for years we have been teaching Indians and negroes, even, to lay bricks and manage farms and do carpentering and plastering, and few men or boys are turned out of penal institutions now without having been taught a trade, and well taught, too, in most instances. This is promising; but what does it mean—the never-failing cry, “I am a cigar-maker, and the doctor said I must get out-door work, and I can't;” or, “I’m a scene-painter, and it’s a bad season in theatricals and there’s little new work doing;” or, “I’m a lithographer,” or “a paper-hanger,” or “a pattern-maker,” or “a wood-carver?” Any of these, or hundreds, literally, of other things, but almost never, “I’m a wood-carver, but I’m pretty handy as a carpenter, too, and if you can’t give me a Flemish oak hall-settle to carve, perhaps you can let me make you a cretonne-covered shoe-box, or put you up a neat set of book-shelves, or build you a window-seat?” Sometimes, it is true, a dejected and despondent plasterer will tell you that he is willing to do anything; but does he ever suggest beyond shovelling snow or putting in coal, what “anything” might be?

In other lines it is the same. What shall one call that quality which leads some on to make the most of life, and the lack of which holds others forever in the barren lands or at most but on the edge of success? Is it a sort of genius, or is it rather the expression of a type of character than the mark of a degree of mental or mechanical adaptability?

A great many people know how to do something, but not a great many people, it would seem, know what the world wants to have done, and what part of it they ought to be able to do. With ever-increasing insistence the question comes home to us—is this state of affairs inevitable or remediable? When trained workmen complain of lack of employment, is the social order wrong, are political conditions at fault, is it a matter of supply and demand for the economists to explain toward solution, or is it a moral and mental sifting process which is inseparable from the progress of the race? Must we apply sympathy, and nothing more, to those ineffectual persons who must not only be trained by society to do a certain kind of work, but must be kept, by society, with that specific kind of work to do?

THE FIELD OF ART

MURAL PAINTINGS IN AMERICAN CITIES

MURAL paintings in America are few as yet; but they hardly fall short of the European average; and this not so much because of technical merit in draughtsmanship as in an easy adaptability, a decorative fitness, an appropriateness of the artistical subject and treatment to the surroundings and to the spot—merits which, when embodied in a draughtsmanship and in a technique not too crude, are worthy of, and are sure to receive, some present and much future admiration. The power of drawing the human figure on a very large scale is within the reach of many a man who does not yet know that he possesses it. The time-honored practice of painting easel pictures has blinded many a man to his own greater powers: and of this we have constantly recurring evidence. Moreover, the highest excellence of draughtsmanship is not always absolutely essential to a mural painting.

If the last proposition seems paradoxical, it will seem less so when we consider how this man's or that man's work is found to have a large and even noble accent in ceiling paintings of great size, when we would not commission him to paint an easel picture involving studies from the nude; how the decorative instinct of another fits his composition to the medallion, the lunette, or the concave surface of the vault and makes a success out of what is evidently deficient in science; how, finally, nobility of color and the great gift of flatness—of forming a part of the wall—is possessed by the hand which sometimes goes astray in the representation of anatomy.

We shall still do well not to relax our demand that the artist shall learn to draw. The greatest colorists miss it if they are not draughtsmen. Not even the greatest mastery of tonality or of color, or the greatest skill in suppressing the Detail in behalf of the Whole can enable the artist to dispense with drawing; for drawing is simply the act of putting the right thing in the right place. Let all this be admitted, and let us even insist upon it; the fact still remains that our artists, as we have them, and as they are growing up, have proved themselves capable of excellent

work in the most important and most vital branch of the painter's art.

"The painter" has been said above; because it is assumed that our candidate has the teaching of the schools or of a good studio, and that he is fit to call himself a painter. Given that degree of native and acquired power—given so much of the stock in trade common to all painters worthy of the name—and the first abnormal or peculiar gift which the mural painter needs is the feeling and the knowledge of the proper adornment of the walls and roofs. The knowledge how to adapt his work to the hard, solid, and opaque member of the building so as to adorn it splendidly while yet it remains hard, solid and opaque, is the most important knowledge of all. To achieve this result was the special work of those great Florentines of the fifteenth century. In this they excel their great successors, the Venetians, as much in the matter of decorative fitness as the Venetians excel the Florentines in draughtsmanship, in magnificence, in range, and in the technical skill of the painter especially so-called.

Some of us who write on questions of fine art have held that decoration in the more common sense is not within the reach of the modern world; because the artisan, the unpretending workman in his shirt-sleeves, has had no education at all fitting him to design, while the trained artist holds himself above the invention of patterns and the adornment of utensils. This position cannot be maintained as it is stated above. The experience of the past ten years in France and in Germany, to a less degree in England, and even in the United States, has shown that a new world of decorative design is forming itself, and must be reckoned with in the future.

We have held, many of us, that only the picture painted by the highly trained, school-taught painter, and the bas-relief modelled by the highly accomplished master, are worthy of a place—that only those men can properly adorn the interiors of our buildings. This is not quite true. It is well for the world that it is not quite true, and that a race of decorators is coming into being who cannot compete in the modelling or in the painting of nude figures or drapery with the masters of art. There is then hope that the world may



see again that combination of fully realized figure-painting with purely decorative pattern—designing that we see, for instance, on the vaults of Assisi, and on the walls of the Sistine Chapel. The lunettes and vaults of the upper Church of St. Francis deserve consideration for the frank way in which the elaborate frieze of purely non-natural foliage serves as a frame to the highly wrought figure composition within. Similar use of conventional patterns in vertical and horizontal bands, in curves and squares used as frames for paintings, is found in that beautiful hall of the Vatican which is called the *Salone* of the library; and also in the room nearly adjoining and decorated by the great lunette painting of a sacred council. These are more formal in taste, more neo-classic in the spirit which has inspired them than those of Florence or Assisi; and if the paintings are smaller in superficial dimension, they are not less important in the relative scale of the decoration, nor less pretentious as works of art. Is there fear that such a use in modern decoration of ornamental patterns to relieve and set off figure subjects would be injurious?

It might be tried. It would be well if one would take the great composition by Puvis de Chavannes in the vestibule of the Boston Public Library and design a frieze twenty inches wide to serve as a frame to it. It should be done on precisely the same lines as those laid down for the border of a very rich Persian rug. Or, if the student of the past does not wish to go to the East for suggestion, let him study the most splendid things of the kind which Europe has to show, perhaps the inlaid bands on the flanks of Florence Cathedral, especially at the four doorways, those on the Campanile near at hand, and those of Assisi aforesaid.

There would be one advantage in the search of such purely decorative appendages to the figure compositions and the landscape, namely, that it would help the painter to make his work decorative. It would remind him that he

was not painting an easel picture, that he had to design the frame as well as the picture, and to put the whole into its place forever. There would be nothing to prevent him from using a somewhat different medium for his decorative frame. Relief may enter into it; and this has been shown partly by Mr. Sargent's frieze of pictures below his great lunette painting in the Boston Library. Or mosaic might be used for the frame; and this has been shown partly by the mosaic-covered vaults of the Congressional Library of Washington. For it is to be observed that the frame is not of necessity four-square, nor yet of necessity a frieze of equal width throughout. The illustration shows us a larger and several smaller lunettes in the ground floor galleries of the Congressional Library. The patterns in the mosaic of the vaults serve as frames to the figure compositions and to their landscape backgrounds, as completely and as successfully as if they were painted upon the intrados and upon the archivolt of every one of these marble arches which enclose the lunettes. The large lunette at the end of the vestibule is seen to have a frame of its own

following the curve of the vault above, and adorned with a formal leaf pattern. The smaller ones have similar though less elaborate frames following the semicircular outline of each lunette. So far well; but this frame alone would not suffice for the setting off of the paintings. Were they alone in place to serve as frames, and were the vault above blank and plain, in plaster, or even diversified by the separate pieces of stone or brick making up such a vault, the pictures would still be isolated in a painful way, and would lose much of their present effect. The combination of the very elaborate pattern of the mosaic with the paintings of representation and expression is all important.

The next thing to insist upon—the fact of decorative surroundings to our mural picture being secured—the next thing to insist upon is that the painter should have control of these ornamental patterns. He will often desire to design them himself. It will not always remain true that our painters of figure subject despise flat patterns so much as to be unwilling to give a little attention to their guiding principles. Not always will our mural painters think that they have done their duty when they set a draughtsman to copying ornamental friezes used, of old, in a totally different situa-

tion, and with wholly different surroundings. The painter will often wish to design his own flat patterns, and his encouragement in that will be the greater the more of a true decorator he is. But he need not of necessity design them. There is many a good workman who can design flat patterns if he is given the chance, and a few lessons as to the obvious propriety of such work; and all that the mural painter need insist upon for himself is that he should control these patterns and their colors. The thing to avoid is that he should come into a hall already adorned with mosaic, or with wood-work and silk panels, and for which the silken hangings of the windows are already chosen, and be told to paint there ceilings or lunettes to correspond with the upholstery. That is the ruinous thing, and so far as that still remains the custom, it is merely one more evidence of that barbarism from which we are slowly emerging.

The list which follows is of some American mural paintings of figure subject, landscape, etc., excluding purely decorative designing. Even in its own way it is incomplete; moreover, new works are now in progress, and others are about to be undertaken. The paintings in the exhibition buildings of 1893 are omitted, because no longer in existence. R. S.



EDWIN A. ABBEY

Boston Library, delivery-room: "The Quest of the Holy Grail."
The Public Buildings, Philadelphia.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER

Congressional Library, east vestibule, entrance-pavilion:
"The Evolution of the Book."

D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG

Waldorf Hotel, New York, west room.

G. R. BARSE, JR.

Congressional Library, east corridor, entrance-hall:
"Lyric Poetry, Tragedy," etc.

OTTO W. BECK

City Hall, Cincinnati, O.

FRANK W. BENSON

Congressional Library, south corridor, entrance-hall:
"The Graces and the Seasons."

E. H. BLASHFIELD

Lawyers' Club, New York, dining-room: "Justice."
Bank of Pittsburg, Pittsburg, Pa.: "Pittsburg Offering
her Iron and Steel to the World."

Congressional Library, dome of reading-room: "Evolu-
tion of Civilization."

Astoria Hotel, New York, ball-room ceiling: "Music and
the Dance."

Village Church, Foxborough, Pa. panel: Angel.

Huntington House, New York, drawing-room ceil-
ing: "Triumph of the Dance." Over door-panels:
"Music." Two alcove panels: "Archer and Nymph."

ROBERT F. BLUM

Mendelssohn Hall, New York, east and west walls:
"The Moods of Music."

KENYON COX

Walker Art Gallery, Bowdoin Coll., lunette: "Venice."
Congressional Library, south gallery, second story,
lunettes: "The Arts," "The Sciences."

FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD

Waldorf Hotel, New York, dining-room ceiling: Figure
panels and general decoration.

Manhattan Hotel, New York, café: Landscape frieze
with figures.

Marquand Chapel, Princeton: Angels.

And in several private houses.

HERBERT F. DENMAN

Manhattan Hotel, New York, drawing-room.

THOMAS W. DEWING

Imperial Hotel, New York, ground floor room, ceiling.

R. L. DODGE

Congressional Library, southeast pavilion, second story,
lunettes: "Four Elements." Ceiling: "Sun God," etc.

W. DELEFTWICH DODGE

Congressional Library, northwest pavilion, second story,
lunettes: "Poetry, Music, Science, and Art." Ceil-
ing: "Ambition."

Pryor House, West Sixty-ninth Street, New York, draw-
ing room ceiling.

JOHN LA FARGE

Trinity Church, Boston, walls and roof: Figures in dec-
orative composition.

Church of the Ascension, New York: "The Ascension."
Church of the Incarnation, New York: "Adoration of
the Magi."

St. Thomas's Church, New York, two wall paintings:
"The Resurrection."

Church of the Paulist Fathers, New York.

Walker Art Gallery, Bowdoin Coll., lunette: "Athens."

Cornelius Vanderbilt's house, New York, vaulted gallery:
"The Coming of Aurora," and subsidiary pictures.

Villard-Reid House, New York, lunettes: "Music," and
"The Dance."

FRANCIS LATHROP

St. Bartholomew's Church: "Light of the World."

Metropolitan Opera House, New York, lunette over
proscenium.

Equitable Building, New York, lunettes in board-room.

Huntington House, New York, music-room ceiling:
Allegory.

Wickes House, dining room frieze: "The Five Senses."
And in several other private houses.

WILL H. LOW

Waldorf Hotel, New York, ladies' reception-room:
"Homage to Woman."

Astoria Hotel, New York, ball-room, lunettes: "Music
of Peace, War, the Sea, and the Wood" and "Music
and the Dance." Panels in cove: Fourteen nations
and their representative musical instruments.

Plaza Hotel, New York, panels: "Welcome and Parting."

Yerkes House, New York, music-room, six lunettes, four-
teen panels: allegories of musical instruments.

WALTER McEWEN

Congressional Library, east corridor of south curtain,
first story: "Greek Heroes."

WILLIAM MACKAY

Congressional Library, east corridor, second story: "The
Life of Man."

GEORGE W. MAYNARD

Waldorf Hotel, New York, café frieze.

Ponce de Leon Hotel, St. Augustine, Fla., dining-room
and vestibule: Allegorical figures.

Imperial Hotel, New York, restaurant ceiling, panels:
"Day," "Morning," "Night."

Congressional Library, entrance-hall, second story, wall
figures: "The Virtues." Southwest pavilion, four
tympana: "Adventure, Discovery," etc. Ceiling, Alle-
gorical figures: "Courage," "Valor," etc.

Plaza Hotel, New York, dining-room, wall figures: "Five
Senses." Lunettes: "Genii with Fruits of America."

Hotel Savoy, New York, banquet-room: "Genii with
Flowers."

Sherry's, New York, large ball-room: "Cupids at Play."

Bijou Opera House, Boston, panels: "Music and Dance."

St. John's Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston, figures in
apse: "Moses and David."

And in several private houses.

GARI MELCHERS

Congressional Library, north gallery, second story, lu-
nettes: "Peace and War."

F. D. MILLET

Bank of Pittsburg, Pittsburg, Pa.: "Thesmophoria."

H. SIDDON MOWBRAY

N. Y. A. C., Travers Island. "Month of Roses."
Huntington House, New York, central hall: "The
Muses." In corridor: "Proserpine and Ceres."

CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE

Congressional Library, entrance-pavilion, north vestibule,
first story: "The Family."

ROBERT REID

Church of the Incarnation, New York.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, second corridor.

Congressional Library, entrance-hall, second story, north
corridor: "The Five Senses," "The Virtues."

Church of the Paulist Fathers, Ninth Avenue and Fifty-
ninth Street, New York.

JOHN S. SARGENT

Boston Library, third story corridor: "Triumph of Re-
ligion."

ROBERT V. V. SEWALL

George Gould House, Lakewood, N. J., frieze: "The
Canterbury Pilgrims"

CHARLES M. SHEAN

Manhattan Hotel, New York, Dutch Kneip: Landscape
decoration.

WALTER SHIRLAW

Congressional Library, entrance-hall, second story, west
corridor: Sciences, etc.

D. O. Mills House, dining-room frieze.

EDWARD SIMMONS

Metropolitan Club, New York, library ceiling.

Central Criminal Court-house, New York: "Justice,
the Fates, and Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Congressional Library, corridor, north curtain, first story:
"Nine Muses"

Astoria Hotel, New York, Astor Gallery, sixteen panels
in cove: "The Months and the Seasons."

F. W. Vanderbilt's house, ceiling.

SIDNEY STAR

Grace Church Chapel, Fourteenth Street, New York.

ABBOTT W. THAYER

Walker Art Gallery, Bowdoin Coll., lunette: "Florence."

CHARLES Y. TURNER

Manhattan Hotel, New York, conversation-room: "Tri-
umph of Manhattan."

Astoria Hotel, New York, main dining-room frieze.

Hotel Martinique, New York.

Bank of Commerce Building, New York.

W. B. VAN INGEN

Congressional Library, northeast pavilion, second story.
Entrance-hall, west corridor, second story.

ELIHU VEDDER

Walker Art Gallery, Bowdoin Coll., lunette: "Rome."
Congressional Library, vestibule to rotunda, first story:
"Government" (five lunettes of allegorical subject).

Huntington House, New York, dining-room, large lu-
nette, eight medallions.

HENRY OLIVER WALKER

Congressional Library, entrance-pavilion, south vesti-
bule, first story: "Lyric Poetry."





SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

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Head-quarters of the Rough Riders at Tampa.

THE ROUGH RIDERS BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

TO CUBA



The Mascot "Cuba."

UP to the last moment we were spending every ounce of energy we had in getting the regiment into shape. Fortunately, there were a good many vacancies among the officers, as the original number of 780 men was increased to 1,000; so that two companies were organized entirely anew. This gave the chance to promote some first-rate men.

One of the most useful members of the regiment was Dr. Robb Church, formerly

a Princeton foot-ball player. He was appointed as Assistant Surgeon, but acted throughout almost all the Cuban campaign as the Regimental Surgeon. It was Dr. Church who first gave me an idea of Bucky O'Neill's versatility, for I happened to overhear them discussing Aryan word-roots together, and then sliding off into a review of the novels of Balzac, and a discussion as to how far Balzac could be said to be the founder of the modern realistic school of fiction. Church had led almost as varied a life as Buck himself, his career including incidents as far apart as exploring and elk-hunting in the Olympic



Rough Riders Arriving at Tampa.

Mountains, cooking in a lumber-camp, and serving as doctor on an emigrant ship.

Woodbury Kane was given a commission, and also Horace Devereux, of Princeton. Kane was older than the other college men who entered in the ranks; and as he had the same good qualities to start with, this resulted in his ultimately becoming perhaps the most useful soldier in the regiment. He escaped wounds and serious sickness, and was able to serve through every day of the regiment's existence.

Two of the men made Second Lieutenants by promotion from the ranks while in San Antonio were John Greenway, a noted Yale foot-ball player and catcher on her base-ball nine, and David Goodrich, for two years captain of the Harvard crew. They were young men, Goodrich having only just graduated; while Greenway, whose father had served with honor in the Confederate Army, had been out of Yale three or four years. They were natural soldiers, and it would be well-nigh impossible to overestimate the amount of good they did the regiment. They were strapping fellows, entirely fearless, modest, and quiet. Their only thought was how

to perfect themselves in their own duties, and how to take care of the men under them, so as to bring them to the highest point of soldierly perfection. I grew steadily to rely upon them, as men who could be counted upon with absolute certainty, not only in every emergency, but in all routine work. They were never so tired as not to respond with eagerness to the slightest suggestion of doing something new, whether it was dangerous or merely difficult and laborious. They not merely did their duty, but were always on the watch to find out some new duty which they could construe to be theirs. Whether it was policing camp, or keeping guard, or preventing straggling on the march, or procuring food for the men, or seeing that they took care of themselves in camp, or performing some feat of unusual hazard in the fight—no call was ever made upon them to which they did not respond with eager thankfulness for being given the chance to answer it. Later on I worked them as hard as I knew how, and the regiment will always be their debtor.

Greenway was from Arkansas. We could have filled up the whole regiment many times over from the South Atlantic

and Gulf States alone, but were only able to accept a very few applicants. One of them was John McIlhenny, of Louisiana; a planter and manufacturer, a big-game hunter and book-lover, who could have had a commission in the Louisiana troops, but who preferred to go as a trooper in the Rough Riders because he believed we would surely see fighting. He could have commanded any influence, social or political, he wished; but he never asked a favor of any kind. He went into one of the New Mexican troops, and by his high qualities and zealous attention to duty

speedily rose to a sergeantcy, and finally won his lieutenantcy for gallantry in action.

The tone of the officers' mess was very high. Everyone seemed to realize that he had undertaken most serious work. They all earnestly wished for a chance to distinguish themselves, and fully appreciated that they ran the risk not merely of death, but of what was infinitely worse—namely, failure at the crisis to perform duty well; and they strove earnestly so to train themselves, and the men under them, as to minimize the possibility of



Troop H shortly after Arrival at Tampa.



Mule Packers.

such disgrace. Every officer and every man was taught continually to look forward to the day of battle eagerly, but with an entire sense of the drain that would then be made upon his endurance and resolution. They were also taught that, before the battle came, the rigorous performance of the countless irksome duties of the camp and the march was demanded from all alike, and that no excuse would be tolerated for failure to perform duty. Very few of the men had gone into the regiment lightly, and the fact that they did their duty so well may be largely attributed to the seriousness with which these eager, adventurous young fellows approached their work. This seriousness, and a certain simple manliness which accompanied it, had one very pleasant side. During our entire time of service, I never heard in the officers' mess a foul story or a foul word; and though there was occasional hard swearing in moments of emergency, yet even this was the exception.

The regiment attracted adventurous spirits from everywhere. Our chief trumpeter was from the Mediterranean—I think an Italian—who had been a soldier of fortune not only in Egypt, but in the French Army in southern China. Two excel-

lent men were Osborne, a tall Australian, who had been an officer in the New South Wales Mounted Rifles; and Cook, an Englishman, who had served in South Africa. Both, when the regiment disbanded, were plaintive in expressing their fond regret that it could not be used against the Transvaal Boers!

One of our best soldiers was a man whose real and assumed names I, for obvious reasons, conceal. He usually went by a nickname which I will call Tennessee. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, with a quiet and distinctly sinister eye, who did his duty excellently, especially when a fight was on, and who, being an expert gambler, always contrived to reap a rich harvest after pay-day. When the regiment was mustered out, he asked me to put a brief memorandum of his services on his discharge certificate, which I gladly did. He much appreciated this, and added, in explanation, "You see, Colonel, my real name isn't Smith, its Yancy. I had to change it, because three or four years ago I had a little trouble with a gentleman, and—er—well, in fact, I had to kill him; and the District Attorney, he had it in for me, and so I just skipped the country; and now, if it ever should be brought up against me, I should like

to show your certificate as to my character!" The course of frontier justice sometimes moves in unexpected zigzags; so I did not express the doubt I felt as to whether my certificate that he had been a good soldier would help him much if he was tried for a murder committed three or four years previously.

known Eastern club, who was serving in the ranks, was christened "Tough Ike" and his bunkie, the man who shared his shelter-tent, who was a decidedly rough cow-puncher, gradually acquired the name of "The Dude." One unlucky and simple-minded cow-puncher, who had never been east of the great plains in his life,



General View of the Camp of the Rough Riders at Tampa.

The men worked hard and faithfully. As a rule, in spite of the number of rough characters among them, they behaved very well. One night a few of them went on a spree, and proceeded "to paint San Antonio red." One was captured by the city authorities, and we had to leave him behind us in jail. The others we dealt with ourselves, in a way that prevented a repetition of the occurrence.

The men speedily gave one another nicknames, largely conferred in a spirit of derision, their basis lying in contrast. A brave but fastidious member of a well-

unwarily boasted that he had an aunt in New York, and ever afterward went by the name of "Metropolitan Bill." A huge red-headed Irishman was named "Sheeny Solomon." A young Jew who developed into one of the best fighters in the regiment accepted, with entire equanimity, the name of "Pork-chop." We had quite a number of professional gamblers, who, I am bound to say, usually made good soldiers. One, who was almost abnormally quiet and gentle, was called "Hell Roarer;" while another, who in point of language and deportment was

his exact antithesis, was christened "Prayerful James."

While the officers and men were learning their duties, and learning to know one another, Colonel Wood was straining every nerve to get our equipments—an effort which was complicated by the tendency of the Ordnance Bureau to send whatever we really needed by freight instead of express. Finally, just as the last rifles, revolvers, and saddles came, we were ordered by wire at once to proceed by train to Tampa.

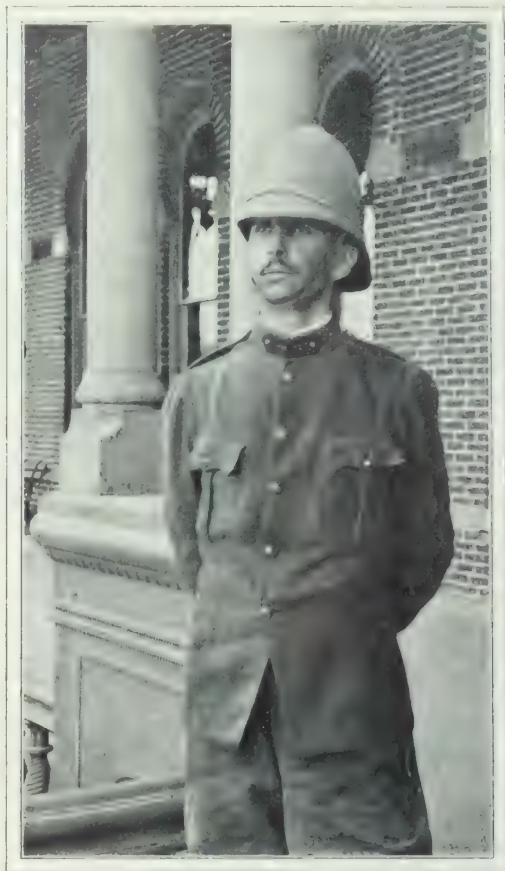
Instantly, all was joyful excitement. We had enjoyed San Antonio, and were glad that our regiment had been organized in the city where the Alamo commemorates the death fight of Crockett, Bowie, and their famous band of frontier heroes. All of us had worked hard, so that we had had no time to be homesick or downcast; but we were glad to leave the hot camp, where every day the strong wind sifted the dust through everything, and to start for the gathering place of the army which was to invade Cuba. Our horses and men were getting into good shape. We were well enough equipped to warrant our starting on the campaign, and every man was filled with dread of being out of the fighting. We had a pack-train of 150 mules, so we had close on to 1,200 animals to carry.

Of course, our train was split up into sections, seven, all told; Colonel Wood commanding the first three, and I the last four. The journey by rail from San Antonio to Tampa took just four days, and I doubt if anybody who was on the trip will soon forget it. To occupy my few spare moments, I was reading M. Demo-

lins' "Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons." M. Demolins, in giving the reasons why the English-speaking peoples are superior to those of Continental Europe, lays much stress upon the way in which "militarism" deadens the power of individual initiative, the soldier being trained to complete suppression of individual will, while his faculties become atrophied in consequence of his being merely a cog in a vast and perfectly ordered machine. I can assure

the excellent French publicist that American "militarism," at least of the volunteer sort, has points of difference from the militarism of Continental Europe. The battalion chief of a newly raised American regiment, when striving to get into a war which the American people have undertaken with buoyant and light-hearted indifference to detail, has positively unlimited opportunity for the display of "individual initiative," and is in no danger whatever either of suffering from unhealthy suppression of personal will, or of finding his faculties of self-help numbed by becoming a cog in a gigan-

tic and smooth-running machine. If such a battalion chief wants to get anything or go anywhere he must do it by exercising every pound of resource, inventiveness, and audacity he possesses. The help, advice, and superintendence he gets from outside will be of the most general, not to say superficial, character. If he is a cavalry officer, he has got to hurry and push the purchase of his horses, plunging into and out of the meshes of red-tape as best he can. He will have to fight for his rifles and his tents and his clothes. He will have to keep his men healthy largely by the light that nature has given him. When he wishes



Captain Arthur H. Lee, British Military Attaché.



Chaplain Brown Preaching to the Regiment.

to embark his regiment, he will have to fight for his railway-cars exactly as he fights for his transport when it comes to going across the sea; and on his journey his men will or will not have food, and his horses will or will not have water and hay, and the trains will or will not make connections, in exact correspondence to the energy and success of his own efforts to keep things moving straight.

It was on Sunday, May 29th, that we marched out of our hot, windy, dusty camp to take the cars for Tampa. Colonel Wood went first, with the three sections under his special care. I followed with the other four. The railway had promised us a forty-eight hours' trip, but our experience in loading was enough to show that the promise would not be made good. There were no proper facilities for getting the horses on or off the cars, or for feeding or

watering them; and there was endless confusion and delay among the railway officials. I marched my four sections over in the afternoon, the first three having taken the entire day to get off. We occupied the night. As far as the regiment itself was concerned, we worked an excellent system, Wood instructing me exactly how to proceed so as to avoid confusion. Being a veteran campaigner, he had all along insisted that for such work as we had before us we must travel with the minimum possible luggage. The men had merely what they could carry on their own backs, and the officers very little more. My own roll of clothes and bedding could be put on my spare horse. The mule-train was to be used simply for food, forage, and spare ammunition. As it turned out, we were not allowed to take either it or the horses.



A Rough Rider Siesta.

It was dusk when I marched my long files of dusty troopers into the station-yard. I then made all dismount, excepting the troop which I first intended to load. This was brought up to the first freight-car. Here every man unsaddled, and left his saddle, bridle, and all that he did not himself need in the car, each individual's property being corded together. A guard was left in the car, and the rest of the men took the naked horses into the pens to be fed and watered. The other troops were loaded in the same way in succession. With each section there were thus a couple of baggage-cars in which the horse-gear, the superfluous baggage, and the travel rations were carried; and I also put aboard, not only at starting, but at every other opportunity, what oats and hay I could get, so as to provide against accidents for the horses. By the time the baggage-cars were loaded the horses of the first section had eaten and drunk their fill, and we loaded them on cattle-cars. The officers of each troop saw to the loading, taking a dozen picked men to help them; for some of the wild creatures, half-broken and fresh from the ranges, were with difficulty driven up the chutes. Meanwhile I superintended not merely my own men, but the railroad men: and when the delays of the latter, and their inability to

understand what was necessary, grew past bearing, I took charge of the trains myself, so as to insure the horse-cars of each section being coupled with the baggage-cars of that section.

We worked until long past midnight before we got the horses and baggage aboard, and then found that for some reason the passenger-cars were delayed and would not be out for some hours. In the confusion and darkness men of the different troops had become scattered, and some had drifted off to the vile drinking-booths around the stock-yards; so I sent details to search the latter, while the trumpeters blew the assembly until the First Sergeants could account for all the men. Then the troops were arranged in order, and the men of each lay down where they were, by the tracks and in the brush, to sleep until morning.

At dawn the passenger-trains arrived. The senior Captain of each section saw to it that his own horses, troopers, and baggage were together; and one by one they started off, I taking the last in person. Captain Capron had at the very beginning shown himself to be simply invaluable, from his extraordinary energy, executive capacity, and mastery over men; and I kept his section next mine, so that we generally came together at the different yards.

The next four days were very hot and very dusty. I tried to arrange so the sections would be far enough apart to allow each ample time to unload, feed, water, and load the horses at any stopping-place before the next section could arrive. There was enough delay and failure to make connections on the part of the railroad peo-

plets of hot coffee, and when we made a long enough stop they were allowed liberty under the supervision of the non-commissioned officers. Some of them abused the privilege, and started to get drunk. These were promptly handled with the necessary severity, in the interest of the others ; for it was only by putting



A Company Kitchen.

ple to keep me entirely busy, not to speak of seeing at the stopping-places that the inexperienced officers got enough hay for their horses, and that the water given to those was both ample in quantity and drinkable. It happened that we usually made our longest stops at night, and this meant that we were up all night long.

Two or three times a day I got the men

an immediate check to every form of lawlessness or disobedience among the few men who were inclined to be bad that we were enabled to give full liberty to those who would not abuse it.

Everywhere the people came out to greet us and cheer us. They brought us flowers ; they brought us watermelons and other fruits, and sometimes jugs and pails

of milk—all of which we greatly appreciated. We were travelling through a region where practically all the older men had served in the Confederate Army, and where the younger men had all their lives long drunk in the endless tales told by their elders, at home, and at the cross-roads taverns, and in the court-house squares, about the cavalry of Forrest and

the Stars and Stripes, and everywhere we were told, half-laughing, by grizzled ex-Confederates that they had never dreamed in the by-gone days of bitterness to greet the old flag as they now were greeting it, and to send their sons, as now they were sending them, to fight and die under it.

It was four days later that we disembarked, in a perfect welter of confusion.



Major Brodie. Major-General Wheeler. Colonel Wood.

Morgan and the infantry of Jackson and Hood. The blood of the old men stirred to the distant breath of battle : the blood of the young men leaped hot with eager desire to accompany us. The older women, who remembered the dreadful misery of war—the misery that presses its iron weight most heavily on the wives and the little ones—looked sadly at us ; but the young girls drove down in bebies, arrayed in their finery, to wave flags in farewell to the troopers and to beg cartridges and buttons as mementos. Everywhere we saw

Tampa lay in the pine-covered sand-flats at the end of a one-track railroad, and everything connected with both military and railroad matters was in an almost inextricable tangle. There was no one to meet us or to tell us where we were to camp, and no one to issue us food for the first twenty-four hours ; while the railroad people unloaded us wherever they pleased, or rather wherever the jam of all kinds of trains rendered it possible. We had to buy the men food out of our own pockets, and to seize wagons in order to get



R. H. Davis. Stephen Bonsal. Caspar Whitney. Frederic Remington.

A Group of Correspondents on Board the Seguranca.

our spare baggage taken to the camping ground which we at last found had been allotted to us.

Once on the ground, we speedily got order out of confusion. Under Wood's eye the tents were put up in long streets, the picket-line of each troop stretching down its side of each street. The officers'

quarters were at the upper ends of the streets, the company kitchens and sinks at the opposite ends. The camp was strictly policed, and drill promptly begun. For thirty-six hours we let the horses rest, drilling on foot, and then began the mounted drill again. The regiments with which we were afterward to serve were



Troop D Equipped for Cuba.

camped near us, and the sandy streets of the little town were thronged with soldiers, almost all of them regulars ; for there were but one or two volunteer organizations besides ourselves. The regulars wore the canonical dark blue of Uncle Sam. Our own men were clad in dusty brown blouses, trousers and leggings being of the same hue, while the broad-brimmed soft hat was of dark gray ; and very workmanlike they looked as, in column of fours, each troop trotted down its company street to form by squadron or battalion, the troop-

ers sitting steadily in the saddles as they made their half-trained horses conform to the movement of the guidons.

Over in Tampa town the huge winter hotel was gay with general-officers and their staffs, with women in pretty dresses, with newspaper correspondents by the score, with military *attachés* of foreign powers, and with onlookers of all sorts ; but we spent very little time there.

We worked with the utmost industry, special attention being given by each troop-commander to skirmish-drill in the



Scene on the Dock at Port Tampa on the Day of Sailing of the Transports.



Transport No. 8—Yucatan, with Rough Riders on Board, off for Cuba.

woods. Once or twice we had mounted drill of the regiment as a whole. The military *attachés* came out to look on—English, German, Russian, French, and Japanese. With the Englishman, Captain Lee, a capital fellow, we soon struck up an especially close friendship; and we saw much of him throughout the campaign. So we did of several of the newspaper correspondents—Richard Harding Davis, John Fox, Jr., Caspar Whitney, and Frederic Remington. On Sunday Chaplain Brown, of Arizona, held service, as he did almost every Sunday during the campaign.

There were but four or five days at Tampa, however. We were notified that

the expedition would start for destination unknown at once, and that we were to go with it; but that our horses were to be left behind, and only eight troops of seventy men each taken. Our sorrow at leaving the horses was entirely outweighed by our joy at going; but it was very hard indeed to select the four troops that were to stay, and the men who had to be left behind from each of the troops that went. Colonel Wood took Major Brodie and myself to command the two squadrons, being allowed only two squadron commanders. The men who were left behind felt the most bitter heartburn. To the great bulk of them I think it will be a life-long sorrow.



On the Upper Deck of the Yucatan, *en route* for Cuba.

row. I saw more than one, both among the officers and privates, burst into tears when he found he could not go. No outsider can appreciate the bitterness of the disappointment. Of course, really, those that stayed were entitled to precisely as much honor as those that went. Each man was doing his duty, and much the hardest and most disagreeable duty was to stay. Credit should go with the performance of duty, and not with what is very often the accident of glory. All this and much more we explained, but our explanations could not alter the fact that some had to be chosen and some had to be left. One of the Captains chosen was Captain Maximilian Luna, who commanded Troop F, from New Mexico. The Captain's people had been on the banks of the Rio Grande before my forefathers came to the mouth of the Hudson or Wood's landed at Plymouth; and he made the plea that it was his right to go as a representative of his race, for he was the only man of pure Spanish blood who bore a commission in the army, and he demanded the privilege of proving that his people were precisely as loyal Americans as any others. I was glad when it was decided to take him.

It was the evening of June 7th when we suddenly received orders that the expedition was to start from Fort Tampa, nine

miles distant by rail, at daybreak the following morning; and that if we were not aboard our transport by that time we could not go. We had no intention of getting left, and prepared at once for the scramble which was evidently about to take place. As the number and capacity of the transports were known, or ought to have been known, and as the number and size of the regiments to go were also known, the task of allotting each regiment or fraction of a regiment to its proper transport, and arranging that the regiments and the transports should meet in due order on the dock, ought not to have been difficult. However, no arrangements were made in advance; and we were allowed to shove and hustle for ourselves as best we could, on much the same principles that had governed our preparations hitherto.

We were ordered to be at a certain track with all our baggage at midnight, there to take a train for Port Tampa. At the appointed time we turned up, but the train did not. The men slept heavily, while Wood and I and various other officers wandered about in search of information which no one could give. We now and then came across a Brigadier-General, or even a Major-General; but nobody knew anything. Some regiments got aboard the trains and some did not, but as none of the trains started this made little difference.

At three o'clock were received orders to march over to an entirely different track, and away we went. No train appeared on this track either; but at six o'clock some coal cars came by, and these we seized. By various arguments we persuaded the engineer in charge of the train to back us down the nine miles to Port Tampa, where we arrived covered with coal-dust, but with all our belongings.

to get a transport at all. From the highest General down, nobody could tell us where to go to find out what transport we were to have. At last we were informed that we were to hunt up the depot quartermaster, Colonel Humphrey. We found his office, where his assistant informed us that he didn't know where the Colonel was, but believed him to be asleep upon one of the transports. This seemed odd



Disembarkation of the Rough Riders at Daiquiri.

The railway tracks ran out on the quay, and the transports, which had been anchored in midstream, were gradually being brought up alongside the quay and loaded. The trains were unloading wherever they happened to be, no attention whatever being paid to the possible position of the transport on which the soldiers were to go. Colonel Wood and I jumped off and started on a hunt, which soon convinced us that we had our work cut out if we were

at such a time; but so many of the methods in vogue were odd, that we were quite prepared to accept it as a fact. However, it proved not to be such; but for an hour Colonel Humphrey might just as well have been asleep, as nobody knew where he was and nobody could find him, and the quay was crammed with some ten thousand men, most of whom were working at cross purposes.

At last, however, after over an hour's

industrious and rapid search through this swarming ant-heap of humanity, Wood and I, who had separated, found Colonel Humphrey at nearly the same time and were allotted a transport—the Yucutan. She was out in midstream, so Wood seized a stray launch and boarded her. At the same time I happened to find out that she had previously been allotted to two other regiments—the Second Regular Infantry and the Seventy-first New York Volunteers,

ter we took aboard. Meanwhile a General had caused our train to be unloaded at the end of the quay farthest from where the ship was; and the hungry, tired men spent most of the day in the labor of bringing down their baggage and the food and ammunition.

The officers' horses were on another boat, my own being accompanied by my colored body-servant, Marshall, the most faithful and loyal of men, himself an old

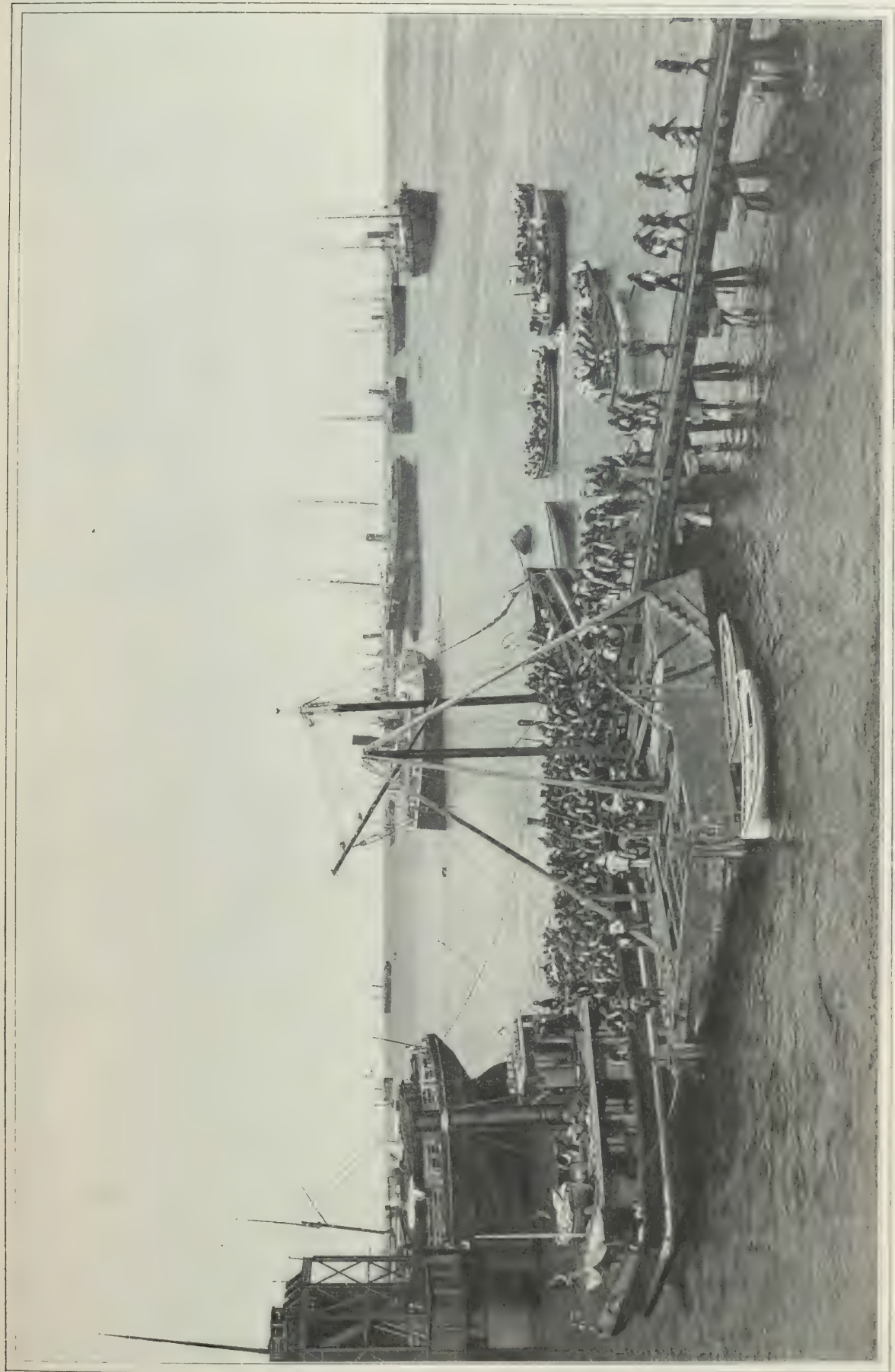


The Dock at Daiquiri where the Troops Landed.

which latter regiment alone contained more men than could be put aboard her. Accordingly, I ran at full speed to our train; and leaving a strong guard with the baggage, I double-quickened the rest of the regiment up to the boat, just in time to board her as she came into the quay, and then to hold her against the Second Regulars and the Seventy-first, who had arrived a little too late, being a shade less ready than we were in the matter of individual initiative. There was a good deal of expostulation, but we had possession; and as the ship could not contain half of the men who had been told to go aboard her, the Seventy-first went away, as did all but four companies of the Second. These lat-

ter soldier of the Ninth Cavalry. Marshall had been in Indian campaigns, and he christened my larger horse "Rain-in-the-Face," while the other, a pony, went by the name of "Texas."

By the time that night fell, and our transport pulled off and anchored in midstream, we felt we had spent thirty-six tolerably active hours. The transport was overloaded, the men being packed like sardines, not only below but upon the decks; so that at night it was only possible to walk about by continually stepping over the bodies of the sleepers. The travel rations which had been issued to the men for the voyage were not sufficient, because the meat was very bad indeed;



General View of the Landing at Daiquiri—Transports in the Offing.



Another View of the Landing.

and when a ration consists of only four or five items, which taken together just meet the requirements of a strong and healthy man, the loss of one item is a serious thing. If we had been given canned corn-beef we would have been all right, but instead of this the soldiers were issued horrible stuff called "canned fresh beef." There was no salt in it. At the best it was stringy and tasteless; at the worst it was nauseating. Not one-fourth of it was ever eaten at all, even when the men became very hungry. There were no facilities for the men to cook anything. There was no ice for them; the water was not good; and they had no fresh meat or fresh vegetables.

However, all these things seemed of small importance compared with the fact that we were really embarked, and were with the first expedition to leave our shores. But by next morning came the news that the order to sail had been countermanded, and that we were to stay where we were for the time being. What this meant none of us could understand. It turned out later to be due to the blunder of a naval officer who mistook some of our vessels for Spaniards, and by his re-

port caused consternation in Washington, until by vigorous scouting on the part of our other ships the illusion was dispelled.

Meanwhile the troop-ships, packed tight with their living freight, sweltered in the burning heat of Tampa Harbor. There was nothing whatever for the men to do, space being too cramped for amusement or for more drill than was implied in the manual of arms. In this we drilled them assiduously, and we also continued to hold school for both the officers and the non-commissioned officers. Each troop commander was regarded as responsible for his own non-commissioned officers, and Wood or myself simply dropped in to superintend, just as we did with the manual at arms. In the officers' school Captain Capron was the special instructor, and a most admirable one he was.

The heat, the steaming discomfort, and the confinement, together with the forced inaction, were very irksome; but everyone made the best of it, and there was little or no grumbling even among the men. All, from the highest to the lowest, were bent upon perfecting themselves according to their slender opportunities. Every book of tactics in the regiment was in use from

morning until night, and the officers and non-commissioned officers were always studying the problems presented at the schools. About the only amusement was bathing over the side, in which we indulged both in the morning and evening. Many of the men from the Far West had never seen the ocean. One of them who knew how to swim was much interested in finding that the ocean water was not drinkable. Another, who had never in his life before seen any water more extensive than the head-stream of the Rio Grande, met with an accident later in the voyage; that is, his hat blew away while we were in mid-ocean, and I heard him explaining the accident to a friend in the following words: "Oh-o-h Jim! Ma hat blew into the creek!" So we lay for nearly a week, the vessels swinging around on their anchor chains, while the hot water of the bay flowed to and fro around them and the sun burned overhead.

At last, on the evening of June 13th, we received the welcome order to start. Ship after ship weighed anchor and went slowly ahead under half-steam for the distant mouth of the harbor, the bands playing, the flags flying, the rigging black with the clustered soldiers, cheering and shouting to those left behind on the quay and to their fellows on the other ships. The channel was very tortuous; and we anchored before we had gone far down it, after coming within an ace of a bad collision with another transport. The next morning we were all again under way, and in the afternoon the great fleet steamed southwest until Tampa Light sank in the distance.

For the next six days we sailed steadily southward and westward through the wonderful sapphire seas of the West Indies. The thirty odd transports moved in long, parallel lines, while ahead and behind and on their flanks the gray hulls of the war-ships surged through the blue water. We had every variety of craft to guard us, from the mighty battle-ship and swift cruiser to the converted yachts and the frail, venomous-looking torpedo-boats. The war-ships watched with ceaseless vigilance by day and night. When a sail of any kind appeared, instantly one of our guardians steamed toward it. Ordinarily, the torpedo-boats were towed. Once a

strange ship steamed up too close, and instantly the nearest torpedo-boat was slipped like a greyhound from the leash, and sped across the water toward it; but the stranger proved harmless, and the swift, delicate, death-fraught craft returned again.

It was very pleasant, sailing southward through the tropic seas toward the unknown. We knew not whither we were bound, nor what we were to do; but we believed that the nearing future held for us many chances of death and hardship, of honor and renown. If we failed, we would share the fate of all who fail; but we were sure that we would win, that we should score the first great triumph in a mighty world-movement. At night we looked at the new stars, and hailed the Southern Cross when at last we raised it above the horizon. In the daytime we drilled, and in the evening we held officers' school; but there was much time when we had little to do, save to scan the wonderful blue sea and watch the flying-fish. Toward evening, when the officers clustered together on the forward bridge, the band of the Second Infantry played tune after tune, until on our quarter the glorious sun sunk in the red west, and, one by one, the lights blazed out on troop-ship and war-ship for miles ahead and astern, as they steamed onward through the brilliant tropic night.

The men on the ship were young and strong, eager to face what lay hidden before them, eager for adventure where risk was the price of gain. Sometimes they talked of what they might do in the future, and wondered whether we were to attack Santiago or Porto Rico. At other times, as they lounged in groups, they told stories of their past—stories of the mining camps and the cattle ranges, of hunting bear and deer, of war-trails against the Indians, of lawless deeds of violence and the lawful violence by which they were avenged, of brawls in saloons, of shrewd deals in cattle and sheep, of successful quests for the precious metals; stories of brutal wrong and brutal appetite, melancholy love-tales, and memories of nameless heroes—masters of men and tamers of horses.

The officers, too, had many strange experiences to relate; none, not even Llewellyn or O'Neill, had been through what was

better worth telling, or could tell it better, than Capron. He had spent years among the Apaches, the wildest and fiercest of tribes, and again and again had owed his life to his own cool judgment and extraordinary personal prowess. He knew the sign language, familiar to all the Indians of the mountains and the plains; and it was curious to find that the signs for different animals, for water, for sleep and death, which he knew from holding intercourse with the tribes of the Southeast, were exactly like those which I had picked up on my occasional hunting or trading trips among the Sioux and Mandans of the North. He was a great rifle shot and wolf hunter, and had many tales to tell of the deeds of gallant hounds and the feats of famous horses. He had handled his Indian scouts and dealt with the "bronco" Indians, the renegades from the tribes, in circumstances of extreme peril; for he had seen the sullen, moody Apaches when they suddenly went crazy with wolfish blood-lust, and in their madness wished to kill whomever was nearest. He knew, so far as white man could know, their ways of thought, and how to humor and divert them when on the brink of some dangerous outbreak. Capron's training and temper fitted him to do great work in war; and he looked forward with eager confidence to what the future held, for he was sure that for him it held either triumph or death. Death was the prize he drew.

Most of the men had simple souls. They could relate facts, but they said very little about what they dimly felt. Bucky O'Neill, however, the iron-nerved, iron-willed fighter from Arizona, the Sheriff whose name was a by-word of terror to every wrong-doer, white or red, the gambler who with unmoved face would stake and lose every dollar he had in the world—he, alone among his comrades, was a visionary, an articulate emotionalist. He was very quiet about it, never talking unless he was sure of his listener; but at night, when we leaned on the railing to look at the Southern Cross, he was less apt to tell tales of his hard and stormy past than he was to speak of the mysteries which lie behind courage, and fear, and love, behind animal hatred, and animal lust for the pleasures that have tangible shape. He had keenly enjoyed life, and he could breast its turbulent tor-

rent as few men could; he was a practical man who knew how to wrest personal success from adverse forces, among money-makers, politicians, and desperadoes alike; yet, down at bottom, what seemed to interest him most was the philosophy of life itself, of our understanding of it, and of the limitations set to that understanding. But he was as far as possible from being a mere dreamer of dreams. A stanchly loyal and generous friend, he was also exceedingly ambitious on his own account. If, by risking his life, no matter how great the risk, he could gain high military distinction, he was bent on gaining it. He had taken so many chances when death lay on the hazard, that he felt the odds were now against him; but, said he, "Who would not risk his life for a star?" Had he lived, and had the war lasted, he would surely have won the eagle, if not the star.

We had a good deal of trouble with the transports, chiefly because they were not under the control of the navy: One of them was towing a schooner, and another a scow; both, of course, kept lagging behind. Finally, when we had gone nearly the length of Cuba, the transport with the schooner sagged very far behind, and then our wretched transport was directed by General Shafter to fall out of line and keep her company. Of course, we executed the order, greatly to the wrath of Captain Clover, who, in the gunboat Bancroft, had charge of the rear of the column—for we could be of no earthly use to the other transport, and by our presence simply added just so much to Captain Clover's anxiety, as he had two transports to protect instead of one. Next morning the rest of the convoy were out of sight, but we reached them just as they finally turned.

Until this we had steamed with the trade-wind blowing steadily in our faces; but once we were well to eastward of Cuba, we ran southwest with the wind behind on our quarter, and we all knew that our destination was Santiago. On the morning of the 20th we were close to the Cuban coast. High mountains rose almost from the water's edge, looking huge and barren across the sea. We sped onward past Guantanamo Bay, where we saw the little picket-ships of the fleet; and in the afternoon we sighted Santiago Harbor, with the great war-ships standing off

and on in front of it, gray and sullen in their war-paint.

All next day we rolled and wallowed in the seaway, waiting until a decision was reached as to where we should land. On the morning of June 22d the welcome order for landing came.

We did the landing as we had done everything else—that is, in a scramble, each commander shifting for himself. The port at which we landed was called Daiquiri, a squalid little village where there had been a railway and iron-works. There were no facilities for landing, and the fleet did not have a quarter the number of boats it should have had for the purpose. All we could do was to stand in with the transports as close as possible, and then row ashore in our own few boats and the boats of the war-ships. Luck favored our regiment. My former naval aid, while I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant Sharp, was in command of the *Vixen*, a converted yacht; and everything being managed on the go-as-you-please principle, he steamed by us and offered to help put us ashore. Of course, we jumped at the chance. Wood and I boarded the *Vixen*, and there we got Lieutenant Sharp's black Cuban pilot, who told us he could take our transport right in to within a few hundred yards of the land. Accordingly, we put him aboard; and in he brought her, gaining at least a mile and a half by the manoeuvre. The other transports followed; but we had our berth, and were all right.

There was plenty of excitement to the

landing. In the first place, the smaller war-vessels shelled Daiquiri, so as to dislodge any Spaniards who might be lurking in the neighborhood, and also shelled other places along the coast, to keep the enemy puzzled as to our intentions. Then the surf was high, and the landing difficult; so that the task of getting the men, the ammunition, and provisions ashore was not easy. Each man carried three days' field rations and a hundred rounds of ammunition. Our regiment had accumulated two rapid-fire Colt automatic guns, the gift of Stevens, Kane, Tiffany, and one or two others of the New York men, and also a dynamite gun, under the immediate charge of Sergeant Borrowe. To get these, and especially the last, ashore, involved no little work and hazard. Meanwhile, from another transport, our horses were being landed, together with the mules, by the simple process of throwing them overboard and letting them swim ashore, if they could. Both of Wood's got safely through. One of mine was drowned. The other, little Texas, got ashore all right. While I was superintending the landing at the ruined dock, with Bucky O'Neill, a boatful of colored infantry soldiers capsized, and two of the men went to the bottom; Bucky O'Neill plunging in, in full uniform, to save them, but in vain.

However, by the late afternoon we had all our men, with what ammunition and provisions they could themselves carry, landed, and were ready for anything that might turn up.

(To be continued.)

FOUR NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

By George F. Hoar

Senator from Massachusetts

ILLUSTRATED WITH CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS

IT has been my fortune to be a delegate from Massachusetts in four National Conventions for the nomination of President and Vice-President—those of 1876, 1880, 1884, and 1888. In the first I was a delegate from the Worcester district, which I then represented in Congress. In the other three I was at the head of the delegation at large. I presided over that of 1880.

The history of these conventions is of great interest. It shows the rudeness of the mechanism by which the Chief Executive of this country is selected, and what apparently slight and trivial matters frequently determine the choice. As is well known, the framers of the Constitution, after considering very seriously the question of entrusting the power of choosing the President to the Senate, determined to commit that function to electoral colleges, chosen in the several States in such manner as their legislatures should determine, all the electors to give their votes on the same day. It is generally stated that the President and Vice-President cannot be from the same State. That is not true. The Constitutional provision is that electors in their respective States shall vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves.

It was intended that the choice of the President should not be a direct act of the people. It was to be committed to the discretion of men selected for patriotism, wisdom, and sobriety, and removed as far as might be from all the excitements of popular passion.

The Constitution further provides that no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector. It was undoubtedly the chief object of this last provision to prevent the perpetuation of power in the same hands,

or under the same influences, by removing the choice of President wholly from the control of persons wielding National authority. This purpose has been in a considerable measure defeated. The elector, in practice, is a mere agent or scribe. He records and executes the will of the nominating convention of the party to which he belongs, in which the real power of selection is in fact lodged. In these conventions members of Congress, and holders of National office, take frequently an active and influential share. It is remarkable, however, how often the nominating conventions have discarded the candidates who were favored by the holders of executive office in the two Houses of Congress. And where such candidates have been nominated by the convention of either party, they have often been defeated at the polls. General Harrison, in 1840, was nominated instead of Webster or Clay, who were the leaders of the Whig party, and doubtless the favorites at Washington. In 1844, when Mr. Clay received the Whig nomination, he was defeated by Mr. Polk, who had, I suppose, hardly been heard of as a candidate in political circles at the Capital. In 1848 the popular feeling again compelled the nomination of a candidate, General Taylor, over the favorite leaders at the Capital. In 1852 Fillmore and Webster were both rejected by the Whigs for General Scott, and General Pierce was summoned from private life for the Democratic nomination. In 1860 Seward was rejected for Lincoln. And in 1876 Hayes, whose National service had consisted of but one term in the House of Representatives, was chosen as the result of a contest in which Blaine, Conkling, and Bristow, distinguished National statesmen, were the defeated competitors. So, in 1880, Garfield, who had not been much thought of in official circles, was selected as the result of the mighty struggle in which Grant and

Blaine were the principal champions, and in which Edmunds and Sherman, who had long been prominent in National circles, were also candidates.

Republican National Conventions since the War of the Rebellion, have been embarrassed by another influence, which I hope will disappear. In many of the Southern States the Democratic Party consists almost entirely of whites who have possessed themselves of the forces of government by criminal processes, which have been a reproach not only to this country but to civilization itself. The Republicans, however numerous, and although having a majority of lawful voters in most of these States, have been excluded wholly from political power. They have however, of course, had their full proportionate representation in the National Conventions of the Republican Party. Their delegates have too often been persons who had no hope for political advancement in their own States, and without the ambition to commend themselves to the public favor by honorable public service, of which that hope is the parent. They have been, therefore, frequently either National officeholders who may reasonably be supposed to be under the influence of the existing Administration, or likely to be governed by a hope of receiving a National office as a reward for their action in the convention; or persons who can be influenced in their actions by money. This Southern contingent has been in several of our National Conventions an uncertain and an untrustworthy force.

The Republican nominating convention of 1876 was held at Cincinnati on June 14th. The delegates from Massachusetts were :

AT LARGE.—E. R. Hoar, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Paul A. Chadbourne, John M. Forbes.

FROM DISTRICTS.—William T. Davis, Robert T. Davis, John E. Sanford, Edward L. Pierce, Henry D. Hyde, J. Felt Osgood, Alpheus Hardy, C. R. McLean, James M. Shute, James F. Dwinal, George B. Loring, Henry Carter, William A. Russell, C. H. Waters, James Freeman Clarke, James Russell Lowell, A. J. Bartholomew, George F. Hoar, James F. Moore, William Whiting, Edward Learned, S. R. Phillips.

The struggle for the nomination equalled in bitterness and in importance many of the contests between different political parties that had preceded it. While the great majority of the Republicans retained confidence in the personal integrity and patriotism of President Grant, it had become painfully manifest that he was often an easy victim to the influence of unscrupulous and designing men. Indeed, it almost seemed that a charge of dishonesty against any public man attached the President to him the more closely. He had been himself reviled and slandered by his political opponents with a bitterness born of the passions of the war, which had not yet subsided. It seemed as if he thought when the public indignation was aroused by any act of baseness or dishonesty—"They are attacking this man as they attack me. I must stand by him." So, while Grant never lost his hold upon the heart of the Northern people wherever there was a contest in any State for political supremacy, the least worthy faction frequently got his ear and his confidence. He never wavered in his attachment to the doctrines of his party—protection, sound principles of finance and currency, honesty in elections. But the old political leaders, whom the people most trusted, were more and more strangers to his presence, and ambitious and designing men—the Conklings, and Butlers, and Carpenters, adventurers who had gone South to make fortunes by holding office, men interested in jobs and contracts, thronged the ante-chambers of the White House. The political scandals, always likely to follow a great war, seemed to be increasing rather than diminishing during his second term of office. I had occasion myself at the close of an argument before the Senate, on the question of the jurisdiction in the trial of the impeachment of General Belknap for taking bribes for the appointment of post-traders, to enumerate a few of the public scandals then recent, as follows :

"My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office. But in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt,

from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the State in the Union foremost in power and wealth four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a by-word throughout the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House, now a distinguished member of this court, rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youths to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress—two of the House and one here—that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard in highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public office that the true way by which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President."

I never thought that the proper way to put an end to this state of things was to abandon what I deem sound political principles, or to abandon the party that was formed to establish them. I should as soon have thought of turning Tory because of like complaints in the Revolutionary war, or of asking George III. to take us into favor again because of like scandals which existed during the administration of Washington and John Adams. But I thought, in common with many others, that a party of sound principles could be made and should be made a party of pure politics.

The two divisions in the Republican

Party, which I have indicated, marshalled their forces for the struggle in the convention of 1876. The friends of Mr. Blaine were generally those Republicans who had been dissatisfied with the conduct of the Administration. They embraced, also, the larger number of the enthusiastic young Republicans, who were attracted by Blaine's brilliant qualities, as were those who had come in contact with him by the marvellous personal charm of his delightful and gracious manners. Roscoe Conkling was regarded as the leader of the other party. The House of Representatives, by an almost unanimous vote, had adopted the resolution declaring that it was contrary to sound principle to elect a President for a third term. So that General Grant himself was not a candidate.

But as the time for the convention drew near, there had been an investigation in the House of Representatives into the affairs of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, which had resulted in some uncomfortable revelations with reference to Mr. Blaine. He was charged with having acquired stocks in railroads which were to be affected by national legislation, either without consideration or for a consideration far below their true value, and of having eagerly sought to acquire other similar stocks, the real consideration which he paid, or expected to pay, being the use of his official influence in behalf of these corporations. This investigation, ordered by the Democratic House of Representatives, was conducted by a majority of the committee charged with it, in a spirit of bitter hostility. The investigation was still in progress when the Republican Convention met. The facts, which were distorted and discolored in public report, impressed many excellent persons unfavorably to Mr. Blaine, and a few with a belief of his guilt. They were used dexterously by his political opponents and by his rivals in his own party, and by some conspicuous persons who had, or thought they had, personal grievances against him, to excite the public mind. On the other hand, as is natural in such cases, the great body of Mr. Blaine's friends clung all the closer to him from a belief that he was the object of unjust and malignant slander.

I was myself a member of the Judiciary

Committee of the House, to whom the investigation was committed. The witnesses were examined by a sub-committee. But they were almost daily compelled to report the questions which arose for decision, to the full committee, and the evidence taken by them was at once printed. I was present at the examination of most of the witnesses, so I was very familiar with the case as it went in. I expected to be charged with the duty of preparing a minority report in case, as was almost certain to happen, the committee found the charges sustained. I had no reason, so far as I then knew, or now know, to be prejudiced or biased in the matter. Mr. Blaine had treated me with courtesy during my service in the House, as he did everybody. He had, as Speaker, never assigned to me any place on committees which was specially agreeable to me, and had put persons, whom I thought less entitled to such distinction, into the chairmanships of the committees of which I was a member. But he was undoubtedly embarrassed in this matter by the large number of Representatives from Massachusetts who had been long in the service. So I had no just cause either for gratitude or for complaint. But I had expected, if he were nominated, although these charges had been made public, to give him my zealous and earnest support as a candidate for the Presidency.

I had, as I have said, occasion to possess myself thoroughly of the evidence against Mr. Blaine when it was produced. I reviewed it carefully during the campaign which preceded the election of 1884. I have reconsidered it again more lately. I did not think at the time, and have never thought since, that Mr. Blaine was guilty either of actual corruption or of a willingness to be corrupted. I do not think he ever sold his official influence, or was willing to sell his official influence, or ever received or desired to receive any compensation for any exercise of his official influence, or his official power. I think the spirit and manner in which the charges against him were pressed and argued before the people, scarcely, if at all, less disgraceful than would have been Mr. Blaine's own conduct if the charges had been true. He was pursued wickedly, malignantly, and revengefully. Some of

the men who were most prominent in his condemnation in 1884, declared under great responsibility their high estimate of him in 1876, when all the incriminating matters were well known to them. And others, with a like knowledge were eager for his nomination in 1880, when they were desirous of defeating the renomination of Grant. At the same time I thought then, and think now, that it was wrong, unbecoming, and in bad taste for a man in public life, and especially for the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, to be engaged in speculation or business transactions like those in which Mr. Blaine took part. Speculating in stocks, especially in those which may be, or may be supposed to be, affected by national legislation, seems to me as much out of character for a member of either House of Congress as the ownership of a race-horse, or betting on a race is out of character for a minister of the Gospel.

And I did not think it, under the circumstances, wise to nominate Mr. Blaine, either in 1876 or later. I believed then, and now believe, that he would have been an admirable President of the United States. But I did not think it wise to put at the head of a movement for reform and for purity of administration, a man whose supporters must defend him against such charges, and who must admit that he had most unwisely of his own accord put himself into a position where such charges were not only possible, but plausible. But I was exceedingly anxious that a candidate should be found who would be not only agreeable to Mr. Blaine and his supporters, but whom, if possible, they should have a large influence in selecting.

Such a candidate, it was hoped, might be found in Mr. Bristow. He was a great favorite in his own State. He was a man of spotless integrity and great ability. He had been a Union soldier. He was from Kentucky, and his selection as a candidate would remove the charge of sectionalism from the Republican Party, and tend to give it strength with the white people in the South. He had made an admirable Attorney-General, and an admirable Secretary of the Treasury. He had been appointed to the Cabinet by Grant. He had not been long enough in public service to have encountered the enmities

which almost always attach themselves to men long in office, and he represented no clique or faction. He was a man of clean hands and of pure heart. For a good while it seemed as if the rival aspirations of Blaine and Bristow, might exist without ill-feeling, so that when the time came, the supporters of either might easily give their support to the other, or agree without difficulty in the support of some third person. I gave a banquet at Wormley's in the spring of 1876, which I hoped might have some tendency toward this desired harmony. There were about forty guests. Mr. Blaine sat on my right hand as the guest of honor, and Mr. Bristow on the left. They talked together, as I sat between them, during the whole evening in the most friendly and delightful way, telling humorous anecdotes relating to their own campaigns, as pleasantly as if they had been describing the canvass of some third person whom they were both supporting. I do not believe there was at that time in the heart of either a tinge of anger against each other.

But as the contest went on, Mr. Blaine seems to have become possessed with a belief that the bitter public attacks upon him were instigated by Bristow. Some of the Kentucky newspapers had been specially bitter. The Republican Convention opened in Cincinnati, Wednesday, June 14th. The Sunday morning before, Mr. Blaine fell in a swoon on the steps of the church at the corner of G and Tenth Streets in Washington. He was carried to his house on Fifteenth Street. Bristow was in his office in the Treasury Department when a friend called upon him, and gave him the news of Blaine's attack, and said: "Would it not be well for you to go round and express your interest?" Bristow took his hat, and the two friends went together to Mr. Blaine's house.

An occurrence took place there which satisfied them both that the feeling against Bristow on the part of Mr. Blaine and his near friends was exceedingly strong and implacable. The story was immediately telegraphed in cipher to Mr. Bristow's principal manager at Cincinnati, from whom I had it a day or two before committing it to paper. The facts were communicated by him in confidence to members of the Kentucky delegation.

On the first six ballots the total number of votes cast was 754. Three hundred and seventy-eight were necessary for a choice. Mr. Blaine received votes varying from 285 on the first ballot, to 308 on the sixth. On all these ballots, but two, Bristow had the second largest number, ranging from 111 to 126. On the first and second ballot he was led by Morton, who had 124 and 120 votes, and was closely followed by Conkling, whose highest vote was 99. At the end of the sixth ballot, it had become manifest that the opponents of Blaine, if they expected to succeed, must unite on a candidate. A portion of the Pennsylvania delegation had already voted for Blaine, who was a native of that State. Others had been held in restraint from voting for him with difficulty, by the influence of Don Cameron, chairman of the delegation and a strong adherent of Grant. The New York Conkling men and the majority of the Pennsylvania delegation, led by Cameron, determined to cast their votes for Hayes, of Ohio, to prevent the nomination of Blaine. In doing that they were to unite with their most earnest antagonists and give their support to a candidate who probably sympathized with them less than any other on the list. It was manifest to the Kentucky delegation that they must make their choice between Blaine and Bristow, and that their choice would decide the nomination. They had a hurried consultation and determined to vote unanimously for Hayes. The going over of Kentucky to Hayes was followed by the other States that had opposed Blaine. Hayes had on the final ballot, 384 votes, Blaine 351, and there were 21 cast for Bristow, which had been cast by States standing earlier in alphabetical order on the roll, who had cast their votes before the stampede began. If Kentucky had cast her 24 votes for Blaine, he would have been nominated. I was told by the close friend of Bristow, of whom I have spoken, and I have no doubt he is right, that the Kentucky Republicans had felt very kindly toward Blaine, and their action was determined by the knowledge of the transaction I have just related, thinking that if this bitterness and anger and dislike of Mr. Bristow existed in the mind of Mr. Blaine, it was hardly worth while

for Bristow's friends and supporters to clothe him with the Presidential office. If Bristow had not visited Blaine's house that Sunday morning, Blaine would, in my opinion, have been the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

What would have been the result if Mr. Blaine had been nominated in 1876, it is now idle to speculate. I am satisfied, in looking back, that I myself under-rated his strength as a candidate. But it seems likely that he would have had the votes of all the States which President Hayes received, and would have been stronger in New York.

Mr. Hayes came to the Presidency under circumstances of great difficulty and embarrassment. He was in my judgment one of the wisest, sincerest, and most honest and patriotic men who ever held the office. He had, on the whole, a very able Cabinet. Mr. Evarts was a very wise and able Secretary of State, far-sighted, courageous, and discreet. Wherever in after years any investigator into our history has occasion to study any diplomatic discussion in which Mr. Evarts took part, he will be impressed with the clearness of his vision, the strength of his argument, and the depth of his far-reaching wisdom.

Mr. Sherman's management of the finances was also marked by conspicuous ability. The great achievement of the resumption of specie payment took place in his time. He had a few years earlier bowed somewhat to the popular feeling in the West, and had favored the payment of the Government bonds in paper money. But he had got over that, and then and ever since has been as firm as a rock, and wise as a serpent on the side of keeping the public faith, and of an honest, prudent financial policy.

General Devens was an admirable Attorney-General. The beautiful tribute to his memory by the late Justice Bradley has, I think, no exaggeration in it.

Mr. Carl Schurz had great influence with the people of German birth, a gift of clear and powerful reasoning, a pure and attractive style of English speech. I suppose I could hardly be expected to do him full justice, if I were to undertake an estimate of the character of a man with whom I have of late years so sharply differed in opinion.

Mr. Key, a Southern Democrat, made a respectable and faithful Postmaster-General, and Mr. McCrary, an excellent and popular Secretary of War. The administration of neither of these two officials, however, was marked by any event of much importance.

But President Hayes's Administration was embarrassed by the disputes about his title. The House of Representatives was against him in the first Congress of his term, and in the second Congress the Senate and House were in the hands of political opponents. He also throughout the whole term had to encounter the hardly disguised hostility of nearly all the great leaders of his own party in both Houses of Congress. Conkling never spoke of him in public or private without a sneer. I suppose he did not visit the White House or any Department during President Hayes's term. Mr. Blaine was much disappointed by President Hayes's refusal to give Mr. Frye a place in the Cabinet, which he desired as a means of composing some incipient jealousies in Maine. Hamlin, who was a very influential Senator, was much disgusted by the President's inclination to reform the civil service. This feeling was largely shared by Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, an able and patriotic man, who ruled the Republican Party in that State with a despotic hand, and had as little respect for the doctrines of the civil service reformers as you might expect from one of his Highland ancestors who ruled over the Clan Cameron in the days of the Scotch Stuarts. Cameron had also a personal grievance, although I do not think that made any difference in his feeling. He had been proposed by the Pennsylvania delegation for the appointment to the English Mission. But the proposition had not been received with favor by President Hayes. Under these difficulties, it is greatly to his honor that so much of public good was accomplished in his time, and that he handed over the Republic to a Republican successor.

As the time approached for the Republican Convention of 1880, it had become clear that it would witness a mighty struggle. Conkling, Don Cameron, who had succeeded to his father's power in Pennsylvania, Logan, of Illinois, the most distinguished volunteer soldier of the war,

and a great favorite with his old comrades, were the most conspicuous leaders of the party who desired to restore the old Grant regime. They were seconded by Howe, formerly Senator from Wisconsin and later Postmaster-General under President Arthur; Creswell, of Maryland, Postmaster-General in President Grant's first term; Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who had a very distinguished public career as Governor, member of the House of Representatives, Secretary of the Treasury, and Senator. They selected as their candidate their old chieftain, General Grant. He was strong not only in the powerful support of these great political leaders, but in the solid confidence of the business men of the country, in the attachment of the great Methodist denomination to which he belonged, in the love of the old soldiers, in the memory of his great public service, both in war and peace, and the general respect of the whole American people. Against this was the unwritten, but well understood, rule of action by which the people had been governed since the time of Washington, that no person should be elected to the office of President for more than two terms. Against him, also, was the feeling that his judgment, which had been sound and unerring in the selection of fit men for good military service, was very much at fault in choosing men in whom he should confide in civil affairs. There was a further feeling that the influence of unworthy politicians, which had been powerful with him in his second term, would be more powerful if he should go back to the Presidency with their aid.

Mr. Blaine's old popularity had been increased in the four years since his former defeat. Many people believed he had been not only unjustly but cruelly treated, and were eager to record their verdict of acquittal from the malignant charges which had been made against him since 1876. There was a third class, of whom I was one, who felt that it would be unwise to nominate either General Grant or Mr. Blaine. While they had a great respect for the character of Grant, they dreaded the influences which would be sure to surround him, if he should come to the Presidency again. While they had the kindest feeling for Mr. Blaine and shared the public indignation at the char-

acter of the attacks of which he had been the victim, they did not like to have a candidate who would be so handicapped. Mr. Blaine's own imprudence had unquestionably given an opportunity and a plausibility to these slanders. They thought, also, that the nomination of either Grant or Blaine would create a feeling of anger and disappointment in the supporters of the defeated candidate, which would seriously endanger the election. They looked about, therefore, for a person who might not be obnoxious to either the Blaine men or the Grant men, and found such a person in Mr. Edmunds of Vermont. He was a man of ability and long public service. He was not a person calculated to inspire much popular enthusiasm, but answered very well as a standard-bearer although his supporters were ready to transfer their support to another candidate, other than Blaine or Grant, on whom a majority of the Convention should be brought to unite. Mr. Sherman had also a considerable body of supporters who respected him for his eminent talents and long and valuable services.

General Grant had a peculiarly strong hold on the Republicans of Massachusetts. They shared with all patriotic men throughout the country a profound gratitude for his illustrious military services. They had been impressed by a feeling of great respect for his personal qualities. The modesty which led him to refuse to enter Richmond in triumph at the close of the war; the simplicity of behavior; the magnanimity which led him to claim so little praise for himself and give so much of the credit to which he was entitled to Sheridan and Sherman, and others of his military associates; his incorruptible personal honesty; his soundness and firmness in dealing with all questions affecting the public credit, the integrity of the currency, and the rights of citizenship, had endeared him to the people of a Commonwealth which ever valued such traits in her public men. The Methodist denomination, always large in Massachusetts and powerful in her Republican councils, was proud that this famous statesman and warrior was of their fold. As the time for the convention approached, four ex-Governors, men of great personal influence, leaders in the Republican Party, yet of highly different character, who rep-

resented very different shades of Republican opinion—Boutwell, Bullock, Claflin, and Rice—declared themselves in favor of nominating him again. Nothing could have prevented his carrying Massachusetts as by a great wave, but the fact that he had been, in his second term, subject to a most unworthy influence in the matter of appointments to public office. The whole National executive patronage in Massachusetts seemed given up to advancing the personal fortunes of General Butler. Brave soldiers, honored Republicans, were turned out of post-offices and custom-houses, and other high Federal offices, to be replaced by incompetent and dishonorable adventurers, odious in the neighborhoods from which they came, to please this ambitious and unscrupulous man. This excited a deep indignation which culminated when William A. Simmons was made Collector of Boston. Of Butler's particular lieutenants in different parts of the State, four were afterward sent to the State Prison. A fifth, after committing some noted forgeries, fled, a fugitive from justice, to a South American State with which we had no treaty for the extradition of criminals. Still another was afterward indicted, though he escaped the meshes of the law, as an accomplice in the destruction and plunder of the Maverick Bank. Still another fled from the State to avoid civil responsibility for a notorious fraud. No personal respect for General Grant could induce the Massachusetts Republicans to run the risk of having again a President who was subjected to personal influences like these. But for the appointment of Simmons as the principal Federal officer in Massachusetts, I think she would have supported Grant for a third term. The Edmunds movement would never have been made, and his nomination at Chicago would have been certain.

The State Convention passed resolutions in favor of Mr. Edmunds, and elected as Delegates-at-Large, George F. Hoar, Worcester; Charles R. Codman, Boston; John E. Sanford, Taunton; and Julius H. Seelye, Amherst.

The District Delegates were: Charles W. Clifford, New Bedford; Azariah Eldridge, Yarmouth; William C. Lovering, Taunton; F. A. Hobart, Braintree; Phineas Pierce, Boston; Choate Burnham,

Boston; Eustice C. Fitz, Chelsea; J. Otis Weatherbee, Boston; H. Cabot Lodge, Nahant; Daniel Russell, Melrose; Dudley Porter, Haverhill; N. A. Horton, Salem; George S. Boutwell, Groton; George A. Marden, Lowell; R. M. Morse, Jr., Boston; George W. Johnson, Milford; W. S. B. Hopkins, Worcester; William Knowlton, Upton; Alpheus Hardy, Athol; Timothy Merrick, Holyoke; Wellington Smith, Lee; M. B. Whitney, Westfield.

Of these, three were in favor of Grant, namely: Boutwell, Eldridge, Marden; two were in favor of Sherman, and one for Washburn.

The others voted for Mr. Edmunds in the beginning, meaning to defeat both Grant and Blaine if they could, and were ready to agree on any man of respectable character and capacity by whom that defeat could be accomplished.

George F. Edmunds had a high reputation in the country as an able lawyer, and a faithful and independent Senator. He had unquestionably rendered great public service in the Senate. If elected, I believe he would have administered the Presidency on the principles which a large majority of the people of Massachusetts held. He was an excellent debater. He was very fond of criticising and objecting to what was proposed by other men. He seemed never so happy as when in opposition to the majority of his associates. But he possessed what persons of that temper commonly lack, great capacity for constructive statesmanship. Any measure of which he was the author would be likely to accomplish its purpose, and to stand fire.

David Davis, who was President pro tempore of the Senate, used to say he could always compel Edmunds to vote in the negative on a question, by putting the question in the old New England fashion, "Contrary-minded will say no," for Edmunds was always contrary-minded. I once told him, borrowing a saying of an Englishman, that if George Edmunds were the only man in the world, George would quarrel with Edmunds.

The morning after the Massachusetts Convention of 1880, when the convention passed resolutions, proposing Edmunds as a candidate for the Presidency, and plac-

ing me first on the delegation at large, Edmunds came to me and said, I have no doubt with absolute sincerity: "I have seen the proceedings of your convention yesterday. If I know myself, I have no desire to be President of the United States. I do not think I am fit for it, and if I were, I should much prefer my present service as Senator. I would say so in a public letter, but I suppose the chances of my nomination are so slight that it might seem ridiculous to decline." I said, "But, Edmunds, just think of the fun you would have vetoing bills." He smiled, and his countenance beamed all over with satisfaction at the idea, and he replied, with great feeling: "Well, that would be good fun."

So while, as I have said, the Massachusetts delegates, most of them, supported Mr. Edmunds as a person likely to hold some votes until the opposition to Grant might be concentrated on some other candidate to be agreed on as the proceedings of the convention went on, and while I think he would have made an excellent President if he had been chosen, his candidacy was never a very strong one.

This convention was menaced by a very serious peril. A plan was devised which, if it had been successful would, in my judgment, have caused a rupture in the convention and the defeat of the Republican Party in the election. The chairman of the Republican National Committee was Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, then and for some years afterward a Senator of the United States from that State. He was an ardent supporter of President Grant and had been Secretary of War in his cabinet, as his father had been in the cabinet of President Lincoln. Like his father before him, he had ruled the Republican Party of Pennsylvania with a strong hand. He was not given to much speaking. He was an admirable executive officer, self-reliant, powerful, courageous, and enterprising, with little respect for the discontent of subordinates. He was supported by a majority of the delegates from Pennsylvania, although Blaine, who was a native of that State, had a large following there. The New York delegation was headed by Roscoe Conkling, who had great influence over Grant when he was President, and expected to retain that influence if he became Presi-

dent again. The Maryland delegation was headed by J. A. J. Creswell, who had been Postmaster-General throughout the whole of Grant's two administrations. On the Massachusetts delegation, as I have said, was Governor Boutwell, Grant's Secretary of the Treasury during nearly the whole of his first term. On the delegation from Illinois was John A. Logan, the most distinguished and popular of our volunteer soldiers. These men had a large following over the whole country. There were three hundred and eight persons in the convention who could be counted on to support Grant from beginning to end, and about a dozen more were exceedingly disposed to his candidacy. They had obtained instructions from the State Conventions of the three States, New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and possibly one or two others, that I do not now remember, to the delegates from their States to vote as a unit for the candidate who should be agreed upon by the majority. Grant had a majority in each of these States. But there was a minority of 18 in Illinois, 26 in Pennsylvania, and 19 in New York, who were for other candidates than Grant. If their votes had been counted for him it would have given Grant on the first ballot 367 votes, 13 less than the number necessary for a choice. As his votes went up on one of the ballots to 313, it is pretty certain that counting these 63 votes for Grant would have insured his nomination. But there were several contests involving the title of their seats of 16 delegates from the State of Louisiana, 18 from Illinois, and three others. In regard to these cases the delegates voted in accordance with their preference for candidates. This was besides several other contests where the vote was not determined by that consideration. Now if the vote of Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York had each been cast as a unit, in accordance with the preference of a majority of the delegation in each case, these 37 votes would have been added to Grant's column and subtracted from the forces of his various antagonists; and the 63 votes of the minority of the delegations in these three States would also have been added to the Grant column, which would have given him a total vote of more than 400, enough to secure his nomination. So the

result of the convention was to be determined by the adoption or rejection of which was called the unit rule.

Don Cameron, the Chairman of the National Committee, left the Senate for Chicago about ten days, I think, before the day fixed for the meeting of the convention. It was whispered about before his departure that a scheme had been resolved upon by him and other Grant leaders, which would compel the adoption of the unit rule, whatever might be the desire of the convention itself. It was his duty, according to established custom, to call the convention to order and to receive nominations for temporary presiding officer. He was pledged, upon those nominations, as it was understood, to hold that the unit rule must be applied. In that way the sitting members from the disputed States and districts would be permitted to vote, and the vote of the three States would be cast without dissent for the Grant

candidate. When the temporary President took his place he would rule in the same way on the question of the choice of a permanent President, and the permanent President would rule in the same way on the conflicting votes, for the appointment of committees, for determining the seats of delegates, and finally the nomination of the candidates for President and Vice-President. If the minority claimed the right to vote and took an appeal from his decision, he was to hold that on the vote on that appeal the same unit rule was to apply. If a second point of order were raised, he would hold, of course, that a second point of order could not be raised while the first was pending. So the way seemed clear to exclude the

contesting delegates, to cast the votes of the three great States solid for Grant, and compel his nomination.

But the majority of the National Committee, of which Cameron was Chairman, was opposed to Grant. They met, I think, the day before the meeting of the convention to make preliminary arrangements. Mr. Cameron, the Chairman, was asked whether it was their purpose to carry out

the scheme that I have indicated. He refused to answer. A motion was then made that the Chairman, after calling the convention to order, be instructed to receive the vote of the individual delegates without regard to the instruction of the majority of their delegation. Cameron refused to receive motions on that question, saying that it was a matter beyond the jurisdiction of the committee. A large part of the entire day was spent in various attempts to induce Cameron either to give a pledge or to permit a resolution to be entertained by

the committee, instructing him as to his action. He was supported by Mr. Gorham, of California, who I believe was not a member of the committee, but was present either as Secretary or as *Amicus Civile*. He was an experienced parliamentarian, and for a long time had been Secretary of the Senate of the United States. The discussion for the majority was conducted largely by Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire, afterward Secretary of the Navy, and now a Senator. After spending a large part of the day in that discussion, some time in the afternoon an intimation was made, informally, and in a rather veiled fashion, that, unless they had more satisfactory



Rutherford B. Hayes.*

* These portraits are as nearly as possible contemporary with the events described.

pledges from Mr. Cameron, he would be removed from the office of Chairman, and a person who would carry out the wishes of the committee be substituted. The committee then adjourned till the next morning. Meantime the Grant managers applied to Colonel Strong, of Illinois, who had been already appointed by the committee Sergeant-at-Arms, and who was a supporter of Grant, to ascertain whether, if the committee were to remove Cameron and appoint another Chairman, he would recognize him as a person entitled to call the convention to order and preside until a temporary Chairman was chosen, and would execute his lawful orders, or whether he would treat them as without effect and would execute the orders of Cameron. He desired time for consideration, which was conceded. He consulted Senator Philetus Sawyer, of Wisconsin, who was himself in favor of General Grant, but who desired above all things the success of the Republican Party, and was not ready for any unlawful or revolutionary action. Mr. Sawyer was a business man of plain manners, and though of large experience in public life, was not much versed in parliamentary law. He called into consultation ex-Senator Timothy Howe, of Wisconsin, formerly Senator from that State, and afterward Postmaster-General under Arthur. He was a very able and clear-headed lawyer, and had a reputation for integrity. He advised Mr. Strong that the committee might lawfully depose their Chairman and appoint another, and that it would be his duty, as Sergeant-at-Arms, to recognize the new Chairman and obey his lawful orders. Strong was under great

obligations to Sawyer who had aided him very largely in business matters, and had a high respect for his judgment. He gave his response to the Grant leaders in accordance with the advice of Mr. Howe, in



James G. Blaine.

which Senator Sawyer concurred. They had intended to make General Creswell the President of the convention. But finding it impossible to carry their plans into effect, in order to prevent the severe measure of deposing the Chairman of the committee, they consented that the assurances demanded should be given. There was then a negotiation between the leaders on the side of Grant and of Blaine for an agreement upon a presiding officer. It was well known that I was not in favor of the nomination of either. Senator Hamlin, formerly Vice-President and then a Senator, proposed my name to Mr. Conkling as a person likely to be impartial be-

tween the two principal candidates. Mr. Conkling replied that such a suggestion was an insult. Hamlin said: "I guess I can stand the insult." But on consultation of the Grant men and the Blaine men

convention, divided among so many candidates, to agree, and that they would in the end get a majority.

I was myself exceedingly anxious on this subject. I also felt that if the follow-

ers of Grant could get any pretext for getting an advantage by any claim, however doubtful, that they would avail themselves of it, even at the risk of breaking up the convention in disorder, rather than be baffled in their object. So the time to me was one of great and distressing responsibility. The forces of Grant were led on the floor of the convention by Roscoe Conkling, who nominated him in a speech of great power and eloquence. The forces of Blaine were led, as they had been in 1876, very skilfully, by Senators Hale and Frye. Garfield was the leader of the supporters of Mr. Sherman. One of the greatest oratoric triumphs I ever witnessed was obtained by Garfield. There had been a storm of applause, lasting, I think, twenty-five minutes, at the close of Conkling's nominating speech. It was said there were fifteen thousand per-



Benjamin H. Bristow.

it was agreed that I should be selected, which was done accordingly. I was nominated orally from the floor when Mr. Cameron called the convention to order, and chosen temporary President by acclamation and unanimously. As the proceedings went on it was thought best not to have any division or question as to a permanent Chairman and it was at the proper time ordered, also without objection, that I should act as permanent president.

But the Grant leaders were still confident. They felt sure that none of their original votes, numbering three hundred and more, would desert them, and that it would be impossible for the rest of the

sons in the galleries, which came down very near the level of the floor. The scene was of indescribable sublimity, when you consider that the fate of the country, certainly the fate of a great political party, was at stake, and, more than that, the selection of a ruler of a nation of fifty millions of people—a question which in other countries could not have been determined, under like circumstances, without bloodshed and civil war. I do not think I shall be charged with exaggeration when I speak of it in this way. I can only compare it in its grandeur and impressiveness to the mighty torrent of Niagara. Perhaps I cannot give a satisfactory reason for so distinguishing

it from other like assemblies that have gathered in this country. But I have since seen a great number of persons from all parts of the country who were present as members or spectators, and they all speak of it in the same way. A vast portion of the persons present in the hall sympathized deeply with the supporters of Grant. Conkling's speech, as he stood almost in the centre of that great assembly on a platform just above the heads of the convention, was a masterpiece of splendid oratory. He began :

And when asked what State he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be,
He comes from Appomattox,
And its famous apple-tree.

It was pretty difficult for Garfield to follow this speech in the tempest of applause which came after it. There was nothing stimulant or romantic in the plain wisdom of John Sherman. It was like reading a passage from "Poor Richard's Almanac" after one of the lofty chapters of the Psalms of David. Garfield began, quietly :

"I have witnessed the extraordinary scene of this convention with deep solicitude. Nothing touches my heart more quickly than a tribute of honor to a great and noble character; but as I sat in my seat and witnessed this demonstration, this assemblage seemed to me a human ocean in a tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its peaceful surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which they measure all terrestrial heights and depths.

"Gentlemen of the Convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When your enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find below this storm and passion that calm level of public opinion from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined.

"Not here, in this brilliant circle where

fifteen thousand men and women are gathered, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed for the next four years—not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates, waiting to cast their lot into the urn and determine the choice of the Republic; but by four millions of Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and reverence for the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by, burning in their hearts—*there* God prepares the verdict which will determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heat of June, but at the ballot-boxes of the Republic, in the quiet of November, after the silence of deliberate judgment, will this question be settled."

Conkling, while exciting the admiration of all men for his dexterity and ability, lost ground at every step. He made a foolish attempt to compel the passage of a resolution depriving of their rights to vote delegates who refused to pledge themselves to support the choice of the convention whoever it might be. His speech nominating Grant contained a sneer at Blaine. So, while he held his own forces together to the last, he made it almost impossible for any man who differed from him in the beginning to come to him at the end. On the contrary everything that Garfield said was marked by good nature and good sense. I said on the first day of the convention that in my opinion if the delegates could be shut up by themselves and not permitted to leave the room until they agreed, the man on whom they would agree would be General Garfield. This desire became more and more apparent as the convention went on. At last, on the thirty-sixth ballot, and the sixth day of the convention, the delegates who had previously voted for other candidates than Grant, began to wheel into line for Garfield. Garfield had one vote from the State of Pennsylvania in previous ballots. But on the thirty-fourth ballot, Wisconsin, the last State to vote in alphabetical order, had given him her sixteen votes, and on the thirty-sixth ballot she was joined by the delegates who

had voted for other candidates than Grant. Grant held together his forces till the last, receiving three hundred and thirteen votes on the thirty-fifth ballot, and three hundred and six on the thirty-sixth. It was a sublime moment, which it was hoped would be vital to the destiny of the Republic for many years, a hope which was cruelly disappointed by Garfield's untimely death. It was, as might be well believed, a moment of sublime satisfaction to me. Garfield had been my friend for many years. I had sat close to him in the House of Representatives for three terms of Congressional service. He had been a guest at my house in Worcester; and I had been his colleague on the Electoral Commission in 1876. He had been educated at a Massachusetts college. He was of old Middlesex County stock. The land of his first ancestor in New England had adjoined the land of my ancestor. The later generations of his race had dwelt in Lincoln, where my father and grandfather were born. My ancestors in several generations had shared with his the duties of town officers in the country towns where they dwelt. The first wedding I ever attended was in the old house in Lincoln, built and occupied by Garfield's ancestor, where my cousin, Charles Tarbell, had married Martha Fiske, the representative in the female line of the Garfield race, who had retained the homestead when the male representatives of the family had emigrated. Garfield's great-uncle Abraham, from whom his own name came, was a soldier in the Lincoln Company of which my grandfather was Lieutenant, at the Concord North Bridge in April, 1775. His grandfather and mine were soldiers at Concord Bridge, and his

great-grandfather was buried in the old Lincoln graveyard within a few feet of the tomb which contains the dust of more than thirty of my own ancestors and kindred. President Garfield was on his way to visit this spot in my company, and to be a guest at my house when the bullet of the assassin struck him.

Garfield has been charged, in accepting the nomination for the Presidency, with having been untrue to the interests of John Sherman, who was the candidate of Ohio, and whom Garfield had supported faithfully through every ballot. The charge is absolutely unjust. Mr. Sherman's nomination was seen by everybody to have been absolutely impossible long before the final result. I was in constant consultation with leaders of the different delegations who were trying to unite their forces. There never was any considerable number of those persons who thought the nomination of



Roscoe Conkling.

Mr. Sherman practicable, notwithstanding the high personal respect in which they held him. At the close of the thirty-fourth ballot, when Garfield received seventeen votes, he rose, and the following incident took place:

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio: "Mr. President——"

The President: "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?"

Mr. Garfield: "I rise to a question of order."

The President: "The gentleman from Ohio rises to a question of order."

Mr. Garfield: "I challenge the correctness of the announcement. The announcement contains votes for me. No man has a right, without the consent of the person voted for, to announce that person's name, and vote for him, in this

convention. Such consent I have not given."

The President : "The gentleman from Ohio is not stating a question of order. He will resume his seat. No person having received a majority of the votes cast, another ballot will be taken. The Clerk will call the roll."

This verbatim report is absolutely correct, except that where there is a period at the end of Mr. Garfield's last sentence there should be a dash, indicating that the sentence was not finished. I recollect the incident perfectly. I interrupted him in the middle of his sentence. I was terribly afraid that he would say something that would make his nomination impossible, or his acceptance impossible, if it were made. I do not believe it ever happened before, or will ever happen again, that anybody attempted or will attempt to decline the Presidency of the United States to be prevented by a point of order.

During the thirtieth ballot a vote was cast by a delegate from the Territory of Wyoming for General Philip H. Sheridan. General Sheridan, who was upon the platform as a spectator, came forward instantly, and said : "I am very much obliged to the delegate from Wyoming for mentioning my name in this convention, but there is no way in which I could accept a nomination from this convention, if it were possible, unless I should be permitted to turn it over to my best friend." The President said : "The Chair presumed the unanimous consent of the convention to permit the illustrious soldier who has spoken to interrupt its order for that purpose. But it will be a privilege accorded to no other person whatever." The General's prompt suppression of this attempt to make him a candidate was done in a direct and blunt soldierly fashion. I did not think it best to apply to him the strictness of parliamentary law ; and in that I

was sure of the approval of the convention. But the precedent of permitting such a body to be addressed under any circumstances by a person not a member would be a dangerous one, if repeated.



James A. Garfield.

Perhaps I may be permitted to add one thing of personal nature. It has been sometimes charged that the delegates from Massachusetts were without great influence in shaping the result of this convention. They moved, and carried, against a formidable opposition, the civil service plank, which embraced the doctrine of civil service reform as among the doctrines of the Republican Party. Of whatever value may be attributed to the humble services of the President of the Convention, they are entitled to the credit. They had, I think, more to do than any other delegation with effecting the union upon Garfield. Of course the wishes of Mr. Blaine had very great influence indeed. I think

he preferred Garfield to any other person except Robert Lincoln, of Illinois, of whom he spoke to me as a person from whom it would be impossible to keep the votes of the colored delegates from the

were twenty-three men from Massachusetts who went there to keep six hundred men from doing what they wanted to. And, by God, they did it."

A few Sundays after his inauguration, during the spring session of the Senate, President Garfield invited Mrs. Hoar and myself to dinner at the White House. President Hopkins, his old friend and teacher, and Mrs. Hopkins were there. There were no other guests, except Judge Nott and his wife, President Hopkins's daughter, President Garfield's mother, and I think, Mr. Archibald Hopkins, President Hopkins's son. President Garfield asked me to remain after President Hopkins had taken his leave. I had a long and interesting conversation with him about his plans and purposes, and especially the difficulties which were then showing themselves in regard to the great New York appointments. Before I went upstairs, he gave his arm to my wife and walked with her about the East room. He said to her: "I hope I may live to repay your husband for all he has done



U. S. Grant.

South, and who would be, by reason of the respect felt for his father's memory, highly acceptable through the country. But Mr. Lincoln, under the circumstances, could not have got the support of his own State, and without it it seemed unwise to attempt a union upon him.

But to continue with what is personal to myself and the delegation from Massachusetts. When I got back to the Capitol, as I went into the cloak-room of the Senate to leave my hat, Don Cameron sat there surrounded by a group of interested listeners. He was relating to them the story of the great contest. As I approached the group he looked up and said: "There comes Massachusetts. There

for me." Perhaps I am indulging in an unpardonable vanity in putting on record this testimony of two of the most interested parties and most competent observers as to the value of the work of the Massachusetts delegation in that convention.

I hope that somewhere before I die I may put on record my estimate of James A. Garfield, when I can say some things that cannot be dealt with in a eulogy, and for which there is not room in this essay. It is the fashion, even among his friends, to speak of him as a person timid if not time-serving, and as easily swayed and moulded by a strong will. I have heard men who knew him very well say that when he led the House on the Republican side, and

had led his party into a position which excited sharp conflict, they never could be sure that he would not get wrong at the last moment, or have some private understanding with the Democrats and leave his own side in the lurch. This is attributed to moral timidity. I feel very sure that this is a great mistake. Garfield's hesitation, want of certainty in his convictions, liability to change his position suddenly, were in my opinion the result of intellectual hesitation and of a habit of going down to the roots of his subject before he made up his mind. He had a great deference for other men's opinions. When, after he had expressed his opinion, some strong and positive man came to him with a confident utterance of a different opinion, unless Garfield had gone to the bottom of the subject himself, he was very likely to defer, to hesitate, to think himself mistaken. But when he had had time and had thought the thing out and made up his mind, nobody and no consideration of personal interest or advantage would stir him an inch. I suppose his courage and genius as a soldier have never been questioned. He performed some very important military exploits. He gave a thorough investigation into the military conditions in Tennessee and Kentucky, and his letter to the Department of War accomplished a great deal toward putting things in a better way. He was a thorough lover of his country. He hesitated long as to the doctrine of protection, and undoubtedly made some inconsistent utterances before he took the ground which he held at last. But he studied the financial question, especially the great subject of currency, and the standard of value to the very bottom. He stood like a rock when Ohio and the whole West seemed going against him, and when the statesmanship even of John Sherman was of the willow and not of the oak. When his District Convention met and passed resolutions in favor of paying interest on the Government bonds with paper, Garfield declared that he would not take the nomination on such a platform. The good fight he made in Ohio turned the scale in that great struggle. I do not believe he would have been a tool or servant in the Presidency. He would have mastered for himself the great subjects to be dealt with in our foreign policy, as well as

in domestic administration and legislation. His will, would, in my opinion, if he had been spared to us, have been the dominant will in our Government for eight fortunate and happy years. Next to the assassination of Lincoln, his death was the greatest national misfortune ever caused to this country by the loss of a single life.

I have not the slightest respect for the suggestion that General Garfield in the least violated his honor or good faith in consenting to accept the nomination after he had been elected as a delegate in the interest of Mr. Sherman. The office of the President is not personal. There can be no such thing as a personal claim upon it, or a personal obligation in regard to it. President Garfield got no advantage whatever from the fact that he had favored Mr. Sherman. Mr. Sherman's nomination was an impossibility from the beginning. That the majority of the convention united upon Garfield was due to the fact that he had no enemies or antagonists in the convention or among the people and, to some degree undoubtedly, also to the admiration felt by his fellow-delegates for the tact, sense, and good nature which he showed in its discussions—qualities which were in marked contrast with those of his very able and powerful antagonist, Mr. Conkling.

It happened to me again to be put at the head of the Massachusetts delegation in the convention of 1884. The leading candidates were Mr. Blaine and President Arthur. Mr. Arthur had, in many respects, made a very satisfactory President. He was a man of pleasant manners and skilled in the subtle ways of New York politicians, but he had been one of the chief representatives of a faction in the Republican Party and he never seemed able to shake off the influences which had surrounded him before his election. At a dinner shortly after he was chosen Vice-President, he made an apparently approving allusion to what he called the use of soap, which was understood to mean the use of money for corrupt purposes. He made a fatal mistake, as it always seemed to me, in permitting the resignation of President Garfield's cabinet and filling their places with men who, like himself, belonged to the Grant faction. If he had said that he would not allow the act of an

assassin to make a change in the forces that were to control the administration, so far as could be helped, and that he would carry into effect the purposes of his predecessor, wherever he could in conscience do so, he would have maintained himself in the public esteem. But that was not his only mistake. Inconsiderately he lent himself to the popular prejudice against the policy of River and Harbor improvements, and in vetoing a bill passed by large majorities in both Houses of Congress, he sent in a message in which he said in substance that the more corrupt the measure the more votes it was likely to get in Congress. When in the next winter he was asked to specify the objectionable items in the bill he had vetoed, which appropriated about \$18,000,000, he was able to point out less than five per cent. of all the appropriations which he could say he thought were for

purposes not required by the interests of International or Interstate commerce. And his claim was thoroughly refuted even in regard to the items which he specified. He also made some very bad appointments, which deeply offended the best Republican sentiments in many of the States. It is a little singular that the appointment of the Collector of the Port of Boston should have cost two Presidents of the United States a renomination. Yet so it is. The old feeling in Massachusetts that it was not, on the whole, desirable to nominate Mr. Blaine existed in great strength. The business men liked Arthur. They thought their interests were safe with him. The honest Republican sentiment of Massachusetts had been deeply outraged by the appointment to the office of Collec-

tor of Boston, of Mr. Roland Worthington, against the protest of her Senators and Representatives in Congress. He had been known only as an unscrupulous supporter of General Butler, and as the editor of a scurrilous newspaper which bitterly attacked the opponents of that person even where they were honest and trusted Republicans. To give this place to Mr. Worthington the President refused to re-

appoint Mr. Beard, who had made an admirable Collector, and who was supported by a large majority of the best men of Boston. It was believed that this appointment had been made in exchange for assurances of General Butler's support in the approaching election. Worthington made a poor Collector, and, at the State election after his appointment, voted for Butler against the candidate of the Republican Party. But for the indignation caused by



Chester A. Arthur.

this appointment I think the delegation from Massachusetts, with three exceptions, would have supported Mr. Arthur for reelection. There would have been no movement for Mr. Edmunds, and but for that movement Mr. Arthur would have received the Republican nomination. Upon the final ballot the vote of Massachusetts was seven for Arthur, three for Blaine, and eighteen for Edmunds.

A somewhat interesting incident occurred which shows the depth of a feeling, which I think was largely a prejudice, which is still manifesting itself as a disturbing element in American politics. There was a great desire on the part of those who were opposed to both Arthur and Blaine, to find a candidate upon whom they could unite, of such popular-

ity and national distinction as to make it impossible for the managers for these candidates to hold their forces together. We thought General Sherman was the person that we wanted. It was known that he had written a letter to Mr. Blaine declining to have his name used, and that a telegram had been received from him by a delegate during the session of the convention to the same effect. But it was thought that if he were once nominated he would find it impossible to decline, and that his previous refusal would be an element of strength and not of weakness in the country. After the adjournment, which was at 11.45 A.M., on Friday, June 6th, the day before the balloting, I made an arrangement to meet Mr. George William Curtis, the Chairman of the New York delegation, and one or two other gentlemen of the same way of thinking, from one or two other States, and we agreed that when the convention came in again we would cast the votes of our delegates who agreed with us for General Sherman. I had been authorized by a large majority of the Massachusetts delegation to have this interview, and knew that I represented their opinions, although they had not, all of them, spoken to me about General Sherman. When I got back to the next meeting of the convention, I made known to them what I had done. I was told by several of them that they would stand by me, but that it would cause great dissatisfaction when they got home. "What is the matter?" I said. "Our people do not want a Father Confessor in the White House," was the answer. Although General Sherman was a Protestant, it is well known that his wife was a Catholic. Soon after, Mr. Curtis came over to my seat and said: "Mr. Hoar, I cannot carry out our agreement." "What is the matter?" said I. "There is an insurrection in the New York delegation," was his reply. "They do not want a Father Confessor in the White House." So we agreed we should have to give it up. When I came back to Washington, I called at John Sherman's house and talked over the convention with him. I told him the story I have just related. He said he was not surprised, and that he believed the unwillingness to have the religious faith of his wife made matter for

public discussion had a good deal to do with his brother's refusal to permit himself to be a candidate.

While the Convention of 1884 did not nominate the candidate favored by the Republicans of Massachusetts, the action of the State, in my opinion, was decisive in defeating the nomination of President Arthur. But for that there would have been no movement for Edmunds, and his support would have gone to the President. Mr. Blaine, who was nominated, was defeated at the election. The event proved him a much stronger candidate than I had supposed, and his subsequent career in the Department of State, I believe, satisfied the majority of his countrymen that he would have made an able and discreet President. I suppose it would hardly be denied now by persons acquainted with the details of the management of the Democratic campaign, at any rate I have heard the fact admitted by several very distinguished Democrats, members of the Senate of the United States, that the plurality of the vote of New York was really cast for Mr. Blaine, and that he was unjustly deprived of election by the fraud at Long Island City by which votes cast for the Butler Electoral Ticket were counted for Cleveland. I suppose also that but for the utterances of a foolish clergyman named Burchard, Mr. Blaine's majority in that State would have been so large that these frauds would have been ineffectual.

In 1888 there was a very strong, almost irresistible feeling among Republicans in the country that Blaine should be put in nomination again, although he had peremptorily and publicly refused to be a candidate. He was travelling abroad during that year. His mental vigor was unabated, as was shown by his answer to Cleveland's free trade message, which was cabled across the ocean and reached the people almost as soon as the message. But the disease of which he afterward died was then upon him, as was known to some few of his intimate friends. Besides that, he had had an attack at Milan, which deprived him for a good while of the use of his limbs on one side. In 1892 I was in the care, at Milan, of a man who I suppose was the most eminent physician in the north of Italy, Dr. Fornoni, who gave me an account of Mr. Blaine's illness in



John Sherman.

the very apartments where I was ill, and which Blaine had occupied before me. But when the convention came together they were so eager to nominate Blaine that he was obliged to send another cable, I think, from Paris, insisting that his wishes should be respected. There was a great diversity of opinion as to candidates, but little of the eager antagonism that had characterized the preceding conventions. The Republican Party had been sobered a good deal by four years of adversity. The delegates from Massachusetts were :

At Large—George F. Hoar, Worcester; Henry S. Hyde, West Springfield; Frederick L. Burden, North Attleboro; Alanson W. Beard, Boston.

District—Frank S. Stevens, Swansea; Jonathan Bourne, New Bedford; William H. Bent, Taunton; Eben L. Ripley, Hingham; Arthur W. Tufts, Boston; Edward P. Wilbur, Boston; Jesse M. Gove, Boston;

Charles J. Noyes, Boston; Edward D. Hayden, Woburn; Elmer H. Capen, Somerville; William B. Littlefield, Lynn; Samuel W. McCall, Winchester; William Cogswell, Salem; William E. Blunt, Haverhill; Joseph L. Sargent, Dracut; George S. Merrill, Lawrence; J. Henry Gould, Medford; David Farquhar, Newton; William A. Gile, Worcester; George L. Gibbs, Northbridge; John W. Wheeler, Orange; John G. Mackintosh, Holyoke; Emerson Gaylord, Chicopee; and William M. Prince, Pittsfield.

I was very desirous that the vote of Massachusetts should be given to John Sherman. He was, except Mr. Blaine, unquestionably the most distinguished living Republican statesman. He had been an able champion of the opinions which the Republicans of Massachusetts held, and of the policies under which her special industries had been fostered. To nomi-

nate him would be to go back to the early habit of placing the greatest and wisest statesmen of the country in its highest offices. But I could not get the majority of the Massachusetts delegation to come to my way of thinking. General Cogswell, a very able and accomplished member of the House of Representatives, and Mr. Edmund D. Hayden, also a member of the House—a service which he left greatly to the regret of his own constituents and of the people of the State—seemed to have very strong objections indeed to Mr. Sherman. The delegation very kindly offered before the first ballot, and again just before the fourth or fifth ballot, to present my name as the candidate of Massachusetts. It would have been a great honor to have received such a vote from Massachusetts. I was told also by gentlemen from other States, who spoke to me about it, that I should have had a considerable vote from other parts of the country. I had quite a number of very intimate friends in the convention from States outside of Massachusetts. I thought then, and think now, though that is a matter of conjecture, that I should have got about seventy votes. But I thought my nomination out of the question. I thought also that it would be utterly inexpedient, if it could be accomplished. And I thought also that the office of a Senator from Massachusetts would be more agreeable to me, and better adapted to my capacity than that of the President of the United States. Still the temptation to get the high compliment and honor of such a vote had great attractions. But there were thirteen of our delegation of twenty-eight, who were willing to vote

with me for Mr. Sherman. If I had consented to the subtraction of their votes from his column on the first ballot, it would have made a serious diminution of his strength.

If I had consented to the same thing on a later ballot it would have put him in the position of having his forces diminishing and falling away. I thought I ought not, for a mere empty honor to myself, to

permit such an injury to be inflicted upon him, although I confess I did not then think his nomination likely. But while the Massachusetts delegation does not seem to me to have exerted a very decisive influence upon the result of that convention, it came very near it. After several ineffectual ballotings, in which the votes of the different States were divided among several candidates, the convention took a recess at twelve o'clock to four o'clock of the same



Benjamin Harrison.

day. Immediately a meeting was called by a number of gentlemen representing different delegations in a room in the building where the convention was held, for consultation, and to see if they could agree upon a candidate. The Massachusetts delegation had authorized me to cast their vote as a unit for any candidate for whom I should think best, whom sixteen of the delegates—being one more than a majority—approved. I had ascertained their opinion. While as I said there were but thirteen at most who would support Sherman, considerably more than sixteen were willing to support either Harrison or Allison, and perhaps one or two others, who had been prominently mentioned, including, I think, Mr. Depew, although of that I am not certain. We met as I

said. The New York delegation had authorized its vote to be cast unanimously for any person on whom the four delegates at large, Platt, Miller, Depew, and Hiscock, representing different shades of opinion in the Republican Party of that State, should agree. Three of these gentlemen, Platt, Miller, and Hiscock, were present at the meeting. Mr. Quay, Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation, was also authorized to cast the vote of the entire delegation as he should think fit. Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin, Chairman of the Wisconsin delegation, was present with a like authority. Mr. Farwell, Chairman of the Illinois delegation, was present with a like authority from his State. Mr. Clarkson, Chairman of the Iowa delegation was present with authority to vote for Mr. Allison from the beginning. De Young, of California, thought he could speak for his people, though I believe without claiming authority on them. Filley, of Missouri, was also present. There were several other gentlemen of influence, though not all of them delegates, and not all of them entitled to speak for their States, but feeling able to assure the company that their States would accede to whatever agreement might be made there. The names of several candidates were discussed. I made a very earnest speech in favor of Mr. Allison, setting forth what I thought were the qualities that would make him a popular candidate, and would make him an able and wise President.

Finally, all agreed that their States should vote for Mr. Allison when the convention came in at six o'clock. Depew, as I have said, was absent. But his three colleagues said there could be no doubt that he would agree to their action, and

there would be no difficulty about New York. We thought it best, as a matter of precaution, to meet again a half-hour before the coming in of the convention, to be sure the thing was to go through all right. I suppose that everybody in that room when he left it felt as certain as of any event in the future that Mr. Allison would be nominated in the convention.

But when we met at the time fixed, the

three delegates at large from New York said they were sorry they could not carry out their engagement. Mr. Depew, who had been supported as a candidate by his State in the earlier ballots, had made a speech withdrawing his name. But when the action of the meeting was reported to him, he said he had been compelled to withdraw by the opposition of the Agrarian element, which was hostile to railroads. He was then President of the New York Central and Hudson River



William B. Allison.

Railroad Company. He said that this opposition to him came largely from Iowa, and from the Northwest, where was found the chief support of Allison; that while he had withdrawn his own name, he would not so far submit to such an unreasonable and socialistic sentiment as to give his consent that it should dictate a candidate for the Republican Party. The three other delegates at large were therefore compelled to refuse their support to the arrangement which had been conditionally agreed on, and the thing fell through. If it had gone on, New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Iowa, California, and perhaps Missouri, would have cast their votes unanimously for Allison, and his nomination would have been sure. I think no other person ever came so near the Presidency of the United States, and missed it.

The result was the nomination of Mr. Harrison. It was a nomination quite agreeable to me. I had sat near him in the Senate for six years, my seat only separated from his by that of John Sherman, who, for a large part of the time, had been President pro tempore. So Sherman's seat was not then occupied, and Harrison and I were next neighbors. I had become very intimate with him, and had learned to respect him highly as a very able, upright, and wise man, although he developed, as President, an ability which I think his most intimate friends had not known before. Our relations then, and afterward, were exceedingly cordial. He was a wise, pure, upright, and able President, and an eloquent orator, capable of uttering great truths in a great way, and able to bring them home to the understanding and the conviction of his countrymen. He lacked what gave Mr. Blaine so great a charm, the quality of an agreeable and gracious manner. He had little tact in dealing with individuals. If a man travelled three thousand miles across the continent to say something to President Harrison, he would find himself broken in upon two minutes after the conversation began with a lecture in which the views in opposition to his were vigorously, and, sometimes, roughly set forth. He did this even when he was of the same way of thinking and meant to grant the man's request. Blaine would refuse a request in a way which would seem like doing a favor. Harrison would grant a request in a way which would seem as if he were denying it. An eminent Western Senator said to me once, what, of course, was a great exaggeration, that if Harrison were to address an audience of ten thousand men, he would capture them all. But if each one of them were presented to

him in private, he would make him his enemy.

However, in spite of all this the country was safe with him. While his hand was on the helm she would keep the course of safety, of honor, of glory, of prosperity, of republican liberty. There would be no fear for the future of the country if we were sure to have in the great office of President a succession of Benjamin Harrisons.

This fault of his is a fault apt to beset good and honest men, especially when they are under the burden of great anxieties and cares. Such men at such times are intent on the object to be accomplished. They are not thinking of personal considerations, of making friends or allies, or of the impression they are making for themselves upon mankind. But they need to learn a lesson. It is a lesson which many of them learn very late in life, that many a good cause has been jeopardized or lost by this infirmity of men who are leaders on the righteous side. There is written on the walls of one of the great English schools a legend which I suppose has been there for seven hundred years: "Manners Makyth Man." It is a curious fact, however, that this legend illustrates the portrait of a pig.

But while public men ought to be made to see how great a thing this is, the people ought to learn how little a thing it is—how insignificant are these foibles, irritable temper, habits of personal discourtesy, impatience, even vanity and self-confidence, compared with the great things that concern the character, the welfare, and the glory of the State. I beg to assure my readers that I make these observations partly as a critic and partly as a penitent.



The Committee of Public Comfort.

THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

By Joel Chandler Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

HOW SHE RAN AWAY FROM HOME AND THEN RAN BACK AGAIN

THE happiest, the most vivid, and certainly the most critical, period of a young man's life is combined in the years that stretch between sixteen and twenty-two. He has not begun to feel the responsibilities of his existence, and yet he has begun to see and feel, to observe and absorb. This period I had passed very pleasantly at Halcyondale, in middle Georgia, directly after the war, and I was glad of an opportunity to return there some ten years afterward, the excuse of the visit being a county fair.

The directors of the fair had a committee at the railway-station to meet each train, and into the hands of this committee fell every man, woman, and child who stepped

off. No matter what their business was, they were seized and borne away triumphantly to the hotel, or to a boarding-place, or to some private house. It was all the same to the committee whether travellers came on private business or to see the fair. The members had their duty to perform, and they performed it with an energy and a thoroughness that was as amazing as it was satisfactory. They were called, as I remember, the Committee of Public Comfort, and most heroically did they live up to the name and their duties.

These things I learned by observation and not by experience, for before the train on which I was a passenger had cleared the suburbs of Atlanta, I caught a glimpse

of Major Tumlin Perdue, who had long been a prominent citizen of Halcyondale. He had changed but little during the ten years. His hair was whiter, and he was a trifle thinner, but his complexion was still rosy and his manners as buoyant as ever. I doubted whether he would know me again, though he had been very friendly with me in the old days, seeming to know by instinct just when and how to drop a word of encouragement and appreciation, and so I forbore to renew the acquaintance. The Major could be boisterous enough in those times when in the humor, but when at his best he had ways more like those of a woman (and a noble and tender-hearted woman at that) than any man I had ever known. He had a woman's tact, intuition, and sympathy; and these qualities were so exquisitely developed in him that they lifted him high in the estimation of a young man who was living away from his mother, and who was somewhat lonely on that account.

Presently, the Major came along the aisle for a drink of water. As he was in the act of drinking, his eyes met mine, and he recognized me instantly. He swallowed the water with a gulp.

"Why, bless my soul!" he exclaimed, greeting me with the simple cordiality that springs from an affectionate nature. "Why, I wouldn't take ten dollars for this! I was thinking about you this very day. Don't you remember the night we went out to ku-klux the Ku-klux, and the chap that mighty nigh broke his neck by running into a wire clothes-line? I saw him to-day. He would hardly speak to me," the Major went on, laughing heartily. "He's never got over that night's business.

I thought about you, and I started to hunt

you up; but you know how it is in Atlanta. Folks ain't got time to eat, much less to tell you where anybody lives. A man that's too busy is bound to worry, and worry will kill him every bit and grain as quick as John Barleycorn. Business is bound to be the ruin of this country, and if you don't live to see it, your children will."

Thus the Major talked, blending wisdom with impracticable ideas in the most delightful way. He seemed to be highly pleased when he found that I was to spend a week at Halcyondale, attending the fair and renewing old friendships.

"Then you belong to me!" he exclaimed. "It's no use," he went on, shaking his head when I would have protested against imposing on his good-nature; "you needn't say a word. The tavern is stuffed full of people, and even if it wasn't, you'd go to my house. If you ain't been ruined by living in Atlanta, it'll seem like home to you. Dang it all! I'll *make* it seem like home to you anyhow."

Now, the affectation of hospitality is one of the commonest hypocrisies in life, and, to a thoughtful man, one of the most sinister; but the Major's hospitality was genuine. It was brought over from the times before the war, and had stood the test of age and long usage, and, most trying of all, the test of poverty. "If you were welcome when I was well off, how much more welcome you'll be now that I am poor!" This was not said by the Major, but by one of his contemporaries. The phrase fitted a whole generation of noble men and women, and I thank Heaven that it was true at one time even if it is not true now.

When the train, with much clinking and clanking and hissing, came to a standstill at Halcyondale, the Major hustled me off on the side opposite the station, and so I escaped the ordeal of resisting the efforts of the Committee on Public Comfort to convey me to a lodging not of my own selection. The Major hustled me out of the train and into a buggy that was waiting for him. The negro driver got out to make room for us, and bowed very politely, calling me by name.

"You remember Hamp, I reckon," said the Major. "He was a member of the Legislature when you lived here."



Hamp.



Buying cotton on his own account.—Page 178.

Certainly I remembered Hamp, and also his wife, Aunt Minervy Ann, who had done me many a good turn in one way and another. I inquired about her, and Hamp, who had swung up to the trunk-rack as the buggy moved off, replied that she was at home and as well as she could be.

"Yes," said the Major, "she's at my house. You may *see* somebody else besides Minervy Ann, but you won't *hear* anybody else. She owns the whole place and the people on it. I had a Boston man to dinner some time ago, one of Conant's friends—you remember Paul Conant, don't you?—and I stirred Minervy Ann up just to see what the man would say. We had a terrible quarrel, and the man never did know it was all in fun. He said they never would have such a lack of discipline among the servants in Boston. I told him I would give him any reasonable amount if he would go out and discipline Minerva Ann, just to show me how it was done. It would have been

better than a circus. You heard her, didn't you, Hamp?"

Hamp chuckled good-naturedly. "Yasser, I did, an' it make col' chills run over me ter hear how Minervy Ann went on. She cert'n'y did try herse'f dat day."

The Major smiled a little proudly as I thought, slapped the horse—a bob-tailed black—with the left rein, and we went skimming along the level, sandy street at a three-minute gait. In a short while we were at the Major's house, where I received a warm welcome from his daughter, whom I had known when she was a school-girl. She was now Mrs. Paul Conant, and even more beautiful as a matron than she had been as a girl. I had also known her husband, who had begun his business career in the town a year or two before I left, and even then he was one of the most prominent and promising young business men in the town.

He had served in the army the last year of the war, and the service did him a



"Miss Vallie!"

world of good, physically and mentally. His faculties were broadened and enlarged. Contact with all sorts and conditions of men gave him ample knowledge of his kind, and yet he kept in touch with the finer issues of life. He was ripened and not hardened.

The surrender had no such crushing effects on him as it had on older men. It left him youth, and where youth is there must be hope and energy. He returned home, remained a few weeks, sold a couple of horses he had picked up in the track of Sherman's army, and then went into the office of a cotton factor in Savannah, giving his services for the knowledge and experience he desired to gain. In a very short time he learned all the secrets of sampling and grading the great staple. He might have remained in the office at a salary, for his aptness had made him useful, but he preferred to return to Halcyondale, where he engaged in buying cotton on his own account. There was just enough risk in this to stimulate his energies, and not enough to lead to serious

speculation. To this business he added others as his capital grew, and he was soon the most prosperous man in the town. He had formed the stock company under whose auspices the county fair was held, and was president of the board of directors.

Aunt Minervy Ann was very much in evidence, for she acted as cook, nurse, and house-girl. The first glimpse I had of her, she had a bucket of water in her right hand and Conant's baby—a bouncing boy—on her left arm. Just then Major Perdue hustled me off to my room, thus postponing, as I thought, the greeting I had for Aunt Minervy Ann. But presently I heard her coming upstairs talking to herself.

"Ef dey gwine ter have folks puttin' up wid um, dey better tell me in de due time, so I can fix up fer um. Dey ain't been no fresh water in deze rooms sence dat baby wus born'd."

She went on to the end of the hall and looked in each of the rooms. Then, with an exclamation I failed to catch, she knocked at my door, which was promptly opened. She looked at me hard, and then a broad smile flashed over her good-natured face.

"Well, ef dat ain't you! Man, suh, you come mighty nigh makin' me drap dis can er water. An' how you done grow'd! You lookt kinder stunted when you 'uz here, but I tol' um all dat ef de cows didn't ketch you an' eat you, you'd run up ter be a right smart saplin'. Well, suh! sump'n tol' me you wuz comin', an' I'm monstus glad ter see you."

Aunt Minervy Ann started to pour the water from can to pitcher when suddenly she stayed her hand. With the exclamation, "Well, ef dis don't bang my time!" she went to the head of the stairs and cried out: "Miss Vallie! Miss Vallie! you don't want no town folks stuck in dish yer back room, does you?"

"Why, certainly not!" cried the lady. "What could Father have been thinking of?"

"Shoo! he like all de men folks," responded Aunt Minervy Ann.

With that she seized my valise with one hand, and, carrying the can of water in the other, escorted me to one of the front rooms. It was an improvement on the back room only because it had more windows to admit the air and light. I put in a word for the Major, which I hoped

It is hardly necessary to say that Aunt Minervy Ann took very good care that I should want for none of those little attentions that sharpen the appreciation of a guest; and, in her case, obtrusiveness was not a fault, for her intentions shone clearly and unmistakably through it all.

Major Perdue had the art of entertainment at his fingers' ends, which, though it



"I saw him fling his hand to his shoulder and hold it there."—Page 180.

would be carried to the ears of the daughter.

"The Major gave me that room because he wanted to treat me as if I were one of the home folks. Now you've brought me here, and I'll feel as uncomfortable as if I were company, sure enough."

"Dey's sump'n in dat, I speck," replied Aunt Minervy Ann, laughing; "but, lawsy, massy! you done been in dis house too much ter talk dat-a-way. When kin folks come home, we allus gin um de bes' dey is fer de fus' week er so. Atter dat dey kin rustle 'roun fer deyse'f."

is very simple, not one man in a hundred learns. It is the knack of leaving the guest to his own devices without seeming to do so. Most fortunate in his gifts is the host who knows how to temper his attentions!

In his efforts to get the fair under way, Paul Conant found it impossible to come to dinner, but sent his apologies.

"You'll think it is a mighty small concern when you see it," said the Major, "but it takes all that Paul can do to keep it from getting into a tangle. He has to be here, there, and everywhere, and there hasn't been a minute all day but what forty people were hollering at him at once,

and forty more pulling and hauling him about. If he wasn't a steam-engine, he couldn't hold out half an hour."

"Well, he'll soon straighten matters out," said I, "and then they'll stay so."

"That's so," remarked the Major; "but when that's done, he'll have to rush around from post to pillar to keep 'em straight."

"Did he seem to be greatly worried?" Valentine asked.

"No-o-o-o," replied the Major, slowly and hesitatingly, "but I'm afeard his shoulder has begun to trouble him again." He leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling, apparently lost in thought.

"Why should you think that, father?"

"Once or twice, whilst he was rustling about I saw him fling his hand to his shoulder and hold it there, and I'm mightily afeard it's hurting him." The Major drew a deep sigh as he spoke, and silence fell on all. It was brief, but it was long enough for one to know that an unpleasant subject had been touched on—that there was something more behind it all than a pain in Conant's shoulder. Aunt Minervy Ann, who was equal to every emergency, created a diversion with the baby, and the Major soon pulled himself together.

Paul Conant came home to supper, and in the sitting-room, before the meal was announced, I observed that the Major was as solicitous about him as a mother is of her baby. His eyes were constantly on his son-in-law, and if the latter shewed any sign of worry, or frowned as if in pain, a shadow would pass over the Major's genial face.

This intense solicitude was something out of the usual order, and I wondered what was behind it. But the next day it was forgotten, nor was it remembered the day after, which was Wednesday (and the big day of the fair), until Aunt Minervy Ann reminded me of it. I had been faithful in my attendance on the fair that day, and had listened patiently to the speeches, and then had tried to refresh my benumbed faculties with such fare

as could be found on the grounds—barbecue, pickles, and ginger-cakes. But the occasion had been too much for me, and so, about two o'clock in the afternoon, I decided to return to my quarters at Major Perdue's home and rest my weary limbs. The very thought of the quiet and cool house was refreshing, and so, without waiting for a conveyance, I set out on foot, going through the woods in preference to the public highway, thereby cutting the distance short by nearly a mile.

A great many others had taken advantage of the short-cut through the woods, so that I had no lack of company. Among them I noticed Aunt Minervy Ann and her husband, Hamp, the latter carrying the Conant baby, which, having had enough of the pomps and vanities of this life for the time being, was now fast asleep. I soon came up with the trio, and we went along home together.

"You toughed it out mighty well, suh," remarked Aunt Minervy Ann, after some talk about the various attractions of the fair. "Up dar in Atlanta deze kinder





“‘Conant!’ here and ‘Conant!’ dar.”—Page 182.

doin’s would be laughed at, I speck, but hit’s de bes’ we-all kin do. Me an’ Miss Vallie had some truck dar, speshually dat ar grape jelly on de right han’ side. Ef dat jelly don’t git de blue ribbon er sump’n better, hit’ll be bekaze dem ar jedgmint men ain’t got no sense—I don’t keer who dey is. Ain’t you see dat ar quilt hangin’ up dar wid a pattern in it like a well-whorl, only de middle er de whorl was shape like de mornin’ star? Dat ar quilt is older dan what you is, suh—lots older. Me an’ Mistiss made dat quilt long ’fo’ Miss Vallie wuz born, an’ dish yer baby’ll tell you she ain’t no chicken. Ef dey’s any purtier quilt on dat hill dey had it hid ter-day; dey ain’t brung it out whar folks kin look at it. I dunno much, but I knows dat much.”

We reached the house after awhile, and I lost no time in stretching myself out on a lounge that sat invitingly in the hall behind the stairway. It was not the coolest place in the world; but, really, when one is fagged out, it is unnecessary to try to find all the comforts of life in one spot. Sleep fell on me unawares, and when I awoke, Aunt Minervy Ann was sitting near the head of the lounge fanning me. Such courtesy was surprising as well as pleasing, but I chid her for taking so

much trouble, for I had slept nearly two hours. But she made light of it, saying she had nothing else to do, the baby being in his cradle and sleeping like a log.

Then, to enjoy a smoke, I drew a rocking-chair into the back porch, and proceeded to fill my pipe with what I regarded as a very good brand of tobacco, offering some to Aunt Minervy Ann. She soon found her pipe—clay bowl and reed stem—cleaned it out carefully and filled it from my pouch.

“It look mighty pale, suh,” she remarked. “I speck dey steam it ’fo’ dey mash it up.” She seated herself on the top step, lit her pipe, took a few whiffs, and then shook her head. “Tain’t nigh rank nuff for me, suh. Hit tas’e like you er dreamin’ ’bout smokin’ an’ know all de time ’tain’t nothin’ but a dream.” She knocked the tobacco out, and then refilled the pipe with the crumbs and cuttings from the end of a plug. This she smoked with an air of supreme satisfaction.

“I speck you got de idee dat I better be seein’ ’bout supper, stidder settin’ up here lookin’ biggity. But tain’t no use, suh. Marse Tumlin and Miss Vallie never is ter come home dis day less’n dey bring Marse Paul wid um. I done hear um

seppo. An' I know mighty well, deyer gwine ter come 'back late, bekaze Paul Conant's one er dem kinder folks what go twel dey can't go, an' when dey git down dey make motions like dey gwine. Dey puts me in mind uv a lizard's tail, suh. Knock it off, an' it'll hop 'bout an' work an' wiggle plum twel de sun go down."

I suggested that the illustration was somewhat inapt (though not in those words), for the reason that Paul Conant's energy was not expended blindly. But I found that Aunt Minervy knew what she was saying.

"I ain't talkin' 'bout his own business, suh, bekaze dey ain't nobody beat 'im at dat. No, suh; I'm talkin' 'bout dem ar doin's out dar at de fair groun's. He's a-workin' at dat lots harder dan he has ter work fer hisse'f. Maybe you tuck notice uv de way dem yuther folks done out dar, suh. Dey stood 'round wid dey mouf open, an' de ribbon pinned on der coats, an' when sump'n had ter be done, dey'd call out fer Conant. It 'uz 'Conant!' here an' 'Conant!' dar, an' ef Conant wuz out er hearin' de whole shebang had ter stop right still an' wait twel Conant kin be dragged up. I watched um p'intedly, suh, an' it's des like I tell you."

Aunt Minervy Ann's characterization of the directors was so acute and so unexpected that I laughed—not at what she said, but at the vivid picture of a lot of helpless men standing about, full of dignity, and yet waiting for young Conant to tell them what to do.

"You may laugh, suh," Aunt Minervy Ann went on with a little frown, "but I'm tellin' you de Lord's trufe. I kep' my eyes on um, an' 'twuz dat-a-way fum soon dis mornin' twel I got mad an' come home. You kin ax Hamp, suh, an' he'll tell you de same. I reckon you heer'd Marse Tumlin las' night at de table ax Marse Paul ef his shoulder hurted 'im. I know you did, suh, bekaze I tuck notice how you looked, an' I tried ter shake de baby up so he'd cry, but dat wuz one er de times, suh, when he wouldn't be shuck up. Any udder time dat chil' would er laid back an' blated twel you'd hafter put yo' fingers in yo' years. I wuz mad wid 'im, suh, but I wuz bleedz ter laugh. Chillun mighty funny. When you don't want um ter cry, dey'll holler der heads off, an' when you want um ter cry, dey'll laugh in yo' face. I bet you dey's a blue place on dat baby's arm whar I pinched 'im, but he didn't no mo' min' it dan nothin'."

"Well," said I, "there was something peculiar in the way all of you looked and acted when the Major asked about Mr. Conant's shoulder. It was a very simple question."

"Ah, Lord!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann, raising her right hand on high, "dey better ax 'bout dat shoulder. Yasser! ev'y day an' ev'y night, an' in betwixt times."

"Is Mr. Conant troubled with rheumatism?" I inquired.

"Rheumatiz! bless yo' soul, honey! Ef 'twuz rheumatiz dey wouldn't be no





"Drapt down on de groun' dar an' holler an' cry."—Page 185.

Paul Conant 'round dis house, ner no Conant baby."

Here is something decidedly interesting, I thought, but held my peace, knowing that whatever it was would be more quickly disclosed if there were any disclosure to make.

"Ain't you never hear 'bout it, suh? Well dat bangs me! An' you right up dar in Atlanty, too! No, suh; you must er been in Savanny, bekaze 'twuz de town talk in Atlanty. Anyhow, whar-somever you wuz er might er been, dey ain't no rheumatiz de matter wid Marse Paul Conant's shoulder-blade. I know dat much, an' I know it mighty well, be-

kaze I wuz right here in dis house, an' nowhars else 'cep'n 'roun' de lot an' up town an' back.

"Well, den, suh, ef you ain't never hear 'bout dat, I most know you ain't never hear tell er how I run'd off, and how I run'd back, bekaze nobody ain't never talk 'bout dat—leas'ways, not as I knows un."

I declared to Aunt Minervy Ann that I never heard a whisper of it. She leaned back against the railing of the steps and drew a long whiff from her pipe.

"'Tain't no use ter tell you, suh, how times wuz right attar de war. You wuz right in um, an' ef you don't know, it's



"I ain't forgot dat ar 'possum."—Page 186.

bekaze you didn't look 'roun' an' see um. I hear um say, suh, dat niggers wuz po' when dey come free. Dey wuz, suh; dey wuz rank pizen po'; but dey never wuz in dis worl' a nigger ez po' ez some er our white folks wuz. You may shake yo' haid, suh, but I'm givin' you de straight gov'nment trufe. Niggers is use ter bein' po', an' dey never wuz dat po' dat dey can't scuffle 'roun' an' make out somehow. Dey er been po' so long dey er usen ter it. But white folks what been rich! I hope de Lord'll call me home 'fo' I see what I done saw in dem days. I know in reason, suh, dat I seed mo' er de trouble dan what you did, kaze you couldn't go in at de back gates like me; an' what trouble folks does have dey allers keep it somers betwix' de bedroom an' de back gate.

"De Perdues wa'n't no wuss off dan nobody else. Marse Tumlin had dish yer house an' lot, an' de plantation, an' some lan' 'way off yander. But all de hosses

an' mules an' cattle been tuck off, an' de niggers all gone. Ef he'd er stayed on de plantation, de niggers would 'a' been dar yit, but stay he wouldn't, an' stay he didn't, an' so dar he wuz.

"Do sump'n? What he gwine do? Fo' de big turmoil he done some lawin' an' a heap er farmin'. Leas'ways my ol' Mistiss done de farmin', an' Marse Tumlin, he done de lawin'. He had 'im a office here in town, an' on set days he'd come in an' look arter de cases what he had. But how anybody gwine ter do any lawin' dat-a-way? Marse Tumlin ain't keerin' whedder he git one case er none. He ain't bleedze ter do no lawin'. An' den 'pon top er dat he went off whar dey battlin' an' dar he stayed, an' when he come back, look like de kinder lawin' what he use ter do done gone outer fashion. Ef he hadn't er been help out, suh, I dunner what'd 'a' 'come un 'im. An' 'twan't only Marse Tumlin. Dey wuz a whole passel un um, too young ter die an' too ol' ter win

money in dem kinder times. Ef you ain't ol' nuff fer ter 'member dem times, suh, you kin thank de Lord, kaze dey sho did look like tetotal ruination.

"Now, you know yo'se'f, suh, dat you can't eat a house an' lot an' live dar too, an' you can't eat lan' des dry so less'n you got a mighty appetite fer dirt. Whyn't he sell de lan'? You oughter be de las' one ter ax me dat, suh. Who gwine buy it? Dem what ain't got lan' ain't had no money, an' dem what had money sholy lived a mighty long ways fum here. Day in an' day out, suh, I wuz de wuss pester'd nigger you ever laid eyes on. I ain't know what ter do.

"An den, 'pon top er dat, dar wuz Hamp, my ol' man. When freedom come out, he tuck de notion dat we better go off some'rs an' change de name what we got so dey can't put us back in slave'y. Night an' day it fair rankle in his min', an' he kep' groanin' an' growlin' 'bout it twel I got stirred up. I oughtn't ter tell it, suh, but hit's de Lord's trufe. I got mad, I did, an' I tol' Hamp I'd go. An' den I wa'n't doin' no good stayin' here. 'Twuz des one mo' mouf ter feed, an' mo' dan one, countin' Hamp. So, bimeby, one day, when I wuz sorter fretted, I tol' Hamp ter go on out dar in de country, whar his daddy live at, an' I'd meet 'im dar 'fo' night.

"When de time come, I went in de house an' hunt fer Miss Vallie. She 'uz settin' in de parlor by de winder, but behime de curtain like, so nobody can't see 'er. She 'uz settin' dar wid 'er han's crossed on 'er lap, an' she look so little, an' pale, an' weak, dat I come mighty nigh gwine right back in de kitchen. But she seed me too quick. Den I up'n tell 'er dat I'm gwine out in de country, ter whar Hamp daddy live at. She look at me right hard an' say, 'When you comin' back, Aunt Minervy Ann?' I low, 'I'm comin' back des ez soon ez I kin make my 'rangements, honey.' She say, 'Well, I hope you'll have a good time while you er gone.' I low, 'Thanky, ma'm.' Wid dat I went an' got my bundle an' put out fum dar—an' I ain't look back nudder, bekaze I had a mighty weakness in de knees, an' a mighty risin' in my th'eat.

"I went on down de road, an' ef anybody had so much ez said *boo* ter me, I'd

'a' turned right 'roun' an' gone back home. I went on, I did, twel I come ter de mile branch. I see somebody crossin' on de log, an' when I come up wid um, who should it 'a' been but Marse Tumlin. An' he had *one chicken!* He had been out ter de plantation—sev'm mile ef its fifty yards—an' here he wuz comin' back wid one chicken—wid one chicken an' him a walkin', him dat use ter ride 'roun' in his carriage! Walkin' an' totin' one little chicken! Man, suh! I don't never want ter feel like I felt den. Whedder 'twuz de chicken, er what, I never did see Marse Tumlin Perdue look ez ol' an' ez weasly ez he did den. He look at me an' sorter laugh like I done cotch 'im doin' sump'n he ain't got no business ter do. But dey wa'n't no laugh in me; no, suh, not by a jugful.

"He say, 'Hello, Minervy Ann! whar *you* gwine?' I low, I did, 'I'm des gwine out yander whar Hamp kinnery live at.'

"He sorter pull his goatee, an' look down at de dus' on his shoes—an' dey wuz fair kiver'd wid it—an' den he say, 'Well, Minervy Ann, I wish you mighty well. You sho is done a mighty good part by me an' mine. Ef yo' Miss Mary wuz 'live she'd know what ter say—I don't 'cep' dis'—he straighten up an' stretch out his han'—'cep dis': whenever you want ter come back home, you'll fin' de do' open. Ef you come at night, des knock. We'll know yo' knock.'

"You ain't never seed no fool nigger 'oman cut up, is you? Well, ef you does see one, suh, I hope ter goodness 'twon't be me! Marse Tumlin ain't no mo'n got de words out'n his mouf, suh, 'fo' I tuck de bundle what I had in my han', an' flung it fur ez I could send it.

"Marse Tumlin look at me hard, an' den he say, 'Dam ef I don't b'lieve youer crazy!' Time he say it, I low, '*I don't keer er dam ef I is!*'

"Yasser! I say it sho, an' den I drapt down on de groun' dar an' holler an' cry like somebody wuz beatin' de life out'n me. Marse Tumlin stood dar pullin' at his goatee all dat time, an' bimeby I got up. I wa'n't feelin' much better, but I done had my cry an' dat's sump'n. I got up, I did, an start back de way I come.

"Marse Tumlin say, 'Whar you gwine,

Minervy Ann?' I low, 'I'm gwine back home—dat's whar I'm gwine!' He say, 'Pick up yo' bundle.' Wid dat I turn 'roun' on him an' low, 'I ain't gwine ter do it! Ef it hadn't er been fer dat ar muslin dress in dar, what Miss Vallie make over an gi' me, I'd been at home right dis minute.'

"He low, 'What dat got ter do wid it, Minervy Ann?' I make answer, 'Bekaze ol' Satan make me want ter put it on an' sho' off 'fo' dem country niggers out dar whar Hamp's folks live at.' Wid dat I start back home, but Marse Tumlin holler at me—'Minervy Ann, take dis chicken.' I tuck it, I did, an' made off up de road. Bimeby I sorter flung my eye 'roun', an', bless gracious! dar wuz Marse Tumlin comin' 'long totin' my bundle. Well, suh, it flewed all over me like fier. I got so mad wid myse'f dat I could 'a' bit a piece out'n my own flesh.

"I waited in de road twel he come up, an' den I snatched de bundle out er his han'. I low, 'I ain't gwine ter have you totin' none er my bundles in de public road—no, ner no chickens, needer.' He say, 'Well, don't fling it 'way, Minervy Ann. De time may come when yo' Miss Vallie'll need dat ar muslin dress.'

"When we got back home I went in de kitchen, an' fix ter clean an' kill de chicken. I speck Marse Tumlin must 'a' tol' Miss Vallie 'bout it, bekaze 'twan't long 'fo' I hear her runnin' 'long de plank walk ter de kitchen. She whipt in de do', she did, an' grab me an' cry like I done riz fum de dead. Well, suh, niggers ain't got no sense, you kin take um de world over. No sooner is Miss Vallie start ter cry dan I chuned up, an dar we had it.

"'Bout dat time, Marse Tumlin, he come out—men folks is allers gwine some'rs dey got no business. He low, 'What you-all blubberin' 'bout?' I make answer, 'We er cryin' over dese two chickens.' He ax, 'What two chickens?' I low, 'I'm cryin' over dis un, kaze it's so little, an' Miss Vallie cryin' over de one what you ain't brung.' He say, 'Well, I be dang!' an' wid dat he went back in de house.

"An' den, after supper, such ez 'twuz, here come Hamp, an' he say he come ter lay de law down. I speck I like my ol' man 'bout ez good ez any udder 'oman

what lawfully married, but ef I didn't put a flea in Hamp year dat night you may shoot me dead. Ef he'd 'a' waited a day er two, hit might er been diffunt; but, manlike, he had ter come at de wrong time, an' he ain't open his mouf 'fo' I wuz fightin' mad. Ol' Miss allers use ter tell me I wuz a bad nigger when I got my dander up, but I never did look at myse'f dat-a-way twel dat night.

"Well, Hamp he come an' stood in de do', but I ain't say nothin'. Den he come in de kitchen, an' stan' 'roun', but still I ain't say nothin'. Den he sot down next de chimbley, but all dat time I ain't say nothin'. He look right pitiful, suh, an' ef I hadn't been mad, I'd 'a' been sorry fer 'im. But I ain't say nothin'.

"Bimeby, he low, 'Nervy'—he allers call me 'Nervy'—'Nervy, whyn't you go whar you say you gwine?' I flung myse'f 'roun' at 'im an' say, 'Bekaze I ain't choosen ter go—dar you got it!' He low, 'Well, you start ter go, kaze I seed you!' I say, 'Yes, an' I start ter come back, an' you'd 'a' seed dat ef you'd 'a' looked right close.' He low, 'Nervy, don't you know dem folks in yander'll think you b'long to um?' I say, 'I does. Ain't I free? Can't I b'long to um ef I wanter? I'd like ter see de one ter hender me. What dey done ter you? An' what's I done ter you dat you want ter drag me 'way fum my white folks? You go drag you'se'f—you can't drag *me*.' He low, 'Dey done begin ter call you a white-folks nigger, an' dey say you gwine back on yo' own color.' "

Aunt Minervy Ann paused here to laugh. "Mad ez I wuz, suh, de minnit Hamp said dat I know'd I had ter change my chune. I low, 'I know right pine-blank who tol' you dat. 'Twan't nobody in de roun' worl' but ol' Cely Ensign, an' she ain't tell you dat in comp'ny, needer. She tol' you whar nobody can't hear 'er but you. Don't you fret! des ez soon ez I git thoo wid supper, I'm gwine 'roun' dar an' drag 'er out an gi' 'er de wuss frailin' any nigger ever got sence de overseers quit bizness. I ain't fergot dat ar 'possum you toted off ter her house.'

"Well, suh, I had 'im! He caved in. Helow, 'Twan't no 'possum; 'twan't nothin' in de roun' worl' but a late watermillion.' I holler, '*Ah-yi! watermillion!* Well,

den, ef you want ter drag anybody off fum der white folks, go an' drag ol' Cely Ensign—bekaze you can't drag me.'

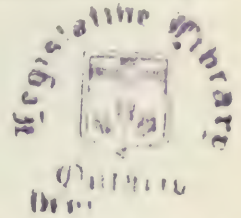
"We jowered right smart, but I had Hamp in a cornder. He went off an' stayed maybe a mont', an' den he come back, an' atter while he got 'lected ter de legislature. He done mighty well, suh. He got nine dollars a day, an' ev'y Sat'dy night he'd fetch de bigges' part uv it home. 'Twuz mighty handy, too, suh, kaze ef hadn't been fer dat legislatur' money I dunner what me and Miss Vallie an' Marse Tumlin would 'a' done.

"Dat wuz 'bout de time, suh, dat de town boys wanter ku-kluck Hamp, an' you an' Marse Tumlin went out an' ku-klucked dem. Hamp ain't never forgot it, suh. He'd walk fum here to Atlanty fer you ef 'twould do you any good. He don't say much, but I know how he feel. I hear 'im callin' me now, suh."

"You haven't told me about Paul Conant," I suggested.

"I'll tell you, suh, 'fo' you go."

In half a minute I heard Aunt Minervy Ann quarrelling and laughing at Hamp in the same breath.



THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

LIFE IN EDINBURGH, 1873-1875

OF all the sons of Edinburgh, it is Stevenson who has written of the aspects and sentiment of that romantic city, perhaps with the greatest poignancy of feeling and affection, certainly with the finest literary art and the most perfect fitness of the word to the impression. Readers of his tales and romances remember well how various and how admirable are their Edinburgh scenes and effects, those in *Weir of Hermiston* above all, in *St. Ives*, and even in the slighter and semi-farcical tale of the *Misadventures of John Nicholson*. The youthful volume of *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh* had been a sustained, and already sufficiently brilliant, attempt to render similar scenes and effects in essay form. During his exile in the Pacific, his abiding love for and ineffaceable memories of his native city break out constantly alike in his verses and his correspondence. All the pains and pleasures, the one as much as the other, of his ailing childhood and agitated youth had worked together to compose the strain of acute imaginative emotion with which he regarded the place. Already, when he was scarcely out of boyhood, we find him consciously reflecting on his feelings toward it. Thus he writes to his friend Mr. Baxter, in 1872, of some piece of Edinburgh experience which had just befallen them:—"Eh! when we are old (if we ever should be), that too will be one of those cherished memories which I have been so rhapsodizing over. We must consecrate our room. We must make it a museum of bright recollections; so that we may go there white-headed and say *Viximus*. After all, new countries, sun, music, and all the rest can never take down our gusty, rainy, smoky, grim old city out of the first place it has been making for itself in the bottom of my soul, by all pleasant and hard things that have befallen me during these past twenty years or so. My heart is buried there, say in Advocate's Close." Almost his last letter to the same friend expresses the peculiar pleasure which he had felt in the choice of the title "Edinburgh Edition" for his collected works: a pleasure, he says, which no other title could possibly have given him. Again, one of his very latest writings was an unfinished essay, which will be printed in the forthcoming *Life* (it was originally written for this magazine), recalling and analyzing his childish impressions of the city's glory and of her squalor.

From Stevenson's correspondence of all periods after he left his home, to his father, to Mr. Baxter, to Mr. Henley, and many others, it would have been easy to bring together flashes of Edinburgh reminiscence in many colors—flashes struck out by some chance allusion or some mere freak of memory. But for the present purpose I have chosen to give something like a continuous series of Edinburgh moods and impressions, not revived in memory, but set down from day to day as they occurred while he was still living in his father's house. They date from the years 1873 to 1875—critical and formative years of youth, when with the encouragement of outside friends he was trying his prentice hand at literature, and when his life was partly clouded by the strain that arose between his father and himself in consequence of religious differences. Bound as the two men always were by ties of the strongest and most tender affection, this strain while it lasted (which fortunately was not for long) was a great trial for both, and was partly the cause of the illness which caused Louis Stevenson to be ordered South (whence the title of his well-known essay) in the winter of 1873-1874. The letters quoted below are addressed to a lady in London, a sister-in-law of one of his Balfour cousins, who was at that time his chief confidant, and whose wise sympathy did much to help him through the troubles of the time and to give him confidence in his own powers and future. If they strike the reader as written in somewhat of a minor key, he must remember that it is chiefly of inward perplexities and crosses that they tell. On the surface, little or nothing of all this appeared; and any chance acquaintance meeting him, sick or well, in those days would have found him almost always the gayest of brilliant talkers and laughing companions.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

EDINBURGH,
Monday, September 15, 1873.

. . . I do lean very much upon your sympathy, and you must remember ever that you owe your life to many of us. It is a thing to thank God for, that there should be some one like you, carrying so bright a lamp of comfort up and down our dim life, bringing priceless sympathy to one and to another, giving it, widely and fearlessly, like the good sun.

I must be very strong to have all this vexation and still be well. I was weighed the other day, and the gross weight of my large person was eight stone six! Does it not seem surprising that I can keep the lamp alight, through all this gusty weather, in so frail a lantern? And yet it burns cheerily.

Tuesday [September 16th].

I made up my mind last night to have a large incrementation of letters; but I failed when it came to the point. Better luck next time!

My mother is leaving for the country this morning, and my father and I will be alone for the best part of the week in this house. Then on Friday I go south to Dumfries till Monday. I must write small or I shall have a tremendous budget by then.

[Same day] 7.20 P.M.

I must tell you a thing I saw to-day. I was going down to Portobello in the train, when there came into the next compartment (3rd class) an artisan, strongly marked with small-pox and with sunken, heavy eyes—a face hard and unkind, and without anything lovely. There was a woman on the platform seeing him off. At first sight, with her one eye blind and the whole cast of her features strongly plebian and even vicious, she seemed as unpleasant as the man; but there was something beautifully soft, a sort of light of tenderness, as on some Dutch Madonna, that came over her face when she looked at the man. They talked for awhile together through the window; the man seemed to have been asking money. "Ye ken the last time," she said, "I gave ye two shillin's for your lodgin', and ye said —," it died off into a whisper. Plainly Falstaff and Dame Quickly over again. The man laughed unpleasantly, even cruelly, and said something; and the woman turned her back on the carriage and stood a long while so, and, do what I might, I could catch no glimpse of her expression, although I thought I saw the heave of a sob in her shoulders. At last, after the train was already in motion, she turned



One of the Edinburgh Homes of the Stevenson Family

round and put two shillings into his hand; I saw her stand and look after us with a perfect heaven of love on her face—this poor one-eyed madonna—until the train was out of sight; but the man, sordidly happy with his gains, did not put himself to the inconvenience of one glance to thank her for her ill-deserved kindness.

I have been up at the Spec [Speculative Society of the Edinburgh University], and looked out a reference I wanted. The whole town is drowned in white, wet vapor off the sea. Everything drips and soaks. The very statues seem wet to the skin. I cannot pretend to be very cheerful; I did not see one contented face in the streets, and the poor did look so helplessly chill and dripping, without a stitch to change or so much as a fire to dry themselves at, or perhaps money to buy a meal or perhaps even a bed. My heart shivers for them.

[The remainder of this letter was written during the three days' trip to Dumfries announced above.]

DUMFRIES, Friday.

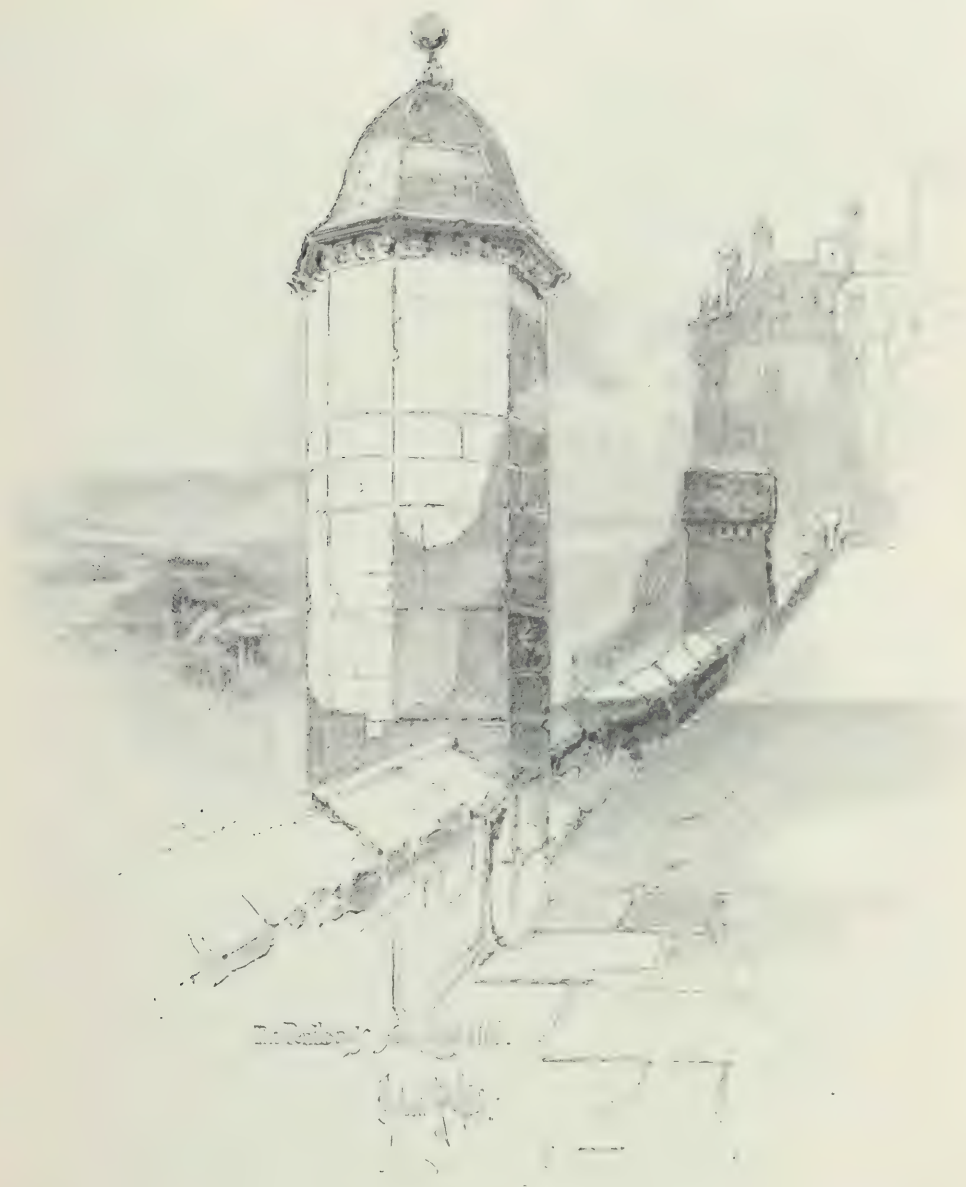
All my thirst for a little warmth, a little sun, a little corner of blue sky, avails nothing. Without, the rain falls with a long drawn *swish*, and the night is as dark as a vault. There is no wind indeed, and that is a blessed change after the unruly, bedlamite gusts that have been charging against one round street corners and utterly abolishing and destroying all that is peaceful in life. Nothing sours my temper like these coarse termagant winds. I hate practical joking; and your vulgarest practical joker is your flaw of wind.

I have tried to write some verses; but I find I have nothing to say that has not been already perfectly said and perfectly sung in *Adelaïde*. I have so perfect an idea out of that song! The great Alps, a wonder in the starlight—the river, strong from the hills, and turbulent, and loudly audible at night—the country, a scented *Frühlingsgarten* of orchards and deep woods where the nightingales harbor—a sort of German flavor over all—and this love-drunken man, wandering on by sleeping village and silent town, pours out of his full heart, *Einst, O Wunder, einst*, etc. I wonder if I am wrong about this being the most beautiful and perfect thing in the world—the only marriage of really accordant words and music—both drunk with the same poignant, unutterable sentiment.

I am glad to tell you that I think I am a little better in body and quite recovered in mind. The combination of earthly, sensual, and devilish weather, with a fair spice of uneasiness at home, has a good deal put me out.



Entrance to Speculative Society,
Edinburgh University.



View of the Pentlands from Castle Hill.

To-day in Glasgow my father went off on some business, and my mother and I wandered about for two hours. We had lunch together and were very merry over what the people at the restaurant would think of us—mother and son they could not suppose us to be.

Saturday.

And to-day it came—warmth, sunlight, and a strong, hearty living wind among the trees. I found myself a new being. My father and I went off a long walk, through a country most beautifully wooded and various, under a range of hills. You

should have seen one place where the wood suddenly fell away in front of us down a long, steep hill between a double row of trees, with one small fair-haired child framed in shadow in the foreground; and when we got to the foot there was the little kirk and kirkyard of Nongray, among broken fields and woods by the side of the bright, rapid river. In the kirkyard there was a wonderful congregation of tombstones, upright and recumbent on four legs (after our Scotch fashion), and of flat arched fir-trees. One gravestone was erected by Scott (at a cost, I learn, of £70) to the

poor woman who served him as heroine in the *Heart of Midlothian*, and the inscription in its stiff, Jedediah Cleishbotham fashion is not without something touching. We went up the stream a little farther to where two Covenanters lie buried in an oak wood; the tombstone (as the custom is) containing the details of their grim little tragedy in funnily bad rhyme, one verse of which sticks in my memory:—

We died, their furious rage to stay,
Near to the kirk of Non-gray.

We then fetched a long compass round about, through Holywood Kirk and Lincluden ruins to Dumfries. But the walk came sadly to grief as a pleasure excursion before our return.

Sunday.

Another beautiful day. My father and I walked into Dumfries to church. When the service was done I noted the two halberts laid against the pillar of the churchyard gate; and as I had not seen the little weekly pomp of civic dignitaries in our Scotch country towns for some years, I made my father wait. You should have seen the provost and three bailies going stately away down the sunlit street, and the two town servants strutting in front of them, in red coats and cocked hats, and with the halberts most conspicuously shouldered. We saw Burns's house—a place that made me deeply sad—and spent the afternoon down the banks of the Nith. The air was as pure and clear and sparkling as spring water; beautiful, graceful outlines of hill and wood shut us in on every side, and the swift, brown river fled smoothly away from before our eyes, rippled over with oily eddies and dimples. White gulls had come up from the sea to fish, and hovered and flew hither and thither among the loops of the stream. By good fortune, too, it was a dead calm between my father and me.

Do you know, I find these rows harder on me than ever. I get a funny swimming in my head when they come on, that I had not before—and the like, when I think of them.

R. L. S.

• Wednesday, September 24, 1873.

I have found another "flowering isle." All this beautiful, quiet, sunlit day, I have

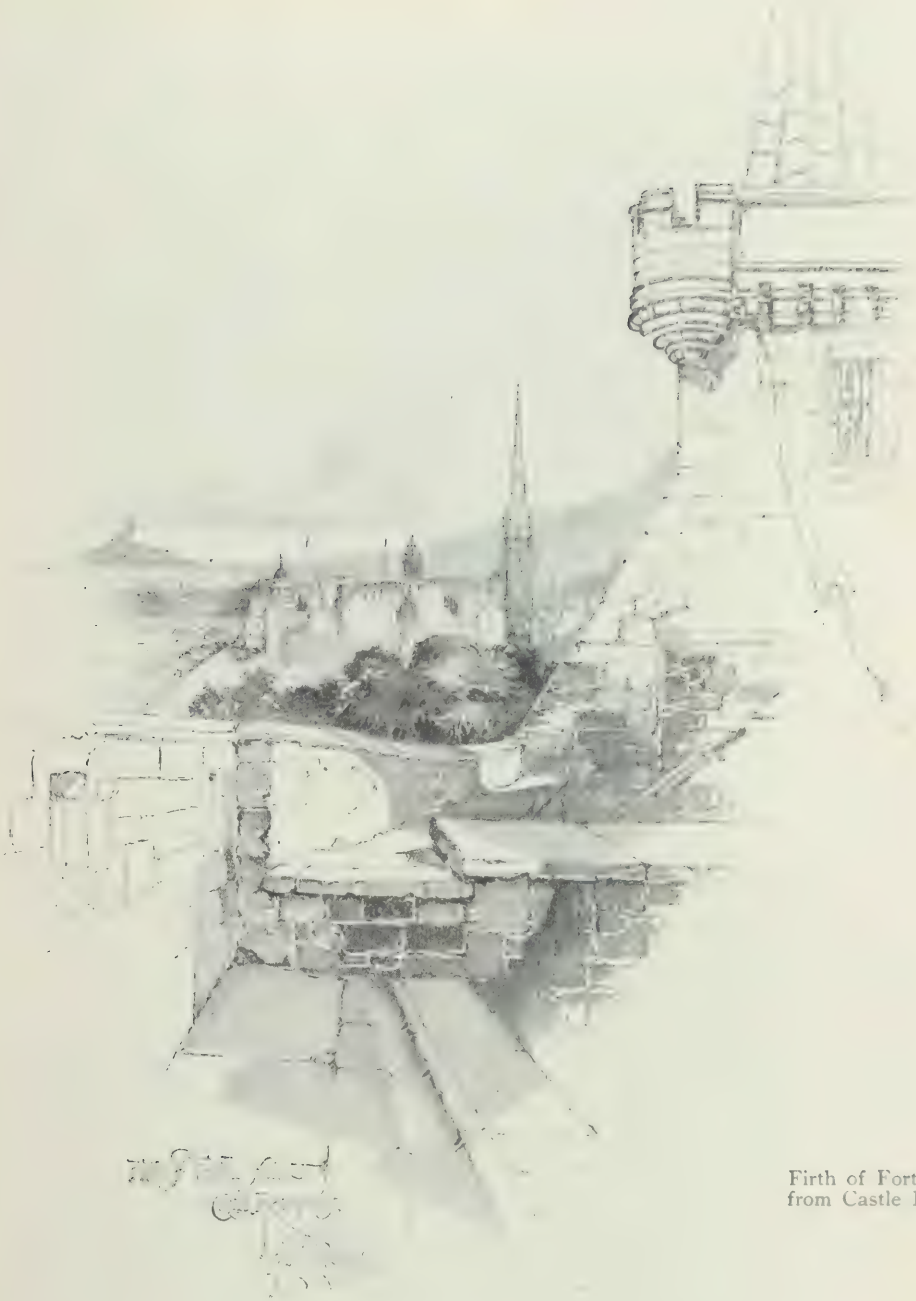
been out in the country; down by the sea on my own favorite coast between Granton and Queensferry. There was a delicate, delicious haze over the firth and sands on one side, and on the other the shadow of the woods was all riven with great golden rifts of sunshine. A little faint talk of waves upon the beach; the wild strange crying of sea-gulls over the sea; and the hoarse wood-pigeons and shrill, sweet robins full of their autumn love-making among the trees, made up a delectable concerto of peaceful noises. I spent the whole afternoon among these sights and sounds with M. S. And we came home from Queensferry on the outside of the coach and four, along a beautiful way full of ups and downs among woody, uneven country, and laid out (fifty years ago, I suppose) by my grandfather, on the notion of Hogarth's line of beauty. You see my taste for roads is hereditary.

Friday [September 26th].

I was awakened this morning by a long flourish of bugles and a roll upon the drums—the *réveillé* at the Castle. I went to the window; it was a gray, quiet dawn, a few people passed already up the street between the gardens, already I heard the noise of an early cab somewhere in the distance, most of the lamps had been extinguished but not all, and there were two or three lit windows in the opposite façade that showed where sick people and watchers had been awake all night and knew not yet of the new, cool day. This appealed to me with a special sadness: how often in the old times my nurse and I had looked across at these, and sympathised!

I wish you would read Michelet's *Louis Quatorze et la Révocation de l'Édit de Nantes*. I read it out in the garden, and the autumnal trees and weather, and my own autumnal humor, and the pitiable prolonged tragedies of Madame and Molière, as they look, darkling and sombre, out of their niches in the great gingerbread façade of the *Grand Age*, go wonderfully hand in hand.

I wonder if my revised paper [on "Roads"] has pleased the *Saturday*? If it has not, I shall be rather sorry—no, very sorry indeed—but not surprised and certainly not hurt. It will be a great dis-



Firth of Forth,
from Castle Ramparts.

appointment; but I am glad to say that, among all my queasy, troublesome feelings, I have not a sensitive vanity. Not that I'm not as conceited as you know me to be; only I go easy over the coals in that matter.

[Same day] 4.50.

I have been out reading Hallam in the garden; and have been talking with my old friend the gardener, a man of a singularly hard favor and few teeth. He consulted me this afternoon on the choice of books, premising that his taste ran

mainly on war and travel. On travel I had to own at once my ignorance. I suggested Kinglake, but he had read that, and so, finding myself here unhorsed, I turned about and at last recollected Southey's *Lives of the Admirals*, and the volumes of Macaulay containing the wars of William. Can you think of any other for this worthy man? I believe him to hold me in as high an esteem as any man can do; and I reciprocate his respect, for he is quite an intelligent companion.



Swanston Cottage.

On Saturday morning I read Morley's article aloud to Bob in one of the walks of the public garden. I was full of it and read most excitedly; and we were ever, as we went to and fro, passing a bench where a man sat reading the Bible aloud to a small circle of the devout. This man is well known to me, sits there all day, sometimes reading, sometimes singing, sometimes distributing tracts. Bob laughed much at the opposition preachers—I never noticed it till he called my attention to the other; but it did not seem to me like opposition—does it to you?—each in his way was teaching what he thought best.

Last night, after reading Walt Whitman a long while for my attempt to write about him, I got *l'le mortifié*, rushed out up to M. S., came in, took out *Leaves of Grass*, and without giving the poor unbeliever time to object, proceeded to wade into him with favorite passages. I had

at least this triumph, that he swore he must read some more of him.—Ever your faithful friend,

LOUIS STEVENSON.

Saturday, October 4, 1873.

It is a little sharp to-day; but bright and sunny with a sparkle in the air, which is delightful after four days of unintermitting rain. In the streets I saw two men meet after a long separation, it was plain. They came forward with a little run and *leaped* at each other's hands. You never saw such bright eyes as they both had. It put one in a good-humor to see it. . . .

S. P. M.

I have had a pleasantish day. I made a little more out of my work than I have made for a long while back; though even now I cannot make things fall into sentences—they only sprawl over the paper in bald orphan clauses. Then I was about in the afternoon with Baxter; and we had



Birthplace of Robert Louis Stevenson, Edinburgh.

a good deal of fun, first rhyming on the names of all the shops we passed, and afterward buying needles and quack drugs from open-air vendors, and taking much pleasure in their inexhaustible eloquence. Every now and then as we went, Arthur's Seat showed its head at the end of a street. Now, to-day the blue sky and the sunshine were both entirely wintry ; and there was about the hill, in these glimpses, a sort of thin, unreal crystalline distinctness that I have not often seen excelled. As the sun began to go down over the valley between the new town and the old, the evening grew resplendent ; all the gardens and low-lying buildings sank back and became almost invisible in a mist of wonderful sun, and the Castle stood up against the sky, as thin and sharp in outline as a castle cut out of paper. Baxter made a good remark about Princes Street, that it was the most elastic street for length that he knew ; sometimes it looks, as it looked to-night,

interminable, a way leading right into the heart of the red sundown ; sometimes again, it shrinks together, as if for warmth, on one of the withering, clear east-windy days, until it seems to lie underneath your feet.

I want to let you see these verses from an ode to the Cuckoo, written by one of the ministers of Leith in the middle of last century—the palmy days of Edinburgh—who was a friend of Hume and Adam Smith and the whole constellation. The authorship of these beautiful verses has been most truculently fought about ; but whoever wrote them (and it seems as if this Lyon had) they are lovely—

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest the vocal vail,
An annual guest, in other lands
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
 We'd make on joyful wing
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring.

Sunday.

I have been at church with my mother: where we heard "Arise, Shine" sung excellently well, and my mother was so much upset with it that she nearly had to leave church. This was the antidote, however, to fifty minutes of solid sermon, varra heavy. I have been sticking in to Walt Whitman; nor do I think I have ever labored so hard to attain so small a success. Still the thing is taking shape, I think; I know a little better what I want to say all through; and in process of time, possibly I shall manage to say it. I must say I am a very bad workman, *mais j'ai du courage*; I am indefatigable at rewriting and bettering, and surely that humble quality should get me on a little. R. L. S.

Monday, October 6, 1873.

It is a magnificent glimmering moonlight night, with a wild, great west wind abroad, flapping above one like an immense banner, and every now and again swooping furiously against my windows. The wind is too strong perhaps, and the trees are certainly too leafless for much of that wide rustle that we both remember; there is only a sharp, angry, sibilant hiss, like breath drawn with the strength of the elements through shut teeth, that one hears between the gusts only. I am in

excellent humor with myself, for I have worked hard and not altogether fruitlessly; and I wished before I turned in just to tell you that things were so. My dear friend, I feel so happy all over when I think that you remember me kindly. Life is doubled for me. I have been up to-night lecturing to a friend on life and duties, and what a man could do; a coal off the altar had been laid on my lips, and I talked quite above my average, and I hope I spread, what you would wish to see spread, into one person's heart; and with a new light upon it.

I shall tell you a story. Last Friday I went down to Portobello, in the heavy rain, with an uneasy wind blowing *par rafales* off the sea (or "*en rafales*" should it be? or what?). As I got down near the beach a poor woman, oldish and seemingly lately, at least, respectable, followed me and made signs. She was drenched to the skin, and looked wretched below wretchedness. You know, I did not like to look back at her; it seemed as if she might misunderstand and be terribly hurt and slighted; so I stood at the end of the street—there was no one else within sight in the wet—and lifted up my hand very high with some money in it. I heard her steps draw heavily near behind me, and, when she was near enough to see, I let the money fall in the mud and went off at my best walk without ever turning round. There is nothing in the story; and yet you will understand how much there is, if one



Duddingstone Loch.

chose to set it forth. You see, she was so ugly; and you know there is something terribly, miserably pathetic in a certain smile, a certain sodden aspect of invitation on such faces. It is so terrible, that it is in a way sacred; it means the outside of degradation and (what is worst of all in life) false position. I hope you understand me rightly.

Tuesday.

To-night it has rained fearfully, and thundered. One peal came loud and sharp, like a single stroke upon some immense drum; it would have been a good piece of "effect" for some scene in a novel.

9.20.

I have finished the first draft of Walt Whitman! Gloria in excelsis!

Tuesday, October 14, 1873.

My father [after a week's absence] has returned in better health, and I am more delighted than I can well tell you. The one trouble that I can see no way through is that his health, or my mother's, should give way.

To-night, as I was walking along Princes Street, I heard the bugles sound the recall. I do not think I had ever remarked it before; there is something of unspeakable appeal in the cadence. I felt as if something yearningly cried to me out of the darkness overhead, to come thither and find rest; one felt as if there must be warm hearts and bright fires waiting for one up there, where the buglers stood on the damp pavement and sounded their friendly invitation forth into the night.

Wednesday.

I may as well tell you exactly about my health. I am not at all ill; have quite recovered; only I am what MM. les médecins call below par; which, in plain English, is that I am weak. With tonics, decent weather, and a little cheerfulness, that will go away in its turn, and I shall be all right again.

I am glad to hear what you say about the Exam.; until quite lately I have treated that pretty cavalierly; for I say honestly that I do not mind being plucked; I shall just have to go up again. We travelled with the Lord Advocate the other day, and he strongly advised me in my father's

hearing to go to the English Bar; and the Lord Advocate's advice goes a long way in Scotland. It is a sort of special legal revelation. Don't misunderstand me. I don't of course want to be plucked; but so far as my style of knowledge suits them I cannot make much betterment on it in a month. If they wish scholarship more exact, I must take a new lease altogether.

Later.

I don't want you to run away with any fancy about my being ill. Given a person weak and in some trouble, and working longer hours than he is used to, and you have the matter in a nutshell. You should have seen the sunshine on the hill to-day; it has lost now that crystalline clearness, as if the medium were spring-water (you see I am stupid!); but it retains that wonderful thinness of outline that makes the delicate shape and hue savor better in one's mouth, like fine wine out of a finely blown glass. The birds are all silent now but the crows. I sat a long time on the stairs that lead down to Duddingston Loch—a place as busy as a great town during frost, but now solitary and silent; and when I shut my eyes I heard nothing but the wind in the trees; and you know all that went through me, I dare say, without my saying it.

11.

I am now all right, my dear friend; I do not expect any tic to-night and shall be at work again to-morrow. I have had a day of open air; only a little modified by *Le Capitaine Fracasse* before the dining-room fire. It is a jolly book; quite untrue, and a libel upon God's earth and the ways of the men thereupon; but amply makes up for all its untruthfulness by a degree of the picturesque, by a succession of splendid miniatures, that are as pleasant as true art, although they are miles away from it. I must write no more, for I am sleepy after two nights, and to quote my book, "*sinon blanches, du moins grises*;" and so I must go to bed and faithfully, hoggishly slumber.

[Soon after the date of this letter Stevenson came to London, much broken in health and nerves, was examined by Dr. Andrew Clark, and peremptorily ordered to the Riviera for a spell of rest, change, and sunshine. He stayed at Mentone for

six months, making a slow recovery; and the remaining extracts are from letters written to the same friend between his return to Edinburgh in May, 1874, and his call to the Bar on passing his examination in July, 1875.]

[AFTER MENTONE]

May, 1874, Monday.

We are now at Swanston Cottage, Lothianburn, Edinburgh. The garden is but little clothed yet, for, you know, here we are six hundred feet above the sea. It is very cold, and has sleeted this morning. Everything wintry. I am very jolly, however, having finished *Victor Hugo*, and just looking round to see what I should next take up. I have been reading Roman Law and Calvin this morning. My people are very nice to me indeed, and I hope we shall go on well. I have had lots of talk with my mother, and take much hope from what has passed between us.

Evening.

I went up the hill a little this afternoon. The air was invigorating, but it was so cold that my scalp was sore. With this high wintry wind, and the grey sky, and faint northern daylight, it was quite wonderful to hear such a clamor of black-birds coming up to me out of the woods, and the bleating of sheep being shorn in a field near the garden, and to see golden patches of blossom already on the furze, and delicate green shoots upright and beginning to frond out, among last year's russet bracken. Flights of crows were passing continually between the wintry leaden sky and the wintry cold-looking hills. It was the oddest conflict of seasons. A wee rabbit—this year's making, beyond question—ran out from under my feet and was in a pretty perturbation, until he hit upon a lucky juniper and blotted himself there promptly. Evidently this gentleman had not had much experience of life.

I have made an arrangement with my people: I am to have £84 a year—I only asked for £80 on mature reflection—and as I should soon make a good bit by my pen, I shall be very comfortable. We are all as jolly as can be together, so that is a great thing gained.

Wednesday.

Yesterday I received a letter that gave me much pleasure from a poor fellow-student of mine, who has been all winter very ill, and seems to be but little better even now. He seems very much pleased with *Ordered South*. "A month ago," he says, "I could scarcely have ventured to read it; to-day I felt on reading it as I did on the first day that I was able to sun myself a little in the open air." And much more to the like effect. It is very gratifying.—Good-by, dear friend. Be well and happy. Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SWANSTON, Wednesday, May, 1874.

Struggling away at *Fables in Song* [a review of Lord Lytton's volume so-called]. I am much afraid I am going to make a real failure: the time is so short, and I am so out of the humor. Otherwise very calm and jolly: cold still *impossible*.

Thursday.

I feel happier about the *Fables*, and it is warmer a bit; but my body is most decrepit, and I can just manage to be cheery and tread down hypochondria under foot by work. I lead such a funny life, utterly without interest or pleasure outside of my work; nothing, indeed, but work all day long, except a short walk alone on the cold hills, and meals, and a couple of pipes with my father in the evening. It is surprising how it suits me and how happy I keep.

I wish I could be funny and make you cheery; but it's an odd thing that I can't write funnily to you. I'm usually thought to be a "very humorous person," like the man in *Happy Thoughts*; but I can *not* turn it on when I am writing to you; so you must take what you can get with all practicable gratitude.

Friday.

I have got on rather better with the *Fables*; perhaps it won't be a failure, though I still fear. To-day the sun shone brightly, although the wind was cold: I was up the hill a good time. It is very solemn to see the top of one hill steadfastly regarding you over the shoulder of another: I never before to-day fully realized the haunting of such a gigantic face, as it peers over into a valley, and seems to command all corners. I had a

long talk with the shepherd about foreign lands and sheep. A Russian had once been on the farm as a pupil, he told me; and he had the utmost pity for the Russian's capacities, since (dictionary and all) he had never managed to understand him. It must be remembered that my friend the shepherd speaks broad Scotch of the broadest, and, often enough, employs words that I do not understand myself.

Saturday.

I have received such a nice long letter (four sides) from Leslie Stephen to-day about my *Victor Hugo*. It is accepted. This ought to have made me gay, but it hasn't. I am not likely to be much of a tonic to-night. I have been very cynical over myself to-day, partly, perhaps, because I have just finished some of the deedest rubbish about Lord Lytton's *Fables* that an intelligent editor ever shot into his waste-paper basket. If Morley prints it I shall be glad, but my respect for him will be shaken.

Sunday.

A beautiful day at last: the hills all veiled and magnified with summer vapor, and the heart expanded with happiness. I hope you have had a beautiful day.—
Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SWANSTON [May, 1874], Tuesday.

Another cold day; yet I have been along the hill-side, wondering much at idiotic sheep, and raising partridges at every second step. One little plover is the object of my firm adherence. I pass his nest every day, and if you saw how he flies by me, and almost into my face, crying and flapping his wings, to direct my attention from his little treasure, you would have as kind a heart to him as I. To-day I saw him not, although I took my usual way; and I am afraid that some person has abused his simple wiliness and harried (as we say in Scotland) the nest. I feel much righteous indignation against such imaginary aggressor. However, one must not be too chary of the lower forms. To-day I sat down on a tree-stump at the skirt of a little strip of planting, and thoughtlessly began to dig out the touchwood with an end of twig. I found I had carried ruin, death, and universal conster-

nation into a little community of ants; and this set me a-thinking of how close we are environed with frail lives, so that we can do nothing without spreading havoc over all manner of perishable homes and interests and affections; and so on to my favorite mood of a holy terror for all action and all inaction equally—a sort of shuddering revulsion from the necessary responsibilities of life. We must not be too scrupulous of others, or we shall die. Conscientiousness is a sort of moral opium; an excitant in small doses, perhaps, but at bottom a strong narcotic.

Saturday.

I have been two days in Edinburgh, and so not had the occasion to write to you. Morley has accepted the *Fables*, and I have seen it in proof and think less of it than ever. However, of course, I shall send you a copy of the *Magazine* without fail, and you can be as disappointed as you like, or the reverse if you can. I would willingly recall it if I could.—Believe me, ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH, SWANSTON, Wednesday,
June, 1874.

I have been hard at work all yesterday, and besides had to write a long letter to Bob, so I found no time until quite late, and then was sleepy. Last night it blew a fearful gale; I was kept awake about a couple of hours, and could not get to sleep for the horror of the wind's noise; the whole house shook; and mind you our house *is* a house, a great castle of jointed stone that would weigh up a street of English houses; so that when it quakes, as it did last night, it means something. But the quaking was not what put me about: it was the horrible howl of the wind round the corner; the audible haunting of an incarnate anger about the house; the evil spirit that was abroad; and above all the shuddering silent pauses when the storm's heart stands dreadfully still for a moment. O how I hate a storm at night! They have been a great influence in my life. I am sure; for I can remember them so far back—long before I was six at least, for we left the house in which I remember listening to them times without number, when I was six. And in those days, the

storm had for me a perfect impersonation ; as durable and unvarying as any heathen deity. I always heard it, as a horseman riding past with his cloak about his head, and somehow always carried away, and riding past again, and being baffled yet once more, *ad infinitum*, all night long. I think I wanted him to get past ; but I am not sure ; I know only that I had some interest either for or against, in the matter, and I used to lie and hold my breath, not quite frightened, but in a state of miserable exaltation.

My first *John Knox* is in proof, and my second is on the anvil. It is very good of me so to do ; for I want so much to get to my real tour and my sham tour, the real tour first : it is always working in my head, and if I can only turn on the right sort of style at the right moment, I am not much afraid of it. One thing bothers me ; what with hammering at this *J. K.*, and writing necessary letters, and taking necessary exercise (that even not enough, the weather is so repulsive to me, cold and windy), I find I have no time for reading except times of fatigue when I wish merely to relax myself. O—and I read over again for this purpose Flaubert's *Tentation de St. Antoine* : it struck me a good deal at first, but this second time it has fetched me immensely ; I am but just done with it, so you will know the large proportion of salt to take with my present statement that it's the finest thing I ever read ! Of course, it isn't that, it's full of *longueurs*, and is not quite "redd up," as we say in Scotland, not quite articulate ; but there are splendid things in it.

I say, *do* take your macaroni with oil : *do, please*. It's *bestly* with butter.—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH, June, 1874. Thursday.

How curiously we are built up into our false positions. The other day, having toothache and the black dog on my back generally, I was rude to one of the servants at the dinner-table. Nothing of course can be more disgusting than for a man to speak harshly to a young woman who will lose her place if she speak back to him ; and of course I determined to apologize. Well, do you know, it was perhaps four days before I found courage

enough, and I felt as red and ashamed as could be. Why? because I had been rude? Not a bit of it ; because I was doing a thing that would be called ridiculous in thus apologizing. I did not know I had so much respect of middle-class nations before ; this is my right-hand which I must cut off. Hold the arm, please : once—twice—thrice : the offensive member is amputated : let us hope I shall never be such a cad any more, as to be ashamed of being a gentleman.

Night.

I suppose I must have been more affected than I had thought ; at least I found I could not work this morning, and had to go out. The whole garden was filled with a high westerly wind, coming straight out of the hills and richly scented with furze—or whins, as we would say. The trees were all in a tempest and roared like a heavy surf ; the paths were all strewn with fallen apple blossom and leaves. I got a quiet seat behind a yew hedge and went away into a meditation. I was very happy after my own fashion, and whenever there came a blink of sunshine, or a bird whistled a bit higher than usual, or a little powder of white apple blossom came over the hedge and settled slowly about me in the grass, I had the happiest little flutter at my heart, and stretched myself for very voluptuousness.

Friday.

Our garden has grown beautiful with fresh foliage and daisied grass. The sky is still cloudy, and the day, perhaps, even a little gloomy ; but under this gray roof, in this shaded temperate light, how delightful the new summer is !

Yesterday I received the proof of *Victor Hugo* ; it is not nicely written, but the stuff is capital, I think. Modesty is my most remarkable quality, I may say in passing.—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Monday, December 23, 1874.

I have come from a concert, and the concert was rather a disappointment. Not so my afternoon skating—Duddingstone, our big loch, is bearing ; and I wish you could have seen it this afternoon, covered with people, in thin driving snow flurries, the big hill grim and white

and alpine overhead in the thick air, and the road up the gorge, as it were into the heart of it, dotted black with traffic. Moreover, I *can* skate a little bit; and what one can do is always pleasant to do.

Tuesday.

I got your letter to-day, and was so glad thereof. It was of good omen to me also. I worked from ten to one (my classes are suspended now for Xmas holidays) and wrote four or five portfolio pages of my Buckinghamshire affair. Then I went to Duddingstone and skated all afternoon. If you had seen the moon rising, a perfect sphere of smoky gold, in the dark air above the trees, and the white loch thick with skaters, and the great hill, snow-sprinkled, overhead! It was a sight for a king.

Wednesday.

I stayed on Duddingstone to-day till after nightfall. The little booths that hucksters set up round the edge, were marked, each one by its little lamp. There were some fires too; and the light, and the shadows of the people who stood round them to warm themselves, made a strange pattern all round on the snow-covered ice. A few people with torches began to travel up and down the ice, a lit circle travelling along with them over the snow. A gigantic moon rose, meanwhile, over the trees and the kirk on the promontory, among perturbed and vacillating clouds.

The walk home was very solemn and strange. Once, through a broken gorge, we had a glimpse of a little space of mackerel sky, moon-litten, on the other side of the hill; the broken ridges standing gray and spectral between; and the hill-top over all, snow-white and strangely magnified in size.

This must go to you to-morrow; so that you may read it on Christmas Day, for company. I hope it may be good company to you.

Thursday.

Outside, it snows thick and steadily. The gardens before our house are now a wonderful fairy forest. And O, this whiteness of things, how I love it, how it sends the blood about my body! Maurice de Guérin hated snow; what a fool he must have been. Somebody tried to put

me out of conceit with it by saying that people were lost in it. As if people don't get lost in love, too, and die of devotion to art; as if everything worth were not an occasion to some people's end.

What a wintry letter this is! Only I think it is winter seen from the inside of a warm greatcoat. And there is, at least, a warm heart about it somewhere. Do you know what they say in Xmas stories is true? I think one loves their friends more dearly at this season.—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Saturday, January, 1875.

I wish I could write better letters to you. Mine must be very dull. I *must* try to give you news. Well, I was at the annual dinner of my old Academy school-fellows last night. We sat down ten out of seventy-two! The others are scattered all over the face of the earth; some in San Francisco, some in New Zealand, some in India, one in the backwoods—it gave one a wide look over the world to hear them talk so. I read them some verses. It is great fun; I always read verses, and in the vinous enthusiasm of the moment they always propose to have them printed; *ce qui n'arrive jamais, du reste*: in the morning, they are more calm.

Sunday.

It occurs to me that one reason why there is no news in my letters is because there is so little in my life. I always tell you of my concerts; I was at another yesterday afternoon: a recital of Hallé and Norman Neruda's: it was just too long; but two Sonatas of Beethoven's and one (for the violin) by one called Tartini were no end. I went in the evening to the pantomime with the MacIntosh's—cousins of mine: their little boy, aged four, was there for the first time. To see him with his eyes fixed and open like saucers, and never varying his expression save in so far as he might sometimes open his mouth a little wider, was worth the money. He laughed only once—when the giant's dwarf fed his master as though he were a child. Coming home he was much interested as to who made the fairies, and wanted to know if they were like *berries*. I should like to know how much this question was due to the idea of their coming up

from under the stage, and how much to a vague idea of rhyme. When he was told they were not like berries, he then asked if they had not "been flowers before they were fairies." It was a good deal in the vein of Herbert Spencer's description of the primitive man, all this.

I am pretty well; but have not got back to work much since Tuesday. I worked far too hard at the story; but I wish I had finished it before I stopped, as I feel somewhat out of the swing now. I must try and finish it this afternoon or evening.

Saturday.

I am so happy. I am no longer here in Edinburgh. I have been all yesterday evening and this forenoon in Italy, four hundred years ago, with one Sannazarro, a sculptor, painter, poet, etc., and one Ippolita, a beautiful duchess. O I like it badly! I wish you could hear it at once; or rather I wish you could see it immediately in beautiful type on such a page as it ought to be, in my first little volume of stories. What a change this is from collecting dull notes for *John Knox*, as I have been all the early part of the week. The difference between life and death—I am quite well again, and in such good and happy spirits, as who would not be, who had spent so much of his time at that convent on the hills, with these sweet people. *Vous verrez*, and if you don't like this story—well, I give it up, if you don't like it. Not but what there's a long way to travel yet—I am no further than the threshold; I have only set the men, and the game has still to be played, and a lot of dim notions must become definite and shapely, and a deal be clear to me that is anything but clear as yet. The story shall be called, I think, "When the Devil was well," in allusion to the old proverb.—Good-by.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Monday [January, 1875].

I will own myself seedy enough to-night, and very sick and useless.

These classes, though I do not work for them, are hard enough work for me; I cannot sleep often in the early part of the night, and I have need of much sleep, and when I have to get up and go out in the rain immediately after breakfast after only a few hours' sleep, and the rest spent in

feverish wakefulness, it does seem to take it out of me. I do not fail to see the ridiculousness of my complaint; it is quite a late hour, after all, and I should think it so in summer. And so, when I was going up this morning, with my legs weak and my back aching, through the gaunt stone streets in the driving morning rain, I was taken by the throat at the sight of a wee pale boy, not ten years old, white as chalk and pinched and sickly, and yet stepping out through the rain cheerily, and whistling as he went. That child was a man; and you know there is a great bit of the child about me, I am afraid.—Ever yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH, Thursday [January, 1875].

I have been still in the house since I wrote; and I *have* worked. I finished the Italian story; not well, but as well as I can just now; I must go all over it again, some time soon when I feel in the humor to better and perfect it. And now I have taken up an old story, begun years ago; and I have now rewritten all I had written of it then, and mean to finish it. What I have lost and gained is odd. As far as regards simple writing, of course, I am in another world now; but in some things, though more clumsy, I seem to have been freer and more plucky; this is a lesson I have taken to heart. I have got a jolly new name for my old story. I am going to call it *A Country Dance*: the two heroes keep changing places, you know; and the chapter where the most of this changing goes on, is to be called "Up the middle, down the middle." It will be in six, or (perhaps) seven chapters. I have never worked harder in my life than these last four days. If I can only keep it up.

[The following passage relates the first meeting of R. L. S. with Mr. W. E. Henley, whence quickly arose the beginnings of a literary friendship that has become famous.]

Saturday.

Yesterday, Leslie Stephen, who was down here to lecture, called on me and took me up to see a poor fellow, a poet who writes for him, and who has been eighteen months in our infirmary, and may be, for all I know, eighteen months more. It was very sad to see him there, in a little

room with two beds, and a couple of sick children in the other bed. A girl came in to visit the children and played dominoes on the counterpane with them; the gas flared and crackled, the fire burned in a dull, economical way; Stephen and I sat on a couple of chairs, and the poor fellow sat up in his bed with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a King's palace, or the great King's palace of the blue air. He has taught himself two languages since he has been lying there. I shall try to be of use to him.

I was at a grand concert to-day (it is our musical festival), and I was very happy. Only I had a bad seat, just above three trumpets, the cymbals, and a side drum; so you may imagine what I made out of the overture to *Rienzi*. In one way the place was interesting. I could see Hallé's face as he conducted, and knew when he was pleased and when he was angry. I was glad to see how excited he was. He played the piano in a concerto of Beethoven's; and while he was waiting to strike in, I saw him tearing his fingers off—you know what I mean—with eagerness and excitement. Good-night.

Sunday.

I had to stop abruptly last night, for my spine began to creep. I had only worked five hours (I have been working seven), but then I had had a walk as well and heard the concert; so it was a bit too much.

My story goes on, I am nearly done with the second chapter, not ill; but the other three are the longest and I think the hardest. The *fond* of the story is very dry and cynical, but the color will be rather rich. It is rather critical than creative, in motive, which makes me rather despise it at bottom; but I don't know quite, it keeps me quieter, you know, to have such a story. I don't indulge myself so much in blood and lightning, and my people are not always (as my people have a tendency to be in general) on tiptoe of passion. One thing is good; it is of such a nature that if I get it finished as I have begun, carefully, deliberately, and well realized, I shall be able to send it to Stephen and get his opinion.

We have had two beautiful spring days, mild as milk, windy withal, the sun hot.

I dreamed last night I was walking by moonlight round the place where the scene of my story is laid; it was all so quiet and sweet, and the blackbirds were singing as if it was day, it made my heart very cool and happy.—Ever yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

O, the girls who were staying with us told Baxter I was "very quiet and pedantic!" It is quite true, too. My mother abused me the other day for being so quiet and dull. I told her one cannot do two things. If you use up all your spirits in work you can't have them for play!

Friday [February, 1875].

I have been working every spare moment, and *obsédé* by two girls living in the house on whom I was called to lavish attentions.

I have been in a curiously impressionable state; the sight of people and things has pursued me (spring, spring, I suppose). The other day, a little wee deformed girl, with that curious voice, neither boy's, nor girl's, nor man's, nor woman's of sexless and ageless deformity; yesterday, two little children—such pretty children—who had been lost, and were being taken to the police station, the wee boy stoically eating scone on the policeman's shoulder, and the wee girl trotting unconcernedly at his side, with a great semi-circle of the scone, about as big as herself, in one hand, and the hem of the policeman's trouser in the other; a train that I saw going round the outside of our station (I was looking down from far overhead on the bridge) on a very curved line of rails—if you had seen the sinuous grace of it as it turned slowly from one curve on to another; lastly, a nice ugly girl who went by me, smiling and looking so happy, that I could not help smiling myself and was happy for a great while after. These are some of the things that took hold of me. I don't like being so sensitive in town though, for the impressions are more often painful than agreeable. In the country now, in fine summer weather, it would be different.

Saturday.

I am to act Orsino (the Duke) in *Twelfth Night* at the Jenkins's. I could not resist that, it is such a delightful part; and I got

them to put off my rehearsals to the last moment, so that I may get a fortnight with you in London, and a fortnight with Bob in France, for that must be done this time, *coûte que coûte*. I am not altogether satisfied that I shall do Orsino *comme il faut*; but the Jenkins are pleased, and that is the great affair.—Ever yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[In the interval between the above letter and the next, Stevenson had paid his first visit, in April, to what was soon to become one of his favorite haunts, the artist settlement at Barbizon in the forest of Fontainebleau. Staying in London on his way home, he had had a photograph given him of the famous Elgin marble group of the Three Fates, who are the "three women" alluded to below.]

17 HERIOT ROW, EDINBURGH.

Sunday [Spring, 1875, after visit to London].

Here is my long story: yesterday night, after having supped, I grew so restless that I was obliged to go out in search of some excitement. There was a half-moon lying over on its back and incredibly bright in the midst of a faint gray sky set with faint stars: a very inartistic moon, that would have damned a picture.

At the most populous place of the city I found a little boy, three years old perhaps, half frantic with terror, and crying to everyone for his "Mammy." This was about eleven, mark you. People stopped and spoke to him and then went on, leaving him more frightened than before. But I and a good-humored mechanic came up together; and I instantly developed a latent faculty for setting the hearts of children at rest. Master Tommy Murphy (such was his name) soon stopped crying, and allowed me to take him up and carry him; and the mechanic and I trudged away along Princes Street to find his parents. I was soon so tired that I had to ask the mechanic to carry the bairn; and you should have seen the puzzled contempt with which he looked at me, for knocking in so soon. He was a good fellow, however, although very impracticable and sentimental; and he soon bethought him that Master Murphy might catch cold after his excitement, so we wrapped him up in my greatcoat. "To-

bauga (Tobago) Street" was the address he gave us; and we deposited him in a little grocer's shop and went through all the houses in the street without being able to find any one of the name of Murphy. Then I set off to the head police office, leaving my great coat in pawn about Master Murphy's person. As I went down one of the lowest streets in the town, I saw a little bit of life that struck me. It was now half-past twelve: a little shop stood still half-open, and a boy of four or five years old was walking up and down before it, imitating cockcrow. He was the only living creature within sight.

At the police offices, no word of Master Murphy's parents; so I went back empty handed. The good groceress, who had kept her shop open all this time, could keep the child no longer; her father, bad with bronchitis, said he must forth. So I got a large scone with currants in it, wrapped my coat about Tommy, got him up on my arm, and away to the police office with him: not very easy in my mind, for the poor child, young as he was—he could scarce speak—was full of terror for the "office," as he called it. He was now very grave and quiet and communicative with me; told me how his father thrashed him, and divers household matters. Whenever he saw a woman on our way he looked after her over my shoulder and then gave his judgment: "That's no *her*," adding sometimes, "she has a wean wi' her"—a child with her. Meantime, I was telling him how I was going to take him to a gentleman who would find out his mother for him quicker than ever I could, and how he must not be afraid of him, but be brave, as he had been with me. We had just arrived at our destination—we were just under the lamp—when he looked me in the face and said, appealingly: "He'll no put me in the office?" And I had to assure him that he would not, even as I pushed open the door and took him in.

The sergeant was very nice, and I got Tommy comfortably seated on a bench, and spirited him up with good words and the scone with the currants in it; and then, telling him I was just going out to look for Mammy, I got my greatcoat and slipped away.

Poor little boy! he was not called for, I learn, until ten this morning. This is very

ill written, and I've missed half that was picturesque in it; but to say truth, I am very tired and sleepy: it was two before I got to bed. However, you see, I had my excitement.

Monday.

I have written nothing all morning; I cannot settle to it. Yes—I *will* though.

10.45.

And I did. I want to say something more to you about the three women. I wonder so much why they should have been *women*, and halt between two opinions in the matter. Sometimes I think it is because they were made by a man for men; sometimes again I think there is an abstract reason for it, and there is something more substantive about a woman than ever there can be about a man. I can conceive a great mythical woman, living alone among inaccessible mountain-tops or in some lost island in the pagan seas, and ask no more. Whereas, if I hear of a Hercules, I ask after Iole or Deianira. I cannot think him a man without women. But I can think of these three deep-breasted women, living out all their days on remote hill-tops, seeing the white dawn and the purple even, and the world outspread before them forever, and no more to them forever than a sight of the eyes, a hearing of the ears, a far-away interest of the inflexible heart, not pausing, not pitying, but austere with a holy austerity, rigid with a calm and passionless rigidity; and I find them none the less women to the end.

And think, if one could love a woman like that once, see her once grow pale with passion, and once wring your lips out upon hers, would it not be a small thing to die? Not that there is not a passion of a quite other sort, much less epic, far more dramatic and intimate, that comes out of the very frailty of perishable women; out of the lines of suffering that we see written about their eyes, and that we may wipe out if it were but for a moment; out of the thin hands, wrought and tempered in agony to a fineness of perception, that the indifferent or the merely happy cannot know; out of the tragedy that lies about such a love, and the pathetic incompleteness. This is another thing, and perhaps it is a higher. I look over my shoulder at the three great headless Madonnas, and

they look back at me and do not move; see me, and through and over me, the foul life of the city dying to its embers already as the night draws on; and over miles and miles of silent country, set here and there with lit towns, thundered through here and there with night expresses scattering fire and smoke; and away to you, and they see you; and away to the ends of the earth, and the furthest star, and the blank regions of nothing; and they are not moved. My quiet, great-kneed, deep-breasted, well-draped ladies of Necessity, I give my heart to you!—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Saturday [End of April, 1875].

I am getting on with my rehearsals, but I find the part very hard. I rehearsed yesterday from a quarter to seven and to-day from four (with interval for dinner) to eleven. You see the sad strait I am in for ink.—*À demain*.

Sunday.

This is the third ink-bottle I have tried, and still its nothing to boast of. My journey went off all right, and I have kept ever in good spirits. Last night, indeed, I did think my little bit of gaiety was going away down the wind like a whiff of tobacco-smoke, but to-day it has come back to me a little. The influence of this place is assuredly all that can be worst against one; *mais il faut lutter*. I was haunted last night when I was in bed by the most cold, desolate recollections of my past life here; I was glad to try and think of the forest, and warm my hands at the thought of it. O the quiet gray thickets, and the yellow butterflies, and the woodpeckers, and the outlook over the plain as it were over a sea! O for the good, fleshly stupidity of the woods, the body conscious of itself all over and the mind forgotten, the clean air nestling next your skin as though your clothes were gossamer, the eye filled and content, the whole man happy! Whereas here it takes a pull to hold yourself together; it needs both hands, and a book of stoical maxims, and a sort of bitterness at the heart by way of armor.

Wednesday

I am so played out with a cold in my eye that I cannot see to write or read

without difficulty. It is swollen *horrible*; so how I shall look as Orsino, God knows! I have my fine clothes, tho'. Henley's sonnets have been taken for the *Cornhill*. He is out of hospital now, and dressed, but still not too much to brag of in health, poor fellow, I am afraid.

Sunday.

So. I have still rather bad eyes, and a nasty sore throat. I play Orsino every day, in all the pomp of Solomon, splendid Francis the First clothes, heavy with gold and stage jewelry. I play it ill enough, I believe; but me and the clothes, and the wedding wherewith the clothes and me are reconciled, produce every night a thrill of admiration. Our cook told my mother (there is a servants' night, you know) that she and the housemaid were "just prood to be able to say it was oor young gentleman." To sup afterwards with these clothes on, and a wonderful lot of gaiety and Shakespearian jokes about the table, is something to live for. It is so nice to feel you have been dead three hundred years, and the sound of your laughter is faint and far off in the centuries.—Ever your faithful

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

May 5th, 1875, Wednesday.

A moment, at last. These last few days have been as jolly as days could be, and by good fortune I leave to-morrow for Swanston, so that I shall not feel the whole fall back to habitual self. The pride of life could scarce go further. To live in splendid clothes, velvet and gold and fur, upon principally champagne and lobster salad, with a company of people nearly all of whom are exceptionally good talkers; when your days began about eleven and ended about four—I have lost that sentence; I give it up; it is very admirable sport, any way. Then both my afternoons have been so pleasantly occupied—taking Henley drives. I had a business to carry him down the long stair, and more of a business to get him up again; but while he was in the carriage it was splendid. It is now just the top of spring with us. The whole country is mad with green. To see the cherry-blossom bitten out upon the black firs, and the black firs bitten out of the blue sky, was a sight to set before a king. You

may imagine what it was to a man who has been eighteen months in an hospital ward. The look of his face was a wine to me.—Ever your faithful

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Tuesday [SWANSTON, May, 1875].

I have been so busy, away to Bridge of Allan with my father first, and then with Simpson and Baxter out here from Saturday till Monday. I had no time to write, and as it is, am strangely incapable. Thanks for your letter. I have been reading such lots of law, and it seems to take away the power of writing from me. From morning to night, so often as I have a spare moment, I am in the embrace of a law-book—barren embraces. I am in good spirits; and my heart smites me as usual, when I am in good spirits, about my parents. If I get a bit dull, I am away to London without a scruple; but so long as my heart keeps up, I am all for my parents.

What do you think of Henley's hospital verses? They were to have been dedicated to me, but Stephen wouldn't allow it—said it would be pretentious.

Wednesday.

I meant to have made this quite a decent letter this morning, *ma sentite*. I had pain all last night and did not sleep well, and now am cold and sickish, and strung up ever and again with another flash of pain. Will you remember me to everybody? My principal characteristics are cold, poverty, and Scots Law—three very bad things. Oo, how the rain falls! The mist is quite low on the hill. The birds are twittering to each other about the indifferent season. O, here's a gem for you. An old godly woman predicted the end of the world, because the seasons were becoming indistinguishable; my cousin Dora objected that last winter had been pretty well marked. "Yes, my dear," replied the soothsayess; "but I think you'll find the summer will be rather *coampllicated*."—Ever your faithful R. L. S.

[June, 1875: after a visit to London.]

Simply a scratch. All right, jolly, well, and through with the difficulty. My father pleased about the Burns. Never travel in the same carriage with three able-bodied

seamen and a fruiterer from Kent : the A.-B.'s speak all night as though they were hailing vessels at sea, and the fruiterer as if he were crying fruit in a noisy marketplace—such, at least, is my *funeste* experience. I wonder if a fruiterer from some place else—say Worcestershire—would offer the same phenomenon ? insoluble doubt.

R. L. S.

Tuesday.

Forgive me, couldn't get it off. Awfully nice man here to-night. Public servant—New Zealand. Telling us all about the South Sea Islands till I was sick with desire to go there : beautiful places, green forever ; perfect climate ; perfect shapes of men and women, with red flowers in their hair ; and nothing to do but to study oratory and etiquette, sit in the sun, and pick up the fruits as they fall. Navigator's Island is the place ; absolute balm for the weary.—Ever your faithful friend,

R. L. S.

SWANSTON, Thursday [End of June, '75].

This day fortnight I shall fall or conquer [in his examination for the Scottish Bar]. Outside the rain still soaks ; but now and again the hill-top looks through the mist vaguely. I am very comfortable, very sleepy, and very much satisfied with the arrangements of Providence.

Saturday—no, Sunday.

12.45. Just been—not grinding, alas ! I couldn't—but doing a bit of Fontainebleau. I don't think I'll be plucked. I

am not sure though—I am so busy, what with this d——d law, and this Fontainebleau always at my elbow, and three plays (three, think of that !) and a story, all crying out to me, " Finish, finish, make an entire end, make us strong, shapely, viable creatures ! " It's enough to put a man crazy. Moreover, I have my theses given out now, which is a fifth (is it fifth ? I can't count) incumbrance. At least, you see I'm keeping jolly ever since my London business, which is the great affair for me, is it not ?

Sunday.

I've been to church, and am not depressed—a great step. I was at that beautiful church my P. P. P. [*petit poème en prose*] was about. It is a little cruciform place, with heavy cornices and string-course to match, and a steep slate roof. The small kirkyard is full of old grave-stones. One of a Frenchman from Dunkerque—I suppose he died prisoner in the military prison hard by—and one, the most pathetic memorial I ever saw, a poor school-slate, in a wooden frame, with the inscription cut into it evidently by the father's own hand. In church, old Mr. Torrance preached, over eighty, and a relic of times forgotten, with his black thread gloves and mild old foolish face. One of the nicest parts of it was to see John Inglis, the greatest man in Scotland, our Justice-General and the only born lawyer I ever heard, listening to the piping old body, as though it had all been a revelation, grave and respectful.—Ever your faithful

R. L. S.

(To be continued.)

THE LEPERS

A TALE OF SOUTH AFRICA

By William Charles Scully

All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be.—LEVITICUS xiii. 46.

I

THE Magistrate sat in his office, deep in thought. Before him, on his desk, lay a pile of documents of foolscap size—clinical reports as to some forty odd natives in the district, who had been cursed by God with the most bitter of all curses—the disease of leprosy. The Magistrate noted that the documents were livid white in color—a variation from the orthodox blue of the ordinary printed form, and even this trivial circumstance seemed to have an unpleasant significance.

It was a month since the receipt of the circular from the Government, directing that the long-dormant "Leprosy Repression Act" be put in force, and the District Surgeon had, in the interval, been busy riding from kraal to kraal in those locations where the disease existed, obtaining the voluminous data required in each individual case. This data had now been transferred to the fateful livid forms, the imposing pile of which the Magistrate was regarding with troubled eyes.

In response to a touch upon the bell a smart-looking native constable entered the room, and a message sent through him brought in Galada, sergeant of the native police, and four of his men, who stood before the desk in an attentive line. After the Magistrate's order had been explained to them, Galada and his men left the room, went to where their horses stood, ready saddled, and rode forth respectively in five different directions. The sun was shining brightly. The season was early summer, but a light, refreshing breeze was making glad the land. The previous day had been hot, but a short thunder-storm at sunset had cleared the atmosphere and lowered the temperature, so the morning was sweet, as only a South African morning can be

when cool, sea-born wind and gently ardent sunbeams flatter and caress.

Galada, the Sergeant, took his course along the footpath which leads over the bush-covered "Blackwater" Ridge. To his right arose, in precipitous terraces, the noble mass of the Umgano Mountain. The valleys were full of long lush grass, on which the sleek-limbed kine were greedily browsing. The long-tailed finches lilted over the reeds in anxious pursuit of their short-tailed, and therefore more nimble, mates; the crested lories called hoarsely from the mysterious depths of the jungle.

As the Sergeant reached the higher slopes of the ridge, the late flowers of retreating spring became more and more plentiful. The pink shields clustering around the orchid stems were full of struggling bees half-smothered in yellow pollen, while over each golden mass of mountain-broom a small cloud of butterflies hovered. Around the towering crags wheeled the chanting falcons, whose wild cries seemed to voice the very spirit of the mountain wilderness.

But Galada had neither eye nor ear for these things; his thoughts were almost wholly engrossed by the "beer-drink" which he knew was that day being held at the kraal of Headman Rolobèlè—an hour's ride away—among the foot-hills of the Drakensberg Range. He knew that there he would find all the headmen to whom he had to convey the Magistrate's message, as well as other good company, and an excellent brew of beer. Thus would be afforded a most fortunate opportunity of combining business and pleasure.

When Galada arrived at his destination he found the "beer-drink" in full swing. The men were all sitting in a circle before the main entrance to the cattle kraal,

which was half-surrounded by a crescent of bee-hive shaped huts. In the centre stood several immense earthenware pots full of the pink liquor, while several smaller pots, each with a cleft-calabash spoon floating in it, were circulating among the guests. Galada removed the saddle from his horse, let the animal loose to join the horses of the other visitors—which were being herded by a couple of boys. Then, after greeting the giver of the feast, he joined the circle of drinkers.

But the Sergeant was far too sensible a man to allow pleasure to interfere with duty to his own disadvantage, so after quenching his immediate thirst by emptying one of the largest of the secondary pots, he drew Rolobèlè and the other headmen aside for the purpose of communicating to them the Magistrate's message, while all were yet in a state of sobriety.

"This, then, is the word of Government," said he. "The people who have 'the sickness' (the Kaffirs have no name for the disease of leprosy) are to be gathered together at Izolo. From there they will be sent on in wagons to Emjanyana, where they will henceforth dwell. The Magistrate tells me to warn you that this word is a word which must be listened to and obeyed."

The four headmen looked at each other in silence for awhile. Then Rolobèlè spoke :

"Yes, we knew of the coming of the word and we will obey. With the old men and women there will be no difficulty, but with the young men—the son of Makanda, for instance—he will be a difficult bull to drive into the Emjanyana kraal."

"What ! Makanda's son, Mangèlè," exclaimed Galada in a tone of surprise; "he that I saw among the drinkers; has *he* got it?"

"Oh, yes," replied Rolobèlè. "The doctor was here last week and found 'the sickness' in his hand and his knee. But you knew, surely, that his mother died of it three years ago."

Across the heavy features of the youngest of the headmen—a man named Xaba—the ghost of a smile seemed to flit. Xaba had quite recently been appointed to the headmanship in succession to his father. There was enmity and jealousy between him and Mangèlè. Both had been

paying their addresses to the same girl, and the suit of Mangèlè had prospered. He had, as a matter of fact, already paid more than one instalment of the "lobola"* cattle, and the wedding was expected to take place within a few months.

After giving full instructions as to the collection of the unfortunate sufferers, Galada, accompanied by the others, returned to the beer-feast with a clear conscience. After removing his uniform to prevent its getting soiled, he borrowed a blanket from Rolobèlè and gave himself up to enjoyment.

Mangèlè was the "great son" of his father, who was so old and infirm that he slept away his days and took no further interest in life. When the weather was cold he lay all day long on his mat next to the fire-place in his hut—a little boy being always on duty to prevent the fire either going out or setting the old man's mat or blanket alight. In mild weather he lay outside in the open. When the sun stung he sought the shady side of the hut, and groaned grievously when the pursuing sunbeams forced him to shift his quarters.

Makanda was a rich man, and, as the greater portion of his riches belonged to his "great house," such would, consequently, fall to Mangèlè. The latter had many half-brothers who were older than himself, but, his mother having been the "great wife," he took precedence of the rest of the family.

A few years previously Mangèlè's mother, who had been afflicted with leprosy for many years, died miserably. Mangèlè, when little more than a boy, had quarrelled with his father and run away from home, meaning to return no more. He wandered far and near—sometimes working at the docks at Cape Town or East London—sometimes at the gold or diamond mines. The love of home is always very deep in the Kaffir, and Mangèlè came to find the longing to return to his father's kraal so strong, that he could no longer withstand it. For some months previously he had suffered from a feeling of painful weakness in his left hand and wrist, which had made it difficult for him to use pick or shovel.

Upon his return Mangèlè found that

*The dowry paid by the bridegroom to the bride's father, after the manner of the ancient Spartans.

his mother had died recently, and that his father had become very feeble in mind and body. But the old man welcomed him with open arms. Makanda had been badly treated by his other sons, who, after the fashion in such cases, had begun to despoil him of his property in the most barefaced manner. Soon after his "great son's" return old Makanda formally abdicated the headship of the family in his favor and thenceforth spent most of his days and all his nights in peaceful, dreamless slumber.

Mangèlè's hand became weaker and weaker. He found that he could not exert it in the least degree without suffering dull, gnawing pain for days afterward. Then the hand began to swell and the knuckles became distorted. Shortly after this a weakness, followed by a swelling, appeared in the left knee.

A cloud seemed to settle down upon his face, and his features gradually took on that strange, pathetic, and by no means repellant, look which one so often sees in strongly marked cases of tubercular leprosy before the frightful disfiguring stage has set in. This look distinctly suggests the face of a lion in repose. In strongly marked cases the resemblance cannot fail to strike the most careless observer. There is nothing in it suggestive of ferocity, but rather of a deep, dignified, and sombre sadness, with a touch of that sublimity which belongs to everything that appalls.

Mangèlè knew well that he was smitten with the incurable disease of which his mother had died. He became solitary in his habits and would sometimes sit on a stone outside his hut the whole night through. And the sombre, leonine look deepened upon his face with the passing of the months.

At first Mangèlè had, as is usual in such cases among the Kaffirs, put down his own as well as his mother's illness to the malevolence of an enemy, and believed that if he could counteract the spell woven against him, he would recover his health, but he no longer deceived himself on this score. The Kaffirs are, as a rule, utterly ignorant of Nature's laws as such affect the human body, but Mangèlè was intelligent to a degree far above the average of his race. Moreover, his sojourn among the Europeans had given him enlightenment. Recently the dire significance of

his situation had struck him to the heart. Now and then he would appear among his fellows at a "beer-drink" or other function, but as a rule he remained at home and brooded in solitude over his doom.

A Kaffir "beer-drink" is a very curious and distinctive feature of South African native life. One peculiarity of the "beer-drink" is that the drinkers pass through several definite stages corresponding with the amount of their potations. In the earlier the utmost good-humor prevails. Soon, however, comes a period of boasting which, if different clans are represented at the gathering, shortly changes into one electric with possibilities of strife, for vaunting leads to irritation, recrimination, and eventual blows.

A fierce quarrel may arise from something utterly trivial; any two men present who dislike each other never being at a loss for a *casus belli*. The mere mention of an old garden dispute, or a lawsuit of half a century back between the respective grandfathers of two men who have reached the critical point, is quite enough to set the sticks whirling. Indeed, beer seems to act like a kind of sympathetic ink in bringing every ancient and half-obliterated grievance to the surface.

After the quarrelsome stage succeeds one of torpor, and from this the revellers arise with appetites which only meat, and plenty of it, can assuage. Then, unless the giver of the feast be rich and liberal enough to kill for his guests, the flocks and herds of the stock-owners in the vicinity are apt to suffer.

The stage of boasting had been reached when Galada and the headmen returned to the banquet. On different sides men were declaiming loudly of the wealth and greatness of their relations, ancestral and contemporary—several talking at the same time. Galada's eye at once sought out Mangèlè, the son of Makanda, who had just been mentioned to him as being a leper. Mangèlè was a most splendid specimen of manhood. As he lay naked on his blanket in the bright sunshine, his splendid torso and muscular limbs seemed to be the very embodiment of health and reposeful strength. Looking more closely, however, the Sergeant was able to notice the signs of the disease which had been

mentioned by Rolobèlè. Superficially, all that was wrong with the knee was a slight thickening on the outside—so slight, indeed, that Galada would certainly never have noticed the thing had his attention not been drawn to it. Mangèlè's left hand was, however, distinctly swollen and distorted. He kept it concealed as much as possible, hiding it under a fold of the blanket he lay upon.

Mangèlè's voice was not heard among those of the boasters. He lay silent and abstracted, slightly apart from the others, drinking deeply and apparently taking no notice of the Babel around him. For an instant he looked up as Xaba joined the circle, and the glances of these two seemed to flash at each other like spears. Then Mangèlè took another long draught of beer and bent his head lower than before.

"We of the Radèbè," shouted 'Mzon-do, a fierce-looking savage, who had a heavy ivory armlet above his left elbow, "Hau—there are none like us; we are the black cattle of the pastures. My father was a bull with a strong neck and I am his calf. Look at our sticks in a fight—look how the strangers come to seek our daughters in marriage. Wau—but we are a race of chiefs—a great people."

"We of the Amahlubi," shouted one 'Mbulawa, "were never tillers of the fields of the Amagcaleka, nor were our daughters taken as concubines by the sons of Hintza. We were bulls when the Radèbè were oxen."

At this reference to the captivity of the Radèbè, half a century previously, all present of that clan leaped to their feet and seized their sticks. Rolobèlè, however, managed to restore tranquillity. The majority of those present were Hlubis. The headman rebuked 'Mbulawa for his rudeness. Then, in the course of a long and eloquent speech he adroitly led the thoughts of his guests to an episode in which both clans had equally covered themselves with glory. Thus was the anger appeased and the danger of a breach of the peace averted for the moment.

Xaba, who had for some time been drinking heavily in silence, began to dispute with one Fodo over the merits of some old family quarrel which had been settled many years previously. The sombre eye of Mangèlè followed every gesture

of his enemy. Fodo was a small man, and Xaba, who in spite of his size was rather cowardly, began to address him in more insulting terms. Suddenly Mangèlè sprang to his feet, seized his sticks, and strode across the circle toward the bully. Xaba drew back before his assailant, while a number of Mangèlè's friends threw themselves in his course and prevented him from reaching his enemy.

Under the Territorial Law, the giver of a beer-party is responsible for any breach of the peace that may occur at it. This circumstance, and the fact of the Sergeant's presence, impelled Rolobèlè to strain every nerve to prevent fighting. After some difficulty the two furious men were forced away in different directions; they, all the time, shouting insult and defiance at each other. At length Xaba called out:

"You—bull with the water in your bones—your days are over. To-morrow you will be tied up with the sick oxen at Emjanyana. If you do not believe me, ask Galada. Good-by; I am now going to see Nosèmbè."

Mangèlè at once ceased from shouting and struggling, and allowed himself to be led away without resistance. His head was bent, and his heavy, leonine features set themselves into a sombre, tragic mask, out of which his eyes seemed to blaze.

II

ON the day after the transmission of the Magistrate's message the different headmen concerned went round among their respective locations and warned the lepers to assemble at a certain spot near Izolo in ten days' time. Mangèlè received the message in silence. His relations, who hated him for having prevented their spoliation of old Makanda, were delighted at the prospect of getting rid of him, but they wisely refrained from expressing their feelings on the subject in his presence.

Nosèmbè and Mangèlè were attached to each other in a manner somewhat rare among the uncivilized natives. She was the handsomest girl in the neighborhood, and several other men besides Xaba had wished to marry her. She had never suspected for a moment that her lover was suffering from the dread, nameless disease

that filled the bones with water, and when in the course of the next few days it came to be whispered that Mangèlè was one of those who had to go into confinement at Emjanyana, she laughed at the report. Later, Xaba spoke of it to her and she spat at him in her fury at the insult. When, however, she heard her father and brothers discussing the question of the return of the dowry cattle she knew that the rumor was true, and her whole soul revolted at the injustice. Mangèlè was the strongest and handsomest man in the neighborhood—why should he be locked up like a criminal because he happened to have a sore place upon his hand? She at once made up her mind that if her lover had to go, she would follow him into captivity.

Three days Nosèmbè waited in the hope that Mangèlè would visit her, but she waited in vain, so, on the fourth night, she arose from her mat after all the others had gone to sleep, crept out of the hut, and sped along the pathway which led over the divide beyond which his kraal was situated.

The night was sultry and the sky was brightly starlit as Nosèmbè glided between the patches of scrub which dappled the hill-side at the back of the kraal. She knew the hut which Mangèlè occupied by himself; all she feared was that the dogs might give the alarm and some of the people come out and see her. As she crouched behind a bush the dogs suddenly set up a chorus of barking and rushed down the hill-side on the opposite side of the kraal in pursuit of a supposed enemy. Here was her chance; she sprang up and ran swiftly down the slope to Mangèlè's hut.

Mangèlè was sitting on a stone in front of the doorway, in an attitude expressive of the deepest dejection. His head was bowed upon the arms which rested upon his bent knees, and the corner of his blanket was drawn over it as though he could not bear even the light of the gentle stars. He heard Nosèmbè's footstep, and lifted his sombre face. For a few seconds the two regarded each other silently; then the girl flung herself to the ground at the man's feet and broke into a passion of tears.

Mangèlè lifted Nosèmbè from where she lay and clasped her closely to him.

Her sobs ceased, but it was long before either spake a word. The girl was the first to break the silence:

"It is not true that you have to go to Emjanyana."

"It is true."

"But you are not sick," she rejoined, passionately. "You are stronger than other men. And you have done no wrong. How, then, can they put you in prison?"

"I am sick," he replied, in a heart-broken voice; "my bones are filling with water. It is right that I go away. I am a dead man."

"Then I will go with you."

"No, that cannot be," he replied, in a voice broken by emotion; "no woman can go to Emjanyana unless she have 'the sickness'; and then the men and women have to dwell apart."

"*Moimamo*," she wailed. "You cannot leave me—your child quickens even now. You have paid the dowry and I am your wife. I will sit at the gate at Emjanyana until they let me in."

Day was almost breaking when Mangèlè led Nosèmbè back into the scrub to the footpath by which she had come. They bade each other farewell, after arranging to meet on the following night in the same way.

Nosèmbè had not gone very far before she met her father and two of her brothers, who, when they had discovered her absence, guessed where she had gone to and started out to seek for her. She met their railing and reproaches with the utmost composure. However, when night again came she found herself so carefully guarded that escape was impossible, so she was unable to keep the appointment with her lover.

Mangèlè waited the whole night through, hoping against hope that she would come. He correctly guessed the cause of her absence. When day broke he took his sticks and went forth to carry out a design he had formed in the course of his long vigil.

During the next forty-eight hours he personally visited every one of the lepers belonging to his clan in the district, and arranged with them to meet a day later in the vicinity of the Residency.

In the morning, just after the Magis-

trate had reached his office, he received a message asking him to meet the lepers under a certain tree, where, by tacit understanding, they had been accustomed to assemble on the rare occasions when they required to communicate direct with the authorities. Soon afterward he walked to the spot, which was situated in a kloof about three hundred yards distant.

There they sat, twenty-four in number. Ten of them were women. All, with the

the gracious human lines had been obliterated by a slow, fell process more awful than the snake's fang or the lightning's stroke.

Over what remained of nearly every countenance seemed to hover a suggestion of that strange, leonine look which was so strongly marked in the case of Mangèlè; and to the Magistrate it seemed as if this were the only relief from a horror almost too absolute to look upon for long



The girl flung herself to the ground at the man's feet.—Page 212

exception of Mangèlè, were old. What an awful spectacle they afforded, these four and twenty human creatures; all save one crushed almost out of human semblance by the wheels of the chariot of pitiless, unregarding Nature. There, against the lovely background of graceful fern and fragrant clematis, beneath the twinkling, poplar-like leaves of the spreading erethryna-tree—through which the blue sky smiled—were huddled these poor sufferers without hope of relief, guiltless vessels marred by the mysterious hand of The Great Potter. Twisted limb and crumbling stump, visages from which

and keep his senses. It was as though what Schopenhauer called "the genius of the genus" had arisen from the depths of being to protest mutely against this piteous desecration of its temple by unregarding Nature and iron-visaged Fate. It was the very sublimation of tragic pathos, in the presence of which pity seemed to die of its own intensity.

All but Mangèlè sat upon the ground and endeavored to hide, so far as possible, their worst individual disfigurements, but he stood forth as though proudly conscious of his almost perfect symmetry, and met the Magistrate's sympathetic glance

with his sombre, lion-like gaze. Then, after the usual salutations, Mangèlè began his speech. As is usual with natives to whom oratory is an inborn art, his delivery was excellent and full of dignity :

"We, men and women who are dead, though living, come to our Father, the Government, to ask for a little thing.

"God, whom the White Man has taught us to know, smote us with this sickness which has filled our bones with water for marrow and caused our quick flesh to rot slowly, like dead wood. We acknowledge that it is only right we should be separated from other men, so that we may not give the disease to those who are clean, but we cannot dwell apart from our kindred, our cattle and the fields wherein our fathers saw the corn growing when they were little children—therefore we wish to die now, this day. Then will the sickness die with us, and our Father, the Government, will not be put to any further trouble on our account.

"What we ask of the White Chief, our Magistrate, is this: that he now, before the Sun has begun to fall, send hither his policemen with rifles, and bid them shoot us skilfully so that we may suffer little pain."

Then turning to his companions, who had heard him in silence, he added :

"My brothers and sisters—children of my Father—tell our Chief if I have spoken the right word."

An eager murmur of assent followed.

"Yes, our Chief, he has spoken the one word which is in all our hearts ; kill us here, but send us not to dwell apart from our homes and our kindred."

It was some little time before the Magistrate was able to command his feelings sufficiently to admit of his speaking. When they saw that he was about to reply, his miserable hearers leant forward with every appearance of the keenest interest. In his heart he knew that what the poor creatures asked for was for them the best. His compassion was so deep that he could have slain them with his own hand.

"The word you have spoken," he said, "has gone through my heart like the bullet you have asked for. What can I say for your comfort? Go, my poor brothers and sisters whom God has afflicted

so sorely. In the place to which your Father, the Government, is sending you, neither hunger nor cold will afflict you ; you will have many friends and your days will be passed in peace. The thing you ask for I may not give, for the Law allows it not. My heart will be with you in your exile."

Then a wail of anguished protest went up from the miserable crowd :

"Law—what have we to do with the Law—we who are dead already? We cannot dwell in a strange place. Kill us and put us under the ground on which we have lived our lives. Send the policemen with the rifles to us here at this spot—we will not shrink."

After the Magistrate had withdrawn, the poor creatures continued their lamentations for some time. Then they seemed to fall into a condition of apathy. Mangèlè sat silently apart, with the corner of his blanket drawn over his head. This, of late, had become his habitual attitude. Eventually he arose and called for attention :

"Listen, O brothers and sisters of the sickness ; the thing which the Magistrate may not do on account of the Law we may yet do for ourselves. . . . To-morrow night at sundown let us meet at the Wizard's Rock. There we may die as painlessly as by a rifle. To-day and to-morrow let us look our last upon our kindred, our cattle, and the land our fathers dwelt in. To-morrow night we will go down with the sun."

III

THE Wizard's Rock derives its name from the circumstance that in the old days—before the advent of civilized government—it was the place of execution of those hapless creatures who were condemned for the supposed practice of witchcraft.

Before the rule of the European in South Africa there was, among the natives, a strong recrudescence from time to time of the lamentable belief that the land was full of malevolent wizards and witches, who spent most of their time in weaving deadly spells against man and beast. The consequences were terrible ; men and



Mangèlè helped the weaker to ascend.

women were put to death upon the flimsiest suspicion ; torture of the most horrible kind was freely resorted to, and the wildest confession wrung from the agonized lips of some was taken as absolute confirmation of the most preposterous apprehensions.

Not more than thirty years ago many a dolorous procession wended its way up to this jutting peak, from the base of which, hundreds of feet below, a slope, covered with noble forest, fell away to a deep and rapid river. The doomed wretch would be blindfolded and placed, standing, at the edge of the precipice. Then the executioner would deal him a smashing blow on the side of the head with a heavily knobbed stick, and thus hurl him into the abyss.

Among the broken rocks below, the curious may, even at this late day, find fragments of human bones. The place has an evil reputation ; no native boy cares to go near it ; no bribe would induce one to visit it alone. Now and then a few of the bolder spirits, finding themselves in the forest, make an excursion to the foot of the great rock, but they steal along breathlessly from tree to tree and from stone to stone, taking cover at each and listening fearfully lest the restless "imishologu"—the spirits of the wicked ones who have died violently—should be unseasonably awake. Then the fall of a dead bough, the rush of a troop of monkeys through the branches, the slightest unfamiliar echo from the beetling crag, will send them flying toward the open in speechless terror, with ashen-gray faces and staring eyes. Afterward they will

boast loudly to their friends of the bravery evinced in the visit, omitting, of course, all reference to the invariable panic.

The day following the assembling of the lepers at the Magistracy died splendidly. To seaward the milk-white thunder-clouds which marked the track of the monsoon towered into the deep azure, and when the sun began to sink behind the great mountain range to westward, every stately vapor-turret took on a changing glory, while in the inky vaults between incessant lightnings played.

Since early in the afternoon the poor lepers had been laboriously ascending the mountain by the different footpaths. Many were hardly able to hobble, but these were assisted by others whose legs were not so badly affected. Mangèlè bore upon his broad back an old man whose feet had completely crumbled away. Leaving this poor creature at the summit he returned and helped the weaker among the others to ascend. The sun was still some little distance above the horizon when the last of the self-doomed band sank panting at the edge of the cliff. Of the four and twenty who had come to the Residency to interview the Magistrate, twenty had assembled at the Rock. The others, three women and a man, had felt their courage fail them, so had decided to accept their less violent, though dreaded, fate and go to Emjanyana.

Mpofu, the oldest of the men, dragged his shapeless frame to a stone against which he leant, supporting himself by his stick at the same time. He trembled violently and made several attempts before he succeeded in speaking. Then his voice



"Farewell, brothers and sisters who have not been taught how to die."—Page 218.

came in a husky quaver. The others turned toward him with an air of expectancy.

"It is," he said, "a long time since I last stood on this spot. I was then hardly a man; Hintza was Chief. We came here to look upon the killing of Gungubèlè, who was 'smelt out' for having bewitched his elder brother. I leant my head over the edge of the rock and listened for the thud of his body as it struck the stones, far down. I thought the wind had borne it away, but at length it struck me like a club. Many seasons have since passed, but that sound has ever since been in my ears. And now—when my body falls——"

A shudder passed through the crouching creatures; one or two of the women began to whimper and a few near the verge drew back with looks of terror. Mangèlè sprang to his feet.

"What is this?" he cried in an angry voice; "has 'the sickness' filled your heart as well as your bones with water, oh, 'Mpofu, my father? Is yours the voice that calls dogs thirsty for death back from the fountain? Was it not your word that made me the leader of this army of dead men who are yet alive—and will you now turn them back on the day of battle? Shame on you. Listen to me, oh, my brothers, and not to this old man whose heart shrinks because of a sound he heard on a day before we were born. I am young and death is more bitter to the young than to the old. My kraal is full of cattle; the dowry has been paid for my bride, yet I stand here to-day and am not afraid to die. Listen now to a new word in a strange tongue, but a word which you nevertheless may understand if you will:

"For a long time I have known that my sickness was like your own—the sickness that no doctor can cure. Through the long nights, when others slept, I have sat alone under the stars, and the voices of the darkness have taught me many things. Now, the greatest and strangest of these things was this: that I loved you who have suffered through your long lives what I am but beginning to suffer, and it is out of that love that I have brought you here to-day to put an end to your pain. Out of the darkness came another strange word, a word which has taught me how to die, to

die with my eyes open; but I could not bear to die and leave you helpless in the pain you have endured so long. All this is the wisdom which I have learned from those voices of which the darkness is full."

When Mangèlè ceased speaking his hearers broke out into loud wailing. One of the women crept shrinkingly to the verge of the precipice, glanced over the edge, and drew back with a shriek. Then she covered her face with her blanket and lay upon the ground, grovelling. The others, who had silently watched her, broke into renewed and terror-stricken wails as she drew back. Mangèlè once more began to speak, a note of thunder in his voice; all at once shrank into silence.

"This will I do for the sake of the love I bear you, and for that ye know not your own minds, nor what is good for you; this will I do because my heart is strong where yours is weak: I will hurl you one by one over the rock and then follow you myself. Look your last upon the sun, oh my brothers and sisters whom I love, for you are about to die."

At this the wretched creatures grovelled about Mangèlè's feet, beseeching him to spare their lives. They would, they said, go to Emjanyana and live peacefully like cattle in the kraal of their father, the Government. Their hearts were full of water: they were old and weak. They would not have minded death by shooting, at the Residency, but this was an evil place which bore a bad name from the most ancient days. The House of Death was cold and the road to it, over the steep cliff and the sharp stone beneath, painful. Even though they were sick they still could feel the warmth of the sun. If he loved them, let Mangèlè leave them until Death came of his own accord and sought them out.

Mangèlè stood with bent head in the middle of the prostrate crowd and listened to their piteous pleadings. When at length he lifted his face a change had come over it—a wistful, transfiguring gentleness had taken the place of the look of stern indignation it had borne when he last spoke. Silencing the wailing creatures with a gesture, he said:

"Peace, peace: your words have made me weak. Live, then, since you fear to die."



"He waits for me!"

Mangèlè stepped from among the crouching throng and took his stand on the very verge of the cliff. The sun was just about to disappear; its last, level beams swept across the world and seemed to search out and reveal every noble curve and graceful line in the ebon limbs and

trunk of the splendidly proportioned man who was about to destroy his beauty to save it from loathsome decay—they lit the noble face and head until these took on a sublime look of leonine anguish and the sombre eyes seemed to glare a tremendous indictment against Nature and Fate.

"Farewell, brothers and sisters who have not been taught how to die. Tell the girl Nosèmbè that my thoughts were of her as I sped to the sharp rocks."

As he spoke the last word Mangèlè sprang backward over the cliff. Old 'Mpofu and a woman shut their eyes and bent their heads sideways toward the verge. A few seconds afterward a heavy thud from below smote on the ears of all. A low groan broke from their lips—

A sound of approaching footsteps and labored breathing was heard, and just afterward a tall young woman stepped in among the huddled throng. It was Nosèmbè who, having heard a rumor of the impending tragedy, hastened to join the man she loved and die with him.

"Ho, ye who are here," she said, after her eye had swept around the circle, "how is it then that your leader has not come? But there is his blanket and his stick; speak; where is Mangèlè, my lover?"

No one dared to answer; all sank their faces to the earth.

"Ha!" Nosèmbè cried, "I see the truth ye dare not speak—he is dead and ye are not ashamed to be alive. . . .

He waits for me. . . . I take him his unborn child."

Then, with a long, shrill call upon her lover's name, Nosèmbè leaped into the abyss.

Shortly after these events, on a day that was a dream of beauty, a couple of wagons

drawn by long teams of oxen crossed the Lunda Divide by the road to Emjanyana. In the wagons were seated those of the lepers who were unable to walk. Hobbling after them came the rest, a dreary band, their heads bent, their whole appearance suggestive of stolid and hopeless misery. None attempted to turn back. They had attained the calm of consent.

When the top of the divide was reached the drivers called a halt for the purpose of breathing the oxen. The poor lepers gazed back long and lovingly at the valleys wherein they had dwelt all their lives and which they never more would see.

No tear was shed : not a word was spoken ; not a sigh or a groan broke the silence. The police who formed the escort had dismounted for a space at the side of the road.

After a few minutes Sergeant Galada signed to the drivers to proceed, and the wagons rumbled heavily down the slope. The lepers sat on the ground, still gazing backward, and seemingly unconscious that the wagon had gone forward.

Then the policemen came up and gently—very gently—urged the exiled and disinherited creatures to continue their journey.



ASCETICISM

By Elisabeth Mary Warren Fay

So, dear, I find you. After many days
God brings me to your dwelling-place at last,
And all the years of wandering are past.
How have I sought you ! By what trackless ways !
Threading the desert where the sky ablaze
Sucked up the water ; then where ice made fast
The meagre springs, and the pale sun, aghast,
Sent down in vain his white unwarming rays.

And now I find you ! O, my love, bend low,
Lay your dear hand upon my weary head ;
I think I knew that I should find you so.
Are these your tears ? That I am weak, you said,
And old, and in my steps the snow is red ?
Be glad, dear love ! I did not even know.

THE ENTOMOLOGIST

By George W. Cable

II

TIME did pass—in days and weeks of that quiet sort which make us forget in actual life that such is the way in good stories also. Innumerable crops were growing in the fields, countless ships were sailing or steaming the monotonous leagues of their long wanderings from port to port, some empty, some heavy-laden, like bees between garden and hive :

The corn-tops were ripe and the meadows were in bloom
And the birds made music all the day.

Many of our days must be not the wine, but only small bits of the vine, of life. We cannot gather or eat *them*; we can only let them grow, branch, blossom, get here and there green grapes scarce a tenth of a tithe, in bulk or weight, of the whole growth, and “in due season—if we faint not” pluck the purpled clusters. And as the vine is—much, too, as the vine is tended, so will be the raisins and the wine. There is nothing in life for which to be more thankful, or in which to be more diligent, than its intermissions. This is not my sermonizing. I am not going to put everything off upon “Senda,” but really this was hers. I have edited it a trifle; her inability to make in her pronunciation a due difference between wine and vine rather dulled the point of her moral.

Fontenette remarked to her one Sunday afternoon in our garden, that she must have got her English first from books.

“Yes,” she said, “I didt. Also I have many, many veeks English conversations lessons befo’e Ame’ica. But I cannot se p’unciation get; because se spelling. Hah! I can *not* sat spelling get!”

O, but didn’t I want to offer my services? But, like Bunyan’s Christian, I recalled a text and so got by; which text was the wise saying of that female Solomon, “se aunt of my muss-er”—“One man can’t ever’sing have, and mine”—

establishment is already complete. Meantime, Mrs. Fontenette, from farthest off in our group, had slipped around to the Baroness and spoke something low, stroking her downy fan and blushing with that damsel sweetness of which her husband was so openly fond.

“O no, I sank you!” answered Senda, in an undulating voice. “I sank you ve’y much, but I cannot take se time to come to yo’ house, and I cannot let you take se trouble *too* come too mine. No, if I can have me only se right soughts, and find me se right vords for se right soughts, I sink I leave se p’onunciation to se mercy of P’ovidence.”

Mrs. Fontenette blushed as prettily as a child, and let her husband take her hand as he said, “The Providence that wou’n’ have mercy on such a pronunshation like that—ah well, ’twould have to become ve’y unpopular!”

“Anyhow,” cooed Senda, “I risk it;” and then to his wife—“For se present siss betteh I sew for you san spell for you.”

Thus was our fair neighbor at every turn overmatched by the trustful love of the man and watchful love of the woman, whose fancied inferiority was her excuse for an illicit infatuation; an infatuation which little by little became a staring fact—only not to Fontenette. You know, you can hide such a thing from those who love and trust you, but not long from those who do not; and if you are not old in sin—Flora and the Baron were infants—you will almost certainly think that a condition hid from those who love and trust you is hid from all! O fools! the very urchins of the playground will presently have found you out and be guessing at broken laws, though there be only broken faiths, and the anguish of first steps in perfidy.

We could not help but see, and yet for all our seeing we could not help. The matter never took on flagrancy enough to

give ever so kind an intervener a chance to speak with effect. It was pitiful to see how little gratification they got out of it, especially she, with that silly belief in her ability to rekindle his spiritual energies and lift him into the thin air of her transcendentalisms ; slipping, nevertheless, bit by bit, down the precipitous incline between her vaporous refinements and his wallowing animalisms ; too destitute of the love that loves to give, or of courage, or of cunning, to venture into the fires of real passion, but for ever craving flattery and caresses, and for their sake forever holding him over the burning coals of unfulfilled desire.

How could we know these things so positively? By the entomologist ; the child of science. Science yearns ever to know and to tell. Truth for truth's sake ! He had no strong *moral* feeling against a lie ; but he had never had the slightest use for a lie, and a prevarication on his tongue would have been as strange to him as castanets in his palms. Guile takes alertness, adroitness ; and the slim pennyworth of these that he could command he used up, no doubt, on Fontenette. I noticed that after an hour with the Creole he always looked tortured and exhausted. With us he was artless to the tips of his awful finger-nails. Nor was Mrs. Fontenette a skilful dissembler ; she over-concealed things so revealingly. Then she was so helplessly enamoured and in so childish a way. I venture one of the penalties almost any woman may have to pay for bringing to the altar only the consent to be loved is to find herself, some time, at last, far from the altar, a Titania, a love's fool. Our Titania pointed us to the fact that the Baron's wife never tried to divert his mind from the one pursuit that enthralled it ; and she borrowed one of our garden alleys in which to teach him—grace-hoops ! He never caught one from her nor threw one that she could catch ; but, ah ! with her coaxing and commanding, her sweet taunting and reprimanding and his utter lack of surprise at them, how much she betrayed ! Fontenette came, learned in a few throws, and was charmed with the toys—a genuine lover always takes to them kindly—but Mrs. Fontenette was by this time tired, and she never again felt rested when her husband mentioned the game.

Furthermore, their countenances—hers and the entomologist's—especially when in repose—you could read the depths of experience they had sounded, by the lines and shadows that came and went, or stayed there, as one may read the depths of a bay by the passing of wind and light, day by day, over its waters—particularly if the waters are not very deep.

They made painful reading. What degrees of heart-wretchedness came and went or stayed with them, we may have over—we may have underestimated. God knows. Mrs. Fontenette grew visibly older and less pretty, yet more nearly beautiful, in two months ; while he, by every sign, was gradually awakening back—or, shall we not say, being now first born ?—to life through the pangs of a torn mind ; mind, not conscience ; but pangs never of sated, always of the famished sort.

It was he who finally put the very seal of confirmation upon both our hopes and our fears. The time was the evening of the same Sunday in whose afternoon his wife had declined those transparent spelling-lessons. A certain preacher, noted for his boldness, was drawing crowds by a series of sermons on the text (King James version), "Be thou clean ;" or, according to Senda's, "Be zow clean," and our fat neighbor and his wife took us, all six, to hear him. His pew was well to the front and we were late, so that going down the aisle unushered, with him in the lead, husband and spouse, husband and spouse, four couples, we made a procession which became embarrassingly amusing as the preacher simultaneously closed the Scripture lesson with, "And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him into the ark."

That has been our fat neighbor's best joke ever since, though he always says after it, "The poor Baron !" and often adds—"and poor Mrs. Fontenette ! Little did we think," etc. But he has never even suspected their secret. The entomologist was the last of our pew-full to give heed to the pulpit. When the preacher said that because it was a year of state elections, for which we ought already to be preparing, he had in his first discourse touched upon political purity—cleanness of citizenship—the Baron showed no interest. He still showed none when the

speaker said again, that because the pestilence was once more with us—that was in the terrible visitation of 1878—he had devoted his second discourse to the hideous crime of a great city whose voters and tax-payers do not enable and compel it to keep the precept, “Be thou clean.” I thought of the clean little home from whose master beside me came no evidence that he thought at all. But the moment the preacher declared his purpose to consider now the application of this great command to the individual life and character of man and woman as simply man and woman, the entomologist became the closest listener in the crowded throng.

The sermon was a daring one. I was struck by the shrewd concessions with which the speaker defined personal purity and the various false conceptions of it that pass current; abandoning the entrenched hills, so to speak, of his church’s traditional rigor and of many conventional rules, and drawing after him into the unfortified plain his least persuadable hearers of whatever churchly or unchurchly prejudice, to surround them finally at one wide sweep and receive their unconditional surrender. His periods were not as embarrassing to a mixed audience as my citations would indicate. Those that I bring together were wisely subordinated and kept apart in the discourse, and ran together only in minds like my own, eager for one or two other hearers to be specially impressed by them. And one, at least, was. Before the third sentence of the main discourse was finished the fierceness of the Baron’s attention was provoking me to ask myself whether a conscience also was not coming to birth in him.

In a spiritual-material being, said the speaker, the spirit has a rightful, happy share in every physical delight, and no physical delight need be unclean in which the spirit can freely enjoy its just share as senior member in the partnership of soul and body. Without this spiritual participation it could not be clean, though church, state, and society should jointly approve and command it. Mark, I do not answer for the truth of these things; that is quite outside of our story. The commonest error, he said, of those who covet spiritual cleanness is to seek a purification of self for self-purification’s sake. The Baron

grunted. He was drinking in the words; had forgotten his surroundings. Only those are clean, continued the speaker, whose every act, motive, condition is ordered according to their best knowledge of the general happiness, whether that happiness is for the time embodied in millions, or in but one beyond themselves. Through errors of judgment they may fall into manifest outward uncleannesses; but they, and none but they, are clean within. Because women, he went on, are in every way more delicately made than men, we easily take it for granted they are more spiritual. From Genesis to Revelation the Bible never does so. It is amazing how feeble a sense of condemnation women—even as compared with men—often show for the *spirit* of certain misdeeds if only it be unaccompanied by the misdeed’s performance; or what loathing so many of them—“of you,” he really said, and the Baron grunted as though his experience had been with droves of them—what loathing so many of you heap upon certain things without reference to the spirit by which they are accompanied and on which their nobility or baseness, their cleanness or foulness, entirely depends. Nothing is unclean that is to no one anywhere unjust or unkind; and nothing is unjust, unkind, or unclean which cannot easily be shown to be so without inventing an eleventh commandment. To him, he said, no uncleanness was more foul than that which, not for kindness, or for righteousness, but for a fantastical, self-centred refinement, invents some eleventh commandment to call that common which God hath cleansed; to call anything brutish which the incarnation of the soul has made sacred to spotless affections. The Baron muttered something in German, and Fontenette shut his mouth tight and straightened up in approbation.

At the close of the service we were not out of the pew before our escort was introducing Senda to his friends in front and behind as busily and elaborately as if that was what we had come for. Twice and again she cast so anxious an eye upon her husband, from whom Mrs. Fontenette had wisely taken shelter behind hers, that I softly said to her, “We’ll take care of him.”

A care he was. All the way down the

aisle, amid the peals of the organ, he commented on the sermon aloud, mostly to himself but also to whichever of us he could rub his glasses against. Sometimes he mistook others for us until they stared. His face showed a piteous, weary distress, his thin hair went twenty ways, he seemed scarcely to know where he was or how to take his steps, and presently was saying to a strange lady crowded against him, as though it was with her he had been talking all along:

"Undt vhy shall ve haf t'at owfool trouble? No-o, t'at vould kill me! I am not a cat to keep me always clean—no more as a hogk to keep me always not clean. No, I keep me—owdside—inside—always so clean as it comes eassy, undt I leave me so dirty as it comes eassy."

I took his arm into mine—his hand was hot—and drew him on alone. "Undt t'ose vomens," he persisted in the vestibule, "t'ey are more trouble yet as t'eir veight in goldt! I vish, mine Gott! t'ere be no more any vomens ut all undt ve haf t'e shiltern by mutchinery."

On the outer steps I sprang with others to save a young girl, who had stumbled, from pitching headlong to the sidewalk. Once on her feet again, after a limp or two she walked away uninjured; but when I looked around for my real charge he was not in sight. I hurried to Fontenette and his wife a few steps away, but he was not with them. The three of us turned back and came upon the rest of our group, but neither had they seen him. Our other neighbor said he must have got into a car. I asked Senda if it was likely he would go home without trying to find us, and she replied that he might; but when we had all looked at one another for a moment she added, with a distinct tremor of voice, "I sink he iss not ve'y vell. I sink he is maybe—I ton't know, but—I—I sink he iss not ve'y vell." She averted her face.

She agreed with us, of course, that there was no call for alarm, and my wife and I had to plead that we could not, the six of us, let her go home, away downtown, alone, while we should go as far the other way and remain all night ignorant of her husband's whereabouts. So our next door neighbor, my wife, and I went with her, and his wife and the Fontenettes

went home; for a conviction probably common to us all, but which no one cared to put into downright words, was that the entomologist, whether dazed or not, might wander up to one of our homes in preference to his own. In the street-car and afterward for a full hour at her house, Senda was very silent, only saying now a little and then a little more.

"*He* iss all right! *He* vill sure come. Many times he been away se *whole* night. Sat is se first time I am eveh afraid; is sat se vay when commencing to grow old? Yes, I sink sat is se reason."

When we had been at her cottage for nearly an hour, my neighbor started out on a systematic search; and half an hour later, I left my wife with her and went also.

About one o'clock in the night, I came back as far as the corner nearest her house, but waited there, by appointment, with my neighbor; and very soon—stepping softly—he appeared.

"No sign of him?"

"None."

"Well, then," he said, "I think we ought to tell the police at once."

I advanced some obvious objections. "At any rate," I said, "go in, will you, please, and see if he hasn't come home, while we were away."

"Why, yes, that *is* the first thing," laughed he, and went.

As I waited for him in the still street, I heard far away a quick footstep, and by and by saw a man pass under a distant lamp, coming toward me. I looked with all my eyes. Just then my neighbor came back. "Listen," I murmured. "Watch when that man comes under the next light." He watched.

"It's Fontenette!"

"Well," said the Creole as he joined us, "he's yondeh all right—except sick. Yes, he couldn't tell anybody where to take him, and a doctor found that letteh on him print' outside with yo' uptown address, and so he put him in a cab an' sen' him yondeh, and sen' word he muz 'ave been sick sinze sev'l hours, an' get-him-in-bed-quick don't lose-a-minute."

"And so he's in bed at my house now?" I put in approvingly.

"Ah, no! I couldn'-do-like-that; but I do the bes' I could; he is at *my* 'ouse in bed. An' my own doctor sen' word what

to do an' he'll come-in-the mawning. And (to our neighbor) yo' madame do uz that kineness to remain with Madame Fontenette whiles I'm bringing his wife."

At the cottage my companions remained outside. As I entered Senda caught one glance and exclaimed, "Ah, mine hussbandt is foundt andt is anyhow alive!"

"Yes," I replied—and for one who had never taken regular lessons in white-lying, I think I did well enough. "But he's sick. Mr. Fontenette met him and took him to his house. He's there now with Mrs. Fontenette and Mrs. Blank. Get a change of dress and come, we'll all go together."

Senda stared. "A shange of——?" Then, with a most significant mingling of relief and new distress, she said, "Ah, I see!" And looking from me to my wife and from my wife to me, while she whipped her bonnet ribbons into a bow, she cried, with shaking voice and streaming eyes:

"Oh, sank Kott! Sank Kott! It iss only se yellow feveh."

No sick man could have been better cared for than was the entomologist at our neighbor's over the way. "The fever," as in the Creole city it used to be sufficiently distinguished, is not so deadly, nor so treacherous, nor nearly so repulsive, as some other maladies, but none requires closer or more ceaseless attention. After successive days and nights of unremitting vigilance, should there occur a momentary closing of the nurse's eyes, or a turning from the bedside for a quarter of a minute, the irresponsible patient may attempt to rise and may fall back dying or dead. So, the attendant must have an attendant. In the case of the entomologist, his wife became the bedside nurse and sentinel. In the next room, now and then my wife, as frequently our fat neighbor's, but by far the most of the time, Mrs. Fontenette, was her assistant. When Senda, while the patient dozed, stole brief moments of sleep to keep what she could of her overtaken powers, her place was always filled by Fontenette, who as often kept his promise to call her the instant her husband should rouse. Thus we brought our precious entomologist through the disorder's first crisis, which generally comes exactly on the

seventy-second hour, and in due time through the second, which falls, if I remember aright, on the ninth day. What I do recall with certainty, was that it came on one of the days of the city's heaviest mortality and that two of our children, and my next neighbor's wife, came down with the scourge. And O, the beautiful days and the beautiful nights! It seemed the illusion of a dream, that between such land and sky, there should be not one street in that embowered city unsmitten by sorrow and death. Out of yonder fair home on the right, they carried yesterday, the loved mother of five children—but the Baron is better. From this one on the left, will be borne to-morrow such a man as no city can lightly spare, till now a living fulfilment of the word "Be thou clean"—but the entomologist will be ever so much better.

To be glad of it, you needed only to hear Senda allude to him as "Mine hussbandt." Why did she never mention him in any other way? The little woman was a riddle to me. I did not see how she could give such a man such a love, and yet I never could see but she was as frank as a public record. Stranger still was it how she could be the marital partner—the mate, to speak plainly—of such a one without showing or feeling the slightest spiritual debasement. Finally, however, I caught some light. I had stepped over to ask after "Mine hussbandt," everyone else of us being busy with our own sick. Senda was letting Fontenette take her place in the sick-room, which, of course, was shut close. I entered silently the room in front of it, and perceiving that Mrs. Fontenette had drawn her into the other front room, adjoining—a door stood half open between—and was tempting her with refreshments, I sat down to await their next move. So presently I began to hear what they said to each other in their gentle speculations.

"A wife who has realised her ideal," Mrs. Fontenette was saying, when Senda interrupted:

"Ah! vhat vife is sat? In vhat part of se vorldt does she lif, and how long she is marriedt? No-o, no! Sare is only vun *kindt* of vife in se *whole* vorldt vhat realise her ideal hussbandt; and sat is se vife vhat idealise her real hussbandt.

Also not se hussbandt and se vife only ; I sink you even cannot much Christ-yan-ity practise vis anybody—close related—vissout you idealise sem. But ze hussbandt and vife—You remembek sat sehmon, ‘Be’—O yes, of course. Vell, sat is vun sing se preacher forget to say—May be he haf not se time, but I sink he forget : sat sere is no hussbandt in se whole vorltd—and also sare is no vife—so sp’—spirit—spirited? no, ah, yes—spiritual!—yes, sank you. When I catch me a bigk vord I am so proudt, yet, as I hadt caught a fish !”

I was willing to believe it, but thought how still more true it was of Mrs. Fontenette. But the gentle speaker had not paused. “Sare iss no vife so *spiritual*,” she repeated, triumphantly, “and who got a hussbandt so spiritual, sat eeser vun—do you say ‘eeser vun’?”

“Either one,” said her hostess, reassuringly.

“Yes, so spiritual sat eeser vun can keep sat rule inside—to be perfect’ clean, if sat vun do not see usseh vun *idealise*.”

I made a stir—Hmm ! Whereupon she came warily to the door. I sat engrossed in a book and wishing I could silently crawl under it snake fashion ; but I could feel her eyes all over me, and with them was a glimmering smile that helped them to make me tingle as she softly spoke.

“Ah ! See se book-vorm ! He iss all eyes and ee-ahs. Iss it *not* so?”

“Pardon,” I murmured ; “did you spe’—has any one been speaking and I have failed to give attention?”

“O no, sir ! I sink not ! Vell, you are velcome to all you haf heardt ; but I am ve’y much oblige’ to you for yo’ ‘hmm.’ It vas se right sing in se right place. But do you not sink I shouldt haf been a pre-eacheh? I love to preach.”

I said I knew of three men in one neighborhood with whom she might start a church, and asked how was the Baron. Improving—would soon be able to sit up. She inquired after my children.

It was quite in accord with a late phase of Mrs. Fontenette’s demeanor that she did not appear until I mentioned her. She had not come near me by choice since the night the Baron was found and sent to my address, although I certainly was in every way as nice to her as I had

ever been, and I was not expecting now to be less so. I asked her if a superb rose blooming late in August was not worth crossing to our side of the way to see. She knew, of course, that sooner or later, as the best of a bad choice, she must allow me an interview ; yet now she was about to decline on some small excuse, when her eyes met mine, and she saw that in my opinion its time had come. So she made her excuses to her guest and went with me.

She gave the rose generous notice and praise, and as she led the way back lingered admiringly over flower after flower. Yet she said little ; more than once she paused entirely to let me if I chose change the subject, and when at the gate I did so, she stood like a captive, looking steadily into my face with eyes as helpless as a half-fledged bird’s and as lovely as its mother’s. When I drew something from my breast-pocket, they did not move.

“This,” I said, “is the letter that was found on the Baron the night he was taken ill. Your husband handed it to me supposing, of course, I had written it, as it was in one of my envelopes, and he happens not to know my handwriting. But I did not write it. I had never seen it, yet it was sent in one of my envelopes. I haven’t mentioned it to anyone else, because—you see?—I hope you do—I thought—well, frankly, I thought if I should mention it first to you I might never need to mention it to anyone else.” I waited a moment and then asked, eyes and all : “Who could have sent it?”

“Isn’t,” she began, but her voice failed, and when it came again it was hardly more than a whisper, “isn’t it signed?”

Now, that was just what I did not know. Whatever the thing was, I had never taken it from the envelope. But the moment she asked I knew. I knew it bore no signature. We gazed into each other’s eyes for many seconds until hers tried to withdraw. Then I said—and the words seemed to drop from my lips unthought—“It didn’t have to be signed. Mrs. Fontenette, although the handwriting is disguised.

Poor Flora ! I can but think, even yet, I was kinder than if I had been kind ; but it was brutal, and I felt myself a brute, thus to be holding her up to herself there on the open sidewalk where she dared

not even weep or wring her hands or hide her face, but only make idle marks on the brick pavement with her tiny boots—and tremble. “I—I had to write it,” she began to reply, and her words, though they quivered, were as mechanical as mine. “He was so—so—imprudent—my husband’s happiness required ——”

I stopped her. “Please don’t say that, Mrs. Fontenette. Pardon me, but—not that, please.” I felt for an instant quite cruel enough to have told her what ebb tides she had given that husband’s happiness, and what he had been so near doing and had been led back from only by the absolute christliness of the woman and wife whose happiness scarcely seemed ever to have occurred to her; but that was his secret, not mine.

She broke a silence with a suppressed exclamation of pain, while for the eyes of possible observers I imitated her in a nonchalant pose. “You wouldn’t despise me if you knew the half I’ve suffered or how I’ve striv’——”

I interrupted again. “O Mrs. Fontenette, any true gentleman—at forty-five—knows it *all*—*himself*. And he had better go and cut his throat than give himself airs, even of pity, over a lady who has made a misstep she cannot retrace.”

Her foot played with a brick that was loose in the pavement, but she gave me a melting glance of gratitude. After a considerable pause she murmured, “I will retrace it.”

“I have kept you here a good while,” I said. “After a moment or so drop your handkerchief, and as I return it to you the letter will be with it. Or, better, if you choose to trust me, we’ll not do that, but as soon as I get into the house I’ll burn it.”

“I can trust you,” she replied, “but”——

“What; the Baron—when he misses it? O I’ll settle that.”

She gave a start as though I had shouted. I thought it a bad sign for the future, and the words that followed seemed to me worse. “Isn’t it my duty,” she asked—and her eyes betrayed unconsciously the desperateness of her desire—“to explain to him myself?”

I answered with a question. “Would that be in the line of retracement, Mrs. Fontenette?”

“It would!” she responded, with solemn eagerness. “O it would be! It shall be! I promise you.”

“Mrs. Fontenette,” said I, “consider. If his wife”—she flinched; she could do so now, for the sudden semi-tropical darkness had fallen—“if his wife—or your husband”—she bit her lip—“knew all—would they think that your duty? Would it take them an instant to refuse their consent? Would they not firmly insist that it is your duty never again to see him alone?”

Her only reply was an involuntary moan and a whitening of the face, and for the first time I saw how deep into her soul the poison had gone.

“My friend,” I continued, “you must not think me meddlesome—officious. I can no more wait for your permission to help you than if you were drowning. Perhaps for good reasons within *me*, I know, better than you, that you—and he—are on a slippery incline, and that whether you can stop your descent and creep back to higher ground than either of you has slipped from is not to be told by the fineness of your promises or resolves. I cannot tell; you cannot tell; only God knows.”

“Please sir,” said a new maid—in place of one who had gone home fever-struck and had died—“yo’ lady saunt me fo’ to tell you yo’ little boy a sett’n on de back steps an’ sayin’ his head does ache him, an’ she wish you’d ‘ten’ to him, ‘caze she cayn’t leave his lill’ sisteh, ‘caze she threaten with convulsion’.”

Mrs. Fontenette and the maid silently ran in ahead of me; I went first to the mother. When I found Mrs. Fontenette again she had the child undressed and in his crib, and I remembered how often I had, in my heart, called her a coward. She saw me pencil on a slip of paper at the mantelpiece, and went and read—“You mustn’t stay. He has the fever. You’ve never had it.” She wrote beneath—“I should have got it weeks ago if God paid wages every day. Don’t turn me off.”

I dropped the paper into the small fire-grate, added the other from my breast pocket, and set them ablaze, and the new maid, entering, praised burning paper as one of the best deodorizers known.

So my dainty rose-neighbor stayed;

stayed all night, and all the next day and night, and on and on with only flying visits to her home over the way, until we were amazed at her endurance. The little fellow was never at ease with her out of his wild eyes. Her touch was balm to him, and her words peace. Oh, that they might have been healing also! But that was beyond the reach of all our striving. His days were as the flowers and winged things of the garden-kingdom, wherein he had been—without ever guessing it—their citizen-king.

It wakens all the tenderness at once that I ever had for Mrs. Fontenette, to recall what she was to him in those hours, and to us when his agonies were all past, and he lay so stately on his short bier, and she could not be done going to it and looking—looking—with streaming eyes. As she stood close by the tomb, while we dumbly watched the masons seal it, I began to believe that she blamed herself for the child's sickness and death, and presently I knew it must be so. One of those quaint burial societies of Negro women, in another quarter of the grounds, but within plain hearing, chose for the ending of their burial service—with what fitness to their burial service I cannot say, maybe none—a hymn borrowed, I judge, from the rustic whites, as usual, but Africanized enough to thrill the duldest nerves; and the moment it began my belief was confirmed.

My sin is so dahk, Lawd, so dahk and so deep,
My grief is so po', Lawd, so po' and so mean,
I wisht I could weep, Lawd, I wisht I could
weep,
Oh! I wisht I could weep like Mary Mahga-
leen!

Oh, Sorroh! sweet Sorroh! come, welcome, and
stay!

I'd welcome thy swode howsomever so keen,
If I could jes' pray, Lawd, if I could jes' pray,
Oh! if I could jes' pray, like Mary Mahga-
leen!

My belief was confirmed, I say; but I was glad to see also that no one else read as I read the signs by which I was guided. At the cemetery gate I heard someone call—"Yo' madam is sick, sih," and, turning, saw Mrs. Fontenette, deathly white, lift her blue eyes to her husband and he get his arm about her just in time to save her from falling. She swooned but a moment, and, in the carriage, before it started off, tried to be quite herself, though very pale.

"It's nothing but the reaction," said to me the lady who fanned her, and we agreed it was a wonder she had held up so long. "Hyeh, honey," put in the child's old black nurse, in a voice that never failed to soothe, however grotesque its misinterpretations, "lay yo' head on me; an' lay it heavy: dass what I'm use-en to. Blessed is de pyo in haht; she shall res' in de fea' o' de Lawd, an' he shall lafe at heh calamity."

I was glad to send the old woman with them, for as we turned away to our own carriage, I said in my mind, "All that little lady needs is enough contrition, and she'll give away the total of any secret of which she owns an undivided half." But a night and a day passed, and a second, and a third, and I perceived she had told nothing. It was a terrible time, with many occasions of suspense more harrowing than that. Our other children were getting on, yet still needed vigilant care; the Baron was to be let out of his room in a day or two, but my fat neighbor had come down with the disease, while his wife still lay between life and death—how they finally got well, I have never quite made out, they were so badly nursed—and all about us were new cases, and cases beyond hope, and retarded recoveries, and relapses, and funerals, and nurses too few, and ice scarce, and everybody worn out with watching—physicians compelled to limit themselves to just so many cases at a time, to avoid utterly breaking down.

(To be concluded in March.)

RIORDAN'S LAST CAMPAIGN

By Anne O'Hagan

IN the Riordans' dining-room Mrs. Timothy Riordan and her daughters, the Misses Burke, awaited the result of the conference in the parlor above.

"I do wish this campaign was over," sighed Miss Loretta. "Papa seems so unlike himself."

"Yourr farrther," announced Mrs. Riordan, majestically, with a rich doubling of consonants throughout her speech, "is mekkin' a great mistake in not tawkin' more to his wife durin' this present crisis."

"Pshaw, mom!" said Miss Agnes Burke. "You know pop never talks to you anyway about politics."

"None of yer impiddince, Miss," commanded Miss Agnes's mamma. "Yer farrther's indebted to me for many most valy'eble suggestions. If ut hadn't been for me he'd never uv been alderman, an' he hadn't been alderman he wouldn't be runnin' for Congress this blessed minit. If he don't seek my advice it's his own fault. I niver let anny foolish notions keep me from speakin' me mind to him. He may not be grateful. I'm not one to look for gratitude in this world from husband or from children either. But that don't prevent me from doin' my duty by them."

"Ssh," said Loretta, raising a hand to stay her more acrid sister's reply. "Ssh! Aren't they moving upstairs?"

The three figures bent over in listening attitudes, the two girls tall and slim with the steel-bound slimness of stays, the mother's portliness bursting bonds and pillowing her tight gown in unexpected places. The basement dining-room where they sat, concealed by coarse lace curtains from the multitudinous eyes of the crowded downtown street, was bright with homely atrocities. The table-cover was red. Red paper roses bloomed hectically in bright, old-fashioned vases. Chromos, broadly adorned with gilt frames, enlivened walls already lively with garlanded paper. A massive sideboard held plated casters and decanters of colored glass. Bad taste and comfort lorded it everywhere.

Upstairs there was a sound of shuffling chairs.

"Hannah!" called Mrs. Riordan, sharply.

"Yis'm," replied Hannah, presenting herself in red-boned, red-haired energy from the adjoining kitchen.

"Have the gentlemen annything to drink?"

"Shure, oi brought thim limon an' wather mesilf," smiled Hannah, broadly. "An' himsilf had taken the botthle in."

Mrs. Riordan sighed, relieved.

"Ye'd hardly believe me," she said to her daughters, "if I told ye the trouble I've had with that man about just such things as that. He'd have never known the meanin' of hospitality in politics if I hadn't made him. Ye were both of ye too young to remember the time I had to get him to give a day's fishin' off the Banks to the Robert Emmet Association when he was first made deputy commissioner of streets. An' the Robert Emmets the cause of his rise, too! Your own poor farrther, God rest him—Dan Burke—was a very different sort of a man. My, my! when I remember how he was all for treatin' an' givin' a glass to this man an' to that! I used to say to him: 'For the love of Mary, Dan, don't be givin' away all the liquor in the saloon. We've our livin' to make,' but he——"

"Oh, mamma!" cried Miss Agnes, angrily flushed, "why can't you let that saloon lie? Why must you be always dragging it up? The girls at the convent even knew it!"

"An' if they did!" said Mrs. Riordan, who had given Agnes her temper. "I'll be bound manny a wan of them would have liked the money thet came from it! Aye, an' so did Tim Riordan whin I married him, for all his airs about not keepin' the place anny longer. It was a good stand, an' a grand place Marty Flynn's made of it! An' glad enough all of ye fine-minded ladies an' ye fine-fingered gentlemen are to have use of the money Dan Burke an' I made there! All



Mrs. Riordan folded her arms.

Tim's elegant contractin would have done mighty little for us without your own blessed farrther's money to start him."

Mrs. Riordan folded her arms as near as the breadth of her bosom permitted and looked at her daughters as one who is prepared for an onslaught. Pacific Loretta, however, made haste to lead the conversation into paths where fewer obstacles to fluency were to be encountered.

"Ah!" she sighed. "If papa's elected, do you think we'll all go to Washington to live?"

Mrs. Riordan's brow relaxed, and she uncrossed her arms, glad of the chance to do so without seeming thereby to concede anything to her daughters.

"That is the subject on which I have quite made up me mind. We will."

"And we'll be in higher society than that Mabel Atwood who used to be so airy at the convent," said Agnes, happily.

"But Frances Lester's father's a senator. Don't you remember her?"

"Nasty thing, with her Puritan grandfather and her wretched figure!" commented Agnes.

"If ye go to Washington as the daughters of Representative Timothy Riordan," began their mother, resuming her former position, "ye'll move in the best circles an' be second to none in the land. An' as ye're both very fine-lookin' girls—all of

me family had fine figgers, men an' women—ye'll be marryin' well an' coverin' us all wid glory."

Upstairs the parlor-door closed. Four men tramped out into the hall.

"Ye've made up your mind well, Tim," said one, rubbing his silk hat with his overcoat sleeve. "A little speakin' 'll do you a world of good. That young Chester hadn't a leg to stand on till he began speakin', an' now—well he's got a crutch at least."

"I'm no great shakes at speakin'," said Tim. "But, of course, if the Chesterites are sayin' yer candidate dassent open his mouth for fear he loses a vote at every word, I must be meetin' the challenge, boys."

He spoke with a conscientious effort at the good comradeship a candidate for Congress in that district had to show. But the effort was visible. The three men, burly fellows, in the broadcloth and silk hats of politics, were vaguely and uncomfortably aware of it. One of them, Flynn, looked at him from unkindly, rat-like eyes, and passed his hand over a red stubble on his chin. Flynn had been Tim's rival. He had intended, fifteen years before, to become the owner of Burke's saloon by the simple process of marrying Burke's widow. Tim had interfered there, for Maggie Burke had been temporarily attracted by



Flynn . . . passed his hand over a red stubble on his chin.—Page 229.

the greater elegance of Tim's calling. He was a contractor on a small scale, having fallen heir to the business of his uncle, the dump-cart man. So Marty Flynn had been forced to acquire the saloon by the more expensive process of purchase. In politics, too, Marty had always found himself behind the other man, who, as Marty frequently called high heaven to witness, did not even display superior energy. He simply stood first and blocked the way. But now Flynn's day was coming. He wanted Riordan's place on the local committees, and had been promised it. That

was one reason why Tim was to be sent to Washington.

He knew it as well as Flynn. He knew that Flynn's hand, as they stood in the hall, was hiding a mouth perplexed for the moment by a doubt as to what his own position would be if Tim's oratory proved destructive to their plans. Tim smiled.

"Don't worry, Flynn," he said. "The district has been solid for us for years. A few bad speeches more or less can't down us."

An uncomfortable way he had of suddenly making a simple-seeming speech that



He looked at the pair, speechlessly.—Page 234.

displayed disconcerting insight had made quiet Tim Riordan a power in the organization. Flynn added a brickish flush to the vinous red his countenance usually displayed, and laughed noisily to cover a lack of retort.

"Annyway ye have thet thet talks more to the point then words, eh, Tim?" said one O'Neill, slapping his pocket with jingling suggestiveness.

Tim smiled. The others laughed.

"Fie, fie, Misther O'Neill," said Flynn, with ponderous mockery. "When we've taken such pains wid our Australian ballot system too!"

"Thin ut'll be to-morrow night?" said O'Neill, when the merriment had subsided.

"To-morrow night," said Tim, opening the door for his guests.

They went out into the street, already gray-misted by the twilight and pierced with lacy lights from the great white electric bulbs. Tim stood watching them dully, the cool air blowing upon him, scores of eyes looking up at him from working men and women passing across town. Despite the vigorous protest of the Misses Burke, he persisted in living on a square where his was the only house not a tenement.

"How can we invite people to see us here?" they had wailed when first the convent delivered them up to their parents.

"A nice lot of constituents I'd have on Madison Avenue, wouldn't I?" their stepfather suggested, mildly.

That night he was conscious of disliking the street. He closed the hall-door hurriedly and went back into the parlor. On the marble table in the centre of the room the decanter still stood. He poured himself out a glass of whiskey and drank it. Then he sat down.

He was a tall man and rather thin, despite a certain breadth of frame. He stooped at the shoulders. His face was kindly, shrewd, and quiet. Some people said that it was dull, but they were persons who believed ability to be shown by meteoric brilliancy of expression. His forehead was high, with bays at the temples where the dark hair had disappeared. His eyes were gray, with nothing falcon-like about them, but capable of a long, steady, unimpassioned gaze.

"They are shovin' me out of the districk for good an' all," he said, quite solemnly to himself. "That's what this 'national reward of me faithful local service' means." He smiled grimly as he recalled the pompous phrasing of one of his nominators. "That is"—he weakened a little—"I think they are. I don't know. If I knew—had proof—that they were just usin' me to make way for Flynn, I'd save them the throuble of sendin' me to Congress. Ut's no use. My heart ain't in this fight. A man don't dig so well when he ain't sure whether it's a new roadway or his own grave he's workin' on. An' the worst of ut all is—I don't care. I—don't—care."

"Well, Tim Riordan, how long would

you keep yer wife below stairs wid the hired help an' you in the parlor?"

Mrs. Riordan's favorite apartment was the dining-room, and seldom was she prevailed upon to enjoy the more funereal pomp of the parlor. But to have her husband occupy it in soli-



"There'll be no debate to-night."—Page 235.

tude was another matter. Tim raised his eyes.

"Oh, ut's you, Maggie, is ut?"

"Who else would ye expect?" retorted Mrs. Riordan with sprightliness.

Not feeling in a sprightly humor, Mr. Riordan made no reply. He seldom did have much to say to his second wife. Any faint admiration he had once had for her buxom good looks had soon departed, and

the gratitude it was his nature to feel for the "lift" her money had given him, had long ago been dissipated by her demands upon it. He accepted her and the girls, but he avoided intercourse with them.

"Well?" said his wife when she had waited as long as seemed to her reasonable.

"Well what?" inquired Tim.

"Well what! well what! Well, I'll tell ye what, Tim Riordan! What do ye mean by never givin' me a word of confidence or askin' me for a word of advice? Many a woman wouldn't put up wid what I have from ye. An' the 'well what' that I want to know now is what them three political loafers was doin' in my parlor drinkin' my whiskey. I trust ye remember, Mr. Riordan, that I was no beggar when I married you. That's the 'well what.'"

Tim had long since ceased to notice the remark concerning his wife's possessions. It was no more to him than her tricks of voice or gesture—annoyances to be borne stolidly when he had not managed to avoid them.

"The committee was here to see me on campaign business," he said, briefly.

"An' your wife's not to know what it is?"

"No!" said Tim, nagged more than usual. Then, seeing that peace lay out of the house, he slammed the door upon her and her shrewish voice and fled. He was not in an agreeable mood.

"That woman would make a drunkard of me if I was a drinkin' man," he said to himself as he hurried along. But the air, cool and crisp, and the bright autumnal lights calmed and soothed his ruffled temper somewhat. Annoyance gradually gave place to a sort of melancholy.

"They're shovin' me away, I think," he kept saying to himself. "An' there's no one to care much, afther all the years.—I'll niver fight to stay. I've seen too many of thim do that. Well, well, ut's not such a bad way out—Congriss. An' if it ain't out I'm goin', ut'll be a bit of a tassel for me cap—Congriss will. But—afther all the years—no one to care—an' I not to care mesilf."

He shook his head half sadly. He was passing a little shop, its windows jammed with toys and jars of candy, a yellow light shining through the moisture-beaded glass.

His eyes fell upon the array within. A rubber ball lay there, banded with stripes of many hues.

He had seen many a rubber ball since the dim time when Katie had pressed her face against a store window and had said: "Oh, Tim! See! Don't you think that little Tim will soon be able to play ball?" But never before had he seen the toy when loneliness and distrust were busy in his soul. He paused and looked again, and in a rush the past came back to him.

The breeze was crisp as it had been that autumn morning a quarter of a century before when he had gone to meet her, come across seas to him. He saw again, in a swift second, every curve of her rosy, childlike face; saw the deep tenderness and gladness of her blue eyes.

"You would have cared," he said.

He had left his home to go to headquarters, but he walked on aimlessly after that. Before his eyes now the darkness continually made and unmade that pretty, loving face. He saw her shy pride when she came off the boat and was presented to his aunt. He saw her in her marriage gown—a quaint, wide-spreading thing of poplin. He remembered that one name out of all the names of woman's wear. He saw her busy in their home; splashing suds from her round arms and laughing to him across the room; peeling potatoes and pausing with her knife transfixed as she listened rapturously to his plans of future prosperity. For with her he had not been slow of speech or uneloquent. He saw her, by and by, her foot upon a cradle-rocker, her finger on her lips, her blessed eyes on him. Then for the last time he saw her with white, still face above some brown habit the good sisters had robed her in. And little Tim lay white upon her arm. For the fever that had stopped the baby's pulses had burned in her veins too.

Seeing her thus in swift, dissolving visions—the bride of his youth, the pride of his young heart—rebellion overcame him.

"Christ!" he cried in wordless grief. "And that woman!"

Never before in all the years had he felt such aching of loss, such scorching of degradation as then. He who had loved Kitty had lost her—and had sought to replace her with that other! The rose of

June he had worn on his heart for a day—and losing that, he had bedecked himself with a nettle! Oh, fool that he had been!

Life seemed robbed not only of all dignity but of all decency as well. All his work was futile and unimportant like a child's building of sand. The conviction that he was to be tossed out of active service had not stung him to anger or bitterness, but had oppressed him with a sort of dull hopelessness and loneliness. Into that the memory of buoyant youth and of glad companionship came only to make the present more sordid and more mean.

He was something dazed the next day. But over at head-quarters Flynn fortunately found him. If anything could turn his mind into its accustomed channels it was Flynn. Coffee and Flynn did their best with him, and by and by he stated that he was entirely ready for the speech that evening, and that he was going home. Then turning suddenly after he had started to go he saw Flynn's look of malevolent triumph.

"The districk will bleed wid Flynn for leader," he thought, and once more his mind seemed to be living in the present.

"Papa," cried Agnes, as he opened the house-door, "will you take a house in Washington, or shall we live in an apartment hotel?"

"What?" said Riordan.

"I say, are you going to take a house, or are we to board in Washington?"

"We're not there yet," said Tim, smiling half-kindly at the girl.

"But we will be, of course. Do you know what day the Representatives' ladies receive?"

"No, I don't," he answered, more curtly.

"Ye needn't snap the child's head off for askin' ye a civil question," joined in Mrs. Riordan.

Tim looked at them both—at the coarse face of the woman who had brought him some of Dan Burke's money, and at the hard, cheap prettiness of his step-daughter. A sort of fury shook him.

"My God!" he cried, roughly. "They're such selfish brutes! Tell me," turning fiercely to Agnes, "does my goin' to Congriss have a bit of manin' for ye more than more linin' for yer stomach an' more trimmins for yer back?"

"Ye'll not talk to me daughters like that!" interpolated his wife. "What more should it mane to thim than a little plaisure that get little enough as I'm here to witness? What else should it mane?"

In their excitement the burr of both became a brogue again.

"It should mane," said Tim, roughly, "that their mother's husband that has been a farther to thim is an honest man, an' a man his neighbors trust an' like. It should mane to thim a bit of pride and a bit of love for him. It should mane somethin' more than an extry pail of slops manes to a litter of pigs—an' it don't!"

He stood shaken by his own unexpected violence. Agnes began to cry hysterically, and her mother surprised but not silenced by Tim's unusual temper, burst forth in fury at him. He listened, sickened at them and at himself for a moment.

"Hush, woman! Hush!" he cried, and raised his hand threateningly.

"Oh, ye would, would ye?" screamed his wife, purple veined and panting. "Ye'd hit me!"

Tim's hand fell limp. He looked at the pair, speechlessly nauseated by the whole scene. It was unbearable. He opened the door and rushed out.

Instinctively he sought the water-front. At first he strode rapidly, driven by anger. But the movement and the air restored his temper gradually, and his steps grew slower. The memories that the night before had been poignant and stinging by their contrast with the present came now to calm and soothe. Kitty, with her love and peace, entered his heart, and there was no room for vexation. On the stone walk by the sea he stopped.

"I could find her again there," he muttered. His eyes looked over the gray water, white wimpled by the wind, but Kitty moved before them—Kitty, barefooted, short-skirted, with moist, ringleted hair and warm, ruddy face, working in the fields where he had seen her long ago. She leaned against a hayrick with merry girls about her, resting with relaxed muscles. Demure and shod with care, she walked the little road to the church in the swallow-broken stillness of a Sunday morning.

"Kitty!" he cried. "Kitty, Kitty!"

That night the meeting in People's Hall waited. Young Chester, the Republican candidate, who was to appear in joint debate with him, looked several times at his watch, frowning slightly. He had hurried to this meeting from the house of a "very charming woman" devoted to the cause of political reform. His evening clothes attracted too much attention from the audience. He felt that he had condescended greatly in consenting to appear on the platform with Tim Riordan, and that Tim Riordan was showing himself most unmindful of the honor. In front of the table Chairman Flynn fidgeted. Suddenly a blue midget of a messenger swaggered up the aisle and handed him a note. He tore it open and there dropped from it another one. First he read :

DEAR MR. FLYNN :

Mamma has just received the enclosed from Papa. We are greatly distressed. Is it a joke? Can you explain it?

Yours truly,
LORETTA BURKE.

Mr. Flynn, with trembling fingers, opened the enclosure. In the corner was stamped, "S. S. Paris." Under it, written with laborious correctness, he read :

I am going to the place where my wife Kitty and I were young together. You were not from those parts, being a Connaught woman yourself. Tell Chester he can go to Congress and I'll tell he can be district leader and I'll disturb neither of them. Money you have in plenty, I know, but I send you a check to last till I write from home. That I will surely do, and you may know that no harm shall come to you by me. I am only going back home.

Yours truly,
TIMOTHY RIORDAN.

"Friends an'—an' gintlemin," began Flynn, moistening his lips and making an unkind classification of the audience, "there'll be no debate to-night. Mr. Riordan — is — tuk sudden —" Flynn stammered hopelessly. He was not made for emergencies. "He's gone—to see—his old home, ye understand—his wife—Kitty——"

SONG

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

DEAR hands, forgiving hands,
There is no speech so sure as thine.
Lips falter with so much
To tell, eyes fill with thoughts I scarce divine;
But thy least touch
Soul understands.

Dear giving, taking, hands,
There are no gifts so free as thine.
One last gem from the heart of the mine,
One last cup from the veins of the vine,
From the rose to the wind one last sweet breath,
Then poverty and death!
But thy dear palms
Are richest empty, asking alms.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

By W. C. Brownell

I



THE vogue of Thackeray has steadily increased since his death. He has taken his niche in the pantheon of English prose by unanimous consent, and it is well-nigh universally admitted to be a very high one. He is already a classic. He is the representative English man of letters of his time, and one of the few great novelists of the world. Nothing of the kind is more striking than the change that has come over popular feeling with regard to his works. Instead of cynicism, he is now reproached with sentimentality by his censors. Time has brought about a better understanding of the man, and at the same time has modified the popular craving for the representation of life as a fairy-tale, and the popular disposition to resent portraiture as calumny. On the other hand, with the increase of his vogue, Thackeray has inevitably become, to an appreciable extent, during the past few years, the prey of critical pedantry; and the elect, who once plumed themselves on being his apologists, have begun to look into his case with closer scrutiny, and in some cases with touchingly disillusioning results. Twenty-five years ago Taine's essay was translated, and since then his view has been gradually filtering through the Anglo-Saxon criticism that of recent years has tended so exclusively to interest itself in and insist on art as such in all its manifestations. Taking hold of the subject somewhat tardily, perhaps, it has felt a corresponding obligation to treat it drastically, and whatever has seemed to obstruct the easy working of machinery laboriously constructed, to elude definitions painfully arrived at, has had to suffer. Taine pointed out that Thackeray had the temper of the satirist, which is the opposite of that of the artist; that this was fatal to the form of his works, which were consequently greatly disfigured by moralizing extraneities; and that the artistic perfection of "Henry Esmond"—the single

and striking exception among his works—illustrated with melancholy vividness the loss art had suffered by the absorption in satire of such artistic talents. This conclusion—based on assumption novel, and therefore attractive in itself, French, and therefore definite and consistent, and tending to the exaltation of art as such—had but to be stated to be adopted by those among us who, "in these days of confusion of doctrine and lessening of faith," to cite the words of a popular magazine, "are turning for something stable and indisputable, not to science, but to art." Moreover, fiction having become "a finer art" since Thackeray's day, owing to the vigorous filing and sand-papering no doubt which it has received in the course of our critics' and craftsmen's culture-evolution, the artistic vulnerability of Thackeray as an old practitioner is logically deduced. "Perhaps Voltaire was not bad-hearted," says Emerson, "yet he said of the good Jesus, even, 'I pray you let me never hear that man's name again.' " And living in our day, and in contact with much of our criticism, such a consummate artist as Voltaire, absorbed in satire as Voltaire indisputably was, might conceivably be moved to similar blasphemy against the name of "art." The instinctive would at all events exhibit impatience with the systematic critic for deploring as inartistic and rudimentary the fiction of the foremost artist of English prose.

II

IN any case, the gospel of art for art's sake is reduced to absurdity when it is applied to the novel. The novel is not its own excuse for being. It is a picture of life, but a picture that not only portrays but shows the significance of its subject. Its form is particularly, uniquely elastic, and it possesses epic advantages which it would fruitlessly forego in conforming to purely dramatic canons. Its art is the handmaid of its purpose—which is to illustrate the true and aggrandize the good, as

well as to express the beautiful. Like literature taken in the mass it includes, rather than is identical with, so much of "art"—in the sense in which we use the word with reference to inarticulate art—as suits this purpose. Its sole artistic standard is fitness; its measure, the adaptedness of means to end. And dealing thus with all of life, it is not sufficient for the novelist to "love," like Keats, "the principle of beauty in all things." He must love equally the principle of the true and the principle of the good. To force the note of "art" in the novel is to circumscribe its area of interest and limit its range of expression. It is a sacrifice to formalism that is at once needless and useless. "The bust outlasts the throne, the coin Tiberius," but the subject of the novel being rather Tiberius and the throne than busts and coins, it is not modelling and chasing as such and for their own sweet sake that endue it with enduring vitality, but qualities more significant and more profound. And these qualities depend upon the artist's personality and are inseparable from it. They are essentially human in distinction from purely intellectual or sensuous qualities. They are qualities without which purely intellectual or sensuous qualities produce a result that is often sterile and always incomplete. Wherein lies the superiority of "Don Quixote" to "Le Capitaine Fracasse," that interesting, ingenious, and really imaginative masterpiece of Gautier, the devotee, the slave, indeed, of art, and the author of the phrase about the permanence of the bust and coin just now cited in Mr. Dobson's words? In its human quality personally expressed. Is "Gil Blas" truly or misleadingly to be called a more "artistic" performance than "Don Quixote" because there is so much Cervantes in the latter and no Le Sage at all in the former? Why is there such a sense of life in "The Newcomes," compared with Turgénieff's "Virgin Soil," that the story of the latter seems by comparison to vibrate idly *in vacuo*? Because Thackeray enwraps and embroiders his story with his personal philosophy, charges it with his personal feeling, draws out, with inexhaustible personal zest, its typical suggestiveness, and deals with his material directly instead of dispassionately and dis-

interestedly, after the manner of the Russian master. Can the reader do all this for himself? If he can, and can do it as well as Thackeray does it for him, he may consider it surplusage, as he may consider surplusage the Cervantes in "Don Quixote;" otherwise, in wishing it away he must reflect that "art" is an exacting mistress.

The question is, after all, mainly one of technic. When Thackeray is reproached with "bad art" for intruding upon his scene, the reproach is chiefly the recommendation of a different technic. And each man's technic is his own, and that of a master may be accepted as possessing some inner principle of propriety which any suggested improvement would compromise. But it may also be said that for the novel on a large scale, the novel as Thackeray understood and produced it, Thackeray's technic has certain clear advantages. In order to deal with life powerfully, persuasively, and successfully, the direct method is in some respects superior to the detached. It is a commonplace in painting that the scale of subject and the kind of effect sought legitimately dictate technic; and the contention, once common among academic painters, for the same treatment of subordinate spaces and objects as that given to the salient ones, to the end that you might enjoy the result one way in the mass and then another way in the detail, has perhaps ceased to be widely held. A miniature demands a unified treatment, whereas even the intrusive "Doge Praying" of a Venetian canvas is not too great a strain on the imaginative appreciation of the beholder. And, similarly, the famous "short story," the writing of which *has* become "a finer art" since the day of "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," demands a treatment appropriate to its episodic or microcosmic character which the novel does not. And among its requisites is, very likely—beyond all question, when one considers the personal force of most practitioners of the art—the attitude of reserve and detachment in the writer. But Thackeray wrote novels. He was not one of the "Little Masters." He could do Dutch painting with the most adept of the cherry-stone carvers, on occasion, but he never lost sight of relations and atmosphere, and for these—in which the sense of reality resides—a freer technic is salutary.

Now the one reason for insisting on "objectivity" in art is that it is often the condition of illusion—the illusion of reality in virtue of which art is art and not itself reality, the mere material of art. If Thackeray's "subjectivity" destroyed illusion it would indeed be inartistic. The notable thing about it is that it deepens illusion. The reality of his "happy, harmless fable-land" is wonderfully enhanced by the atmosphere with which his moralizing enfolds it, and at the same time the magic quality of this medium itself enforces our sense that it *is* fable-land, and enables us to savor *as* illusion the illusion of its art. Nothing could establish the edifice of his imaginative fiction on so sound a basis as those confidences with the reader—subtly inspired by his governing passion for truth—in which he is constantly protesting that it is fiction after all. The artistic service of this element of his fiction is aptly indicated by such a contrast as that furnished by Maupassant—a master of objective technic if there ever was one. When Maupassant exchanges the short story, in which his touch and his attainment are perfection, for a larger canvas his atmosphere evaporates. Mr. James says of "Une Vie," that if its subject had been the existence of an English lady, "the air of verisimilitude would have demanded that she should have been placed in a denser medium." He would have her surrounded with more figures, with more of "the miscellaneous *remplissage* of life." The suggestion is that of the practitioner, and in harmony with Mr. James's impersonal practice; and, aside from the point about the nationality of the heroine, which is not very apposite, it is very just. Mr. James would have successfully condensed the medium by the "miscellaneous *remplissage* of life." But there is also the short cut to verisimilitude of a technic with more color, more personal feeling—the technic that provides a medium of sensible density by attuning the reader to the rhythm of the subject, and establishes between them a mutuality of relationship, the technic of Thackeray.

And it is to be observed that this atmosphere, which exists to such serviceable artistic ends in Thackeray's fiction, exists invariably *as* atmosphere. It accentuates the impression of verisimilitude, and constitutes in itself an element of magical ar-

tistic charm; but it is not used constructively in either character or composition. The reticulation of personal comment that rests so lightly and decoratively on the fabric of his story, all the imaginative connotation, so to say, philosophical and sentimental, of his novels, has but an auxiliary function and plays no structural part. It is not used to fill out the substance and round the outlines of his personages, who exist quite independently of it. It serves, on the contrary, to detach them from the background, to detach them from their creator himself. It is absolutely true that Thackeray's "subjectivity" in this way subtly increases the objectivity of his creations. They are in this way definitely "exteriorized." In this way we get the most vivid, the most realizing sense of them as independent existences; and in this way we get Thackeray too.

In the well-known preface to his "Pierre et Jean," Maupassant maintains that only by carefully preserving the objective attitude can a novelist avoid putting himself into his characters. Mr. James, analyzing this production with all the acuteness of the analyst who is also a craftsman, asserts that to avoid putting himself into his characters is "the difficulty of the novelist" in general, whether he pursues the impersonal manner or not, and maintains that the impersonal manner has notably failed to remove this difficulty for Maupassant himself. And he insists, as from his works one would expect him to insist, that the difficulty "only increases the beauty of the problem." Now, speaking as one must entirely for one's self, I confess that I for one have never felt in reading any of his books that this "difficulty of the novelist" existed for Thackeray at all. It was not an obstacle he had to circumvent. Whether we agree with Maupassant that in general it can best be circumvented by the impersonal attitude, or with Mr. James that there is no reliance to be placed upon any mere attitude, we may at least note that in the work of novelists of indisputably the first rank this difficulty does not have to be circumvented, since for them it does not exist. It exists for novelists impressed by "the beauty of the problem." Criticism is certainly legitimately occupied with discovering the laws

of artistic production, and to these laws certainly the production of the greatest artists, as well as that of the least, is legitimately subject. But if these laws are only approximately to be arrived at by formulating the practice of the masters, since the ideal in any art is only indicated and never perfectly illustrated in practice, they are surely not to be rigidly induced from the expedients of others in surmounting the difficulties of their "problems." And whether the novel be, as Mr. James and M. Bourget agree in calling it, the expression of "a personal view of life," or, as Taine and Maupassant maintain, a colorless view, the question as to the art of any particular novel will always be, How successful is it in giving us the illusion of the life it purports to portray?

Thackeray's characters were so little reflections of himself, they were so real to him, that, as he says in "De Finibus," "I know the sound of their voices." And it is to his sense of their reality that his constant talk of them is in no small degree to be ascribed. It is to the same sense on the reader's part that is to be attributed no small part of the reader's enjoyment in this talk. All this commentary and discursiveness, this arguing from Philip or Amelia to men and women in general, this moralizing over their traits and conduct, has the zest for us that similar criticism and gossip about real people, if any such were attainable, would possess. If it displeases any reader whose sense for "art" is keener than his interest in life, there is perhaps no more to be said—except that a sense of humor is a good thing, too, and not inapposite in any consideration of one of the greatest of humorists. But any one but a pedant more interested in the rules than in the result of novel-writing can see that this familiar commentary not only attests but greatly enhances the sense of reality, of life, in the characters that furnish its text. Even technically considered, it is in this respect the acme of art. In Thackeray's hands it does not distract the attention, but concentrates it upon the representative, the typical, the vital traits of his personages. Taine himself having occasion to censure what he deems Thackeray's cruel irony in his treatment of Rebecca, and oppose to it Balzac's attitude toward Valérie Marneffe, ex-

plains the superiority of the latter by the assertion that "Balzac loves his Valérie." To his assertion that the great artists always exhibit his lauded impartial detachment, a critic far less the slave of his abstract inductions, Matthew Arnold, replies that the burden of all the great works of literature, from the "Agamemnon" down, is a desire that the good may prevail. I am not sure how far his love for Madame Marneffe may count in Balzac's favor, but certainly his general attitude of purely scientific though inexhaustible curiosity is responsible for much of the incurable artificiality that impairs his art. His figures are always definite, but real as they are, they are not always alive. It is the touch of personal feeling that communicates the Promethean spark.

The peril of possessing a gift like this is the disposition to exercise it in excess. When personal expression is so easy, so admirable, and so successful as Thackeray's, when, as with him, it is a faculty clearly to be exercised instead of repressed, the temptation to rely upon it, to overwork it, to give it a free rein, is very great. Even in the unique "Roundabout Papers," which are its expression *par excellence*, there are instances of this excess. "Philip" is a notable instance. Thackerayans read "Philip"—or even "Lovel the Widower"—without finding a dull page in it, just as Wordsworthians read "Vaudracour and Julia," and the whole series of the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," partly, no doubt, out of mere momentum. But every one cannot be a Thackerayan, and for others the interest of "Philip" now and then flags, probably. It is, indeed, a *tour de force* in prolixity. The proportion of Thackeray to Philip is prodigious. The story is decidedly thin; there is next to no plot, and the incidents are few and of the same family. The first hundred pages are astonishing variations on the single theme of Philip's antagonism to his father. A great deal of the book is pure "copy." Even the color is borrowed here and there from its predecessors, as where the Little Sister "admires" Philip for knocking down the Reverend Tufton Hum, though not of course in the same way that Rebecca does her husband, "standing there, strong, brave, victorious," after

similar treatment of Lord Steyne, and where Dr. Firmin's picture of "Abraham offering up Isaac" performs the service of the Jacob-and-Esau tile in the fireplace at Castlewood. How many letters are there from Dr. Firmin in America; how many glimpses of the Pendennis interior with Laura and the children engaged in "osculation;" how many times does Philip get into the same quarrel with different people? The characters save the story from mediocrity—and triumphantly. They are drawn with the true Thackerayan firmness and distinction. Where, indeed, is there a weak line in any portrait of his populous gallery? But they have not quite the relief of their fellows, and the book would have been far less important than it is, distinctly a minor production, but for the preachment that occupies so disproportionate a space, and, moreover, is of inferior quality to that of the great novels, of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes." And yet excessive as it is and fringing perfunctoriness as it does, it shows itself in this crucial instance of "Philip"—where it is not only abused, but treated too lightly—essentially not a defect but a quality of Thackeray's equipment.

III

THACKERAY'S practice is not perhaps to be recommended, and critics who have the art of fiction at heart cannot do better than to insist on the value of the detached attitude in the author. But any view of Thackeray is an imperfect one which does not perceive that he is a notable exception to the rule wisely enough prescribing this attitude in general. His personal force and charm take him quite outside of its operation. The perfection with which the artist and the satirist are united—or rather fused—in him almost entitles his novels to classification as a different *genre*. At least, in order to consider them profitably it is necessary to take into account in far greater degree than in other instances the man himself as well as his works. A correct synthesis is reached most directly in his case by regarding his works mainly as manifestations of the genius that unifies them. Even critics who think it bad art for an author to obtrude his personality must admit that

the evil is lessened in proportion to the interest of the personality so obtruded. As to the interest of Thackeray's, there is likely to be no contention. It is one of the most marked in letters. When one considers his personal force, the notion of confining its direct expression to pure dissertation appears grotesque. To the true Thackerayan, of course—like Dr. John Brown, Mr. Herman Merivale, or Mr. William B. Reed—no price is too great to pay for any of its manifestations. It has as much charm as power, and is infinitely gracious and winning. It provides an atmosphere of its own in which his characters live and move, and to which they owe no small portion of their attractiveness—in virtue of which, indeed, they constitute an organic community by themselves. If he is their "showman," he certainly shows them off to advantage, and he himself is not the least interesting figure of the show. The spectacle gains immensely from his association with the company. How he thinks and feels in the presence of the drama they are enacting immensely extends the range of our interest. Conceive "The Newcomes" without the presence of Thackeray upon the stage—minus the view it gives us of the working of its author's mind, the glimpses of his philosophy, the touches of his feeling. The result would be like that of eliminating the commentary which Colonel Henry Esmond interweaves with his autobiography. Well, but Esmond is one of the characters of the book, and his prosings are therefore pertinent, says Taine. So is Arthur Pendennis, Esq., the putative author of "The Newcomes." But Pendennis is the thinnest of whimsical disguises for the real author, and the half-hearted attempt to continue him and Laura as characters is purely playful. True, they *are* needless sops to the critical Cerberus, and, aside from adding pleasantly to the machinery of the story, they really serve to show how legitimately the reader who is not a pedant may enjoy the personality of Thackeray apart from as well as with any artistic expedients of the sort.

In a more definite and apposite way, therefore, than is true of a personality that produces works of a more impersonal order, Thackeray's own nature becomes the most interesting and important sub-

ject to consider in connection with his works. He was above all else a lover of truth. The love of truth was with him, indeed, less a sentiment than a passion. It absorbed his mind and inspired its activity. To the moral temperament thus attested falsehood of all kinds seemed the one thing in the universe worth the evocation of militant energy. The exposure of sham enlisted all his artistic faculty. He pursued it with the most searching subtlety ever devoted to a definite artistic aim in all his books. The villain of all his stories is the hypocrite. Some of them—"Barry Lyndon," "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," "The Book of Snobs"—are concerned with pretence alone, the pretence that eludes the detection of others and that which deceives the pretender himself. "The Book of Snobs" is an amazing series of variations on this single theme—hardly robust enough in itself to have avoided flatness and failure, in the course of such elaboration, by a writer less "possessed" by it. This at least is what saves its perennial interest for other readers than those familiar with the particular society it satirizes, for other than English readers, that is to say. "You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of snobs; to do so shows that you are yourself a snob. I myself have been taken for one." These statements are for all nationalities.

It need hardly be pointed out that hypocrisy constitutes one of the most effective elements which the novelist can use in portraying human life on a large scale and under civilized conditions. Imposture of one kind or another almost monopolizes the seamy side of any society's existence. In the material of the novelist of manners it has the same place as crime in that of the romance of adventure. It is the natural concomitant of gregariousness, the great social bane, the social incarnation of Ahri-man; the shadow if not also the middle tint of the social picture. Almost inevitably the novelist, who both by predisposition and by practice handles it well, presents a picture of sound and vital verisimilitude and of profounder and more universal significance than a study of most other social forces affords.

Thackeray was extremely sensitive, and his susceptibility was as highly organized

as it was sensitive. He was quick to take offence when his sense of self-respect was touched, and he was nothing less than weakly amiable. His quarrel with Dickens over Yates's "journalistic" *faux pas* is witness of both, as their reconciliation is of his incapability of cherishing rancor. In the ocean of *ana* that since his death has eddied about his name are countless instances of his goodness of heart, the prodigious fund of kindness in his nature, and the tact of its dispensation. All women with whom he came in contact expanded in the atmosphere of his chivalry—the atmosphere, say, of the Brookfield Letters. He was an ideal clubman. He had the most deeply attached friends. His fondness for children is proverbial. He used to go to St. Paul's on Charity Children's day to hear the thousands of young voices singing in unison, with the result and to the end of the dimming of his spectacles and the enjoyment of "happy pity." He loved to tip school-boys, to frequent Bohemia. Artlessness of all kinds had a special attraction for him. What displeased him most in the affectation that always revolted him, was its element of calculation. He had none of it himself. Of all prose writers of the first rank he is the most purely instinctive. His high spirits are astonishing. They are the source of the infectiousness of his humor as well as responsible for its occasional triviality. And their undercurrent is a melancholy that is as native as they. When they flag, the lapse is not into dulness—there is more dulness in Voltaire; it is into the allied minor key, which is pursued with the same sincerity—one is tempted to add, with the same zest. Work was mainly drudgery to him, in spite of the amount of it which he performed and the persistency with which he labored. He was thoroughly human in his weaknesses as in his sympathies, and the sobriety and industry with which he subdued his temperamental tendencies and, by control and constraint, compelled his faculties to construct the literary monument he left, fashioned in the process a character that is in its way also a monument of elevated effort.

Such a nature is too ample to be distinctly critical, and Thackeray's had its prejudices, searching as was the mind that governed it. His body of doctrine was

traditional, and he devoted little thought to what Carlyle calls "verifying one's ready-reckoner." His genius is rather that of the born novelist. He ascribes Napoleon's final defeat to the development of military superiority in Wellington. His view of Louis XIV. lacks seriousness. His attitude toward things French, in general, always good-natured, is yet fundamentally British—see "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," "The Paris Sketch-Book,"—intimately as Paris appealed to his epicurean side and sympathetically divined and described as his French characters are. But in portraying these he is exercising his genius, which is never at fault. And it appears as unmistakably in his essays, his burlesques, his sketches, his literary criticism, as in his novels themselves. Nowhere is it more apparent than in the admirable series of "Lectures on the English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," which is literary criticism of a high order, but distinctly the criticism of the novelist rather than of the critic. It occupies, for this reason, a place by itself. It is hardly such an account of the literature of the Augustan age as Professor Saintsbury would write. It quite neglects the element of literary evolution, is unconscious of the historical or any other method, does not discuss the poetic weakness of an age of prose, and is not based on minute and studious textual examination of its subject but on saturation with it. Its annotation had to be left to Mr. Hannay, I believe, who performed the work very agreeably, and probably better than Thackeray would have done. From the point of view of literary criticism, at least of the scientific literary criticism of the present day, the work may certainly be said to have been lightly undertaken. The lecture on Swift ends: "We have other great names to mention—none I think, however, so great or so gloomy." The consideration of Pope begins: "We are now come to the greatest name on our list." Stella is made a natural daughter of Sir William Temple on the authority of pure divination. The literary importance of Steele and Goldsmith is exaggerated, and that of Sterne minimized in accordance with the personal predilections and antipathy of the critic. Addison is reproached with coldness, not with commonplace. One would hardly suspect

that "Clarissa Harlowe" was a classic and Richardson a notable artist, as well as a sentimental foil for "the manly, the English Harry Fielding;" or that Hogarth was an admirable painter as well as a great humorist. The characters of the writers are the real subject of the series, which is an unequalled gallery of literary portraits. Each one is all there. The painter may have treated the detail indifferently here and there, over-emphasized an expression, missed the full value of some features, but they stand out with the same vivid distinctness that belongs to the characters of his fiction. He has visualized them in the same way. One may say the same thing of the lectures on "The Four Georges," who although in the pillory in his pages, owe him their fame. He was, in a word, by temperament and faculty, first and last a novelist.

IV

FOR this reason his world is an extremely concrete world. His people are the people we meet or might meet; his characters are types, not variants and exceptions, and, accordingly, they have a human and social rather than a psychological interest. Thus, M. Scherer distinguishes him as a novelist of manners, contrasted with George Eliot, a novelist of character. The distinction, at any rate, needs this explanation, for it cannot be said that the characters of Thackeray which illustrate manners are lacking in individual interest. But they are delineated rather than dissected; they are not explored clinically. They are not studied and scrutinized in the spirit of the scientist or the philosopher. And the difference is deeper than mere manner of artistic presentation. Tito Melema has something the interest of Faust or Mephistopheles. You seek their counterparts in your own mind. "Goethe found," says Emerson, "that the essence of this hobgoblin which had hovered in the shadow ever since there were men was pure intellect, applied—as always there is a tendency—to the service of the senses," and, accordingly, "flung" Mephistopheles "into literature." Similarly, George Eliot incarnates in Tito the abstraction of the spirit that shrinks from what is unpleasant. The

reader's introspection assures him of his own tragic potentialities in this regard, and, seen through his own imagination, Tito becomes vividly real to him. The interest of Thackeray's Rebecca is of quite another kind. She is a type, a representative of a class, noted, fixed, observed, and described, as far as possible removed, in genesis, from the abstract. You know that Tito is going to act in direct illustration of the principle that he almost personifies. You don't know at all what Rebecca is going to do next. Thackeray professed ignorance of what she really did, of how far she really went. She has the reality of Maggie Tulliver—a truly Thackerayan character, and one of the few in George Eliot that do not acquire their reality through an appeal to the imagination. Her psychology is simple enough; so is the morally complicated Beatrix Esmond's. The philosophy they illustrate is not obscure, and they give rise to very little speculation.

The caricature that a character of Dickens is apt to be proceeds from its being a characteristic in action. A character of George Eliot is formed of many characteristics, fused with remarkable and sympathetic insight, but after all it is essentially a product of induction. Compare one of the happiest results of this procedure, the banker Bulstrode in "Middlemarch," with, say, Dr. Firmin, greatly Bulstrode's inferior in complexity, in intellectual interest. One is flesh and blood, the other attracts you because of the striking way in which moral self-sophistication is embodied. Nothing better attests George Eliot's scientific interest in character than her constant exhibition of its evolution. This is, perhaps, her chief contribution to literature. The effect of circumstances in developing a character like Lydgate, for example, the difference between Rosamond as she is first introduced and when she leaves the stage, are almost Spencerian demonstrations. This, as Mr. Albert Dicey, I think, has observed, was an unknown thing in fiction when George Eliot began to write, and it is naturally savored by the palate of our day, which seeks a taste of science even in its literary confections. But it is needless to point out that it implies an instinct quite lacking in Thackeray, in whose view character is

spectacle, significant spectacle, to be sure, and its significance often copiously illustrated upon, but essentially spectacle, and not the illustrative incarnation of interesting traits and tendencies. This is also Shakespeare's view, it may be added, as it is clearly the distinctly literary view as opposed to the scientific.

The initial procedure of the human mind, however, is in a *a priori* order, and the artist, like everyone else, begins with ideas. We are taught at school that there can be no evolution without a previous involution. The idea underlying the world Thackeray constructed is the intricate moral complexity of character—an idea illustrated with a completeness and relief not perhaps to be met with elsewhere outside of Shakespeare and Molière. The personages of fiction before his time, at all events, are morally pretty much all of a piece. It is apt to be either Jones or Blifil with most writers, eminently so in the case of the romanticists, of course. Thackeray's absorption in the moral interest of character is, on the other hand, naturally limiting. It excludes, or relegates to the background, that fourth part of life which remains after assigning, according to Arnold's formula, three-fourths to conduct. Of this fourth, other writers—Shakespeare and Molière among them—make a good deal, it need not be said. But compared with the moral interest of character, that of its purely psychological peculiarities is distinctly less vital and permanent. The interest, for instance, of Micawber or Mantalini is inferior to and more transitory than that of Captain Costigan. Character, indeed, *means* moral character. As Stendhal puts it: "Molière painted with more depth than the other poets; therefore he is more moral." And I have never heard it suggested that Thackeray's personages, morally considered as they are, lacked psychological definition—any more than those of George Eliot, who has the converse preoccupation, lack moral significance. The moral element in their portrayal adds reality and relief, as well as importance. Its complexity, at any rate, is Thackeray's theme, and he, at least, found it inexhaustible. With him no passion is simple, no motive unmixed. Affection is alloyed with injustice, innocence with selfishness, generos-

ity with folly, love itself with hallucination, jealousy, and calculation.

Nowhere is this to be so plainly noted as in his women, because women, being less highly differentiated than men, exhibit more clearly their native and elemental inconsistencies. They are the constant quantity in the human equation. No one ever heard of the *ewig männliches*. Instances crowd the memory. Thackeray triumphs with equal distinction in the analysis that discovers the sound alloy in base metal and in that which finds dross in the most refined. Rachel Castlewood and her brilliant daughter, Ethel Newcome and Rebecca are equally complicated. Amelia is elaborately structural compared with her namesake and prototype in Fielding, and anyone who mistakes her for a simple character has missed "Vanity Fair." But Beatrix is probably her creator's masterpiece. She is on a larger scale than Rebecca, and she is not only more splendid, but even less fixed and absolute. Rebecca might have been virtuous, as she said, on five thousand a year, but Beatrix had infinite possibilities and at any moment might have realized them. It is largely due to her that "The Virginians," fine as it is in wealth of incident and variety of character, ranks with the great novels rather than with "Philip," or even with what we can divine "Denis Duval" would have proved had Thackeray lived to complete it.

"Esmond" is not the greatest of the novels; it is the most perfect. Thackeray was quite right in calling it "the very best that I can do," and speaking of leaving it behind him as his card. A writer judges of his own work preferably as an artist, and as an artist his aim is to please and his effort is for flawlessness. Both in conception and in workmanship, "Esmond" is well-nigh flawless. Mr. Lowell found a modern locution in it, I believe, and Trollope accepted, rather priggishly, Thackeray's assertion that Esmond himself was a bit of a prig. But it has fewer flaws probably than any work of either its kind or its scale ever written. It is as a novel what the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is as a poem. The archaism of its style is far more than, quite other than, a literary feat. It is a sustained and complete illusion, an envelope of atmosphere in which the story rests ex-

quisitely transfigured. The plot is always praised for its perfection; the story is developed with harmonious and tranquil art; the element of *beauty* is everywhere prominent in it. It contains some of Thackeray's rarest writing—in passages like that relating Esmond's visit to the convent cemetery at Brussels, in the entire chapter called "The 29th December." The beauty of Beatrix is the mainspring of the book's action; that of her *mater pulchra* is a softened and spiritualized parallel. The very fragrance of romance perfumes the air at Castlewood; the tone of quiet, of refinement, of elevation is so perfectly preserved that one of Philip Firmin's laughs, one of old Major Pendennis's worldly harangues, the sound of Lady Kew's voice, would be a jar. It is Thackeray's artistic—perhaps one may rather say his poetic—masterpiece. But if it were his only work, or its vein his only vein, Thackeray would mean far less to us than he does. There are devotees of art who prefer "The Blithedale Romance" to "The Scarlet Letter," but their view is an esoteric view, and as Hawthorne's fame does not rest mainly on his most artistic performance, so Thackeray's is as firmly established on the other three members of "the great quadrilateral" (as, with "Esmond," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and the "Newcomes" have been called), as on "Esmond" itself. Life is a larger thing than art, and perhaps no rounded and perfect synthesis gives the sense of it quite as well as a representation that images its inequalities.

It is this sense of life that rules in the books just mentioned. It appears in its intensity in "Vanity Fair," in its variety in "The Newcomes," in its immitigability in "Pendennis," with a definiteness and reality to be found elsewhere only in the few great classics of literature. The tension of "Vanity Fair" is almost oppressive. The first-fruits of Thackeray's maturity, after the Titmarsh period, and coming as it did into the world of fiction occupied by the writers burlesqued in the "Prize Novels," its substitution of truth for convention had something almost fierce in it. The title alone, the few words "Before the Curtain," the last paragraph of the book, pointed its felicity of extreme pertinence, and anyone could see that a new power in fiction had arisen. But it is not its satiric

force that has preserved it. It has the perennial interest of fundamental spontaneity, and its tinge of Juvenalian color merely accentuates its positive and constructive quality. Life in it is tremendously real, whatever its goal. It is not a fairy-tale, and things are far from what they seem. Any episode or incident or subordinate character of the story shares its intensity. The unedifying career of Jos Sedley, for example, is grimly vital. I remember no book, which is, like "Vanity Fair," a portrayal of life rather than purely a satire, that is so free from triviality.

"Pendennis" is a different picture altogether. It is pervaded by a blander air, but the sense of life in it is as distinct as in its intenser predecessor. With greater elaboration and ampler illustration it shows the weight that life imposes on the human struggle for the attainment of ideals as such, the idleness of combating it, the necessity of compromise, the unique safety of humility in the presence of its overwhelming pressure, the dignity and importance of it, which become tyranny in antagonism, and are only to be converted into allies by preserving an attitude of modesty and respect. Life and the world are different things, and doubtless when "the world is too much with us" we miss life in its largest sense. But this is a triter moral than that of "Pendennis," which illustrates on the other hand the philistinism of the protestant and the non-conformist as vividly as the pharisaism of worldliness. Life is not a simple thing; its prizes are either unattainable or less desirable than they seem from a distance; there are far fewer of them than youth believes; the problem of existence is prodigiously complicated; it has to be reckoned with, and largely on its own terms. The essence of the book is in the famous talk between Pen and Warrington. Nothing can be deeper than the lesson of Warrington's failure. Life has been too much for him; he has found it immitigable, as I said; but it has left him nevertheless at the true centre of things. Pen comes back to Laura at last after both wandering and soaring. The end is repose in the haven, not a career of triumph. "When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,' the youth replies, 'I can,'" in Emerson's tonic words. But

the wise youth's reply must be whispered as low as duty's command, and let him not fancy he is greatly forwarded by his ability, or is other than an infinitesimal part of the life of the world, which encompasses him completely, if haply it does not oppress his energies and render them as futile as they seemed to Swift and St. Augustine.

As for "The Newcomes," it is an epitome of human life in its manifold variety of social and individual phases unmatched, I think, in fiction. Its range is extraordinary for the thread of a single story to follow. Yet all its parts are as interdependent as they are numerous and varied. It is Thackeray's largest canvas, and it is filled with the greatest ease and to the borders. It stands incontestably at the head of the novels of manners. And it illustrates manners with an unexampled crowd of characters, the handling of which, without repetition or confusion, without digression or discord, exhibits the control of the artist equally with the imaginative and creative faculty of the poet—the "maker." The framework of "The Newcomes" would include three or four of Balzac's most elaborate books, which, compared with it, indeed, seem like studies and episodes, lacking the large body and ample current of Thackeray's epic. And its epic scale is preserved, not in mechanically assembled examples of different kinds of mere existence, high and low, savage and civilized, but in a picture of life itself flowering variously in varied characters and circles and communities, closely connected by the cousinly bond of the humanity they possess in common.

Taken as a whole, it is true, Thackeray's human comedy is less comprehensive than Balzac's, with which alone it is to be compared in the world of prose fiction. Taken as a whole, it lacks that appearance of vastness and variety which Balzac's has, and perhaps the appearance in such a matter answers as well as the reality. Considered, that is to say, purely as a world of the imagination, Thackeray's is the more circumscribed. But it is born of less travail; it is constructed with the effortless ease of greater spontaneity; its preliminary simplification has been carried farther; and, if less complicated and ingenious, less speculative and suggestive, it is far more

real. Its philosophy is more human, more winning, more attaching, and in a very deep sense more profound. The note of artificiality, the fly in Balzac's ointment, the weak point in his superb equipment, never appears in Thackeray. His charm is infinitely greater. His power is rendered at least equivalent by its conjunction with the simplicity that Balzac lacks. And his narrower range is perhaps to be ascribed to his lesser concentration, perhaps to the less varied and more conventional world that he had to depict. At any rate, it proceeds from no inferiority to his great contemporary and compeer in native equipment and vital force for the specific work of the novelist—the portrayal of the play of human forces, inspired and directed by searching scrutiny of the human heart.

V

THACKERAY is said to have remarked of himself that he had no head above his eyes. It might be contended that with such eyes as his he needed none. But the statement is misleading. It is true that he had no talent for abstract thinking, for abstruse philosophy. But to assume that he has no philosophy would be to ignore the significance of one of the most definite and complete syntheses of human phenomena that have ever been made, and a synthesis, moreover, incomparably buttressed by the acutest analysis and the most copious illustration. He does not stimulate thought in the sense of speculation, so much as he arouses reflection. His ideas are moral ideas rather than metaphysical—the ideas for which Voltaire eulogized English poetry. And he deals with them powerfully, cogently, winningly rather than refining upon them and following out their evolution as a disinterested exercise of the mind. They are the ideas, too, that inspire human motives and govern human action in familiar life and in the individual, that contribute to the making or unmaking of character—his chief preoccupation—rather than to the development of the intelligence. He is not a sociologist like Balzac: he is not interested in currents and movements of thought; he is not devoted to what are called general ideas as such. Matthew Arnold calls the Master of Ravenswood

"by far the most interesting of Scott's characters because the spirit of fatality seems to set its mark on him from the first." Thackeray's reference to this rather invertebrate character is, "I have never cared for the Master of Ravenswood or fetched his hat out of the water since he dropped it there when I last met him (*circa* 1825)." Nothing could better illustrate two opposite ways of looking at the world of life and art. The concrete illustration of ideas in character is what interests Thackeray and what he interests us with. But in this his interest and his power of interesting us are hardly to be measured. When he is called a "realist" something more is—consciously or vaguely—meant than that his novels are pictures of life rather than classic or romantic compositions. It is meant that his philosophy is realistic—that is to say, based on the data furnished by the perceptive faculties, faculties which in his case, it cannot be too often repeated, were of amazing sharpness.

"There is life and death going on in everything, truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint; doubt is always crying 'Pshaw!' and sneering. A man in life, a humorist in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. . . . I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood to that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me, treason to that conscience which says that men are weak, that truth must be told, that fault must be owned, that pardon must be prayed for, and that love reigns supreme over all."

That is Thackeray's philosophy in small compass. There is nothing very new about it. It is as old,

Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
As yonder on the Mount of Hermon.

It is simply the natural truth underlying the dogma and informing the spirit of Christianity. The force that overthrew the civilization of the ancient world was certainly an overwhelming movement of spiritual feeling, and since then philosophy has

had to reckon, at all events, with the soul as well as with the mind. If Thackeray had no head above his eyes, he had at least a heart below them, and the fact is a controlling influence in his philosophy. "Sure love *vincit omnia*," exclaims Colonel Esmond in a familiar passage, and the principle is everywhere fundamental in Thackeray's "realistic" scheme of things—not love between the sexes necessarily, nor particularly in any of its manifestations, but love as the universal principle to which true salvation is inseparably attached. Humor is "wit and love," in his definition. Love is the inspiration of the "awe" and "reverence" and "tenderness" he is constantly celebrating, of the humility and simplicity he incarnates in his winning characters, as the lack of it is the weakness of his reprehensible ones. He revolts from Swift because he "placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind . . . the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father." Although quarrelling with Dickens's art "a thousand and a thousand times," as he says, he recognizes in Dickens's genius "a commission from that divine beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye." Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is to him "a great act of charity to the world." His gospel is Voltaire's apotheosis of good sense, plus heart. If his good sense is not as cheery and unfailing as Voltaire's, if fault and weakness were ever present with him, and, humanly speaking, the futility of all things impresses him more deeply than it does minds of perfect sanity, if there is a touch of melancholy in his mirth and the temperamental reaction follows the indulgence of his highest spirits, he regains his philosophic equilibrium always by instinctive reference to his just as clearly perceived principle of the love which, as he says, "reigns supreme over all." It is open to anyone to object to this philosophy as trite, but it is at least a philosophy, and Thackeray's philosophic force and originality consist in his rediscovering it for himself, in his making it his own in virtue of basing his adherence to it on his own experience and observation, in the sureness of his reliance upon it after an

absolutely candid and wonderfully minute examination of the data of human life, and in the convincing eloquence with which his inductions therefrom bring its soundness and sweetness home to the thinking reader.

VI

WHATEVER judgment of Thackeray's art and substance proves final, there is no doubt that the contemporary verdict of his style will stand. "Thackeray is not, I think, a great writer," Matthew Arnold observed, but at any rate his style is that of one. What a great writer is, in his view, Mr. Arnold has formulated in his remark that "the problem is to express new and profound ideas in a perfectly sound and classical style," and his refusal to recognize in Addison a writer of the first rank is based on "the commonplace of his ideas." It is idly possible to call Thackeray's ideas commonplace, but his style is at all events perfectly sound and classical. It is not the style of Burke, whom Arnold calls "our greatest English prose-writer"—probably because, together with his incomparable style, Burke's distinction is, as he says, that he saturates politics with thought. It is, however, far more perfectly sound and classical. Burke's elevation does not wholly save his style from that tincture of rhetoric which is the vice of English style in general—that rhetorical color which is so clearly marked in the contentious special pleading of Macaulay, in the exaltation of Carlyle, in the rhapsody of Ruskin, in the periodic stateliness of Gibbon, and even in the dignity of Jeremy Taylor. Thackeray's is as destitute of this element as Swift's or Addison's, with which, of course, it is rather to be compared. Rhetoric means the obvious ordering of language with a view to effect—when it does not spring from the elementary desire simply to relieve one's mind; and the great merit of the Queen Anne writers—from whom Thackeray derives—is their freedom from this element of artistic mediocrity. It is to this turn for elegance rather than rhetoric—as unfortunate in its poetry as beneficial in its prose, of course—that the Queen Anne age owes its epithet Augustan. Thackeray is undoubtedly to be classed with the

world's elegant writers—the writers of whom Virgil may stand as the type and exemplar, the writers who demand and require cultivation in the reader in order to be understood and enjoyed. His taste is sure. In this respect some of his writing is like a page of Plato. One may feel shortcomings, but at its best it is without faults. The vulgarian can see that it is flawless, lacking as it may be in the glitter or the rhythm that excites his imagination and quickens his pulse.

Among all its traits simplicity has, no doubt, the most relief. It has the simplicity that attends the expression of any natural gift for the expression of which the artist who possesses it seems, as we say, expressly born. It is the simplicity of both birth and breeding, and it is in virtue of it that Thackeray is so often said to write like a gentleman. This is the way in which everyone should write, one reflects, just as the discerning but unlearned critic desired all painters to paint with the directness of Titian. It is the opposite, in this respect, of what we mean by the professional style. Its repetitions are not mannerisms. They are the natural expression of the idea and recurrent with it. The language shares the felicity of the thought and fuses with it, instead of lending the thought a felicity of its own. One enjoys the limpidity of Arnold, the liquidness of Newman, as evident properties of the medium in which they write, but in Thackeray you are less conscious of the medium. His language produces the effect of richness by its fulness rather than by scrupulous selection of epithet and the effort after plasticity. It always has this peculiar sense of fulness, of words overflowing from an exhaustless store, of expressions natively combined. Its ease is absolutely effortless. It is like Raphael's line. He can make it say anything he chooses, anything his characters choose in their several dialects. In the words of a recent writer, himself conspicuously endowed in point of style, Mr. Max Beerbohm: "He blew on his pipe, and words came tripping round him, like children, like pretty little children who are perfectly drilled for the dance; or came, did he will it, treading in their precedence, like kings, gloomily." The measure of his style is not the result of restriction, but the con-

tained expression of native reserve. In passages of most concentrated feeling, such as Esmond's tirade to the prince at Castlewood, it is as free as when it is employed in leisurely narrative. It not only never forces the note of declamation or dithyramb, but it never runs away with the writer and leads him on into exercise of his gift for its own delectability. It follows closely the play of his mind instead of itself ever fascinating his fancy. And though its most notable trait is simplicity—its sensitive avoidance of the meretricious, its elegance, in a word—what gives it its unique distinction is its color.

And its color is directly derived from the constant and active influence of the personality of the writer. In Thackeray's case the style is eminently the man. Addison's elegance is the elegance of colorlessness. Swift's directness and power are clothed in a garb whose simplicity eschews the play of personal quality in any highly developed texture. Eighteenth-century standards discountenanced idiosyncratic expression. But idiosyncratic expression is the marked distinction of Thackeray's style, which translates his mood as directly as his thought and expresses how he feels as well as what he thinks. It has had imitators, but to imitate it anyone must assume, for the time being, Thackeray's frame of mind and sentimental attitude, just as to speak French well it is necessary to think like a Frenchman. And its imitators have been few in number and not lucky in preserving much personal force of their own—so completely has their imitation involved the merging of their personalities in that of their model, the overmastering quality of which as an element of style is thus eloquently attested. The variety and range of his style, which are extraordinary, answer exactly to the range and variety of his own thought and feeling and share his extraordinary vitality and interest in all sides of every subject. No one has so light a touch and no one can stir us so deeply, leaving the nerves unassailed. He speaks happily of "a flash of Swift's lightning," or "a gleam of Addison's pure sunshine" extinguishing the "tawdry play-house taper" of Congreve. But he himself combines flashes of lightning, gleams of pure sunshine—

yes, and very pretty play-house illumination now and then—in virtue of a wider interest and quicker sympathies than these Augustan worthies possessed. And not only is he himself the source of the color of his style, he is the source also of its sustained quality. His style is adapted to the largest as well as to cabinet canvases because it is the natural expression of his own largeness of view and depth of feel-

ing, instead of being the result of some rhetorical penchant, or the anxious education of illustrating some idea of energy, clearness, cogency, or what-not. No one would ever have wondered of him, as Jeffrey did of Macaulay, where he "picked up" his style. Like his art and like the world of his imagination, it is an outgrowth of the most interesting personality, perhaps, that has expressed itself in prose.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

By Julia Larned

OH pure, white shaft upspringing to the light
 With one grand leap of heavenward-reaching might,
 Calmly against the blue forevermore
 Lift thou the changeless type of souls that soar
 Above the common dust of sordid strife
 Into the radiant ether of a life
 Shepherded by the vastness of eternity!
 A hero's quickening spirit lifteth thee
 Unto the skies that claim thee for their own:
 In those vast fields of light, sublime, alone,
 High commune holdest thou with the young day,
 With sunset's glowing heart ere twilight gray
 Hath stilled its throbbing fires, and with dim night
 That folds thee softly in the silver light
 Of many a dreaming moon. In majesty
 Serene, like the great name enshrined in thee,
 Thou dost defy the all-destroying years.
 Smite with thy still rebuke our craven fears!
 Point us forever to the highest height,
 And in our Nation's peril-hours shine white
 With thy mute witness to the undying power
 Of the high soul that lives above the hour!

THE POINT OF VIEW

IN writing of the tragedy of Harold Frederic's death, a friend who was close to him in his last days attributes it not so much to his belief in Christian Science (which is doubted), but to the fact that Frederic was "a modern Molière about doctors." The comparison is apt. The reference doubtless is to Molière's well-known reply to Louis's question, "What do you do with your doctor?" made when the king was asked to give a canonicate to the son of M. de Mauvillain, the physician, whose patient Molière said he "had the honor to be"—this reply: "We converse together. He writes prescriptions which I do not take, and I recover." As will be recalled, the jest was soon turned in sad earnest upon the jester, having a little preceded Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," which may have been in the thought of both. In its credulity as to the efficacy of the draughts administered is comically set off by the patient's anxiety as to whether the exercise prescribed is to be taken by walking across the room or up and down it. Its production was followed with ironical swiftness by the playwright's death. Two hundred years after Molière's retort, it and his play find an exact parallel in Frederic's protest (quoted at the inquest) to the doctors summoned in his extremity, that their services were useless, as he had not taken their prescriptions when they had attended him before.

Therapeutic
Scepticism.

There is really nothing so extraordinary in Frederic's attitude toward doctors—its therapeutic scepticism—except the consistency of its courage, which held out to the end. The people who claim to have "lost faith in doctors," as a rule, find it when the case looks to them desperate. Yet their loss of faith is common enough, more especially, curious to note, among the sort of persons of whom Frederic was representative—those who think for themselves, and are in touch with modern thought. Manifested oftenest by a disregard of prescribed remedies, it is equally betrayed, though not so openly, by the failure to follow directions about exercise or a diet, for example—that last the most popular of possible "treatments," the seemingly inevitable resort

for any ailment from a headache to a kidney affection—although a solemn warning may have been given that indulgence in a specified food has for that patient the peril of poison. The resulting disadvantage to the doctor, as compared even with the surgeon, is obvious. No other professional man labors under its like. If the client is dissatisfied, he discharges his adviser, probably to retain another; but seldom does he ask counsel and pay for advice which he follows as much or as little as he pleases. No wonder a leading physician of New York once remarked that if he could but put his private patients into a hospital of his choosing, whose discipline was a guarantee that his directions were implicitly followed, he could in turn "guarantee to show a fifty per cent. gain in his record of positive cures."

After all, this distrustful attitude toward doctors is much more a case of distrusting their medicines than of distrusting themselves, professionally or individually. All emphasis is now laid on the ounce of prevention which is worth the pound of cure; on the art of "keeping well," rather than "getting well;" on exercise, diet, recreation, and the other newly discovered conditions of well-ordered, healthful living. The technical nomenclature of medicine divides it into the prophylactic—the art of "keeping well," of forefending disease—and the therapeutic—the art of "getting well," of curing disease. It is toward this last that modern scepticism is more particularly directed.

"Preventive medicine is a comparatively new science," says President Eliot, of Harvard, referring to what can be done by sanitary control to lower the death-rate of a given community; as, for example, Berlin's death-rate of 37 to 39 per 1,000 for thirty years before 1871, reduced to one of 21 to 23 per 1,000, the common death-rate of late years, as the result principally of a good water-supply and a good sewerage system. Being a new science, communities do not appreciate the importance of preventive medicine as do the better educated few of their citizenship. Hence, as compared with Euro-

pean cities controlled by the few, "democracy" (here in America) "lets ignorance and selfishness poison water-supplies with fecal matter, distribute milk infected with diphtheria, scarlet fever, or tuberculosis, and spread contagious diseases by omitting the precautions of isolation and disinfection." To this strong indictment Dr. Eliot might have added a reference to the feeble, sporadic efforts in certain cities to check the nasty, germ-disseminating habit of expectoration in public places and conveyances. But while the necessity of prophylactic precautions has failed of general recognition by the democracy, owing largely to the American happy-go-lucky carelessness of temperament and the lack of respect for mere authority, scientific or other, the people are yet quick in the case of a national disaster, like the wrecking of Shafter's army at Santiago, to place the responsibility somewhere else than on the "Creator of microbes and the Cuban climate," as George Kennan scornfully puts it. Indeed, the possibilities of preventive medicine never received a more convincing illustration than by the one startling exception in this same campaign of horror. Mr. Kennan points out that Colonel Huntington's marines spent eight weeks at Guantánamo, "subjected to nearly all the local and climatic conditions that are said to have wrecked General Shafter's army," and yet, because they received proper sanitary care in clothing, food, water, shelter, and medical supplies, "escaped disease and came back to the United States in perfect health." It is the unique impressiveness of facts like these, as impressive in their way as the most remarkable triumphs of modern surgery, which rightly or wrongly has created a widespread feeling among the more intelligent laity that medical advance has been chiefly along the line of prevention, rather than of cure. This trend toward therapeutic scepticism has been accentuated by the failure of certain scientific specifics—one recalls "Koch's lymph" as a noteworthy example—to accomplish all that was at first unwisely claimed for them, often without the sanction and against the warning, as in Dr. Koch's case, of their discoverer.

If anyone were interested to search for contributory evidence of this scepticism, it might be found in the almost unnoticed passing, in fiction, of medical illustrations and "material." Doubtless now, as in Thackeray's day, the novelist often owes a great debt to his doctor;

but when does he discharge it, as did Thackeray, by a dedication such as that of "Pendennis?" What has become of the excellent lady, once so familiar a figure in English novels, who with the same rigorous insistence distributed alms, flannels, and medicines among the worthy poor? Where do we now read, as in "Middlemarch," of the entertaining rivalries of a Wrench, with his "strengthening treatment," and a Toller, with his "lowering system?" Indeed, "Middlemarch," whose plot turns so largely on Lydgate's gallant struggle to introduce medical reform into the provincial life of his day, may at some future time be quoted as authoritative in its picture of the first struggling beginnings of therapeutic scepticism.

WE are all of us in the habit of congratulating each other upon one result of the Spanish war as a clear benefit, whatever we may think of the others. That is, the Anglo-American understanding, which, if it proves to be durable, will go near to be worth even what it has cost. But it must be owned that we have not been very happy in our attempts at explaining it. The theory of hereditary enmity dies hard. The Young Columbian does not apostrophize and defy the dining-table as the British lion, and dare it to come on, so often or so loudly as he did in Dickens's time, half a century ago. Nevertheless, whoever attends a Fourth of July celebration on a New England village-green is even yet likely to hear defiance hurled at the quadruped in question; and there are still orators in each House of Congress who must look upon an era of good feeling with regret, inasmuch as it sinks a large part of their oratorical if not their political capital. It is not so long since all the stumps were vocal with adjurations not to truckle to England in the matter of a standard of value, and to vindicate our independence by reserving to silver because she was addicted to gold. Ever since Britons began attending American public dinners, or Americans British, the common language and Shakespeare may be put in evidence, without leading to any substantial result. Englishmen complain that our school-books foster the hereditary enmity theory, and, indeed, there is good ground for that complaint. That a history is written for children does not argue that it should be childish, and it must be owned

The Anglo-American Understanding

that childishness in their treatment of the American Revolution is characteristic of many American school histories.

As to the ethnic basis of an alliance, there never was much in it, and there is steadily becoming less as our population becomes more heterogeneous in origin by new infusions. Professor Waldstein has been the latest to show that we really must give up the Anglo-Saxon explanation as an explanation, though it still serves its turn as a rough and ready catchword. If a current anecdote is true, it served a British spectator of the charge at San Juan very well, when, after the capture of the work was made evident, he genially remarked to his German, Russian, and Japanese colleagues that "this was a great day for the Anglo-Saxons." But the "Anglo-Saxon" theory will not even cover the United Kingdom, much less the United States.

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,

sang Tennyson to Alexandra. And the very name of the genial Briton of whom the tale is told bespeaks a Norman origin. With four millions of British or Gaelic Scotchmen, and five millions of Irish Celts, and a million and a half of Welsh Celts among the forty millions of the British Islands, to say nothing of "Norman and Dane," the ethnic theory must really go.

The bond of language is, after all, the real bond. But then this bond has existed during all these generations in which cordiality has not been the characteristic of the relations of the two countries. An English statesman has been overheard to declare that the common language was the real trouble. Inasmuch as it was not altogether common, each party did not precisely understand what the other said or wrote; and inasmuch as it was assumed to be common, each was quite sure that it did. Untravelled and unlearned Americans did not pretend to understand Frenchmen or Germans, but they were quite sure that they understood Englishmen; and thus the common language supplied facilities for mutual misapprehension. There is probably something in this, whimsically as it was put. Certainly it is easier to quarrel with a man whose language you partly speak and partly comprehend than to quarrel in dumb show.

But there nevertheless is an Anglo-American "understanding," and that is precisely the right name for it; and it is related to, if it be not founded upon, the fact that

we are both English-speaking nations. For to be brought up in an English-speaking community is to receive a certain kind of political education which cannot be acquired in any other way. It is literally, as Cicero put it, "an identity of sentiment about public affairs." We have an "understanding" how Englishmen manage their affairs, and they have a like understanding about us. When Great Britain declares for the open door in the Far East, we know what she means. When we are moved to put a stop to misgovernment at our doors ending in starvation, Englishmen know what we mean. It was expressed, when our declaration of war was made, by the editor of an English paper at Singapore, as "the verdict of civilization upon failure." The Dreyfus case is regarded in London and in Chicago with the same incredulity, bordering on stupefaction. Not that the "understanding" is Teutonic as opposed to Latin, for we are equally at a loss to understand the official procedures of the most intense and least aërated part of the Teutonic race. Read Stevenson's "Foot Note," and observe how in Samoa, ten years ago, British and American consuls spontaneously coalesced into a mutual understanding, largely based upon a common incapability to understand the proceedings of the German consul. And, within the year, British and American naval officers have united upon a like inability to understand the procedures of a Prussian admiral—an inability in its turn largely based, no doubt, upon the inconceivableness, to both parties, of the existence of a Prussian admiral. It is this mutual political perception, acquired with the English language so early that it seems instinctive, which is in fact the "understanding" of the English-speaking peoples. Each of the two great English-speaking communities is instinctively working to realize the same political ideal, which is not even visible to outsiders, to "make," in its own way and with its own variations, its "respective Troy." They do not quote the classics in the House of Representatives; but we can imagine an orator of the House of Commons illustrating the Anglo-American understanding by rolling out Virgil's sounding lines, to the delight of all the old Etonians and Harrovians and Rugbeians:

*Cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos,
Epiro, Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor
Atque idem casus, unam faciemus utramque
Troiam animis; maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.*

THE FIELD OF ART

ÆSTHETICS IN OUR UNIVERSITIES

THE attainment of skill is the alpha as it is the omega of science. It was the attempt to gain perfection in his everyday work that led primeval man to take the first steps in that great movement of which the fruition appears in the final development of our modern universities. For the man of highest culture, also, the end and object of study is, as Aristotle teaches us, not the attainment of knowledge, but the perfecting of conduct, and this is true not only when we conceive of conduct as our action in relation to other men, but also if we look upon it as action in relation to the objects and conditions which surround us.

Long before his mental awakening man must have evinced capacities to perform useful acts; capacities in part instinctive, and in part resulting from imitation of his elders and the unconscious adoption of tribal "traditions." With his mental awakening must have come the appreciation of the advantage gained by that one of his fellows who performed these useful acts with the greatest accuracy, by him who quickest struck the spark of fire, by him whose arrow-point was sharpest and lightest; and this appreciation of skill once gained must have been constantly impressed upon man by the exigencies of life's struggle.

Thus from the earliest dawn of human intelligence the wish to become skilful must have led man to search for certain crude principles by which to guide his activities, and in this we have the beginnings of science. His desire to perfect the weapons and utensils which he made, and to render stable the rough buildings which he constructed, led him to formulate the first crude empirical principles from which he afterward developed a "rule of thumb" mechanics and engineering. By chance, as the Phœnician legend has it, his fire under the natron blocks, resting on the sand, produced impure glass; and in noting the substances which had produced this new useful substance, and in deliberately repeating the accidental production, we

have an example of the beginnings of a crude chemistry. His dependence upon the weather led to observation of the heavens and of the heavenly bodies, and this in turn led to the formulation of a primitive astronomy. His discovery of metals, and of the action of heat upon them, suggested to his mind the making of metal tools and implements of war; and this again turned his attention to mining and gave him his first suggestions of metallurgy. His early use of grains and herbs for food led to the first tentative botanical classifications; and his attempts to cure wounds and broken bones resulted in the first of those steps which has given to us the sciences of physiology and anatomy.

Tentative and hap-hazard researches for principles by which to guide practice, such as we have here described, themselves determined another step in advance when man began his first attempts to investigate the laws of mechanics and physics and chemistry, and of their cognate science mathematics; of astronomy and geology, of botany and zoölogy, and then of biology, as a whole. From such studies it was but a step to the formulation of a "natural philosophy," in connection with which real philosophy was sure to develop.

Man having thus reached a point where the purely theoretical basis of human activities engaged his interest, a process began which, in a way, appears as the reverse of that we have been picturing. His thought was turned a step backward and once more to the investigation of law, which he now made more thorough, and this investigation led to the restatement and perfecting of theory; these modifications of theory in their turn leading to a still more enlightened investigation of law. As the result of these studies, moreover, a better conception was gained of the principles upon which practical activities should be based; these principles being deduced from comparison of theory with those empirical facts which became known by observation of the activities of life, and by study of the experience of men as known through historical records. Finally, man, with wits

sharpened by study and inquiry, has returned to the effort to gain greater skill in the activities of life which first stimulated him to investigate and theorize; and, in order to teach the practical application of pure theory, and of the laws and principles which it determines, he has established, in his universities, schools of civil and electrical and mechanical engineering, of chemistry and mining, of anatomy and surgery and physiology, of scientific botany and farming.

The process which we have thus far been considering has had relation only to that phase of human activity which results from the struggle for existence, and from the individual's longing for ease and comfort. But when human intelligence had reached a point of development which made possible the consideration of pure theory, when there had arisen some men who were philosophers, then it became clear that there were other important realms of human activity than those which were concerned with the mere relation between the man and his physical surroundings, realms which indeed had not failed to attract man's attention during his consideration of the activities of which we have thus far spoken. Thus it happened that the early philosophers came to conceive of the whole realm of human interest as divisible into three minor realms, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful; and these minor categories were thought to be mutually exclusive, while together they were supposed to comprise all in man's life that was worthy of study and investigation.

The movement of science above sketched out has dealt with the realm of the True; but it is evident that human experience in the realm of the Good has led to a parallel development. The observation of the manners and customs of men, in relation to their fellow-men, led, at a very early day, to a search for the principles of human actions, to crude investigation of the laws governing them, and finally to that enunciation of pure theory concerning their origin and ends which is covered by the general term *Ethic*. Here, as in the realm of the True, discussion of pure theory has resulted in a more thorough investigation of the laws concerned, and this, reacting to the re-statement and perfecting of pure theory, has led, in its turn, to more enlightened investigation of ethical laws, from which again has developed a higher conception of the principles of ethical practice.

Before considering the remaining realm of the Beautiful, we may well note that our universities have been established for, and concern themselves with, investigation and instruction in all the departments above considered. In all modern colleges there are departments devoted to the study and elucidation of pure theory, on the one hand in logic and its cognate science mathematics, and on the other hand in *ethic*: departments built upon foundations set deep by the earliest of teachers, and which with us, as with them, have their practical application in establishing tests of values; in showing how we may recognize truth and error on the one hand, morality and immorality on the other. In all our modern universities there are also departments devoted to the investigation of laws, and to the determination of principles of practice; on the one hand in physics, mechanics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, botany and zoölogy, and on the other hand in *ethics* proper, and in politics.

If we now turn to the efforts to deal with the practical application of pure theory, and of the laws and principles of practice which have developed from it, we find all our universities aiming at the realization of an ideal which if attained would give us expert teaching of practice as related to all the branches of learning we have considered. We have schools of engineering, departments of practical chemistry, of geology and mining, of surgery, anatomy, and physiology, etc. On the other hand we are beginning to have departments in which practical *ethics*, politics, economics, and sociology are taught; although in these special departments, which have been but lately organized, the ideal is not as yet fully realized.

Here we may note that the study of theory, of law, and of principle, is of the essence of the university ideal; without such study the establishment of schools of practice under university management would be generally recognized as an absurdity. Moreover, even our greatest universities accept frankly certain natural limitations in the practical work above considered: the universities situated far from hospitals do not generally maintain schools of medicine; those far from the higher courts do not establish law schools; agricultural colleges, on the other hand, are not attempted in the cities. With these parenthetical remarks let us turn to the examination of the realm of the Beautiful, in the light of

the considerations suggested by the foregoing study in relation to the realms of the True and the Good.

In the very earliest records of man's life we find evidences of a marked development of activities which relate entirely to the production of Beauty ; although his efforts were naturally first given to the attempt to beautify the implements he made, and to add grace to his own movement and speech, still it is evident that from its very birth art has been followed for art's sake. From the crudest of beginnings emotional expressions have been transformed into the art of dramatic acting, speech and song into the arts of rhetoric and music, building and rough carving and color delineation into the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. In connection with the practice of these arts there has also arisen a crude examination of the principles which underlie this practice, and an equally crude study of the laws governing artistic activities ; and this, going hand in hand with the philosophic examination of the True and of the Good, has led to a corresponding formulation of a vague theory of *Æsthetics*.

Thus far the development in the realm of Beauty corresponds with that already noted in the realms of the True and the Good. When we pass beyond this, however, we must acknowledge that the parallel with the course of development in relation to the True and the Good is more difficult to follow. The theory of *Æsthetics*, as a whole, cannot indeed be said to have been thoroughly considered even by Aristotle, although, as was necessary for a philosopher born of a race so enamoured of beauty as were the Greeks of his day, he did elucidate the theory of art within the limits he gave to it. From Aristotle's time to our day the theory of the Beautiful has been a matter of constant discussion ; yet it must be granted that the whole realm of *Æsthetics* has, during these times, been treated for the most part as the plaything of metaphysicians rather than as a subject of primary philosophic importance ; although in certain departments theory has been developed with considerable care, as, for instance, in relation to the arts of rhetoric and poetry.

But when we inquire what attempts have been made to investigate the laws upon which the several arts are dependent, and by which we must check our theories, if they are to be of any worth ; and if, taking a step further,

we ask what efforts have been made to formulate the principles in accordance with which we should guide our practice ; then we note that there is a great contrast between these activities of man in the realm of Beauty and his similar activities in the realms of the True and the Good. Serious studies in reference to color have indeed been made by creative artists as notable as Leonardo and Goethe, and, in our own time, valuable additions to knowledge in this direction have been gained through the labors of such men as Helmholtz and Rood. The principles of musical harmony, which have been carefully studied since the days of Bach, have been thoroughly investigated in our time by Helmholtz and others. In relation to proportion we have the really scientific investigation concerning the beauty of the "golden section," initiated by Fechner ; but with this exception we have learned little. In the field of sculpture, men like Lessing have developed certain general principles, but no scientific studies have served to elucidate any well-recognized laws in relation to this art. The investigation of the laws upon which æsthetic effect depends in rhetoric and poetry were treated somewhat fully by Aristotle, as already noted, but his works in a scale of values stand out in relative isolation. It is not denied that an immense amount of unsystematic effort has been given to the statement of principles of literary art, but, for the most part, this has been wasted because those grappling with these subjects have failed to grasp any valid theory of *Æsthetics* in general.

In fact, were it not for the very advanced studies in certain directions above mentioned, it might be said that in the region of *Æsthetics* we have not yet stepped beyond the early stages described in considering the True and the Good, as being preliminary to the attainment of the first crude general theory, and of the first crude conception of the laws and principles upon which the practical application of theory should properly be based. Not until very lately do we seem to have been able to grasp more than the most meagre notions of general æsthetic theory. Up to our own day there have been scarcely any signs of a tendency to study scientifically the laws and principles of æsthetics, and to correct pure theory by these studies, gaining from the theory thus perfected a clearer conception of the laws governing the arts, and a greater

certainty in regard to the principles which must guide the artist in his effort to produce lasting æsthetic effects.

This seems the clearer when we revert to our consideration of the realms of the True and the Good, and recall that in them the consideration of theory, the enlightened investigation of laws, and the elucidation of principles of practice deduced from these laws, form the basis of the development of our great universities. In *Æsthetics*, on the other hand, the state of the case is as different as can be imagined; apart from some metaphysical treatment of the subject by those who lecture in the philosophical departments, our university students have practically no opportunity to study pure æsthetic theory. We have no chairs of *Æsthetics* from which the incumbents treat the whole subject in a broad way; so far as it is taught at all, it is considered in the most narrow and unsystematic manner. We have professors of "*belles-lettres*," to be sure, and we have professors of "*art*" who teach their students something of the history of painting and sculpture and architecture, leaving them, however, with the impression that music and literature are not to be considered in the same category as the three arts just mentioned. We have furthermore certain brilliant lecturers who undertake to teach in *Æsthetics* what has been taught in the realms of the True and the Good since mediæval times, viz., the nature of tests of value; men who undertake to establish in their students correct canons of taste, and to lead them to appreciate beauty. This, however, as we have seen, in our consideration of the realms of the True and the Good, is far from being the final step in the development of a pedagogical system.

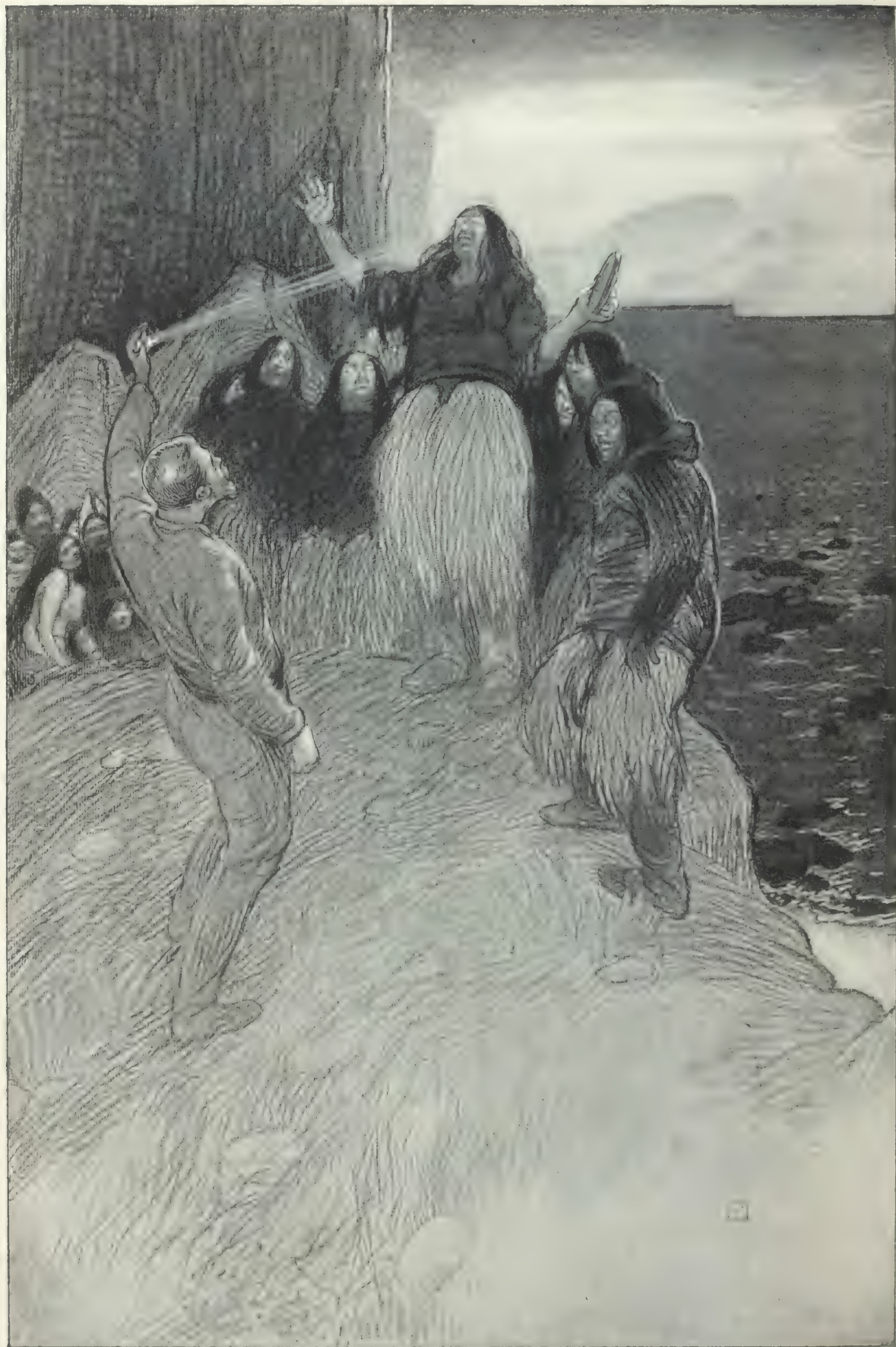
When we consider the marks of a later development we find that we cannot assert that the investigation of æsthetic laws is encouraged in our universities. Such investigations as have been made have been undertaken, for the most part, as side issues, and not at all because of distinct encouragement by university authority. Such advances in knowledge as those given us by Helmholtz and Rood, mentioned above, have come from physicists who have happened to have artistic interests. Fechner's studies in reference to the value of special proportions, and Professor Witmer's later experiments supplementing his, have been almost surreptitious-

ly instituted by workers in the departments of philosophy and psychology. But beyond this, as there are no departments in which pure æsthetic theory is especially studied, there is neither encouragement of the testing and revision of theory through the study of laws discovered and principles enunciated, nor of enlightened investigation as the result of the study of pure theory itself.

We have said enough to show that university teaching in *Æsthetics* is in no respect developed in correspondence with that in other departments of human interest. Whether such a development is possible or desirable is a question which we may hope to consider at another time. Here, in closing, we must content ourselves with noting that our universities, in certain directions, have, as a matter of fact, undertaken the practical teaching of artists, although this may be looked upon as anomalous inasmuch as they pay no attention to the laws and principles of which this teaching should be merely the practical application. We have in all our colleges practical work in the *Æsthetics* of poetical and prose-writing, and in the art of oratory; we have chairs of music and we grant musical degrees; we have many schools of architecture, and we have schools of painting and sculpture in connection with some of our larger universities.

The tendency of university extension in the direction of *Æsthetics* is anomalous in another particular. As we have already seen in the realms other than that of Beauty, the universities have, as a rule, accepted their natural limitations, establishing special schools of practice only where their facilities enable them to do so effectively. But in the realm of *Æsthetics* this rational course seems to be carelessly transcended in the desire of rival institutions to show the fullest of courses. Schools of architecture have been established in country colleges where the students are entirely out of touch with building activities on any but the smallest scale, and schools of painting and sculpture exist away from the large museums and far from all centres of artistic interest. While, from one point of view, this is to be deplored, it is, on the whole, a source of encouragement and hope for the future, for it implies that our institutions of learning have awakened to the fact that the art-loving public is calling upon them to give opportunity for special instruction to those who would devote their lives to the service of the Muses.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.



Drawn by Henry M. Carter.

LATTA'S MAGIC.

—Psalm VII. 15, page 352.

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THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

GENERAL YOUNG'S FIGHT AT LAS GUASIMAS



George Rowland, Troop G.

JUST before leaving Tampa we had been brigaded with the First (white) and Tenth (colored) Regular Cavalry under Brigadier-General S. B. M. Young. We were the Second Brigade, the First Brigade consisting of the Third and Sixth (white), and the Ninth (colored) Regular Cavalry under Brigadier-General Sumner. The two brigades of the cavalry division were under Major-General Joseph Wheeler, the gallant old Confederate cavalry commander.

General Young was—and is—as fine a type of the American fighting soldier as a man can hope to see. He had been in command, as Colonel, of the Yellowstone National Park, and I had seen a good deal of him in connection therewith, as I was President of the Boone and Crockett

Club, an organization devoted to hunting big game, to its preservation, and to forest preservation. During the preceding winter, while he was in Washington, he had lunched with me at the Metropolitan Club, Wood being one of the other guests. Of course, we talked of the war, which all of us present believed to be impending, and Wood and I told him we were going to make every effort to get in, somehow; and he answered that we must be sure to get into his brigade, if he had one, and he would guarantee to show us fighting. None of us forgot the conversation. As soon as our regiment was raised General Young applied for it to be put in his brigade. We were put in; and he made his word good; for he fought and won the first fight on Cuban soil.

Yet, even though under him, we should not have been in this fight at all if we had not taken advantage of the chance to disembark among the first troops, and if it had not been for Wood's energy in pushing our regiment to the front.

On landing we spent some active hours in marching our men a quarter of a mile or so inland, as boat-load by boat-load they disembarked. Meanwhile one of the men, Knoblauch, a New Yorker, who was a great athlete and a champion swimmer, by diving in the surf off the dock, recovered most of the rifles which had been lost when the boat-load of colored cavalry

capsized. The country would have offered very great difficulties to an attacking force had there been resistance. It was little but a mass of rugged and precipitous hills, covered for the most part by dense jungle. Five hundred resolute men could have prevented the disembarkation at very little cost to themselves. There had been about that number of Spaniards at Daiquiri that morning, but they had fled even before the ships began shelling. In their place we found hundreds of Cuban insurgents, a crew of as utter tatterdemalions as human eyes ever looked on, armed with every kind of rifle in all stages of dilapidation. It was evident, at a glance, that they would be no use in serious fighting, but it was hoped that they might be of service in scouting. From a variety of causes, however, they turned out to be nearly useless, even for this purpose, so far as the Santiago campaign was concerned.

We were camped on a dusty, brush-covered flat, with jungle on one side, and on the other a shallow, fetid pool fringed with palm-trees. Huge land-crabs scuttled noisily through the underbrush, exciting much interest among the men. Camping was a simple matter, as each man carried all he had, and the officers had nothing. I took a light mackintosh and a tooth-brush. Fortunately, that night it did not rain; and from the palm-leaves we built shelters from the sun.

General Lawton, a tall, fine-looking man, had taken the advance. A thorough soldier, he at once established outposts and pushed reconnoitring parties ahead on the trails. He had as little baggage as the rest of us. Our own Brigade-Commander, General Young, had exactly the same impedimenta that I had, namely, a mackintosh and a tooth-brush.

Next morning we were hard at work trying to get the stuff unloaded from the

ship, and succeeded in getting most of it ashore, but were utterly unable to get transportation for anything but a very small quantity. The great shortcoming throughout the campaign was the utterly inadequate transportation. If we had been allowed to take our mule-train, we could have kept the whole cavalry division supplied.

In the afternoon word came to us to march. General Wheeler, a regular game-

cock, was as anxious as Lawton to get first blood, and he was bent upon putting the cavalry division to the front as quickly as possible. Lawton's advance guard was in touch with the Spaniards, and there had been a skirmish between the latter and some Cubans, who were repulsed. General Wheeler made a reconnoissance in person, found out where the enemy was, and directed General Young to take our brigade and move forward so as to strike him next morning. He had the power

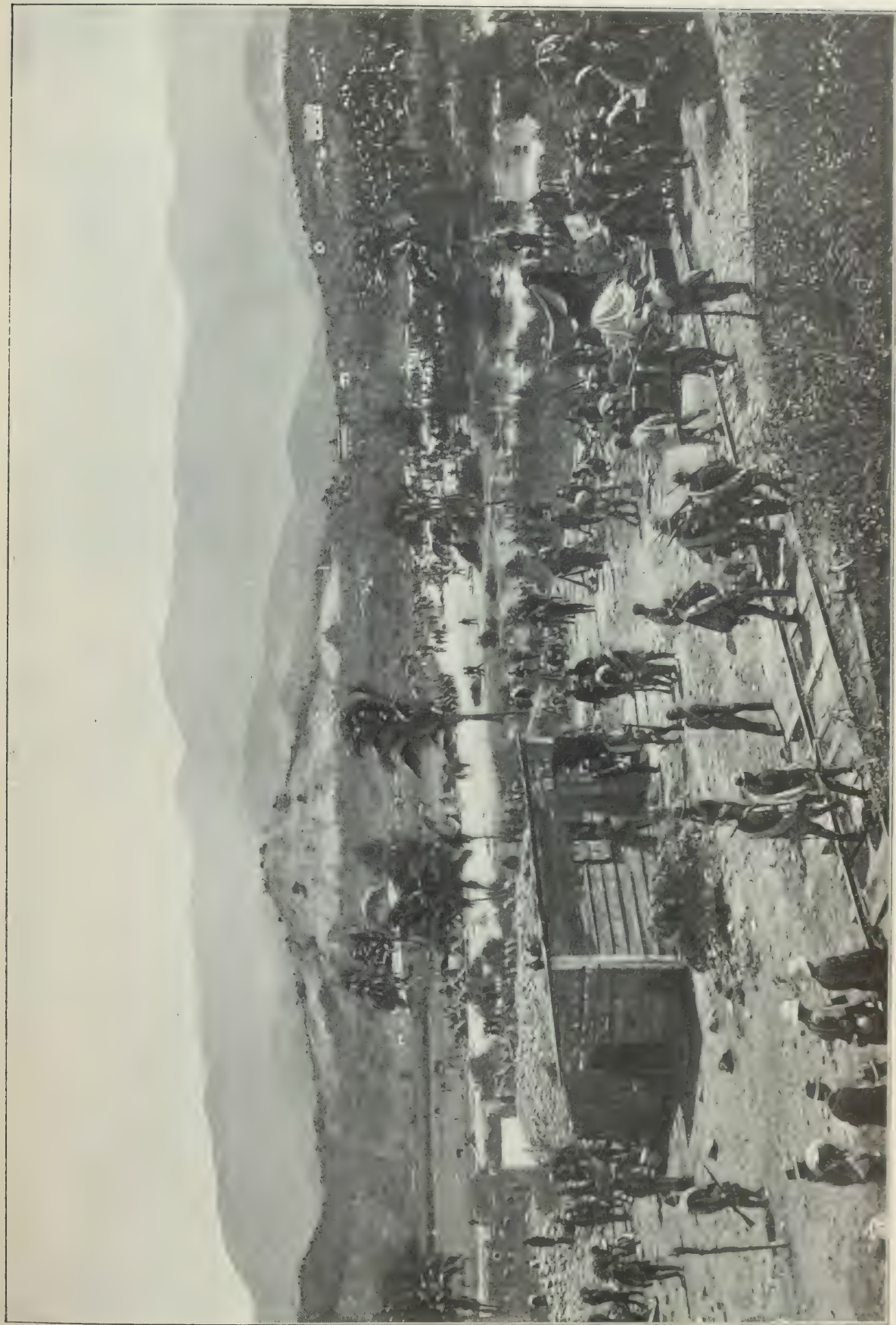
to do this, as when General Shafter was afloat he had command ashore.

I had succeeded in finding Texas, my surviving horse, much the worse for his fortnight on the transport and his experience in getting off, but still able to carry me.

It was mid-afternoon and the tropic sun was beating fiercely down when Colonel Wood started our regiment—the First and Tenth Cavalry and some of the infantry regiments having already marched. Colonel Wood himself rode in advance, while I led my squadron, and Major Brodie followed with his. It was a hard march, the hilly jungle trail being so narrow that often we had to go in single file. We marched fast, for Wood was bound to get us ahead of the other regiments, so as to be sure of our place in the body that struck the enemy next morning. If it had not been for his energy in pushing forward, we should



Brigadier-General S. B. M. Young.



Scene at Daiquiri, the Day the Army of Invasion Landed.



Rough Riders' Camp at Daiquiri.

certainly have missed the fight. As it was, we did not halt until we were at the extreme front.

The men were not in very good shape for marching, and moreover they were really horsemen, the majority being cowboys who had never done much walking. The heat was intense and their burdens very heavy. Yet there was very little straggling. Whenever we halted they instantly took off their packs and threw themselves on their backs. Then at the word to start they would spring into place again. The captains and lieutenants tramped along, encouraging the men by example and word. A good part of the time I was by Captain Llewellyn, and was greatly pleased to see the way in which he kept his men up to their work. He never pitied or coddled his troopers, but he always looked after them. He helped them whenever he could, and took rather more than his full share of hardship and danger, so that his men naturally followed him with entire devotion. Jack Greenway was under him as lieutenant, and to him the entire march was nothing but an enjoyable outing, the chance of fight on the morrow simply adding the needed spice of excitement.

It was long after nightfall when we tramped through the darkness into the squalid coast hamlet of Siboney. As usual when we made a night camp, we simply drew the men up in column of troops, and then let each man lie down where he was. Black thunder-clouds were gathering. Before they broke the fires were made and the men cooked their coffee and pork, some frying the hard-tack with the pork. The officers, of course, fared just as the men did. Hardly had we finished eating when the rain came, a regular tropic down-pour. We sat about, sheltering ourselves as best we could, for the hour or two it lasted; then the fires were relighted and we closed around them, the men taking off their wet things to dry them, so far as possible, by the blaze.

Wood had gone off to see General Young, as General Wheeler had instructed General Young to hit the Spaniards, who were about four miles away, as soon after daybreak as possible. Meanwhile I strolled over to Captain Capron's troop. He and I, with his two lieutenants, Day and Thomas, stood around the fire, together with two or three non-commissioned officers and privates; among the latter were Sergeant Hamilton Fish and Trooper Elliott

Cowdin, both of New York. Cowdin, together with two other troopers, Harry Thorpe and Munro Ferguson, had been on my Oyster Bay Polo Team some years before. Hamilton Fish had already shown himself one of the best non-commissioned officers we had. A huge fellow, of enormous strength and endurance and dauntless courage, he took naturally to a soldier's life. He never complained and never shirked any duty of any kind, while his power over his men was great. So good a sergeant had he made that Captain Capron, keen to get the best men under him, took him when he left Tampa—for Fish's troop remained behind. As we stood around the flickering blaze that night I caught myself admiring the splendid bodily vigor of Capron and Fish—the captain and the sergeant. Their frames seemed of steel, to withstand all fatigue; they were flushed with health; in their eyes shone high resolve and fiery desire. Two finer types of the fighting man, two better representatives of the American soldier, there were not in the whole army. Capron was going over his plans for the fight when we should meet the Spaniards on the morrow, Fish occasionally asking a question. They were both filled with eager longing to show their mettle, and both were rightly confident that if they lived they would win honorable renown and would rise high in their chosen profession. Within twelve hours they both were dead.

I had lain down when toward midnight Wood returned. He had gone over the whole plan with General Young. We were to start by sunrise toward Santiago, General Young taking four troops of the Tenth and four troops of the First up the road which led through the valley; while

Colonel Wood was to lead our eight troops along a hill-trail to the left, which joined the valley road about four miles on, at a point where the road went over a spur of the mountain-chain and from thence went down hill toward Santiago. The Spaniards had their lines at the junction of the road and the trail.

Before describing our part in the fight, it is necessary to say a word about Gen-



The Old Sun-dial at Sevilla.

eral Young's share, for, of course, the whole fight was under his direction, and the fight on the right wing under his immediate supervision. General Young had obtained from General Castillo, the commander of the Cuban forces, a full description of the country in front. General Castillo promised Young the aid of eight hundred Cubans, if he made a reconnaissance in force to find out exactly what the Spanish strength was. This promised Cuban aid did not, however, materialize, the Cubans, who had been

beaten back by the Spaniards the day before, not appearing on the firing-line until the fight was over.

General Young had in his immediate command a squadron of the First Regular Cavalry, two hundred and forty-four strong, under the command of Major Bell, and a squadron of the Tenth Regular Cavalry, two hundred and twenty strong, under the command of Major Norvell. He also had two Hotchkiss mountain guns, under Captain Watson of the Tenth. He started

there were advance parties along both roads. There were stone breastworks flanked by block-houses on that part of the ridge where the two trails came together. The place was called Las Guasimas, from trees of that name in the neighborhood.

General Young, who was riding a mule, carefully examined the Spanish position in person. He ordered the canteens of the troops to be filled, placed the Hotchkiss battery in concealment about nine



Opening at Side of Road through which Left Flank of Rough Riders Deployed.

at a quarter before six in the morning, accompanied by Captain A. L. Mills, as aide. It was at half-past seven that Captain Mills, with a patrol of two men in advance, discovered the Spaniards as they lay across where the two roads came together, some of them in pits, others simply lying in the heavy jungle, while on their extreme right they occupied a big ranch. Where General Young struck them they held a high ridge a little to the left of his front, this ridge being separated by a deep ravine from the hill trail still farther to the left, down which the Rough Riders were advancing. That is, their forces occupied a range of high hills in the form of an obtuse angle, the salient being toward the space between the American forces, while

hundred yards from the Spanish lines, and then deployed the white regulars, with the colored regulars in support, having sent a Cuban guide to try to find Colonel Wood and warn him. He did not attack immediately, because he knew that Colonel Wood, having a more difficult route, would require a longer time to reach the position. During the delay General Wheeler arrived; he had been up since long before dawn, to see that everything went well. Young informed him of the dispositions, and plan of attack he made. General Wheeler approved of them, and with excellent judgment left General Young a free hand to fight his battle.

So, about eight o'clock Young began the fight with his Hotchkiss guns, he himself

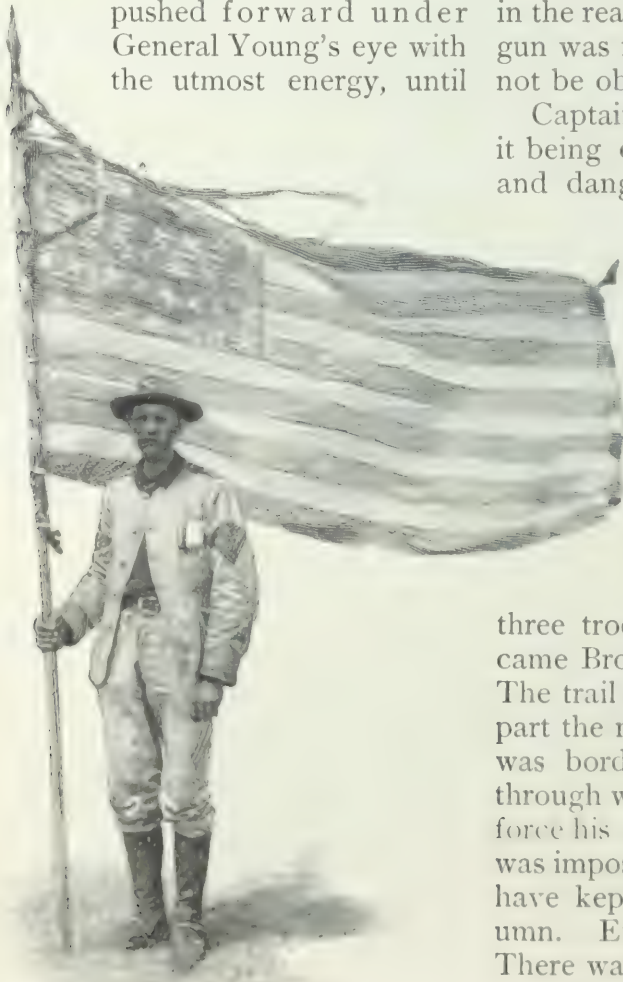


Helping a Wounded Rough Rider to the Rear during the Guasimas Fight.

being up on the firing-line. No sooner had the Hotchkiss one-pounders opened than the Spaniards opened fire in return, most of the time firing by volleys executed in perfect time, almost as on parade. They had a couple of light guns, which our people thought were quick firers. The denseness of the jungle and the fact that they used absolutely smokeless powder, made it exceedingly difficult to place exactly where they were, and almost immediately Young, who always liked to get as close as possible to his enemy, began to push his troops

forward. They were deployed on both sides of the road in such thick jungle that it was only here and there that they could possibly see ahead, and some confusion, of course, ensued, the support gradually getting mixed with the advance. Captain Beck took A Troop of the Tenth in on the left, next Captain Galbraith's troop of the First, two other troops of the Tenth were on the extreme right. Through the jungle ran wire fences here and there, and as the troops got to the ridge they encountered precipitous heights. They were led most

gallantly, as American regular officers always lead their men; and the men followed their leaders with the splendid courage always shown by the American regular soldier. There was not a single straggler among them, and in not one instance was an attempt made by any trooper to fall out in order to assist the wounded or carry back the dead, while so cool were they and so perfect their fire discipline, that in the entire engagement the expenditure of ammunition was not over ten rounds per man. Major Bell, who commanded the squadron, had his leg broken by a shot as he was leading his men. Captain Wainwright succeeded to the command of the squadron. Captain Knox was shot in the abdomen. He continued for some time giving orders to his troops, and refused to allow a man in the firing-line to assist him to the rear. His First Lieutenant, Byram, was himself shot, but continued to lead his men until the wound and the heat overcame him and he fell in a faint. The advance was pushed forward under General Young's eye with the utmost energy, until



Color Sergeant A. P. Wright

the enemy's voices could be heard in the entrenchments. The Spaniards kept up a very heavy firing, but the regulars would not be denied, and as they climbed the ridges the Spaniards broke and fled.

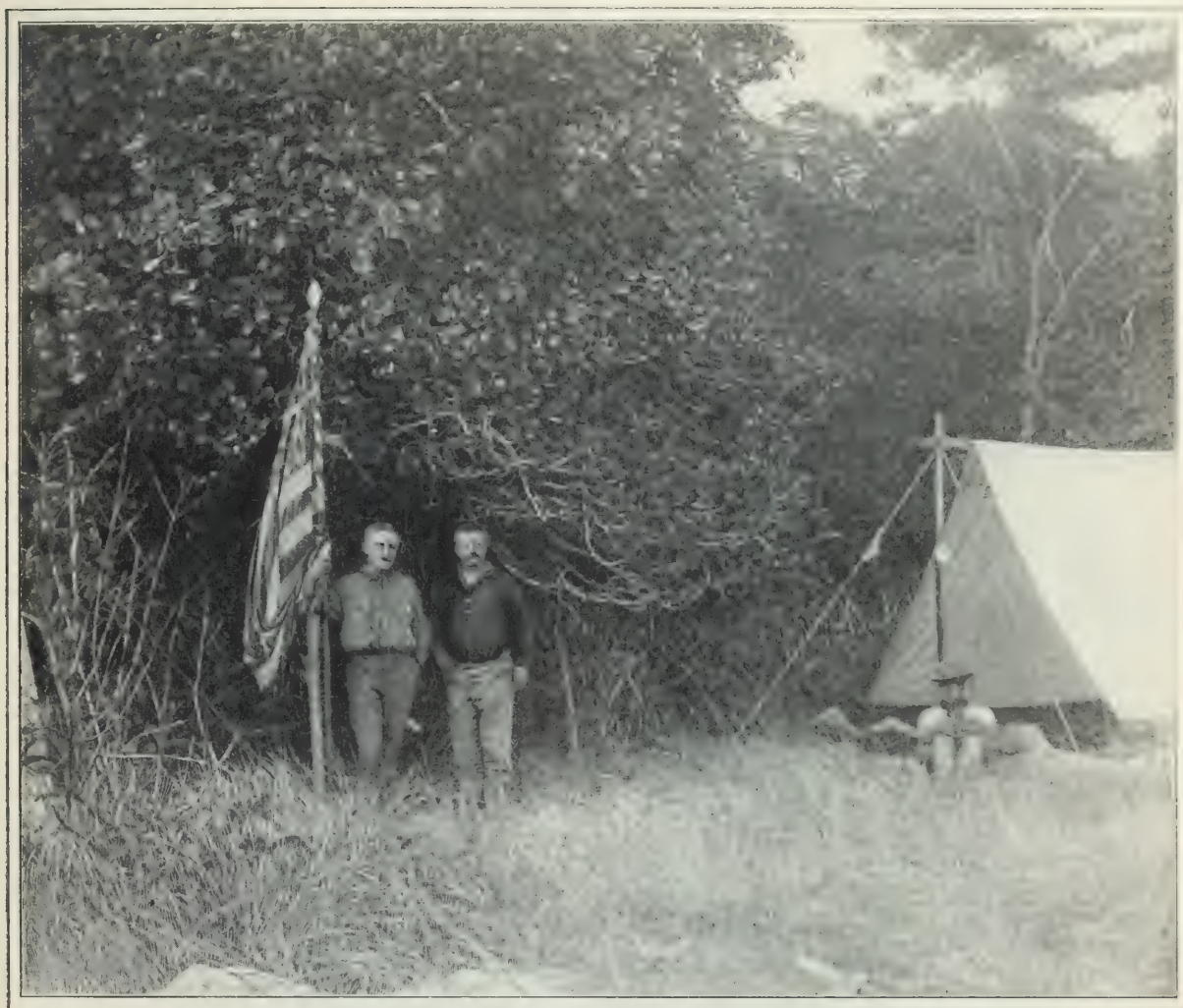
Meanwhile, at six o'clock, the Rough Riders began their advance. We first had to climb a very steep hill. Many of the men, foot-sore and weary from their march of the preceding day, found the pace up this hill too hard, and either dropped their bundles or fell out of line, with the result that we went into action with less than five hundred men—as, in addition to the stragglers, a detachment had been left to guard the baggage on shore. At the time I was rather inclined to grumble to myself about Wood setting so fast a pace, but when the fight began I realized that it had been absolutely necessary, as otherwise we should have arrived late and the regulars would have had very hard work indeed.

Tiffany, by great exertions, had corralled a couple of mules and was using them to transport the Colt automatic guns in the rear of the regiment. The dynamite gun was not with us, as mules for it could not be obtained in time.

Captain Capron's troop was in the lead, it being chosen for the most responsible and dangerous position because of Capron's capacity. Four men,

headed by Sergeant Hamilton Fish, went first; a support of twenty men followed some distance behind; and then came Capron and the rest of his troop, followed by Wood, with whom General Young had sent Lieutenants Smedburg and Rivers as aides. I rode close behind, at the head of the other

three troops of my squadron, and then came Brodie at the head of his squadron. The trail was so narrow that for the most part the men marched in single file, and it was bordered by dense, tangled jungle, through which a man could with difficulty force his way; so that to put out flankers was impossible, for they could not possibly have kept up with the march of the column. Every man had his canteen full. There was a Cuban guide at the head of the column, but he ran away as soon as the fighting began. There were also with



Colonel Wood. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt.

R. H. Davis.

Head-quarters of Rough Riders after Guasimas Fight.

us, at the head of the column, two men who did not run away, who though non-combatants — newspaper - correspondents — showed as much gallantry as any soldier in the field. They were Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis.

After reaching the top of the hill the walk was very pleasant. Now and then we came to glades or rounded hill-shoulders, whence we could look off for some distance. The tropical forest was very beautiful, and it was a delight to see the strange trees, the splendid royal palms and a tree which looked like a flat-topped acacia, and which was covered with a mass of brilliant scarlet flowers. We heard many bird-notes, too, the cooing of doves and the call of a great brush cuckoo. Afterward we found that the Spanish guerillas imitated these bird-calls, but the sounds we heard that morning, as we advanced through the tropic forest, were from birds, not guerillas, until we came right up to the

Spanish lines. It was very beautiful and very peaceful, and it seemed more as if we were off on some hunting excursion than as if we were about to go into a sharp and bloody little fight.

Of course, we accommodated our movements to those of the men in front. After marching for somewhat over an hour, we suddenly came to a halt, and immediately afterward General Wood sent word down the line that the advance guard had come upon a Spanish outpost. Then the order was passed to fill the magazines, which was done.

The men were totally unconcerned, and I do not think they realized that any fighting was at hand ; at any rate, I could hear the group nearest me discussing in low murmurs, not the Spaniards, but the conduct of a certain cow-puncher in quitting work on a ranch and starting a saloon in some New Mexican town. In another minute, however, Wood sent me orders to

deploy three troops to the right of the trail, and to advance when we became engaged; while, at the same time, the other troops, under Major Brodie, were deployed to the left of the trail where the ground was more open than elsewhere—one troop being held in reserve in the centre, besides the reserves on each wing. Later all the reserves were put into the firing-line.

To the right the jungle was quite thick, and we had barely begun to deploy when a crash in front announced that the fight was on. It was evidently very hot, and L Troop had its hands full; so I hurried my men up abreast of them. So thick was the jungle that it was very difficult to keep together, especially when there was no time for delay, and while I got up Llewellyn's troops and Kane's platoon of K Troop, the rest of K Troop under Captain Jenkins which, with Bucky O'Neill's troop, made up the right wing, were behind, and it was some time before they got into the fight at all.

Meanwhile I had gone forward with Llewellyn, Greenway, Kane and their troopers until we came out on a kind of shoulder, jutting over a ravine, which separated us from a great ridge on our right. It was on this ridge that the Spaniards had some of their intrenchments, and it was just beyond this ridge that the Valley Road led, up which the regulars were at that very time pushing their attack; but, of course, at the moment we knew nothing of this. The effect of the smokeless powder was remarkable. The air seemed full of the rustling sound of the Mauser bullets, for the Spaniards knew the trails by which we were advancing, and opened heavily on our position. Moreover, as we advanced we were, of course, exposed, and

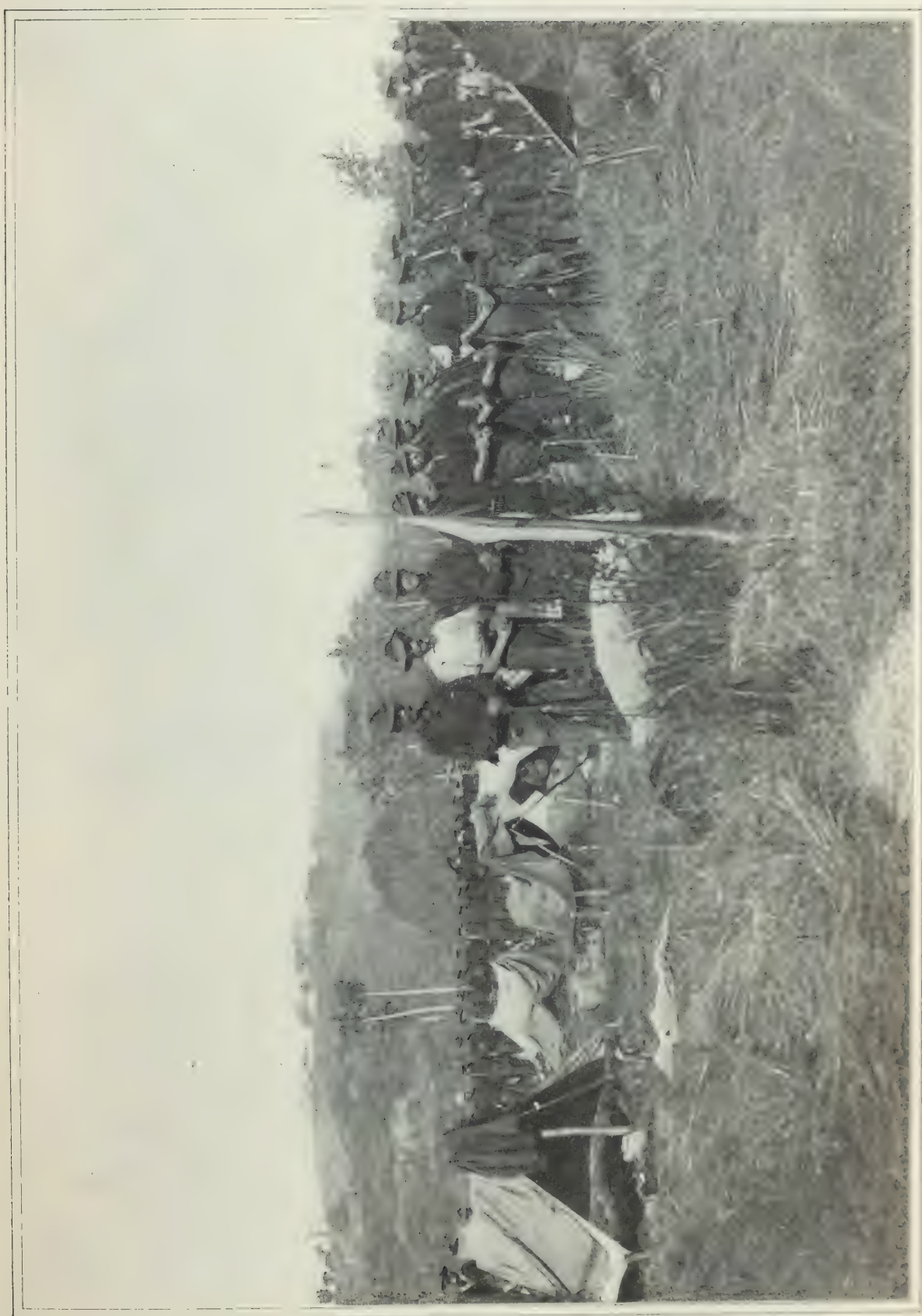
they could see us and fire. But they themselves were entirely invisible. The jungle covered everything, and not the faintest trace of smoke was to be seen in any direction to indicate from whence the bullets came. It was some time before the men fired; Llewellyn, Kane, and I anxiously studying the ground to see where our opponents were, and utterly unable to find out.

We could hear the faint reports of the Hotchkiss guns and the reply of two Spanish guns, and the Mauser bullets were singing through the trees over our heads, making a noise like the humming of telephone wires; but exactly where they came from we could not tell. The Spaniards were firing high and for the most part by volleys, and their shooting was not very good, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, as they were a long way off. Gradually, however, they began to get the



Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Killed at Las Guasimas.

range and occasionally one of our men would crumple up. In no case did the man make any outcry when hit, seeming to take it as a matter of course; at the outside, making only such a remark as, "Well, I got it that time." With hardly an exception, there was no sign of flinching. I say with hardly an exception, for though I personally did not see an instance, and though all the men at the front behaved excellently, yet there were a very few men who lagged behind and drifted back to the trail over which we had come. The character of the fight put a premium upon such conduct, and afforded a very severe test for raw troops; because the jungle was so dense that as we advanced in open order, every man was, from time to time, left almost alone and away from the eyes of his officers. There was un-



Camp of the Kough Riders after the Guasinas Fight, K Troop in the Foreground.

limited opportunity for dropping out without attracting notice, while it was peculiarly hard to be exposed to the fire of an unseen foe, and to see men dropping under it, and yet to be, for some time, unable to return it, and also to be entirely ignorant of what was going on in any other part of the field.

It was Richard Harding Davis who gave us our first opportunity to shoot back with effect. He was behaving precisely like my officers, being on the extreme front of the line, and taking every opportunity to study with his glasses the ground where we thought the Spaniards were. I had tried some volley firing at points where I rather doubtfully believed the Spaniards to be, but had stopped firing and was myself studying the jungle-covered mountain ahead with my glasses, when Davis suddenly said: "There they are, Colonel; look over there; I can see their hats near that glade," pointing across the valley to our right. In a minute I, too, made out the hats, and then pointed them out to three or four of our best shots, giving them my estimate of the range. For a minute or two no result followed, and I kept raising the range, at the same time getting more men on the firing-line. Then, evidently, the shots told, for the Spaniards suddenly sprang out of the cover through which we had seen their hats, and ran to another spot; and we could now make out a large number of them.

I accordingly got all of my men up in line and began quick firing. In a very few minutes our bullets began to do damage, for the Spaniards retreated to the left, into the jungle, and we lost sight of them. At the same moment a big body of men who, it afterward turned out, were Spaniards, came in sight along the glade, following the retreat of those whom we had

just driven from the trenches. We supposed that there was a large force of Cubans with General Young, not being aware that these Cubans had failed to make their appearance, and as it was impossible to tell the Cubans from the Spaniards, and as we could not decide whether these were Cubans following the Spaniards we had put to flight, or merely another troop of Spaniards retreating after the first (which was really the case) we dared not fire, and in a minute they had passed the glade and were out of sight.

At every halt we took advantage of the cover, sinking down behind any mound, bush, or tree-trunk in the neighborhood. The trees, of course, furnished no protection from the Mauser bullets. Once I was standing behind a large palm with my head out to one side, very fortunately; for a bullet passed through the palm, filling my left eye and ear with the dust and splinters.

No man was allowed to drop out to help the wounded. It was hard to leave them there in the jungle, where they might not be found again until the vultures and the land-crabs came, but war is a

grim game and there was no choice. One of the men shot was Harry Heffner of G Troop, who was mortally wounded through the hips. He fell without uttering a sound, and two of his companions dragged him behind a tree. Here he propped himself up and asked to be given his canteen and his rifle, which I handed to him. He then again began shooting, and continued loading and firing until the line moved forward and we left him alone, dying in the gloomy shade. When we found him again, after the fight, he was dead.

At one time, as I was out of touch with that part of my wing commanded by Jenkins and O'Neill, I sent Greenway, with



Major Brodie, Wounded in the Guasimas Fight.



The Spot where Seven Rough Riders were Buried after the First Day's Fight at Las Guasimas.

Sergeant Russell, a New Yorker, and trooper Rowland, a New Mexican cow-puncher, down in the valley to find out where they were. To do this the three had to expose themselves to a very severe fire, but they were not men to whom this mattered. Russell was killed; the other two returned and reported to me the position of Jenkins and O'Neill. They then resumed their places on the firing-line. After awhile I noticed blood coming out of Rowland's side and discovered that he had been shot, although he did not seem to be taking any notice of it. He said the wound was only slight, but as I saw he had broken a rib, I told him to go to the rear to the hospital. After some grumbling he went, but fifteen minutes later he was back on the firing-line again and said he could not find the hospital—

which I doubted. However, I then let him stay until the end of the fight.

After we had driven the Spaniards off from their position to our right, the firing seemed to die away so far as we were concerned, for the bullets no longer struck around us in such a storm as before, though along the rest of the line the battle was as brisk as ever. Soon we saw troops appearing across the ravine, not very far from where we had seen the Spaniards whom we had thought might be Cubans. Again we dared not fire, and carefully studied the new-comers with our glasses; and this time we were right, for we recognized our own cavalry-men. We were by no means sure that they recognized us, however, and were anxious that they should, but it was very difficult to find a clear spot in the jungle from which to sig-

nal; so Sergeant Lee of Troop K climbed a tree and from its summit waved the troop guidon. They waved their guidon back, and as our right wing was now in touch with the regulars, I left Jenkins and O'Neill to keep the connection, and led Llewellyn's troop back to the path to join the rest of the regiment, which was evidently still in the thick of the fight. I was still very much in the dark as to where the main body of the Spanish forces were, or exactly what lines the battle was following, and was very uncertain what I ought to do; but I knew it could not be wrong to go forward, and I thought I would find Wood and then see what he wished me to do. I was in a mood to cordially welcome guidance, for it was most bewildering to fight an enemy whom one so rarely saw.

I had not seen Wood since the beginning of the skirmish, when he hurried forward. When the firing opened some of the men began to curse. "Don't swear—shoot!" growled Wood, as he strode along the path leading his horse, and everyone laughed and became cool again. The Spanish outposts were very near our advance guard, and some minutes of the hot-

test kind of firing followed before they were driven back and slipped off through the jungle to their main lines in the rear.

Here, at the very outset of our active service, we suffered the loss of two as gallant men as ever wore uniform. Sergeant Hamilton Fish at the extreme front, while holding the point up to its work and firing back where the Spanish advance guards lay, was shot and killed instantly; three of the men with him were likewise hit. Captain Capron, leading the advance guard in person, and displaying equal courage and coolness in the way that he handled them, was also struck, and died a few minutes afterward. The command of the troop then devolved upon the First Lieutenant, young Thomas. Like Capron, Thomas was the fifth in line from father to son who had served in the American army, though in his case it was in the volunteer and not the regular service; the four preceding generations had furnished soldiers respectively to the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. In a few minutes Thomas was shot through the leg, and the command devolved upon the Second Lieutenant, Day (a nephew of



Grave of Captain Capron on the Hillside at Siboney.

"Albemarle" Cushing, he who sunk the great Confederate ram). Day, who proved himself to be one of our most efficient officers, continued to handle the men to the best possible advantage, and brought them steadily forward. L Troop was from the Indian Territory. The whites, Indians, and half-breeds in it, all fought with equal courage. Captain McClintock was hurried forward to its relief with his Troop B, of Arizona men. In a few minutes he was shot through the leg and his place was taken by his First Lieutenant, Wilcox, who handled his men in the same soldierly manner that Day did.

Among the men who showed marked courage and coolness was the tall color-sergeant, Wright; the colors were shot through three times.

When I had led G Troop back to the trail I ran ahead of them, passing the dead and wounded men of L troop, passing young Fish as he lay with glazed eyes under the rank tropic growth to one side of the trail. When I came to the front I found the men spread out in a very thin skirmish line, advancing through comparatively open ground, each man taking advantage of what cover he could, while Wood strolled about leading his horse, Brodie being close at hand. How Wood escaped being hit, I do not see, and still less how his horse escaped. I had left mine at the beginning of the action, and was only regretting that I had not left my sword with it, as it kept getting between my legs when I was tearing my way through the jungle. I never wore it again in action. Lieutenant Rivers was with Wood, also leading his horse. Smedburg had been sent off on the by no means pleasant task of establishing communications with Young.

Very soon after I reached the front, Brodie was hit, the bullet shattering one arm and whirling him around as he stood. He had kept on the extreme front all through, his presence and example keeping his men entirely steady, and he at first refused to go to the rear; but the wound was very painful, and he became so faint that he had to be sent. Thereupon, Wood directed me to take charge of the left wing in Brodie's place, and to bring it forward; so over I went.

I now had under me Captains Luna,

Muller, and Houston, and I began to take them forward, well spread out, through the high grass of a rather open forest. I noticed Goodrich, of Houston's troop, tramping along behind his men, absorbed in making them keep at good intervals from one another and fire slowly with careful aim. As I came close up to the edge of the troop, he caught a glimpse of me, mistook me for one of his own skirmishers who was crowding in too closely, and called out, "Keep your interval, sir; keep your interval, and go forward."

A perfect hail of bullets was sweeping over us as we advanced. Once I got a glimpse of some Spaniards, apparently retreating, far in the front, and to our right, and we fired a couple of rounds after them. Then I became convinced, after much anxious study, that we were being fired at from some large red-tiled buildings, part of a ranch on our front. Smokeless powder, and the thick cover in our front, continued to puzzle us, and I more than once consulted anxiously the officers as to the exact whereabouts of our opponents. I took a rifle from a wounded man and began to try shots with it myself. It was very hot and the men were getting exhausted, though at this particular time we were not suffering heavily from bullets, the Spanish fire going high. As we advanced, the cover became a little thicker and I lost touch of the main body under Wood; so I halted and we fired industriously at the ranch buildings ahead of us, some five hundred yards off. Then we heard cheering on the right, and I supposed that this meant a charge on the part of Wood's men, so I sprang up and ordered the men to rush the buildings ahead of us. They came forward with a will. There was a moment's heavy firing from the Spaniards, which all went over our heads, and then it ceased entirely. When we arrived at the buildings, panting and out of breath, they contained nothing but heaps of empty cartridge-shells and two dead Spaniards, shot through the head.

The country all around us was thickly forested, so that it was very difficult to see any distance in any direction. The firing had now died out, but I was still entirely uncertain as to exactly what had happened. I did not know whether the enemy had been driven back or whether it

was merely a lull in the fight, and we might be attacked again; nor did I know what had happened in any other part of the line, while as I occupied the extreme left, I was not sure whether or not my flank was in danger. At this moment one of our men who had dropped out, arrived with the information (fortunately false) that Wood was dead. Of course, this meant that the command devolved upon me, and I hastily set about taking charge of the regiment. I had been particularly struck by the coolness and courage shown by Sergeants Dame and McIlhenny, and sent them out with small pickets to keep watch in front and to the left of the left wing. I sent other men to fill the canteens with water, and threw the rest out in a long line in a disused sunken road, which gave them cover, putting two or three wounded men, who had hitherto kept up with the fighting-line, and a dozen men who were suffering from heat exhaustion—for the fighting and running under that blazing sun through the thick dry jungle was heart-breaking—into the ranch buildings. Then I started over toward the main body, but to my delight encountered Wood himself, who told me the fight was over and the Spaniards had retreated. He also informed me that other troops were just coming up. The first to appear was a squadron of the Ninth Cavalry, under Major Dimick, which had hurried up to get into the fight, and was greatly disappointed to find it over. They took post in front of our lines, so that our tired men were able to get a rest, Captain McBlain, of the Ninth, good-naturedly giving us some points as to the best way to station our outposts. Then General Chaffee, rather glum at not having been in the fight himself, rode up at the head of some of his infantry, and I marched my squadron back to where the rest of the regiment was going into camp, just where the two trails came together, and beyond—that is, on the Santiago side of—the original Spanish lines.

The Rough Riders had lost eight men killed and thirty-four wounded, aside from two or three who were merely scratched and whose wounds were not reported. The First Cavalry, white, lost seven men killed and eight wounded; the Tenth Cavalry, colored, one man killed and ten

wounded; so, out of 964 men engaged on our side, 16 were killed and 52 wounded. The Spaniards were under General Rubin, with, as second in command, Colonel Alcaez. They had two guns, and eleven companies of about a hundred men each: three belonging to the Porto Rico regiment, three to the San Fernandino, two to the Talavera, two being so-called mobilized companies from the mineral districts, and one a company of engineers; over twelve hundred men in all, together with two guns.*

General Rubin reported that he had repulsed the American attack, and Lieutenant Tejeiro states in his book that General Rubin forced the Americans to retreat, and enumerates the attacking force as consisting of three regular regiments of infantry, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York (not one of which fired a gun or were anywhere near the battle), in addition to the sixteen dismounted troops of cavalry. In other words, as the five infantry regiments each included twelve companies, he makes the attacking force consist of just five times the actual amount. As for the "repulse," our line never went back ten yards in any place, and the advance was practically steady; while an hour and a half after the battle began we were in complete possession of the entire Spanish position, and their troops were fleeing in masses down the road, our men being too exhausted to follow them.

General Rubin also reports that he lost but seven men killed. This is certainly incorrect, for Captain O'Neill and I went over the ground very carefully and counted eleven dead Spaniards, all of whom were actually buried by our burying squads. There were probably two or three men whom we missed, but I think that our official reports are incorrect in stating that forty-two dead Spaniards

* See Lieutenant Müller y Tejeiro, "Combates y Capitulación de Santiago de Cuba," page 136. The Lieutenant speaks as if only one échelon, of seven companies and two guns, was engaged on the 24th. The official report says distinctly, "General Rubin's column," which consisted of the companies detailed above. By turning to page 146, where Lieutenant Tejeiro enumerates the strength of the various companies, it will be seen that they averaged over 110 men apiece; this probably does not include officers, and is probably an under-statement anyhow. On page 141 he makes the Spanish loss at Las Guasimas, which he calls Sevilla, 9 killed and 27 wounded. Very possibly he includes only the Spanish regulars; two of the Spaniards we slew, over on the left, were in brown, instead of the light blue of the regulars, and were doubtless guerrillas.

were found ; this being based upon reports in which I think some of the Spanish dead were counted two or three times. Indeed, I should doubt whether their loss was as heavy as ours, for they were under cover, while we advanced, often in the open, and their main lines fled long before we could get to close quarters. It was a very difficult country, and a force of good soldiers resolutely handled could have held the pass with ease against two or three times their number. As it was, with a force half of regulars and half of volunteers, we drove out a superior number of Spanish regular troops, stronger posted, without suffering a very heavy loss. Although the Spanish fire was very heavy, it does not seem to me it was very well directed ; and though they fired with great spirit while we merely stood at a distance and fired at them, they did not show much resolution, and when we advanced, always went back long before there was any chance of our coming into contact with them. Our men behaved very well indeed—white regulars, colored regulars, and Rough Riders alike. The newspaper press failed to do full justice to the white regulars, in my opinion, from the simple reason that everybody knew that they would fight, whereas there had been a good deal of question as to how the Rough Riders, who were volunteer troops, and the Tenth Cavalry, who were colored, would behave ; so there was a tendency to exalt our deeds at the expense of those of the First Regulars, whose courage and good conduct were taken for granted. It was a trying fight beyond what the losses show, for it is hard upon raw soldiers to be pitted against an unseen foe, and to advance steadily when their comrades are falling around them, and when they can only occasionally see a chance to retaliate. Wood's experience in fighting Apaches stood him in good stead. An entirely raw man at the head of the regiment, conducting, as Wood was, what was practically an independent fight would have been in a very trying position. The fight cleared the way toward Santiago, and we experienced no further resistance.

That afternoon we made camp and dined, subsisting chiefly on a load of beans which we found on one of the Spanish

mules which had been shot. We also looked after the wounded. Dr. Church had himself gone out to the firing-line during the fight, and carried to the rear some of the worst wounded on his back or in his arms. Those who could walk had walked into where the little field-hospital of the regiment was established on the trail. We found all our dead and all the badly wounded. Around one of the latter the big, hideous land-crabs had gathered in a grewsome ring, waiting for life to be extinct. One of our own men and most of the Spanish dead had been found by the vultures before we got to them ; and their bodies were mangled, the eyes and wounds being torn.

The Rough Rider who had been thus treated was in Bucky O'Neill's troop ; and as we looked at the body, O'Neill turned to me and asked, "Colonel, isn't it Whitman who says of the vultures that 'they pluck the eyes of princes and tear the flesh of kings?'" I answered that I could not place the quotation. Just a week afterward we were shielding his own body from the birds of prey.

One of the men who fired first, and who displayed conspicuous gallantry was a Cherokee half-breed named Isabel. He was hit seven times, and of course had to go back to the States. Before he rejoined us at Montauk Point he had gone through a little private war of his own ; for on his return he found that a cow-boy named Davis had gone off with his sweetheart, and in the fight that ensued he shot Davis. Another man of L Troop who also showed marked gallantry was Elliott Cowdin. The men of the plains and mountains were trained by life-long habit to look on life and death with iron philosophy. As I passed by a couple of tall, lank, Oklahoma cow-punchers, I heard one say, "Well, some of the boys got it in the neck !" to which the other answered with the grim plains proverb of the South : "Many a good horse dies."

We improvised litters, and carried the more sorely wounded back to Siboney that afternoon and the next morning : the others walked. One of the men who had been most severely wounded was Edward Marshall, the correspondent, and he showed as much heroism as any soldier in the whole army. He was shot through the

spine, a terrible and very painful wound, which we supposed meant that he would surely die ; but he made no complaint of any kind, and while he retained consciousness persisted in dictating the story of the fight. A very touching incident happened in the improvised open-air hospital after the fight, where the wounded were lying. They did not groan, and made no complaint, trying to help one another. One of them suddenly began to hum, "My Country 'tis of Thee," and one by one the others joined in the chorus, which swelled out through the tropic woods, where the victors lay in camp beside their dead. I did not see any sign among the fighting men, whether wounded or unwounded, of the very complicated emotions assigned to their kind by some of the realistic modern novelists who have written about battles. At the front everyone behaved quite simply and took things as they came, in a matter-of-course way ; but there was doubtless, as is always the case, a good deal of panic and confusion in the rear where the wounded, the stragglers, a few of the packers, and two or three newspaper correspondents were, and in consequence the first reports sent back to the coast were of a most alarming character, describing, with minute inaccuracy, how we had run into an ambush, etc. The packers with the mules which carried the rapid-fire guns were among those who ran, and they let the mules go in the jungle ; in consequence the guns were never even brought to the firing-line, and only Fred Herrig's skill as a trailer enabled us to recover them. By patient work he followed up the mules' tracks in the forest until he found the animals.

Among the wounded who walked to the temporary hospital at Siboney was the trooper, Rowland, of whom I spoke before. There the doctors examined him, and decreed that his wound was so serious that he must go back to the States. This was enough for Rowland, who waited until nightfall and then escaped, slipping out of the window and making his way back to camp with his rifle and pack, though his wound must have made all movement very painful to him. After this, we felt that he was entitled to stay, and he never left us for a day, distinguishing himself again in the fight at San Juan.

Next morning we buried seven dead Rough Riders in a grave on the summit of the trail, Chaplain Brown reading the solemn burial service of the Episcopalians, while the men stood around with bared heads and joined in singing, "Rock of Ages." Vast numbers of vultures were wheeling round and round in great circles through the blue sky overhead. There could be no more honorable burial than that of these men in a common grave—Indian and cow-boy, miner, packer and college athlete—the man of unknown ancestry from the lonely Western plains, and the man who carried on his watch the crests of the Hamiltons and the Fishes, one in the way they had met death, just as during life they had been one in their daring and their loyalty.

On the afternoon of the 25th we moved on a couple of miles, and camped in a marshy open spot close to a beautiful stream. Here we lay for several days. Captain Lee, the British attaché, spent some time with us ; we had begun to regard him as almost a member of the regiment. Count Von Götzen, the German attaché, another good fellow, also visited us. General Young was struck down with the fever, and Wood took charge of the brigade. This left me in command of the regiment, of which I was very glad, for such experience as we had had is a quick teacher. By this time the men and I knew one another, and I felt able to make them do themselves justice in march or battle. They understood that I paid no heed to where they came from ; no heed to their creed, politics, or social standing ; that I would care for them to the utmost of my power, but that I demanded the highest performance of duty ; while in return I had seen them tested, and knew I could depend absolutely on their courage, hardihood, obedience, and individual initiative.

There was nothing like enough transportation with the army, whether in the way of wagons or mule-trains ; exactly as there had been no sufficient number of landing-boats with the transports. The officers' baggage had come up, but none of us had much, and the shelter-tents proved only a partial protection against the terrific downpours of rain. These occurred almost every afternoon, and turned the camp into a tarn, and the trails

into torrents and quagmires. We were not given quite the proper amount of food, and what we did get, like most of the clothing issued us, was fitter for the Klondike than for Cuba. We got enough salt pork and hardtack for the men, but not the full ration of coffee and sugar, and nothing else. I organized a couple of expeditions back to the sea-coast, taking the strongest and best walkers and also some of the officers' horses and a stray mule or two, and brought back beans and canned tomatoes. These I got partly by great exertions on my part, and partly by the aid of Colonel Weston of the Commissary Department, a particularly energetic man whose services were of great value. A silly regulation forbade my purchasing canned vegetables, etc., except for the officers; and I had no little difficulty in getting round this regulation, and purchasing (with my own money, of course) what I needed for the men.

One of the men I took with me on one of these trips was Sherman Bell, the former Deputy Marshal of Cripple Creek, and Wells Fargo Express rider. In coming home with his load, through a blinding storm, he slipped and opened the old rupture. The agony was very great and one of his comrades took his load. He himself, sometimes walking, and sometimes crawling, got back to camp, where Dr. Church fixed him up with a spike bandage, but informed him that he would have to be sent back to the States when an ambulance

came along. The ambulance did not come until the next day, which was the day before we marched to San Juan. It arrived after nightfall, and as soon as Bell heard it coming, he crawled out of the hospital tent into the jungle, where he lay all night; and the ambulance went off without him. The men shielded him just as school-boys would shield a companion, carrying his gun, belt, and bedding; while Bell kept out of sight until the column started, and then staggered along behind it. I found him the morning of San Juan fight. He told me that he wanted to die fighting, if die he must, and I hadn't the heart to send him back. He did splendid service that day, and afterward in the trenches, and though the rupture opened twice again, and on each occasion he was within a hair's breadth of death, he escaped, and came back with us to the United States.

The army was camped along the valley, ahead of and behind us, our outposts being established on either side. From the generals to the privates all were eager to march against Santiago. At daybreak, when the tall palms began to show dimly through the rising mist, the scream of the cavalry trumpets tore the tropic dawn; and in the evening, as the bands of regiment after regiment played the "Star-Spangled Banner," all, officers and men alike, stood with heads uncovered, wherever they were, until the last strains of the anthem died away in the hot sunset air.

(To be continued.)

THE CUB REPORTER AND THE KING OF SPAIN

By Jesse Lynch Williams

MR. KNOX sat swinging a pair of good legs over the end of the dock at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, smoking vile cigarettes and wishing something would happen. Small monotonous waves slapped the green-coated piles below, which smelled oozy. Out in the channel ferry-boats and tugs tooted in a self-important manner, but Mr. Knox yawned and would not look up at them; and that is the way he spent most of his time.

He had learned that when it was flood-tide the incoming Thirty-fourth Street ferry-boats headed away down the river as if for his dock, just as the patient Twenty-third Streeters pretended to want to land above him when the tide was pulling out. He knew who were the owners of the steam-yachts anchoring there in Kip's Bay; and he could tell many of the harbor tugs and all the Sound steamers by their whistles. That was why he would

not look up unless he heard a new voice come across the water. All this bored him exceedingly.

Hamilton J. Knox had been one of the great men of his day, which was a year or two ago, when in college. He was in the World now. Therefore he was not even a man, it seemed, but a boy learning things about the relative importance of the inhabitants of this planet which all American youths should learn, for those who do not usually live to regret it.

But the contrast in this boy's case was more dramatic, because he had been Hammie Knox, the wondrous half-back of the best foot-ball team in the Western Hemisphere, and had made the winning run of the final game before 20,000 excited people; and this was the greatest romantic glory given to man—at that time, which was shortly before the Spanish war. He had been fondled and fussed over by his friends, and pointed out and stared at by everyone else, and his picture was printed, four-columns wide, in the newspaper on whose staff he was now one of the least important reporters, where he had to say Sir to the man who had respectfully sought the favor of an interview with him on the day the championship was won, and who now riddled and ridiculed his copy and seemed not to appreciate the significance of a gold foot-ball worn on the watch-chain.

Instead of letting his hair grow long and travelling around the country in a special car to play beautiful foot-ball, he had to stay still most of the day in a remote corner of the dreary edge of the city and look at dead bodies. These were brought to a low, ugly building in a black wagon, which unloaded quickly and then trotted off up Twenty-sixth Street, past the gray gates of Bellevue Hospital, after more.

When they first gave him the Morgue and Coroner's Office—they told him it was an advance to have a regular department—he used to stand inside the receiving room and watch. But even his interest in dead bodies had died now that they had become part of his business. So usually he only yawned and called out from his seat in the sun. "Anything good, Tom," without stopping his legs. Tom, the driver, generally said, "Naw, only a floater from North River," with some contempt, for Tom was *that*: a good murder was

what he appreciated, an Italian murder, with much cutting.

Murders were what Knox wanted, too, murders or suicides with romantic interest; but when it was a good story the police head-quarters man had already been sent out on it, or else some of the crack general-work reporters, while Knox was left to follow up the dull routine part of it, with the other Morgue and Coroner's Office men, to find out when the inquest was to be held, by which more-or-less-Americanized coroner, etc.; then to come back to the monotonous Morgue and observe the people who came to look at the dead face. "Watch their eyes when the cover is first taken off—maybe you can catch the murderer yourself," said the crack reporter, striding off impressively with the Central Office detectives. But such delights never came to Hamilton Knox, who sighed and went back to his seat on the string-piece of the morgue dock, snapped cigarette butts with yellow-stained fingers at the foolish, futile waves, and wished there was a war, so he could go as a correspondent and do big things and get decorated for bravery.

In reporting, as in everything else, to learn your job you have to begin at a dreary bottom. Even if there had been a war just then, no paper would have sent Knox, because he was not good enough. Besides, he was not modelled for a newspaper man in the first place, as will be made clear.

I

ON one day in every seven he was not a newspaper man. Wednesday was his day off. He always arose early and dressed excitedly, instead of sleeping late, as most working people do on a holiday; then putting a pipe in his pocket, he took the L train for Cortlandt Street, jumped on the ferry, and when in the middle of the stream carefully doubled up his newspaper, gravely threw it far from him into the boiling wake of the screws, and stuck his hands in his pockets, smiling vindictively. Then, turning his back on New York, he stepped gayly off the ferry, jumped into a familiar train, went down to a certain rural university, and strutted for twenty-four hours.

Here he was not a Mr. Knox, one of

the young reporters, but Hammie Knox, the old star half-back; he was not sworn at over the telephone for falling down on news, but joyously grabbed and welcomed by those who knew him well enough, and stared at and worshipped by those who did not dare, and it felt very good. But on a certain Wednesday morning he left his pipe in another coat.

He had, as usual, cast himself comfortably into a whole seat in the smoking-car; but when he felt in his pockets he only found some copy paper, which had been there for weeks.

He could not smoke, nor were there any other "old" graduates to talk to on the way down. No novels or newspapers are sold on these trains after leaving, and his own paper was floating down the bay, unread (and that alone shows he would never make a newspaper man); so, as he could not even read, he took out the copy paper, and decided to write something, with a view to passing away the time and earning his expenses. He was far enough away from the depressing influence of the City Room to feel confidence in his own powers once more, and he made up his mind to show them what he could do with an open field and no one to hinder him. He might not be a war correspondent; but this is what he wrote while Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, Metuchen, and New Brunswick scurried by the window:

PRINCETON, N. J., 8.30 P.M. [Special].—The King of Spain was burned in effigy here to-night, amid great excitement on the part of the entire student body. The demonstration began with a mass meeting, held on the campus around the historic cannon, a relic of the American Revolution and a fit emblem for the sentiment of the occasion, which was "Cuba Libre."

The brutal policy of Spain and her farcical reforms were vehemently denounced, and the cause of Cuba's independence was enthusiastically extolled. The gathering then formed itself into a large procession which paraded the town, bearing transparencies on which were inscribed various anti-Spanish and pro-Cuban sentiments. At one point in the proceedings the Spanish colors were deliberately dragged in the streets. This act was cheered vociferously.

The procession then returned to the college grounds, where a huge bonfire had been prepared. The leaders of the movement, assisted by a prominent alumnus who does not wish his name used, then produced an effigy of Alfonso XIII. in royal apparel, which was hurled upon the flames amidst numerous hisses and yells.

He continued in this vein as far as Monmouth Junction, repeating himself occasionally, and enjoying it all very much because he was not hampered by any hard facts. This was a much nicer way: write your facts first and make them afterward. He had no doubt of his ability to do this latter; that was merely incidental. There was about a half-column so far, he estimated; and this, at \$6 per column, would more than cover the \$2.40 spent for the round-trip ticket. As for food and bed, he considered it beneath him to pay for such things on these visits. Still, he would have written more, but just then the old familiar sky-line of towers and distant trees swung out, making his heart jump as it always did. So he wound up quickly with, "At a late hour to-night the embers of the fire were still glowing brightly," which he considered an artistic ending, and signed his name.

"It'll do 'em good," he said to himself, as he stepped off the train at Princeton Junction. "They need stirring up down here. They are getting too well-behaved. They are not the real thing as when I was in college, these boys," he indulgently added; for, being only three miles away, he was beginning to feel his years.

He folded up the MS., stuck it in his pocket, and thought no more about it for awhile, because here was an American Express boy reverently touching his hat and the conductor of the junction train delightedly saluting him by his first name; and in a few minutes more Knox was swaggering up across the campus, with chest puffed out and a scowl on his face, no longer a reporter, but a hero, whose arrival would soon be announced throughout the under-graduate world, for a group of underclassmen, passing along a near-by street had sighted his shoulders from a distance of two hundred yards and said, "That's Hammie Knox."

It was always a little sudden, this transition from what he was in town to what he was in college: and Knox, passing by a couple of awed little town-boys who turned and gazed after him until he was out of sight, had his usual dizzy sensation. But he knew he would get the old campus feeling and would snap back into his proper place again as soon as he could shed his derby hat for a cap and could stick a pipe in his mouth.

So, absent-mindedly knocking a tutor off the walk in his haste, he proceeded to what was formerly his room and threw his suitcase at the bedroom *portière* and reached down a cap from the antlers and picked out a congenial-looking pipe from the mantle-piece. The room had again changed hands recently, and he did not know the name of the present occupant, but that did not matter; the latter would see the initials on the suit-case and boast about it afterward. Emitting a loud "wow!" which had been accumulating for six days, Hamilton Knox darted down the noisy entry-stairs and out upon the campus, himself again.

First he strode across the quadrangle—it was an entirely different gait from that of the young man who went from the Criminal Court Building to Newspaper Row—and on down to the University Athletic Field; drifting into the cage to look over the base-ball candidates, who, by the way, found time to look at him.

The trainer spied him first, and came running over to shake his hand. "It does me good to see you," he said. Meanwhile the captain dropped his bat and strode across to welcome him, and stood beside him awhile to ask his opinion of the material, which Knox gave; and at the close of the practice, "You are going to lunch with us, aren't you, Hammie?" the captain asked. Hammie said he would.

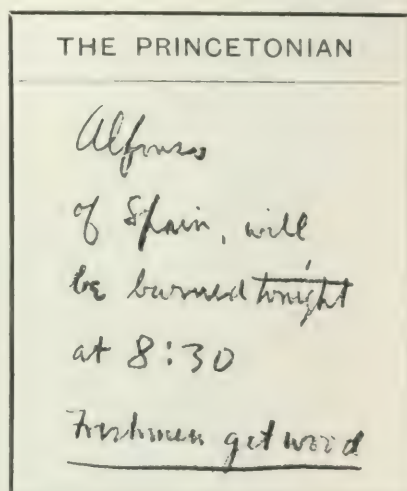
"Yes, you are right—he's taking on weight," whispered one of the candidates to another, as they followed the ex-half-back out of the dressing-room.

After luncheon he leisurely floated up to the campus again, with a bunch of upper-classmen about him. When he reached the corner of Reunion Hall, he suddenly snapped his fingers, and said, "That's so; I forgot," and, leaving his friends for a moment, stepped into the office of the college daily. "Give me some chalk, will you, please?" he said.

Two under-classmen editors started for it, and nearly tripped over each other; but perceiving that the managing editor, a senior, was also hurrying, they sat humbly down, and hoped the managing editor would not store their presumption up against them.

The mighty one took the chalk, said "Thanks, old man," and strode out to

where the bulletin-board hangs outside the office-window. Then he wrote:



He blew the chalk-dust off his fingers, and rejoined the group by the lamp-post, who were now smiling admiringly. Then, throwing his arms over some of their shoulders, he said, "Come on, let's push over to the inn."

Those who had the time to spare followed along in the wake, and several who did not. "He was always a great horse-player, you know," whispered those in the rear.

Knox knew what to expect of the crowd he would find at the inn, so when several "Yea! Hammie!"s and then a long cheer, with "Ham. Knox" on the end, greeted his entrance to the grill-room, he merely smiled kindly, and as soon as he had said hello to some of them by their first names, hit others on their shoulders or heads, and "How are you, old man"—ed the rest, he remarked, casually, in the silence he had known would come:

"Great scheme you fellows have for to-night." He had winked at his companions.

Those at the tables looked at each other vaguely, and then at him. "What scheme's that, Hammie?"

"I mean the big bonfire, of course, and burning Blanco in effigy, and all that—or is it Alfonso? It seems a reasonable idea. You can count me in all right, all right. But if I were you I'd have a mass meeting first, with horse speeches and all the old Fresh-fire stunts, then a parade. I remember way back in my freshman year, when—why, what's the matter? Haven't you fellows heard about it?"

They had not heard about it.

"This gang is dead slow!" pronounced the prominent alumnus, cruelly. "There's a great big notice on the *Princetonian* bulletin-board. Why, up on the campus everybody is talking about it" (they were by this time), "while you fellows are sitting here wasting away your glorious half-holiday. You don't appreciate the opportunities of a college course. Just wait till you get out into the wide world and hustle for yourselves. You're getting effete. You're losing the old Princeton spirit. You don't do things the way we did when we were in college. Good-by. I think I'll have to be going——"

"Wait, wait a minute, you old graduate," said one of the gang, somewhat familiarly. "We want to be in it, of course, if there's going to be any fun. Tell us all about it."

Knox did. In half an hour they were lettering transparencies and painting flags and making an inflammable king, while Knox, who said he was sorry he didn't have time to do any of the work, went on over to a room in Witherspoon, where he knew he would find a certain gang playing a game of whist, which he broke up. . . . Now, with these two crowds interested, and the news having gone forth that he approved of the idea, the enterprise was safe, so he spent the rest of the afternoon drifting about the place basking.

II

It began soon after dinner. First a window in West College was lowered, and a big voice bellowed, "Heads out! Fresh Fire."

Every college community has an unpublished code-book. In this one these words no longer refer to a certain custom, now defunct, nor to any sort of fire necessarily; they merely signify abstractly that there is about to be some noise and disorder, usually called horse.

Another voice, across the quadrangle—a shrill one this time—yelled, "Fresh Fi-er-r! Heads out! Everybody, heads out!!"

Other windows opened, and other voices echoed the cry earnestly. A megaphone was poked out of one of the back campus rooms. Coach-horns and bicycle bugles

had already begun their work. Shot-guns were banging. All this by way of prelude.

Now the various dormitory stairs began to rattle and entry doors to slam. Dark forms shot across the bars of light on their way to the cannon, the centre of the quadrangle and of campus activity. Most of the voices were out-door voices now. "Everybody come—yea-a," shouted many; and suddenly there sounded, "Ray! ray! ray! tiger, siss, boom, ah, Cuba Libre." It was greeted with many prolonged yea-as and yells. Transparencies, flags, and banners appeared from some place. Each of these was welcomed.

Within five minutes the bulk of the undergraduate body was there. Bowles, the young man whose duty it was to be funny on glee-club trips, mounted the cannon; he commenced an oration beginning, "The war must go on," which referred originally to the Revolutionary war. But that did not make enough noise. A couple of hundred of the others joined hands and began to dance in a circle around him, making him dizzy and drowning out his words. They were shouting "Cuba Libre." Also they yelled, "To hell with Spain."

Then a hoarse authoritative voice, which all recognized as the old half-back's, produced a moderate hush. "Now, fellows," it commanded, "let's pee-rade!" Accordingly, everybody shouted "Yea-a" and paraded. Knox had intended to have some more speeches, but he had forgotten that part. He loved parades. The procession formed itself automatically. They proceeded in lock-step to Nassau Street, where they spread out in open rank, put their hands on each other's shoulders, and chasséd four abreast zigzag up the street, yelling pleasantly and uninterruptedly as they did so. They marched over very much the same route that class reunions take in June, only, instead of singing, "Nassau, Nassau, sing out the chorus free," they sang, "Cubaw, Cubaw, sing out for Cuba Libre;" and instead of cheering for class numerals, they shouted, "What's the matter with Alfonso? He's all right—nit," and other "anti-Spanish sentiments."

The townspeople, the same old patient townspeople, came to the doors and win-

dows and looked on with the same expressions they have been wearing, from generation to generation, ever since Washington led his victorious men into old North. Knox, dressed in a 'Varsity sweater and somebody's stolen duck trousers, was, of course, at the lead. His head was thrown back, and he was having a serene, contented time, oblivious to the Morgue and everything urban, until suddenly, on the way back to the campus, the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company came within his horizon. Then he remembered the despatch in his pocket. Don't you see he was never meant for a newspaper man?

He snatched out his MS., and hastily glanced down the pages by the electric light of the street. "By Jove, I forgot all about the Spanish flag," he exclaimed, clapping his hand to the wad under his sweater. They had reached the campus gate now, and he felt that it was the psychological moment; he ought to lead them in and light the fire, but he did not like to cross out that part about the Spanish flag. Besides, it might make it less than \$2.40 worth. "We'll march down to the School of Science and back first," shouted Knox, shoving his copy into his pocket.

"Hammie says down to the School of Science first. Down to the School of Science, fellows." It was repeated down the line.

Meanwhile Knox whipped out the yellow and red flag, and with a joyous yell ran over to the edge of the street and trailed it in the gutter, which happened just then to be occupied by water and notorious Jersey mud. The flag became so muddy that Knox dropped it. Then the whole procession marched over it delightfully.

"So far my stuff is all pat," said Knox to himself, as the procession turned back; "and I can trust them to carry out the rest of it." Excusing himself, he ran over to the telegraph-office, filed his despatch just about as they were to close up, and hurried back to the campus in time to light the goodly pile of timber which had been gathered by faithful Freshmen and soaked with kerosene.

It flared up beautifully and roared, and lighted up the bleak back campus in the rear of Witherspoon Hall; and the mad

undergraduate mob began dancing and howling and throwing on more wood. A moment later, at a signal from Knox, a dozen fellows dashed around the corner of Witherspoon and down the terrace with a stuffed foot-ball suit. It had a yellow and red Lord Fauntleroy sash and a Tam o' Shanter cap on its wooden painted head, around which hung a placard reading, "Handle with care—one king of Spain!" This they carried three times around through the crowd, which yelled joyously when the king was dumped on the top of the flames. He was soaked with kerosene and crackled up cheerfully. So they yelled, "To hell with Spain." Ditto with Alfonso; ditto Weyler; ditto Blanco; ditto Spain, Weyler, and Alfonso—and gave three times three for Cuba and themselves.

At this point the university police charged down valiantly and dispersed the mob. Knox did not care; his story was now O. K. The police had seen the bulletin-board, and could doubtless have been more effective if they had torn down the pile before it was lighted; but in that case they would have missed the fun. The undergraduates did not mind being dispersed; the thirst for excitement was about satiated. They shouted, "All over, everybody," and departed, some for bed, some for books, and some for beer. All felt better.

It had given them a little helpful recreation, and a serious young professor, who looked on with note-book in hand, an illustration of "the Theory of the Mob," about which he had studied in Germany. As a matter of fact, there was very little patriotic emotion—or any other kind—"swaying" this gathering, except the desire to let themselves loose and expend the surplus energy of youth, which in certain months of the year cannot express itself in athletics, and yet must come out somehow. But this wise young professor did not understand such primitive motives of action, because he came from a large New England university, where life is an old, old story at nineteen or twenty, and the youth of his set were wont to divert themselves by dissecting their souls and making Meredithian aphorisms and patronizing the universe. He was not accustomed to such boyish spontaneity.

When the time came, and it came soon after this, a goodly number of these same yawping lads went to the front to get shot at, and an equal proportion of the New Englanders likewise, and both did the thing equally well; but at this time, down there in their academic seclusion, they did not care so very much about Cuba, and knew less. They were too full of their own undergraduate interests to feel very strongly on such trivial matters as monarchical tyranny or international complications. When they had time to read the papers they generally turned over to the athletic column. But they had no objection to burning Alfonso or anybody else in effigy, if Hamilton Knox said so; and they pronounced it very good horse, and went to sleep prepared to forget all about it, and so did young Knox, who, next morning arose early, caught the 7.10 for New York, stepped yawningly upon a cross-town car for East Twenty-Sixth Street, and found the little monotonous waves still slapping and swashing against the piles of the dock. The smell was just the same.

The paper he had bought on the trip to New York, showed his story on the first page, leaded, and hardly changed at all. He was pleased, but it had about worn off by this time. So he went out to his old place, lighted a cigarette, swung his legs, and wished he could do something. But he had done something.

III

HAMILTON KNOX's paper knew, as all the newspapers knew, that a crisis was impending. The despatch was an interesting commentary on the most momentous topic of the hour. In other words, it was pronounced "good news" by the night editor, who had immediately telegraphed, "*Send half-col. more details, what was on transparencies, etc., stay down there until further notice.*" That was about the time Hamilton and his young friends were appreciating well-earned rest and refreshment in the grill-room, which was long after the telegraph office windows became dark. The telegram was returned to the editor. So they cursed young Knox, and decided to ask him what he meant by not writing more in the first place.

Now his real reason, it will be remembered, was that the trip from New York to Princeton was not longer; but they forgot all about asking him, because they found the next morning that none of the other papers had a line about it. Young Knox had scored his first beat.

That was something to have done, better than smoking a pipe on the cars at least; but that was not the end of his story.

First, in the offices of every other morning paper in town there were scowls, and unfair remarks about college correspondents; while the afternoon papers were all quietly stealing the despatch for their first editions.

Next, all the big papers, both afternoon and morning editions, began sending men down to Princeton for the good second-day story they thought was there—too good for young Knox, thought his city editor, who let him stay kicking his heels on the dock while the best available man was instructed to "get all the details, names of the speakers, and what they said; secure interviews with the president and dean and the prominent professors, especially the Jingoese. There's a good second-day story in it. 'These college correspondents don't know anything.' The yellow journals despatched "artists" to make pictures of the fire, whose ashes were now cold, and fac-similes of transparencies. So much for the first few hours of the day after Hamilton's holiday.

Meanwhile the New York papers had gone out to the other cities, and the story was clipped and copied, and a hundred clever men all over the East were now writing paragraphs about it. Some praised Princeton's patriotism and some condemned her bad taste, according to the political opinions of the men who paid the writers' salaries. The New York correspondents for Western cities and Western news agencies were flashing the story out to the sections beyond the immediate reach of the fast newspaper trains. But it did not stop there.

The American correspondents for foreign newspapers and news agencies had raised their eyebrows as soon as they saw the head-line. Immediately they began sending deep down under the many miles of waves and water brief accounts of the

holiday doings of Hammie Knox, who sat out on the string-piece of the dock, idly kicking his legs and wishing something would happen.

It will not take long to tell what happened. First the Madrid papers pounced upon it, then the other important Spanish papers published it with large head-lines, and cabled to London clamoring for more, the *Imparcial* meanwhile writing an inflamed editorial about Yankee pigs, which ran sputtering and exploding like a string of fire-crackers out through the provinces. Spread heads popped out in the morning, like mushrooms, on sleepy old papers in the interior of which no one ever heard before.

That night the students at the University of Madrid held an indignation meeting. There were speeches which began like the rolling of potatoes out of barrels, which ended with the sound of many saw-mills fighting. All the American flags in the place were torn into shreds, ground into the earth, spat upon. American citizens were jostled on the streets. There was a small-sized riot at the Café Sebastian. Minister Woodford stayed indoors all day, at request. Sagasta's hair bristled.

Meanwhile in London the ponderous *Times* had published a portentous leader. Labouchere had written something characteristic and caustic in the first person. The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in the Cabinet meeting said something suave about Anglo-American alliance. In Berlin, Emperor William twisted up his mustache. On the Paris Bourse, American consols dropped three points, and in New York Hamilton Knox bought a fresh box of cigarettes.

Now the "second-day" stories were published. From a news point of view they fizzled out. "The university faculty," cabled the foreign correspondents, "profess surprise, and even amusement, that so much has been made of so small a matter. They seem to be trying to show that it was only a boyish prank, not an official university expression. They say it meant nothing."

Now, the Latin races are notoriously humorless. This last bulletin was all that was needed to make them froth at the mouth. "Meant nothing! Does our

sacred honor mean nothing? Ah, ha! The Yankee pigs are now afraid. They would belittle this unforgettable insult. They now tremble with fear," etc.

At this point the affair came into diplomatic existence. The correspondents had to wait for the cable. "Government business," they were informed. Something in cipher was cabled from Madrid to Señor De Lome's successor at Washington. He rang for his carriage, told the coachman with yellow and red facings on his livery to drive to the French ambassador's—"pronto!"—quickly!

The ponderous jaws of international conversation had begun to work. They worked all that day and most of the night.

The next day in the Cortes Señor Somebody-or-Other made that now historic speech, the one ending: "And if it is thus the youth in their universities of learning are taught, the time has now come when it is necessary for us as a nation of honor to teach yonder insolent nation of pigs what Spanish honor means, and what it means to insult it! . . . Our forefathers . . . ! Honor to the death! . . . B-r-r-r," etc.; and they all screamed, gnashed their teeth, and shook themselves to pieces in their interesting Latin way. Then came the long-delayed action in regard to the demands of the United States. The vote was taken; the measure was defeated. The rest is history, as well known as the cub reporter's part in it is little known.

At 9.40 P.M. on February 15th, the Maine was blown up. On April 20th came our ultimatum. On April 21st the managing editor said, "Mr. Knox, you are to join the despatch-boat at Tampa in forty-eight hours; get vaccinated and start this evening." But Hamilton declined. There was something better to do now.

Out upon the taffrail of a crowded transport, sat Trooper Knox swinging a pair of hardened legs and smoking a dirty pipe. He was about to have a chance at what he was best suited for, and he was chatting happily with his bunkie. "Newspaper work is no good," he confided; "they don't give you a chance to run with the ball."

SOME POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

By George F. Hoar

Senator from Massachusetts

I HAVE been asked to contribute to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE some recollections of the political events of the past fifty years in which I have taken part. It seemed best to tell the story of the four national conventions of which I was a member in one paper. The present and some of the following papers will deal with events which occurred much earlier. Such recollections, even if they come from persons whose truth nobody would question, and relate to most important and striking transactions, are often quite untrustworthy. I have heard many strange stories from historical investigators of the conflict with each other and with the record in the narratives of eye-witnesses of great events. Such stories are to be received with great caution, unless the narrator make his record close to the time. But as I shall tell my story with full consciousness of this infirmity, I may perhaps hope in a large degree to have guarded against it.

Another thing I ought to say: If I seem to claim too large a share for myself or my near kindred in any transaction, it must be remembered that the share of the story-teller or of his near kindred in important events is apt always to appear large to him. He must describe the transaction as he sees it, or his picture is likely to be not only false but colorless. But I will state nothing of which I do not feel sure, and that I cannot in nearly every case confirm by contemporary records or memory of impartial witnesses.

I became of age at just about the time when the Free Soil Party, which was the Republican Party in another form, was born. In a very humble capacity I stood by its cradle. It awakened in my heart in early youth all the enthusiasm of which my nature was capable, an enthusiasm which from that day to this has never grown cold. No political party in history was ever formed for objects so great and noble. And no political party in history was ever so great in its ac-

complishment for Liberty, Progress, and Law.

I breathed a pure and bracing atmosphere in those days. It was a time of plain living and high thinking. It was a pretty good education, better than that of any university, to be a young Free Soiler in Massachusetts. I had pretty good company, not in the least due to any merit or standing of my own, but only because the men who were enlisted for the war in the great political battle against slavery were bound to each other by a tie to which no freemasonry could be compared. Samuel G. Howe used, when his duties brought him to Worcester on his monthly visit, to spend an hour or two of an afternoon in my office. I was always welcome to an hour's converse with Charles Allen, the man who gave the signal at Philadelphia for breaking away from the Whig Party. Erastus Hopkins occasionally spent a Sunday with me at my boarding-house. When I went to Boston I often spent an hour in Richard Dana's office, and was sure of a kindly greeting if I chanced to encounter Sumner. The restless and ubiquitous Henry Wilson, who, as he gathered and inspired the sentiment of the people, seemed often to be in ten places at once, used to think it worth his while to visit me to find out what the boys were thinking of. In 1851 I was made chairman of the Free Soil county committee of Worcester County. I do not think there was ever so good a political organization in the country before, or that there ever has been a better one since. The Free Soilers carried all but six, I think, of the fifty-two towns in that county. I was in correspondence with the leading men in every one of them, and could at any time summon them to Worcester, if there were need.

We acquired by the Mexican War nearly six hundred thousand square miles of territory. When the treaty was signed, the struggle began between freedom and slavery for the control of this imperial do-

main. No reader of the history of Massachusetts will doubt her interest in such a struggle. Three things stood in the way of lovers of liberty in the Commonwealth.

First, the old attachment to the Whig party ;

Second, her manufacturing interests ; and

Third, her devotion to Daniel Webster.

Massachusetts was a Whig State. There were many things which tended to give that great political organization a permanent hold on her people. Its standard of personal character was of the highest. Its leading men—Saltonstall, Reed, Lawrence, Lincoln, Briggs, Allen, Ashmun, Choate, Winthrop, Davis, Everett, and their associates—were men whose private and public honor was without a stain. Its political managers were not its holders of office or its seekers of office. It contained a large body of able and influential men who wielded the power of absolute disinterestedness. They were satisfied if they could contribute, by counsel or labor, to the well-being of the State by the advancement of their cherished political principles. They asked no other reward. The Whigs were in favor of using wisely, but courageously, the forces of the Nation and State to accomplish public objects for which private powers or municipal powers were inadequate. The Whigs desired to develop manufacture by national protection ; to foster internal improvements and commerce by liberal grants for rivers and harbors ; to endow railroads and canals for public ways by grants of public lands and from the treasury ; to maintain a sound currency ; and to establish a uniform system for the collection of debts, and for relieving debtors by a National bankruptcy law.

The Whig policy had made Massachusetts known the world over as the model Commonwealth. It had lent the State's credit to railroads. It had established asylums for the blind and insane and deaf and dumb, and had made liberal gifts to schools. The Massachusetts courts were unsurpassed in the world. Her poor laws were humane. All her administrative policies were wise, sound, and economical.

They asked from the National Government only a system of protection that

should foster home manufacture, and that they might pursue their commercial and manufacturing occupations in peace.

Daniel Webster was the idol of the people. He was at the fulness of his great intellectual power. The series of speeches and professional and political achievements which began with the oration at Plymouth in 1820 was still in progress. The Whigs of Massachusetts disliked slavery ; but they loved the Union. Their political gospel was found in Webster's reply to Hayne and his great debates with Calhoun. It was the one heart's desire of the youth of Massachusetts that their beloved idol and leader should be crowned with the great office of the Presidency.

Mr. Webster tried to avert the conflict by voting against the treaty with Mexico, by which we acquired our great Western territory ; but it came. The Whigs feared the overthrow of the Whig Party. The manufacturer and the merchant dreaded an estrangement that would cause the loss of their Southern trade, and with it all hope of a law that would protect their manufactures.

It was in this condition of things that I cast my first vote in November, 1847, shortly after I became of age. The Whig party was already divided into two sections, one known as "Cotton Whigs," and the other as "Conscience Whigs." These names had been suggested in a debate in the State Senate in which Mr. Thomas G. Carey, an eminent Boston merchant, had deprecated some proposed anti-slavery resolutions by saying that they were likely to make an unfavorable impression at the South, and to be an injury to business interests ; to which Mr. E. R. Hoar of Middlesex answered, that "he thought it quite as desirable that the Legislature should represent the conscience as the cotton of the Commonwealth."

Both parties struggled for the possession of the Whig organization, and both parties hoped for the powerful support of Mr. Webster. The leader of the manufacturing interest was Mr. Abbott Lawrence, a successful, wealthy manufacturer of great business capacity, large generosity, and princely fortune. He had for some years chafed under Mr. Webster's imperious and arrogant bearing. He was on terms of personal intimacy with Henry

Clay, and was understood to have inspired the resolutions of the Whig State Convention, a few years before, which by implication condemned Mr. Webster for remaining in President Tyler's Cabinet when his Whig colleagues resigned. But the people of Massachusetts stood by Webster. After the ratification of the Ashburton treaty, he had come home to reassert his old title to leadership and to receive an ovation in Faneuil Hall, in which he declared, with a significant glance at Mr. Lawrence, then sitting upon the platform, "I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Boston Whig, a Faneuil Hall Whig; and if any man wishes to read me out of the pale of that communion, let him begin here now, and on the spot, and we will see who goes out first."

The first time I remember seeing Daniel Webster was on June 17, 1843, at Bunker Hill. The students of Harvard, where I was a freshman, had a place in the procession. We marched from Cambridge to Boston, three miles and a half, and stood in our places for hours, and then marched over to Charlestown. We were tired out when the oration began. There was a little wind which carried the sound of Mr. Webster's voice away from the place where we stood; so it was hard to hear him during the first part of his speech. He spoke slowly and with great deliberation. There was little in the greater part of that weighty discourse to excite a youthful auditor; but the great thing was to look at the great Orator. Waldo Emerson, who was there, said of him:

"His countenance, his figure, and his manners were all in so grand a style that he was, without effort, as superior to his most eminent rivals as they were to the humblest. He alone of all men did not disappoint the eye and the ear, but was a fit figure in the landscape. There was the Monument, and here was Webster. He knew well that a little more or less of rhetoric signified nothing; he was only to say plain and equal things—grand things, if he had them; and if he had them not, only to abstain from saying unfit things—and the whole occasion was answered by his presence."

He went almost through his weighty discourse without much effect upon his auditors other than that which Emerson so well

describes. But the wind changed before he finished, and blew toward the quarter where the boys stood; and he almost lifted them from their feet as his great organ tones rolled out his closing sentences:

"And when both we and our children shall have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, may love of country and pride of country glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended! And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall rise from every youthful breast the ejaculation, 'Thank God, I—I also—AM AN AMERICAN!'"

Mr. Webster came to Concord in the summer of 1843 as counsel for William Wyman, President of the Phoenix Bank of Charlestown, who was indicted for embezzling the funds of the bank. This was one of the *causes célèbres* of the day. Wyman had been a business man of high standing. Such offences were rare in those days, and the case would have attracted great attention whoever had been for the defence. But the defendant's counsel were Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Franklin Dexter, and my brother, E. R. Hoar, a young man lately admitted to the bar. Mr. Webster, notwithstanding his great fame as a statesman, is said never to have lost his eager interest in causes in which he was retained. When he found himself hard pressed, he put forth all his strength. He was extremely impatient of contradiction. The adulation to which he had been so long accustomed tended to increase a natural, and perhaps not wholly unjustifiable, haughtiness of manner.

The Government was represented by Asahel R. Huntington, of Salem, District Attorney for the district which included Essex and Middlesex. He was a man of great intellectual vigor, unquestioned honesty and courage, possessed of a high sense of the dignity and importance of his office, very plain spoken, and not at all likely to be overawed by any opposing counsel, whatever his fame or dignity. Yet he had a huge reverence for Daniel Webster,

whom, like the other Massachusetts Whigs of that day, he probably thought, as another described him—

The foremost living man of all the earth !

The case was tried three times : The first time at Concord, the second at Lowell, and the third at Concord. Mr. Webster had several quite angry encounters with the court and with the prosecuting attorney. He was once exceedingly disrespectful to Judge Washburn, who replied with great mildness that he was sure the eminent counsel's respect for his own character would be enough to prevent him from any disrespect to the court. Mr. Webster was disarmed by the quiet courtesy of the judge, and gave him no further cause for complaint. At Lowell, where Wyman was convicted, Webster saw the case going against him, and interrupted the charge of the judge several times. At last Judge Allen, who was presiding, said : " Mr. Webster, I cannot suffer myself to be interrupted." Mr. Webster replied : " I cannot suffer my client to be misrepresented." To which the judge answered, " Sit down, sir." Mr. Webster resumed his seat. When the jury went out, Judge Allen turned to the bar where Mr. Webster was sitting and said, " Mr. Webster." Mr. Webster rose with the unsurpassed courtesy and grace of manner of which he was master, and said : " Will the court pardon me a moment?" He then proceeded to express his regret for the zeal which had impelled him to a seeming disrespect to his honor, and expressed his sorrow for what had occurred ; and the incident was at an end.

At the first trial at Concord, Mr. Webster had frequent altercations with District Attorney Huntington. In his closing argument, which is said to have been one of great power, and which he began by an eloquent reference to the battle at Concord Bridge, which, he said, was fought by the Concord farmers that their children might enjoy the blessings of an impartial administration of justice under the law, he said that it was unlikely that Wyman could have abstracted these large sums from the bank and no trace of the money be found in his possession. He was a man of small property, living simply and plainly, with-

out extravagant habits or anything which would have been likely to tempt him to such a crime. When Huntington came to reply he said, very roughly : " They want to know what's become of the money. I can tell you what's become of the money. Five thousand dollars to one counsel, three thousand dollars to another, two thousand to another," waving his hand in succession toward Webster and Choate and Dexter. Such fees, though common enough now, seemed enormous in those days. Choate smiled in his peculiar fashion, and said nothing ; Franklin Dexter looked up from a newspaper he was reading, and exclaimed, " This is beneath our notice ; " but Mr. Webster rose to his feet and said, with great indignation, " Am I to sit here to hear myself charged with sharing the spoils with a thief ? " The presiding judge said : " The counsel for the Government will confine himself to the evidence." That was all. But Mr. Webster was deeply incensed. The jury disagreed. Mr. Webster came to the next trial prepared with an attack on Huntington, in writing, covering many pages, denouncing his method and conduct. This he read to my brother. But Huntington who, as I have said, adored Mr. Webster, was unwilling to have another encounter—not in the least from any dread of his antagonist, but solely from his dislike to have a quarrel with the man on earth he most revered. Accordingly, Mr. Wells, the District Attorney of Greenfield, was called in, who conducted the trial at Lowell and succeeded in getting a conviction. My brother, who was very fond of Huntington, took an occasion some time afterward to tell Mr. Webster how much Huntington regretted the transaction, and how great was his feeling of reverence and attachment for him. Mr. Webster was placated, and afterward, when an edition of his speeches was published, sent a copy to Huntington with an inscription testifying to his respect.

The general reader may not care for the legal history of the trial, but it may have a certain interest for lawyers. Mr. Wyman was indicted for embezzlement of the funds of the bank under the Revised Statutes of Massachusetts, which provided that " if any cashier or other officer, agent or servant of any incorporated bank shall

embezzle or fraudulently convert to his own use the property of the bank, he shall be punished," etc. It was earnestly contended that a president of a bank was not an officer within the meaning of the statute; but this contention was overruled by the presiding judge, who was sustained in that view by the Supreme Court on exception. There was, however, no such offence as embezzlement known to the common law. So a person who fraudulently converted to his own use the property of another could only be convicted of larceny; and the offence of larceny could not be committed where the offender had been entrusted with the possession of the property converted, the essence of larceny being the felonious taking of the property from the possession of the owner. Further, nobody could be convicted of larceny except on an indictment or complaint which set forth the time and place of each single conversion. So, if a servant or agent appropriated the fund of his principal, the embezzlement extending over a long period of time, and it was not possible to set forth or to prove the time, place, and circumstance of any particular taking, the offender could not be convicted. The statute to which I have just referred was intended to cure both these difficulties: first, by making persons liable to punishment who fraudulently appropriated the property of others, notwithstanding they had come rightfully into possession; and next, the necessity of setting forth the particular transaction was obviated by an enactment that it should be enough to prove the embezzlement of any sum of money within six months after a time to be specified in the indictment.

After the conviction of Wyman, the case was carried to the Supreme Court, which held, as I have said, that the statute making bank officers liable included bank presidents. But the court held that the other part of the statute, providing for the mode of setting forth the offence in the indictment, did not apply to bank officers; and that they could only be held on an indictment which described the particular transaction, with time and place. So the verdict of guilty against Wyman was set aside, and a new trial ordered.

Before the new trial came on at Concord, a statute was passed by the Legislat-

ure for the purpose of meeting this very case, extending the provisions of the Revised Statutes as to the mode of pleading in such cases to officers of banks. It was claimed and argued by Mr. Choate, with great zeal, eloquence, and learning, that this was an *ex post facto* law, which could not, under the Constitution, be made applicable to transactions which happened before its passage. Mr. Choate argued this question for several hours. The court took time for consideration, and overruled his contention. There seemed nothing for it but to go to trial again on the facts, upon which one verdict of guilty had already been had. As they were going into the court-house in the morning, Mr. Choate said to Mr. Hoar, whose chief part in the trial, so far, had been finding the law-books and taking notes of the evidence, "You made a suggestion to me at the last trial which I did not attend to much at the time; but I remember thinking afterward there was something in it." Mr. Hoar replied, "It seems to me that Wyman cannot be convicted of embezzlement unless the funds of the bank were entrusted to him. They must either have been in his actual possession or under his control. There is nothing in the office of president which involves such an authority. It cannot exist unless by the express action of the directors, or as the result of a course of business of the bank." The facts alleged against Wyman were that he had authorized the discount of the notes of some friends of his who were irresponsible, and that he had, in some way, shared the proceeds. Mr. Choate seized upon the suggestion. The Government witnesses, who were chiefly the directors of the bank, were asked in cross-examination whether they had not consented that Mr. Wyman should have the right to dispose of the funds of the bank, or to give him power or authority to dispose of them. They supposed the question was put with the intent of making them morally, if not legally, accomplices in his guilt, or of charging them with want of fidelity or gross carelessness in their own office. Accordingly, each of them indignantly denied the imputation, and testified that Wyman had no power or authority to authorize the discount or to meddle with the funds. When the Government case closed, the

counsel asked the court to rule that as the funds were never entrusted to the possession of Wyman he could not be convicted of embezzlement. The court so held, and directed an acquittal. This is another instance, not unusual in trials in court of the truth of the old rhyme with which the readers of "Quentin Durward" are familiar :

The page slew the boar ;
The peer had the gloire.

Mr. Webster always had a strong and kindly regard for my brother. When Mr. Hoar visited Washington in 1836, Webster received him with great kindness, showed him about the Capitol, and took him into the Supreme Court, where he argued a case. Mr. Webster began by alluding very impressively to the great changes which had taken place in that tribunal since he first appeared as counsel before them. He said, "No one of the judges who were here then now remains. It has been my duty to pass upon the question of the confirmation of every member of the bench ; and I may say that I treated your honors with entire impartiality, for I voted against every one of you." After the argument was over Mr. Webster gave Mr. Hoar a very interesting sketch of the character of each of the judges, and told him the reasons which caused him to vote against confirmation in each case.

The next time I saw Daniel Webster was on July 4, 1844. He made a call at my father's house in Concord. I was near one of the front windows, and heard a shout from a little crowd that had gathered in the street, and looked out just as Mr. Webster was coming up the front steps. He turned, put his hand into his bosom under his waistcoat and made a stately salutation, and then turned and knocked at the door and was admitted. He was physically the most splendid specimen of noble manhood my eyes ever beheld. It is said, I suppose truly, that he was but a trifle over five feet nine inches high, and weighed one hundred and fifty-four pounds. But then, as on all the other occasions that I saw him, I should have been prepared to make oath that he was over six feet high and weighed, at least,

two hundred. The same glamour is said to have attended Louis XIV., whose majesty of bearing was such that it never was discovered that he was a man of short stature until he was seen measured for his coffin.

Mr. Webster was then in the very vigor of his magnificent manhood. He stood perfectly erect. His head was finely poised upon his shoulders. His beautiful black eyes shone out through the caverns of his deep brows like lustrous jewels. His teeth were white and regular, and his smile when he was in gracious mood, especially when talking to women, had an irresistible charm. I remember very little that he said. One thing was, when the backwardness or forwardness of the season was spoken of, that there was a day—I think it was June 13th—when, in every year vegetation was at about the same condition of forwardness, whether the spring were early or late. A gentleman who was in the room said, "You have the cool breezes of the sea at Marshfield?" "There, as at other sea places," replied Mr. Webster. When he rose to go, he said, "I have the honor to be a member of the Young Men's Whig Club of Boston. I must be in my place in the ranks."

I heard him also in Faneuil Hall, in the autumn of 1844, after the elections in Maine and Pennsylvania and in the South had made certain the defeat of Mr. Clay. I remember little that he said, except from reading the speech since. What chiefly impressed the audience was the quotation from Milton, so common-place now :

What though the field be lost ?
All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.

I also saw Mr. Webster at the inauguration of Edward Everett as President of Harvard, on April 30, 1846. It was perhaps the proudest period of Webster's life. It was also, perhaps, the greatest day of the life of Edward Everett. Webster had been Everett's great over-shadower, who would but for him have been the great public man and the great orator of Massachusetts at that time. He had returned from the Court of St. James

crowned with new laurels, and had been called to succeed Josiah Quincy as the head of the great University. By a simple but impressive inaugural ceremony the Governor had just invested Mr. Everett with his office, and delivered to him the keys and the charter. Everett was stepping forward to deliver his inaugural address when Webster, who had come out from Boston a little late, came in upon the stage by a side door. President and orator and occasion were all forgotten. The whole assembly rose to greet him. It seemed as if the cheering and the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs would never leave off. The tears gushed down the cheeks of women and young men and old. Everything was forgotten but the one magnificent personality. When the din had subsided somewhat, Mr. Everett, with his never-failing readiness and grace, said, "I wish I might anticipate a little the function of my office, and saying—*Expectatur oratio in vernacula*—call upon my illustrious friend who has just entered upon the stage to speak for me. But I suppose the proprieties of the occasion require that I speak for myself."

It is to the credit of Mr. Everett and of that other great Massachusetts orator, Rufus Choate, that no tinge of jealousy or of envy ever embittered in the smallest degree their hearty love and support of their friend. They were his pupils, his companions, his supporters, his lovers, while he lived, and were his best eulogists when he died.

I heard another speech of his, which I think was never reported. He appeared before a committee of the Legislature as counsel for the remonstrants against the scheme to fill up the Back Bay lands.

I do not think the employment of a Senator of the United States as counsel before the Legislature would be approved by public opinion now.

I do not know what year it was, but probably 1849 or 1850. He had grown old; but I learned more of the fashion of his mental operations than could be learned from his speeches on great occasions, especially after they had been revised for publication. He spoke with great contempt of a petition signed by many of the foremost merchants and bus-

iness men of Boston. He described with great sarcasm the process of carrying about such petitions, and the relief of the person to whom they were presented on finding he was not asked to give any money. "Oh, yes, I'll sign—I'll sign," as he read out one after another the names of men well known and honored in the city. He threw down the petition with contempt, and the long sheet fell and unrolled upon the floor.

He had a singular habit, which made it wearisome to listen to his ordinary speech, of groping after the most suitable word, and trying one synonym after another till he got that which suited him best. "Why is it, Mr. Chairman, that there has gathered, congregated, come together here, this great number of inhabitants, dwellers; that these roads, avenues, routes of travel, highways, converge, meet, come together, here? Is it not because we have here a sufficient, ample, safe, secure, convenient, commodious, port, harbor, haven?" Of course, when the speech came to be printed all the synonyms but the best one would be left out.

Mr. Webster seemed rather feeble at that time, and called upon his friend Mr. William Dehon to read for him the evidence and extracts from reports with which he had to deal. His tone was the tone of ordinary conversation, and his speech, while it would not be called hesitating, was exceedingly slow and deliberate. I have been told by persons who heard him in the Supreme Court in his later years that the same characteristic marked his arguments there, and that some of his passages made very little impression upon the auditors, although they seemed eloquent and powerful when they came to be read afterward.

His is frequently spoken of as a nervous Saxon style. That is a great mistake, except as to a few passages where he rose to a white heat. If any person will open a volume of his speeches at random, it will be found that the characteristic of his sentences is a somewhat ponderous Latinity.

A considerable number of Democrats joined the Free Soil movement in 1848. Conspicuous among them was Marcus Morton, who had been Governor and one of our ablest Supreme Court judges, and

his son, afterward Chief Justice, then just rising into distinction as a lawyer. The members of the Liberty Party also, who had cast votes for Birney in 1844, were ready for the new movement. But the Free Soil Party derived its chief strength, both of numbers and influence, from the Whigs. The Anti-Slavery Whigs clung to Webster almost to the last. He had disappointed them by opposing the resolution they offered at the Whig State Convention, pledging the party to support no candidate not known by his acts or declared opinions to be opposed to the extension of slavery. But he had coupled his opposition with a declaration of his own unalterable opposition to that extension, and had said, speaking of those who were in favor of the declaration, "It is not their thunder."

He declared in the Senate, as late as 1848, "My opposition to the increase of slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave representation in Congress, is general and universal. It has no reference to lines of latitude or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension, and all such increase, at all times, under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all combinations, against all compromises."

So the Anti-Slavery Whigs eagerly supported him as their candidate for the Whig nomination in 1848.

If Mr. Webster had been nominated for the Presidency in 1848, the Free Soil Party would not have come into existence that year. There would probably have been some increase in the numbers of the Liberty Party; yet the Anti-Slavery Whigs of Massachusetts would have trusted him. But the nomination of General Taylor, a Southerner, one of the largest slave-holders in the country, whose laurels had been gained in the odious Mexican War, upon a platform silent upon the engrossing subject of the extension of slavery, could not be borne. The temper of the Whig National Convention was exhibited in a way to irritate the lovers of freedom in Massachusetts. When some allusion was made to her expressed opinions, it was received with groans and cries of "Curse Massachusetts." But, on the whole, the Massachusetts Whigs shared the exultant anticipation of triumph, and of regaining the

power from which they had been excluded since the time of John Quincy Adams, except for the month of Harrison's short official life. But as the convention was about to adjourn, intoxicated with hope and triumph, Charles Allen, a delegate from Massachusetts, a man of slender figure, rose, and with quiet voice declared the Whig Party dissolved. Never was prediction received with more derision; never was prediction more surely fulfilled. He was reinforced by Henry Wilson, afterward Vice-President of the United States.

Immediately on their return from Philadelphia, a call was circulated for a convention to be held at Worcester of all persons opposed to the nomination of Cass and Taylor. The call was written by E. R. Hoar.

This is the call. It should be preserved in a form more enduring than the leaflet, of which I possess, perhaps, the only copy in existence.

"TO THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"The Whig National Convention have nominated General Taylor for President of the United States. In so doing they have exceeded their just authority, and have proposed a candidate whom no Northern Whig is bound to support.

"HE IS NOT A WHIG, when tried by the standard of our party organization. He has never voted for a Whig candidate, has declared that the party must not look to him as an exponent of its principles, that he would accept the nomination of the Democratic Party, and that he would not submit his claims to the decision of the Whigs, acting through their regularly constituted Convention.

"HE IS NOT A WHIG, if judged by the opinions he entertains upon questions of public policy. Upon the great questions of Currency and Finance, of Internal Improvements, of Protection to American Industry, so far from agreeing with the Whigs, he has distinctly avowed that he has formed no opinion at all.

"HE IS NOT A WHIG, if measured by the higher standard of principle, to which the Whigs of Massachusetts and of the North have pledged themselves solemnly, deliberately, and often. He is not opposed to the extension of Slavery over

new territories, acquired, and to be acquired, by the United States. He is a Slaveholder, and has been selected because he could command votes which no Whig from the Free States could receive.

"To make room for him, the trusted and faithful Champions of our cause have all been set aside.

"The Whigs of Massachusetts, by their Legislature, and in their popular assemblies, have resolved, that opposition to the extension of Slavery is a fundamental article of their political faith. They have spoken with scorn and upbraiding of those Northern Democrats who would sacrifice the rights and the interests of the Free States upon the altar of party subservency.

"The Whigs of the Legislature have recently declared to the country, 'that if success can attend the party, only by the sacrifice of Whig principles, or some of them,' they do not mean to be thus successful; that they are determined 'to support a candidate who will not suffer us to be over-balanced by annexations of foreign territory, nor by the further extension of the institution of Slavery, which is equally repugnant to the feelings, and incompatible with the political rights of the Free States'; and that they 'believe it to be the resolute purpose of the Whig people of Massachusetts, to support these sentiments, and carry into effect the design which they manifest.'

"Believing that the support of General Taylor's nomination is required by no obligations of party fidelity, and that to acquiesce in it would be the abandonment of principles which we hold most dear, treachery to the cause of Freedom, and the utter prostration of the interests of Free Labor and the Rights of Freemen:

"The undersigned, Whigs of Massachusetts, call upon their fellow-citizens throughout the Commonwealth, who are opposed to the Nomination of CASS and TAYLOR, to meet in Convention at Worcester, on *Wednesday*, the 28th day of June current, to take such steps as the occasion shall demand, in support of the PRINCIPLES to which they are pledged, and to co-operate with the other Free States in a Convention for this purpose."

My first political service was folding and directing these circulars. The Conven-

tion was held, and Samuel Hoar presided. It was addressed by men most of whom afterward were eminent in the public service. Among them were Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, Henry Wilson, E. R. Hoar, Edward L. Keyes, Charles Allen, Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, and Abraham Payne, of Rhode Island. Richard H. Dana was present, but I think he did not speak. William Lloyd Garrison and Francis Jackson were present, but took no part whatever. I rode to Boston in a freight-car after the convention was over, late at night. Garrison and Jackson were sitting together and talking to a group of friends. Garrison seemed much delighted with the day's work, but said he heard too much talk about the likelihood that some of the resolutions would be popular and bring large numbers of votes to the party. He said, "All you should ask is, what is the rightful position? and then take it." Among the resolutions was this:

"That Massachusetts looks to Daniel Webster to declare to the Senate and to uphold before the country the policy of the Free States; that she is relieved to know that he has not endorsed the nomination of General Taylor; and that she invokes him at this crisis to turn a deaf ear to 'optimists' and 'quietists,' and to speak and act as his heart and his great mind shall lead him."

Daniel Webster's son Fletcher was present, and heartily in accord with the meeting; and this resolution was passed with his full approval. It met great opposition from the men who had come into the movement from the Liberty Party and from the Democratic Party. The shouts of "No, no; too late" were nearly, if not quite, equal to the expressions of approval. But the president declared that it was passed.

Mr. Webster sulked in his tent during the summer, and at last, on September 1, 1848, made a speech at Marshfield, in which he declared the nomination of Taylor not fit to be made, but gave it a half-hearted support. My brother, Judge E. R. Hoar, had been an enthusiastic admirer of Webster, who had treated him with great personal kindness; and, as I have said, he had been associated with Webster in the famous Wyman trial. Mr.

Webster made a speech in the Senate in August, declaring his renewed opposition to the extension of slavery. Mr. Hoar wrote a letter expressing his satisfaction with that speech, and urging him to take his proper place at the head of the Northern Free Soil movement. This is Mr. Webster's reply, never before published. It is interesting as the last anti-slavery utterance of Daniel Webster.

"MARSHFIELD, August 23, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR : I am greatly obliged to you, for your kind and friendly letter. You overrate, I am sure, the value of my speech, it was quite unpremeditated and its merit, if any, consists I presume in its directness and its brevity. It mortified me to see that some of the newspaper writers speak of it as the 'taking of a position;' as if it contained something new for me to say. You are not one of them, my dear Sir, but there are those who will not believe that I am an anti-slavery man unless I repeat the declaration once a week. I expect they will soon require a periodical affidavit. You know, that as early as 1830 in my speech on Foote's resolutions, I drew upon me the anger of enemies, and a regret of friends by what I said against slavery, and I hope that from that day to this my conduct has been consistent. But nobody seems to be esteemed to be worthy of confidence who is not a new convert. And if the new convert be as yet but half converted, so much the better. This I confess a little tries one's patience. But I can assure you in my own case, it will not either change my principles or my conduct.

"It is utterly impossible for me to support the Buffalo nomination. I have no confidence in Mr. Van Buren, not the slightest. I would much rather trust General Taylor than Mr. Van Buren even on this very question of slavery, for I believe that General Taylor is an honest man and I am sure he is not so much committed on the wrong side, as I know Mr. Van Buren to have been for fifteen years. I cannot concur even with my best friends in giving the lead in a great question to a notorious opponent to the Cause. Besides; there are other great interests of the Country in which you and I hold Mr. Van Buren to be essentially wrong,

and it seems to me that in consenting to form a party under him Whigs must consent to bottom their party on one idea only, and also to adopt as the Representative of that idea a head chosen on a strange emergency from among its steadiest opposers. It gives me pain to differ from Whig friends whom I know to be as much attached to universal liberty as I am, and they cannot be more so. I am grieved particularly to be obliged to differ in anything from yourself and your excellent father, for both of whom I have cherished such long and affectionate regards. But I cannot see it to be my duty to join in a secession from the Whig party for the purpose of putting Mr. Van Buren at the head of the Government. I pray you to assure yourself my dear Sir, of my continued esteem and attachment, and remember me kindly and cordially to your father.

"Yours, etc.,

"DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Honorable E. ROCKWOOD HOAR."

Mr. Hoar had before had a somewhat interesting interview with Mr. Webster to the same effect. Late in the winter, before the convention at Philadelphia, some young Whigs had a dinner at the Tremont House, to concert measures to support his candidacy. There were forty or fifty present. Mr. Webster was expected to speak to them, but his daughter Julia was very ill. He sent them a message that he would see them at the house in Summer Street where he was staying. So when the dinner was half over, the party walked in procession to Mr. Page's house. As Judge Hoar described the interview, he seemed very glum. He shook hands with the young men as they passed by him, but said very little. There was an awkward silence, and they were about to take leave, when the absurdity of the position struck Mr. Hoar, who was the youngest of the party, rather forcibly. Just then he heard Mr. Webster say to somebody near him, "The day for eminent public men seems to have gone by." Whereupon Hoar stepped forward and made him a little speech, which he began by saying that the object of their coming together was to show that, in their opinion, the day for eminent public men had not gone by, and

some more to the same effect. Webster waked up and his eyes flashed and sparkled. He made a little speech full of vigor and fire. He spoke of his name being brought before the Whig convention at Philadelphia, and of his fidelity to the party. He said that whether his own name should be in the judgment of the convention suitable or the best to present to the country the convention would determine, and added, "If the convention shall select any one of our conspicuous leaders, trained and experienced in civil affairs, of national reputation as a statesman, he will receive my hearty support. But if I am asked whether I will advise the convention at Philadelphia to nominate, or if nominated I will recommend the people to support for the office of President of the United States, a swearing, fighting, frontier colonel, I only say that I shall not do it."

Many people think that if Mr. Webster would have supported General Taylor's policy of dealing with the questions relating to slavery it would have prevailed, and that the country would have been pacified and the Civil War avoided. I do not think so. The forces on both sides who were bringing on that conflict were too powerful to be subdued by the influence of any individual statesman. The irrepressible conflict had to be fought out. But Mr. Webster's attitude not only estranged him from the supporters of General Taylor in his own party, but, of course, made an irreparable breach between him and the anti-slavery men who had founded the Free Soil Party. He was the chief target for all anti-slavery arrows from March 7, 1850, to his death.

When I was in the Harvard Law School, Mr. Webster was counsel in a very interesting divorce case where Choate was upon the other side. The parties were in high social position and very well known. Mr. Choate's client, who was the wife, was charged with adultery. I did not hear the closing argument, but my classmates who did reported that Mr. Webster spoke of the woman with great severity and argued the case with a scriptural plainness of speech. He likened the case of the husband bound to an adulterous wife to the old Hebrew punishment of fastening a living man to a corpse. "Who shall deliver me from the body of this

death?" But Judge Fletcher, who held the court, decided in favor of the wife.

The meeting which gathered at Worcester in pursuance of this call for the first time inaugurated a party for the sole object of resisting the extension of slavery. The Liberty Party, which had cast a few votes in the presidential election of 1840, and which, in 1844, had turned the scale in New York and so in the nation against Mr. Clay, was willing to support the candidates of other parties who were personally unobjectionable to them in this respect. But the Free Soil Party, of which the present Republican Party is but the continuation under a change of name, determined that no person should receive its support for any national office who himself continued his association with either of the old political organizations.

The Free Soil Party in Massachusetts cast in the presidential election of 1848 only about 37,000 votes, but it included among its supporters almost every man in the Commonwealth old enough to take part in politics who has since acquired any considerable national reputation. Charles Sumner, who had become known to the public as an orator and scholar by three or four great orations, was just at the threshold of his brilliant career. Charles Francis Adams, who had served respectably but without great distinction in each branch of the State Legislature, brought to the cause his inflexible courage, his calm judgment, and the inspiration of his historic name. John A. Andrew, then a young lawyer in Boston, afterward to become illustrious as the greatest war governor in the Union, devoted to the cause an eloquence stimulant and inspiring as a sermon of Paul. John G. Palfrey, then a Whig member of Congress from the Middlesex District, discussed the great issue in speeches singularly adapted to reach the understanding and gratify the taste of the people of Massachusetts, and in a series of essays whose vigor and compactness Junius might have envied, and with a moral power which Junius could never have reached. Anson Burlingame, afterward Minister to China, captivated large crowds with his inspiring eloquence. Samuel G. Howe, famous in both hemispheres by his knightly service in the cause of Greek independence, famous also by

his philanthropic work in behalf of the insane and blind, brought his great influence to the new party. Henry Wilson, a mechanic, whose early training had been that of the shoemaker's shop, but who understood the path by which to reach the conscience and understanding of the workingmen of Massachusetts better than any other man, had been also a delegate to the Convention at Philadelphia, and was united with Judge Allen in denunciation of its surrender of liberty. Stephen C. Phillips, a highly respected merchant of Salem, and formerly Whig representative from the Essex District, gave the weight of his influence in the same direction. Samuel Hoar, who had been driven from South Carolina when he attempted to argue the case for the imprisoned colored seamen of Massachusetts before the courts of the United States, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the Massachusetts bar, came from his retirement in his old age to give his service in the same cause ; of which his son, E. R. Hoar, was also a constant, untiring, and enthusiastic champion. Richard H. Dana, master of an exquisite English style, the only Massachusetts advocate who ever encountered Rufus Choate on equal terms, threw himself into the cause with all the ardor of his soul. On the Connecticut River, George Ashmun, the most powerful of the Whig champions in western Massachusetts, found more than his match in Erastus Hopkins. William Claflin, afterward Speaker, Lieutenant-Governor, and Governor of Massachusetts, member of the National House of Representatives, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee, was then in early youth. But he had already gained a competent fortune by his business sagacity. He brought to the cause his sound judgment, his warm and affectionate heart, and his liberal hand. He was then, as he has ever since been, identified with every good and generous cause. His staunch friendship was then, as it has ever since been, the delight and comfort of the champions of freedom in strife and obloquy.

Each of these men would have been amply fitted in all respects for the leader of a great party in state or nation. Each

of them could have defended any cause in which he was a believer, by whatever champion assailed. They had also their allies and associates among the representatives of the press. Among these were Joseph T. Buckingham, of the Boston *Courier*, then the head of the editorial fraternity in Massachusetts ; John Milton Earle, the veteran editor of the Worcester *Spy* ; William S. Robinson, afterward so widely known as Warrington, whose wit and keen logic will cause his name to be long preserved among the classics of American literature.

Besides these more conspicuous leaders, there was to be found, in almost every town and village in Massachusetts, some man eminent among his neighbors for purity of life, for philanthropy, and for large intelligence who was ready to join the new party. The glowing hopes and dreams and aspirations of youth were inspired by the muse of Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell and Bryant. The cause of free labor appealed to the strongest sympathies of the mechanics of Essex and the skilled laborers of Worcester.

Four years afterward Daniel Webster, as he lay dying at Marshfield, said to the friend who was by his bedside, "The Whig candidate will obtain but one or two States, and it is well ; as a national party, the Whigs are ended."

The Whig Party retained its organization in Massachusetts until 1856 ; but its intellect and its moral power was gone. Mr. Winthrop, as appears from the excellent "Life" just published by his son, had no sympathy with Mr. Webster's position. Mr. Webster died, a disappointed man, in the autumn of 1852. He took no part in political affairs in Massachusetts after 1850. Mr. Choate, who was to follow his great leader to the grave within a few years, transferred his allegiance to the Democrats. Mr. Everett, after a brief service in the Senate, a service most uncongenial to his own taste, resigned his seat in the midst of the angry conflict on the Nebraska bill, and devoted himself to literary pursuits until, when the war broke out, he threw himself with all his zeal, power, and eloquence into the cause of his country.



Special Cars for Troupe.

THE BUSINESS OF A THEATRE

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—EIGHTH PAPER)

By W. J. Henderson



AROUND the theatre floats always an atmosphere of mystery. Actors are supposed to be creatures of a different mould from those who barter and trade in the prosaic marts of commerce. Silly school-girls picture the "leading man" as a being who talks literature at the breakfast-table, whose breast is constantly throbbing with ecstatic passions, and whose divine head is continually among the stars. Young men in the first bloom of youthful enthusiasm see in

the theatre only art, and are ceaselessly asking themselves with strained minds what aspects or tendencies of human life it should exploit. The daily newspapers also discuss this question with some literary skill and a great deal of common-sense, while certain strange weeklies make long and unintelligible comments in distorted English and Ibsenian trend of thought. Yet there is still another mystery of the theatre. How is its business conducted? Now, almost any merchant or broker can form some idea of the manner in which any other merchant or broker conducts his business. But almost no one at all, outside of the theatre, knows anything about its business system. Yet the management of a theatre is, despite all the questions of art, a business, and a very important one.



Ante-room, Manager's Office.

A prosperous theatre in the city of New York may, in a favorable season, do a business of more than \$250,000, and keep in employment one hundred and fifty persons. There are thirty-seven theatres, including the variety houses, in active operation in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, while the borough of Brooklyn adds a score or more. Everything which affects business in general, affects the theatre immediately. A man will reduce his expenditures for tickets to places of amusement long before he thinks of cutting down his supply of cigars, for the cigar belongs to that class of luxuries which subtly become necessities, while the theatre habit, as any observant manager will tell you, requires constant cultivation. The management of a theatre is, therefore, an occupation requiring business sagacity in a greater degree than it calls for artistic taste.

Yet all the writers who aim at acquainting the general reader with the theatre, tell him how plays are written, how they are

rehearsed, how scenery is painted, how the performance is conducted, how properties are made, or how the actor lives. These things have been explained hundreds of times, and therefore I shall say nothing about them. But I shall tell the reader something about what they cost and how the manager makes a profit out of it all—or fails to do so.

Let us suppose, then, that there is a manager, that he has a theatre, and is ready to open his season. He has had to make certain preparations for that season. If his theatre is a "stock" house—one in which the same company of actors appears throughout the season—he has had to engage his company and procure plays. If it is a "combination" house—one in which different travelling companies, called "combinations," appear in short engagements—he has had to "book his attractions;" which means, to make arrangements with the managers of certain combinations to play in his



Manager's Office.

theatre at certain dates and on specified terms.

The engagement of the company and the procurement of plays in a stock theatre are guided by the policy of the house. It is generally conceded among managers that a theatre must have a distinct policy. It must be known to purchasers of amusements as a thoroughly trustworthy seller of a certain line of goods. It was a favorite saying of amusement-lovers in the bright days of the old Wallack's Theatre, now the Star, that you always knew just what kind of a play and performance you would see in that theatre. The Union Square Theatre, in its "palmy days," had a definite policy, and people who loved strong, emotional melodrama of the French school, such as "The Two Orphans," "A Celebrated Case," and "Mother and Son," knew just where to go for it. The policies of the leading stock houses of to-day are, perhaps, not quite so sharply drawn; but no one expects to see just the same kind

of play at Daly's as he does at the Lyceum.

The policy of the house will in a measure, then, determine whether the play is to be secured abroad or at home, and if abroad, whether in England, France, or Germany. Most managers, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, would prefer to get their plays at home if they could be sure of securing just the line of goods that would suit their customers. But the American dramatist has not yet shown that tailor-like certainty in cutting things to fit which the foreigners have. And besides, with the foreign play, the experiment, known to the "profession" as "trying it on a dog," has already been made. The manager has some definite evidence as to the selling value of the goods, and does not have to take the risk of putting an unknown article on the market.

The process of procuring plays is simple. If the manager wishes to encourage American talent, he may ask one of the well-

known dramatists to write a play for him. In this case he usually deals directly with the playwright, who agrees to write a play containing parts to fit the members of the manager's company. If he decides to go abroad for his play, he sets sail for Europe and visits the principal theatres of London and Paris. Usually he goes at a time when some highly successful play is current. The chances are that he will already have arranged by cable for the refusal, up to a certain date, of the American

rights. The procurement of the play abroad depends entirely upon the vestment of the rights. If the foreign manager holds them, the American manager must deal with him. Usually, however, the dramatist does not part with the exclusive rights to his play. He sells to the English manager the English rights, and then waits for the American manager to come and offer him a good round sum for the American rights. The American manager may then deal with the dramatist



Shifting Scenery from Theatre to Wagons.



A Road Company Starting Out.

directly, unless the latter has an agent. Some of the foreign playwrights, as, for instance, Sardou, have agents in New York, and through them the New York manager may secure the rights to a great foreign success without leaving this city.

Wonderful stories are told of the amounts paid to dramatic authors. If they were true, they would prove that the quickest way to get rich was to write a successful play. It takes about two years, however, for a skilled dramatist, like Bronson Howard, to make a play, and he cannot guarantee that it will be liked by the unfathomable public. I do not know what Mr. Howard receives, but the typical pay of a dramatic author is five per cent. of the gross receipts weekly. But there is no fixed standard of payment. Some playwrights get a certain sum down and the usual royalty of five per cent. Others are paid

on a sliding-scale. One noted pair of collaborators received for one of their productions six per cent. of the gross receipts up to \$6,000 and one per cent. additional of each one thousand over that figure. As their work drew \$10,000 a week for the first six weeks, their manager had to pay them \$700 a week for the use of their work. In the case of purely theatrical hack-work smaller prices are paid, and the rate is often fixed at so much a night, \$25 being a good fee. For adaptations royalties are seldom paid in this country. A manager usually hires a hack dramatist, and pays him a lump sum for his work. For operetta adaptations very small prices are paid; that is why the adaptations are usually such poor trash. No man who can do good work can afford to accept the terms. Original operettas, if successful, pay both managers and authors very well.

D'Oyly Carte offered Gilbert and Sullivan £10,000 down for the exclusive English rights to the "Pirates of Penzance." They declined the offer, accepted their customary royalties, and got £12,000.

The manager, having selected his play and made his bargain with the author, must proceed to the next step in the conduct of his business. He must "put it on." That means he must put the play upon the stage. The manuscript of a drama is, after all is said and done, only a book of directions. It prescribes that certain places are to be represented by scenery, that certain objects called "properties" are to be handled or exhibited in the course of the action, that actors and actresses wearing suitable costumes are to

come upon the stage and leave it at specified times, that they are to speak words provided by the author and to try to look as if they meant them. When all these directions of the manuscript are carried out, a play comes into existence. "Putting a play on" includes the providing of scenery, costumes, properties, and music, and the rehearsing of the actors under the direction of a competent stage-manager. Scenery used to be made in the theatre by the stage-carpenters and scenic artist of the house. Very few theatres now employ a scene-painter. You will notice on the programme in these days something of this kind: "Act I.—A Village Inn (Hawkins). Act II.—Interior of Castle Brinley (Smith). Act III.—Heart of the



The Inside of a Box-office.



A Rush at the Door.

Rocky Mountains (Valestier). Act IV. —Golden Gate (Burgess).” The names in parentheses are those of the different scene-painters selected by the manager to paint scenes of the kinds for which they have special talent. These scene-painters have their own studios, which differ from those of the Beckwiths and Morans by several acres of space, for the scene-painter often has to paint a “forty-foot drop,” a piece of canvas forty feet wide. Theatrical artists do their work by contract, and, of course, prices vary so much that it is quite impossible to give a stated figure. I

may say, however, that the prices are pretty high. For painting a single drop a scenic artist of repute will ask \$100, and for getting up an elaborate scene, from \$250 to \$500. Besides the painting there is the cost of making the scene. If it is done in the theatre the cost of the labor is merged in the running expenses of the house; but the lumber and canvas must be paid for. Several grades of canvas are used, and, consequently, prices vary. The lumber is usually turned out by a mill under a contract made by the stage-carpenter. A “heavy set,” a scene with many



Inside One of the Big Agencies.

separate pieces requiring a good deal of wood-work to give them shape and strength, involves a substantial lumber bill. A carefully prepared scene will, without much difficulty, result in a bill of \$1,000, and it is very easy, in one of the elaborate melodramatic productions so common now, to spend \$5,000 or \$6,000 on scenery alone.

Properties include furniture, rugs, vases, dishes, cigars, letters, and the thousand and one other things which are not a part of the scenery or the costumes. It is difficult for the playgoer sometimes to tell where scenery ends and properties begin, but there is never any doubt in the theatre. The humble cottage may have a vine growing over its porch; if the vine is painted, it belongs to the scene; if it is made of artificial stems and leaves, it is the work of the property-man. The bill for the making of properties for a play varies. Some of the scenes calling for a great number of properties are cheap, because the properties are of the kind that can be borrowed in return for a line of advertisement in the programme. Pianos, organs, furniture, rugs, curtains, and bric-à-brac are often obtained in this way. In spectacular plays, however, the bill for properties is likely to run up to a serious figure. Perishable properties, such as candles, cigars, wine, and other things consumed in the performance, make a weekly bill which may run from a few dollars up to a financial exhibit.

Costumes are sometimes provided by the manager and sometimes by the actors. In spectacular costume plays—those in which scenery and elaborate costumes are an essential part of the drama—the manager usually foots the bill, and in the case of an operetta he almost always does. In stock theatres, where modern plays are the rule, the members of the company generally provide their own equipment, though there are sometimes special arrangements in the cases of the women. There is hardly any limit to the expense of costuming a play. In these days of strong opera-glasses cheap stuffs are seldom used, and I have seen twenty women in an operetta chorus clad in court-gowns that cost from \$80 to \$100 each. Stories which sound incredible have been told of the cost of costuming certain productions. But I remember that a certain manager paid \$18

a pair for white kid boots for his chorus in an operetta, and, as he remarked to me afterward with a sigh: "Those boots did not draw their price." It does not require any ingenuity to spend \$10,000 on costumes in a spectacular play, but, of course, a modern society drama can be put on for less than half that, and in such a piece all the principal people, and often even the "extra ladies" (those who merely appear, but do not speak) usually have to furnish their own garments.

The incidental music for a play is generally arranged by the orchestra conductor of the theatre. In elaborate productions like Sir Henry Irving's "Macbeth" or "King Arthur," composers of note are often engaged and paid a special price. If the "leader," as the theatre's own conductor is always called, arranges the music, the work is regarded as a part of his regular duty, and there remains only the expense of copying the parts. The price charged by copyists, who furnish the paper, is ten cents a page. In the case of an operetta the bill for copying parts may run to \$80 or \$100.

All stock theatres have a stage-manager on the salary-list, but in the case of detached productions—such plays as "A Lady of Quality," "The White Heather," or an operetta—it is customary to engage a stage-manager for the special preparation of that play. A good stage-manager gets from \$75 to \$100 a week, and may be employed in rehearsals for six or eight weeks. His salary goes to swell the expense of putting on the play, which, it must now be clear to the reader, will vary greatly according to the nature of the production. A play which does not require heavy scenery or elaborate costumes can be put on inexpensively. It may not cost more than \$2,000 or \$2,500. On the other hand, those productions in which glowing stage-pictures are a fundamental element often run to ten, and occasionally to twenty, times either of these amounts. An effective production can, however, be made for from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

So much for the general cost of a production. Now let us see what it costs to conduct a theatre after the play has been put on, and how it is done. The general of the little army of forces in a theatre is, of course, the manager. The chief busi-

ness of a theatrical manager is the same as that of a general—to make the plan of campaign. As already intimated, his house must have a policy. He decides what that policy shall be and endeavors to engage a company and secure plays which will be in accordance with it. He watches the tendencies of public taste and strives to meet them. Presumably he has not so much immediate concern with the details of his business, because they are in the hands of competent subordinates. As a fact, he has to watch everything and every person, just as the head of any other business does. He has a most formidable mail; he gets letters from all sorts and conditions of men; from the young woman of Kalamazoo who is sure she is destined to rival Ellen Terry; from the man who had a bad seat at last night's performance; from every unemployed actor, scene-painter, property-man, *et id omne genus* on "the Rialto;" from men and women who wish to read plays to him; from the man who translated a play for Laura Keane, and, therefore, would like two seats for to-morrow night. He also gets a few letters from people who have business with him.

If he has companies "on the road" he gets his daily letters of report from their business-managers, and there are some other persons from whom he expects communications. The manager is a hard man to see. Shut in his private office and with a well-trained boy in the ante-room, he is inaccessible to anyone whom that boy does not know. You cannot even get your card sent to him; the boy always says he is not in. You will get the same answer at the box-office. I remember hearing an old manager once say to his office-boy, "My son, if you don't learn to speak other people's lines you will not succeed in this business. I have written a part for you. Whenever anyone you don't know says, 'Is Mr. Brown in?' that's your cue to answer, 'No, sir.' I wish you to be dead letter-perfect in that line from this time on."

This silent, unseen, mysterious power—the manager—presides over an establishment which is divided into two great departments, known to the elect as the "front" and the "back." The front of the house embraces everything not con-

nected with the performance, and is under the immediate direction of the business-manager. He is the manager's executive officer in that part of the house known to the audience. The "back" is under the government of the stage-manager, who directs every thing and every person connected with the presentation of the play. In the absence of the manager his powers are vested in the business-manager, who is thus seen to rank the stage-manager. The business-manager is assisted by two men in the box-office, and his most immediate concerns are the sale of tickets and the keeping of the accounts of the house.

Keeping the accounts of a theatre is probably the simplest process of the kind known to the business world. The theatrical business is a cash business: no one can get credit at the box-office, consequently there are no personal accounts, no credit system, and no outstanding debts to be collected. The total receipts for each performance are in the box-office before the performance is over. They are counted, and the day's cash expenditures subtracted from them, and the balance on hand footed up before the day's business ends. I do not know whether any burglars read this magazine, but I must state that the day's receipts remain in the theatre over night; so do a night watchman, a burglar-alarm, a direct wire to the nearest police station, a loaded revolver, and other minor deterrents. The method of "counting the house" is very simple. The man in the box-office makes out his statement of sales by counting the tickets left on hand and subtracting that amount from the total number. He sends to the business-manager, about 9.30, a statement like this:

THESPIAN THEATRE, NOVEMBER 24, 1897.

Box Office Statement.

247 orchestra @ \$1.50	\$370 50
201 balcony @ 1.50	301 50
62 " @ 1.00	62 00
96 general admission @ \$1.00	96 00
37 exchange @ .50	18 50
386 gallery @ .50	193 00

\$1,041 50

And right here I must make a digression in favor of the man in the box-office. He is the one man in the theatre who comes into direct contact with the patrons

of the house. He must be a man of great tact and of infinite patience. Every person who comes to his little window asks for two aisle-seats in the centre aisle, and not more than six rows from the stage. He must know how to convince them that others are just as good; he must be able to scatter the people so well when the audience is small that it will look twice as large as it is. This is for the benefit of newspaper men and managers of other houses, who look in to see "how the house is." It is deemed detrimental to business to have the impression go abroad that a play is not drawing large audiences. The man in the box-office must be prepared to keep his temper when a fastidious lady spends twenty minutes in selecting two seats that will suit her complexion and keeps a dozen other persons waiting. He must know how to sell from \$300 to \$500 worth of tickets, at different prices, in half an hour without making mistakes in his cash, and he must know how to be suave and politic with the man to whom he has sold a seat behind a pillar, and who always comes back to complain.

While the box-office man is making out his statement, the business-manager counts the tickets in the doorkeepers' boxes and makes out a similar account. If there are any discrepancies they must be reconciled. The business-manager's statement is given to the manager. A copy of it is entered in the cash-book, the only book necessarily kept in the box-office. On the page opposite the receipts are entered the items of the day's expenditure. Everything except the rent of the theatre and the salaries of the actors and actresses is paid from the box-office. The amount banked each morning is charged under expenditures, and so is any money taken out of the box-office by the manager. The manager himself requires only two small books—his bank-book and his salary-list book, in which he also notes his weekly rent. He pays the salaries of the actors himself; all the other salaries are paid by the business manager. At the end of every week, and, indeed, of every day, the manager knows the exact state of his business. All bills against the house are paid weekly. Tuesday is the usual day, that generally being salary-day. The stage-hands, however, have to be paid on Saturday night, other-

wise they do not go to work on Monday. I touch a tender spot in the business when I speak of the workingmen. In that department the hard hand of organized labor has its firm grip, and the manager has no power to decide either how many stage-hands he will employ or what he will pay them, and this brings us by a convenient short cut to the question of weekly expenses, first of which is the salary-list.

The salaries of actors and actresses vary so much that no fixed prices can be quoted. It may suffice to say that the salary-list of a stock-house will not come to less than \$1,000 a week, and is often considerably more. The salaries in the "front" are about as follows: business-manager, \$60 to \$75 a week; box-office man, \$30; assistant, \$15; two doorkeepers, \$8 to \$12 each; head usher, \$8; other ushers (three or four), \$7; lithograph men (two), \$15; night watchman, \$10. The salaries of the attachés of the stage are all fixed at union rates. Furthermore, the manager must employ three men on a side—that is, three stage-hands on each side of the stage, including the stage-carpenter and his assistant—and two flymen, men who work the curtain and drops up in the "flies," the regions above the stage. The union rates are as follows: stage-carpenter, \$30 a week; assistant, \$25; electrician, \$25; assistant, \$15; property-man, \$25; assistant, \$15; back door-keeper, \$7; stage-hands, \$1.50 for each performance, \$2.50 per day for putting on a play, fifty cents an hour for rehearsals, and sixty-two and a half cents an hour for all labor half an hour after the fall of the final curtain. Orchestra leaders get \$40 to \$50 a week and the union rate for musicians is \$25, except in operettas, when it is \$4 a performance.

Other expenses which may as well be noted here are: license, \$500 a year, two calcium lights (employed in almost every play at present), \$15 a week each, and \$8 a week for a man to manage one, as the union does not permit the electrician of the theatre to handle more than one; gas-bill, \$90 to \$95 a week, or, if the house uses electricity, about one third more; coal for heating in the winter, three tons a month; newspaper advertising, about \$180 a week in New York; bill-posting, three cents a sheet, and paid every week.

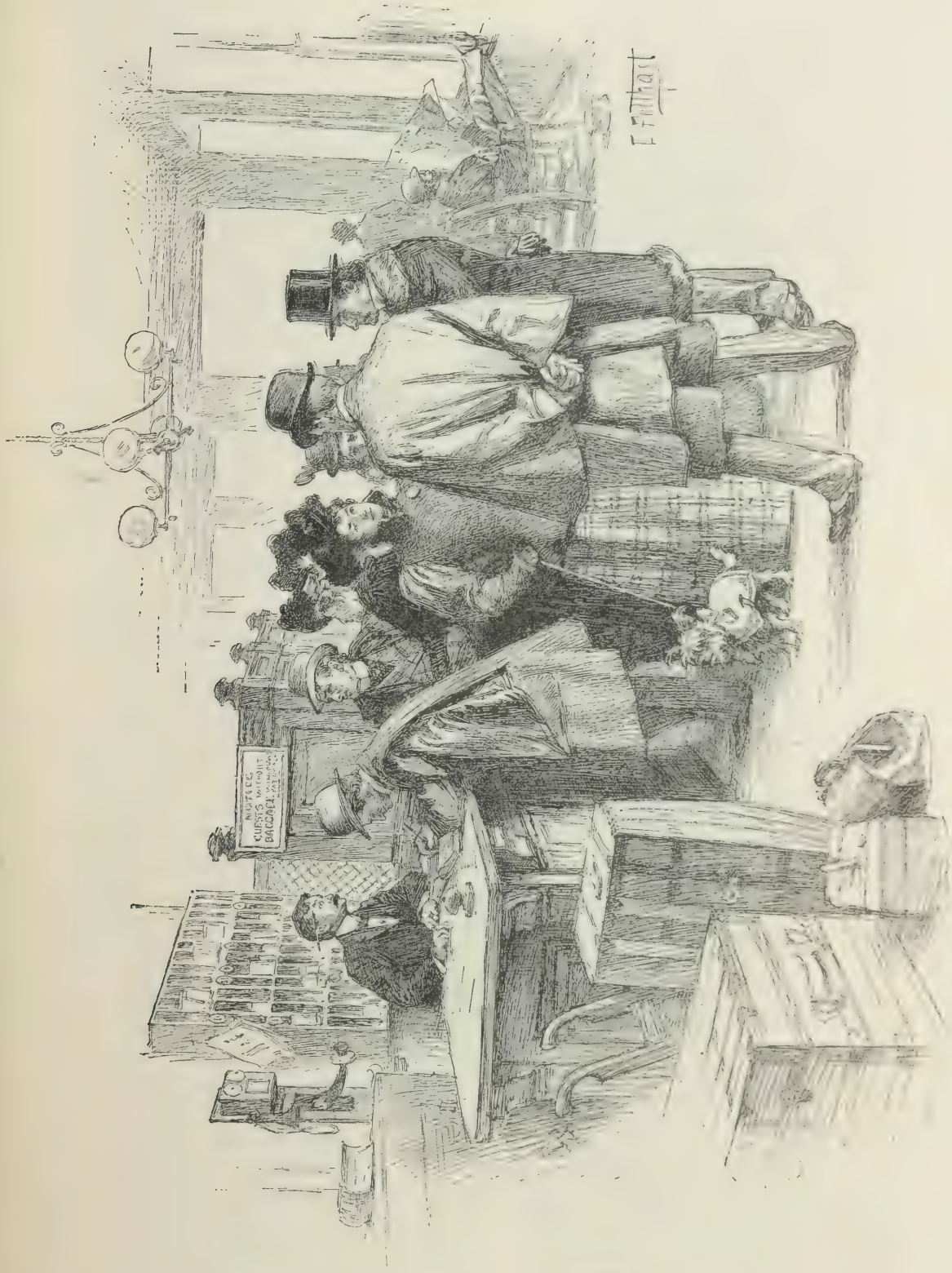
whether new bills are put up or not ; tickets, \$8.50 a week ; and billing, anything the manager feels like spending. The handsome lithographic printing used so extensively at present costs from three to twenty-five cents a sheet, according to the grade of work and the number of colors used. Great quantities of this can be put out on walls or in windows. The labor of the two lithograph men above mentioned is the distribution of this "window work," as it is called. The owners of shops in which it is placed are paid in tickets, a fixed number each week (generally two), and these they sell at small prices to the "scalpers," who in turn sell them to the public at a little less than the box-office rate. The amount of paper that may be put out by the bill-posters, of course, varies ; but Brooklyn, the most expensive town in the country to bill, costs a theatre \$250 a week.

The average rent of a Broadway theatre is \$30,000 to \$35,000 a year. Now, if a theatre could count on long and successful runs for all its productions and a season of substantial length, the manager would clearly see his way to a profit. But he must, as a rule, make three or four expensive productions in the course of a season, which lasts about thirty-two weeks. During the other twenty weeks of the year it is cheaper for him to keep his theatre closed. May, June, July, and August, at any rate, are months of loss, and to these September may generally be added. The items of expense which I have quoted will be recognized by managers as those of a house run economically. In round figures the weekly expenses of a combination theatre are about \$2,000 a week ; those of a stock theatre will double that, and those of an operetta-house will reach \$5,000. To take in \$5,000 a week in the customary seven performances, the theatre must receive over \$700 at every performance. A \$600 house has a prosperous look, yet with seven of those in a week in a stock theatre the manager clears just \$200 toward the dead loss of the summer months. A \$1,000 house is a good one, and no manager will be heard to grumble very much if he can take in \$7,000 a week for any considerable period.

But a play which will bring average receipts of \$7,000 a week must be very suc-

cessful. In the case of a theatre occupied by a combination, the manager's share of the profits is naturally diminished, but so are his expenses. But the margin of profit in the theatre is not so large as the person unfamiliar with the business would imagine. It is not easy to make \$300 a night, and it is easy to lose \$500. As the matters have passed into the records of by-gone times, I shall not be telling anyone's secrets if I say that the profit on the six months' run of "Patience" at the Standard Theatre was \$90,000. In the production of "Les Manteaux Noirs" and "Rip Van Winkle" (Planquette's operetta), the following season the manager lost \$25,000 in just eight weeks. A failure in a New York theatre is a business disaster. It means that with an expense of about \$700 a night, the manager must be contented with receipts of about \$100 or \$150. I remember the case of a play which cost several thousand dollars to mount, and which was acted by one of the strongest companies procurable, but which failed. It cost \$700 to raise the curtain, and the first week's receipts were less than \$1,000. At the Saturday matinée there was \$14 in the house. It is easy to lose money very fast in a theatre.

The "road," as it is called, is the most active field of theatrical enterprise at the present time. The system of travelling companies which has been developed in the last twenty years is wide and intricate. There are only a few stock houses in the country. Most of the theatres play combinations. The arrangement between the manager of the theatre and the manager of the company is a sharing plan. The manager of the company furnishes the actors, the play, such special scenery and properties as have to be carried, the costumes, the street-bills and window-pictures. The manager of the theatre furnishes everything else, including as many extra stagehands as may be necessary to handle especially heavy sets. As elaborate scenery forms a big feature in the representations of many travelling companies, the theatre manager often has a bill of \$150 a week for extra "grips," as they are called, and stage-clearers. The average basis of sharing is one which gives sixty per cent. of the gross receipts of each performance to the manager of the company. Of course,



17th Oct

Arrival of the Company at a Hotel

some combinations get a larger percentage, and occasionally the manager of the theatre must guarantee that the share of the combination manager will not fall below a certain figure. A sliding scale is sometimes adopted, the combination receiving sixty per cent. up to, say \$3,000, and sixty-five per cent., or more, for all beyond that.

The "road" business of to-day has reached enormous dimensions. Travelling companies supply the theatres of every city and town in the country, with a very few exceptions. In New York, for instance, there are only four stock theatres, including the German play-house. Most of the companies destined for the road are formed in New York, and they range in importance and expensiveness all the way from the combination organized to present some one of the great successes of the season in long engagements in the larger cities down to a cheap farce-comedy company to play "one-night stands" in small towns and villages. Year by year there has been a growing tendency to concentration in the management of the road business, and one of its most important features is now in the hands of a few middlemen. This is what is known as laying out the route, and it is by far the most difficult and most vital part of the road business.

To lay out a route for a travelling company requires a comprehensive knowledge of the territory to be covered. It is necessary to know the seating capacity of every theatre, in order that the company may not go to a house which it can pack and still lose money; the number, character and taste of the population, in order that a play wholly unsuited to it may not be offered; the cost of railroad transportation, and a dozen other things. It would be useless, to give an extreme example, to try to take a play like "The White Heather" to Red Bank, N. J. The scenery could not be placed on the stage there; and if it could, the theatre would not hold enough money to pay half the expense of the performance. It would be useless to book a cheap company and an inferior farce at a Broadway theatre in New York, though the same performance might do well in one of the Bowery houses.

But the problem does not end with the

selection of a town and a theatre. The company has to keep going. In some places it can play a week; in others, three nights; in others, only one. The booking agent must know how long an engagement he can make for each town. And then he must arrange his string of towns and get dates at their theatres so that the company can proceed by short journeys from one to the next. "Long jumps," as they are called, mean big railroad fares, and as the manager of the company has to pay these, he naturally tries to make the jumps as short as possible. Then enters also the question of railroad rates, which sometimes makes the longest way round the cheapest way there. Some railroads will not make special rates for theatrical companies. Others will carry so many people for so many fares—say twenty-eight people for twenty fares. But constantly, when the jump is from one State into another, the interstate commerce law interferes with rate concessions. Many companies have their special cars, and railroad rates become a question of price for the haul.

The person who lays out a route for a company must have all these matters at his fingers' ends. And he must know who is the best bill-poster in each town, who is the right man to haul the baggage and the scenery to and from the theatre, which hotel will give the most favorable rates, how many newspapers there are and how much must be spent in advertising in them, how many sheets of billing it takes for the town, what the rental of the theatre is, and whether it will be more profitable to rent than to play on shares. Furthermore, he must so far as possible know what other attractions will be offered at certain times. It would be no use to go into a country-town with a good play on the date selected by the circus. A story is told of a well-known New York manager who took a company to Keyport, N. J., and faced the proverbial "beggarly array of empty benches." He sent for the janitor of the hall in which his performance was given and asked what was wrong.

"Wal," said the janitor, "ef I'd 'a' knowed in time, I'd 'a' writ ye 'twarn't no use comin'." Ye see, there's a auction sale across the street."

The booking of routes is nearly all done

now by the large dramatic agencies. Most of the road-companies are organized either by or through these agencies, which have arrangements with out-of-town managers to supply them with attractions. The managers of the provincial theatres each pay an agency about \$100 a year, and get in return some five or six weeks of business. Companies not organized by an agency, but placing their business in its hands, also pay a booking fee, so that the middleman makes money on both sides. The actor in a road-company gets about the same amount of salary as he would in a stock-company—perhaps \$10 or \$15 a week more—out of which he must pay his hotel expenses and sleeping-car fares. The manager provides only transportation, and of course always makes it as cheap as possible. The advance agent of the company, who arrives a week or two ahead of it in each town, makes such minor arrangements as have not been settled by the booking agency. In former times he was the most important member of the entire travelling organization, but his star has waned before the glory of the "press man." This functionary is an outgrowth of the modern newspaper rather than of the theatre. His existence is simply an evidence that managers know how to take advantage of those tendencies in journalism which conservative papers describe as "yellow." The "press man" must be a person who can feed the columns of the newspapers with good stories about the company or its principal members. If Miss Flossie Highkick sprains her ankle the "press man" must get half a column, with her picture, into each of the papers. If the town has one of those old-fashioned papers that do not celebrate the private lives of actors, he must manage to squeeze at least a paragraph into it. He must keep the company before the people. A good press man commands a salary of \$75 to \$100 a week, and he earns every cent of it.

A large part of the road-business to-day is in the hands of syndicates. The theatrical syndicate had its origin in the heavy losses caused by the failure of plays produced by individual managers. It was thought that by the combination of several managers in a syndicate the individual risks might be lessened and the terri-

tory to be utilized much widened. There is now one powerful syndicate, in which four managers and one large booking-agency are the partners. The members of this syndicate are the lessees of a number of theatres in the principal cities of the country. This fact alone enables them to produce a play in New York, send it on the road, and place it advantageously in the other cities. The members of the syndicate have further widened the field of their operations by making contracts with managers in some of the smaller cities to furnish all their attractions. These contracts call for the payment of a small percentage of the gross receipts as a booking fee, but they usually reduce somewhat the sharing percentage of the company. Theatres which are not in the direct line of the syndicate's operations frequently play its attractions. Indeed the theatres outside of New York are almost at its mercy, because it books the routes for nearly all the strongest attractions on the road. If the out-of-town manager demurs at the contract offered him for a week of the "Fly-by-Night Party," he will have to dismiss all hope of securing a week of the immensely successful drama, "A Heritage of Honey"—"direct from the Directoire Theatre, New York." If he desires cake frequently, he must occasionally accept crust.

The "road," as I have said, embraces by far the larger part of the business of the theatre to-day. There are no statistics to show how much money this business represents. The Actors' Fund of America, the charitable organization of the theatre, has ascertained that 17,000 persons are employed in capacities entitling them to its recognition. This may give some idea of the number of persons in the road business, for stock theatres employ a very small percentage of the whole. The travelling companies comprise those of from ten or twelve persons up to an operetta or spectacular company of forty or fifty. The uncertainties of the business are innumerable. Railway accidents, floods, and wash-outs may delay the company and lose it a valuable night's business. A fire in the town, a run on a bank, the death of a prominent citizen, some one of a dozen other unforeseen incidents of intense local interest, may distract public attention and

leave the theatre half empty. These are the risks of the business, and in a broader measure they form part of the problem which the manager of the metropolitan stock theatre has to face.

The life of the theatre and the life of a play are also elements in the problem of conducting a play-house. In a city whose centre of activity has a slow movement along a certain line, as in the case of New York, the life of a theatre is a serious consideration. The theatrical centre of New York thirty years ago was below Fourteenth Street. It is now between Twenty-eighth and Forty-second. The "Rialto," the favorite promenade of actors, was in front of the Broadway Central Hotel, then

the Grand Central, twenty-five years ago. A little later, in the palmy days of Wallack's (now the Star) and the Union Square (now Keith's), it was along Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue. Now it is nearer to Forty-second Street than to Twenty-third. The actor follows the theatre. The manager who is about to take a ten-years' lease of a theatre must be pretty sure that his house is in its prime and not in the last five years of its old age. A successful play is sure of a fairly long life. It may run a season out in New York. The next season can be filled in the larger cities. The third takes in the smaller cities of the New England and Middle States circuits. The fourth may



A Bill Poster at Work



Shipping Scenery into Cars.

be devoted to the South and Southwest. But a play good enough to last four seasons is usually played by several companies and the territory is exhausted in less time. If the individuality of a single actor is an essential element in the success of the play, it is useless to organize more than one company. Such plays have long lives, as witness "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres."

When all is said and done, the principal problem which confronts the manager of a theatre is how to get people to patronize his house. And this, I make bold to state, is purely a business problem. The impression, which may be gathered from daily-newspaper criticism of the drama, that managers are continually face to face with questions of art, is in the main erroneous. The business question which confronts the manager is not what is good, but what will draw. The box-office receipts are his measure of merit, and if the public crowds to see the play at his theatre he calls it a success, even if it violates every canon of art and every known law of dramatic construction. In seeking for a play, the manager endeavors to get one that will appeal to the public taste of the time. The problem before him is not to

ascertain what the public ought to like, but what it does like.

The idea that a manager can educate public taste is only partly correct. He cannot do so by proceeding on lines diametrically opposite to that taste. If he concerns himself at all with artistic problems, it is only to study how art and popularity may be reconciled. If one or the other must be sacrificed, you may be sure that it is art that will be thrown overboard. A theatre is a place of business, and it is conducted on the old and thoroughly established principle of offering for sale the kind of goods that people desire to buy. The great point is to find out what sort of goods they desire, and that is not always easy. But the garnered experience of the theatre demonstrates that there are certain fundamental dramatic situations which have always been, and probably always will be, interesting to the general public. "The way to make a play," said one of our most artistic managers to me some years ago, "is to force two lovers apart by obstacles and then bring them together again." You could not induce that manager to produce a play not based on that idea, because he would tell you, in the language of the stage,

that it lacked "heart interest." Dramatic critics will continue in vain to clamor for novelty in plays. The old situations will always be used in one form or another be-

cause they have a business value. They attract people to the theatre. To achieve that end is to solve the manager's chief problem.



THE WINTER STARS

By Archibald Lampman

ACROSS the iron silence of the night
 A keen wind fitfully creeps, and far away
 The northern ridges glimmer faintly bright,
 Like hills on some dead planet hard and gray.
 Divinely from the icy sky look down
 The deathless stars that sparkle overhead,
 The Wain, the Herdsman, and the Northern Crown,
 And yonder, westward, large and balefully red,
 Arcturus, brooding over fierce resolves:
 Like mystic dancers in the Arctic air
 The troops of the Aurora shift and spin:
 The Dragon strews his bale-fires, and within
 His trailing and prodigious loop involves
 The lonely Pole-star and the Lesser Bear.

THE ENTOMOLOGIST

By George W. Cable

III

AS I was in my fat neighbor's sick chamber one evening, giving his nurse a respite, word came that Fontenette was at my gate. I went to him with misgivings that only increased as we greeted. He was at the same time dejected and agitated. His grasp was damp and cold.

"It cou'n' stay from me always," he said, in an anguished voice, and I cried in my soul, "She's told him!" But she had not. I asked him what his bad news was that had come at last, but his only reply was,

"Can you take *him*? Can you take him out of my house—to-night—this evening—now?"

"Who, the Baron? Why, certainly, if you desire it," I responded; wondering if the entomologist, by some slip, had betrayed *her*. There was an awe in my visitor's eyes that was almost fright.

"Fontenette," I exclaimed, "what have you heard—what have you done?"

"My frien', 'tis not what I 'ave heard, neither what I 'ave done, 'tis what I 'ave got."

"Got? Why, *you've* got nothing, you Creole of the Creoles. Your skin's as cool as mine."

"Feel my pulse," he said. I felt it. It wasn't less than a hundred and fifty.

"Go, get into bed while I bring the Baron over here," I said, and by the time I had done this and got back to him his skin was hot enough! An hour or two after I recrossed the street on the way to my night's rest, leaving his wife to nurse him, and Senda to attend on her and keep house. I paused in the garden and gazed up among the benignant stars. And then I looked onward, through and beyond their ranks, seemingly so confused, yet where such amazing hidden order is, and said, for our good Fontenette, and for his watching wife, and for all of us—even for my wife and me in our unutterable loss—

"Sank Kott! sank Kott! it iss only se yellow fevah!"

Three days more, in the third evening I found the doctor saying to Mrs. Fontenette: "Nine o'clock. It's now seven-thirty. Well, you'd better begin pretty soon to watch for the change. . . . O, you'll know it when you see it, it will be as plain as something sinking in water right before your eyes. Then give him the beef-tea, just a teaspoonful; then, by and by, another, and another, as I told you, always keeping his head on the pillow—mind that." Out beside his carriage he continued to me: "O yes, a nurse or patient may break that rule, or almost any rule, and the patient may live. I had a patient, left alone for a moment on the climacteric day, who was found standing at her mirror combing her hair, and to-day she's as well as you or I. I had another who got out of bed, walked down a corridor, fell face downward and lay insensible at the crack of a doorsill with the rain blowing in on him under the door—and he got well. As to Fontenette, all his symptoms so far are good. Well—I'll be back in the morning."

So ran the time. There were no more new cases in our house; my wife and I had had the scourge years before, as also had Senda, who remained over the way. Fontenette passed from one typical phase of the disorder to another "charmingly," as the doctor said, yet he specially needed just such exceptionally delicate care as his wife was giving him. In the city at large the deaths per day were more and more, and one night when it showered and there was a heavenly cooling of the air, the increase in the mortality was horrible. But the weather, as a rule, was steady and tropically splendid; the sun blazed; the moonlight was marvellous; the dews were like rains: the gardens were gay with butterflies. Our convalescent



ALBERT HERTER 

Drawn by Albert Herter.

We found her just relaxing on Senda's arm — Page 324.

little ones hourly forgot how gravely far they were from being well, and it became one of our heavy cares to keep the entomologist from entomologizing—and from overeating.

From time to time, when shorthanded we had used skilled nurses; but when Mrs. Fontenette grew haggard and we mentioned them, she said, distressfully: "O! no hireling hands! I can't bear the thought of it!" and indeed the thought of the average hired "fever-nurse" of those days was not inspiring; so I served as her alternate when she would accept any, and threw herself on the couch Senda had spread in the little parlor. At length one day I was called up at dawn and went over to take her place once more, and when after several hours had passed I was still with him, Fontenette said, while I bent down, "I have the fear thad's going to go hahd with my wife, being of the Nawth."

"Why, what's going to go hard, old fellow?"

"The feveh. My dear frhien', don't I know tha'z the only thing would keep her f'om me thad long?"

"Still, you don't know her case will be a hard one; it may be very light. But don't talk now."

"Well—I hope so. Me, I wou'n' take ten thousand dollahs faw thad feveh myself—to see that devotion of my wife. You muz 'ave observe', eh?"

"Yes, indeed, old man; nobody could help observing. I wouldn't talk any more just now."

"No," he insisted, "nobody could eveh doubt. Action 'speak loudeh than word,' eh?"

"Yes, but we don't want either from you just now." I put his restless arms back under the cover; not to keep the outer temperature absolutely even was counted a deadly risk. "Besides," I said, "you're talking out of character, old boy."

He looked at me mildly, steadily, for several moments, as if something about me gave him infinite comfort. It was a man's declaration of love to a man, and as he read the same in my eyes, he closed his own and drowsed.

Though he dozed only at wide intervals and briefly, he asked no more ques-

tions until night; then—"Who's with my wife?"

"Mine."

He closed his eyes again, peacefully. It was in keeping with his perfect courtesy not to ask how she was. If she was doing well—well; and if not, he would spare us the pain of informing or deceiving him.

Senda became a kind of chief-of-staff for both sides of the street. She would have begged to be Mrs. Fontenette's nurse, but for one other responsibility, which we felt it would be unsafe, and she thought it would be unfair, for her to put thus beyond her own reach: "se care of mine hussbandt." She wore a plain path across the unpaved street to our house, and another to our neighbor's. "Sat iss a too great risk," she compassionately maintained, "to leaf even in se daytime sosc shildtren—so late sick—alone viss only mine hussbandt and se sairvants!"

The doctor was concerned for Mrs. Fontenette from the beginning. "Terribly nervous," he said, "and full from her feet to her eyes of a terror of death—merely a part of the disease, you know," but in this case I did not know. "Pathetic," he called the fevered satisfaction she took in the hovering attentions of our old black nurse, who gave us brief respites in the two sick-rooms by turns, and who had, according to Mrs. Fontenette, "such a beautiful faith!" The doctor thought it mostly words, among which "de Lawd willin'" so constantly recurred that out of the sick-room he always alluded to her as D. V., though never without a certain sincere regard. This kind old soul had nursed much yellow fever in her time, and it did not occur to us that maybe her time was past.

When Mrs. Fontenette had been ill something over a week, the doctor one evening made us glad by saying, as he came through the little dining-room and jerked a thumb back toward Fontenette's door, "Just keep him as he is for one more night and, I promise you, he'll get well; but!"—He sat down on the couch—Senda's—in the parlor, and pointed at the door to Mrs. Fontenette's room. "You've got to be careful *here* you let even that be known—in there! She can get well too—if—" And he went on to tell how

in this ailment all the tissues of the body sink into such frail deterioration, that so slight a thing as the undue thrill of an emotion may rend some inner part of the soul's house and make it hopelessly untenable.

"Iss sat not se condition vhat make it so easy to relapse?" asked Senda.

He said it was, I think, and went his way, little knowing to what a night he was leaving us—except for its celestial beauty, upon which he expatiated as I stepped with him to the gate. He had not been gone long enough for me to get back into the house—Fontenette's—when I espied coming to me, in piteous haste from her home around the corner, the young daughter of another neighbor. Her hair was about her eyes and as she saw the physician had gone, she wrung her hands and burst into violent weeping. I ran to her outside the gate, pointing backward at Mrs. Fontenette's room, with entreating signs for quiet as she called—"Oh, *where* is he gone? Which way did he go?"

"I can't tell you, my dear girl!" I murmured. "I don't know! What is the trouble?"

"My father!" she hoarsely whispered, "My father's dying! dying in a raging delirium, and we can't hold him in bed! O, come and help us!" She threw her hands above her head in wild despair, and gnawed her hands and lips and shook and writhed as she gulped down her sobs, and laid hold of me and begged as though I had refused. I found her words true. It took four men to keep him down. I did not have to stay to the end, and when I reached Fontenette's side again, was glad to find I had been away but little over an hour.

I sent the old black woman home and to bed, and may have sat an hour more, when she came back to tell us, that one of the children was very wakeful and feverish. Senda went to see into the matter for us, and the old woman took her place. Fontenette slept. Loath to see him open his eyes, I kept very still, while nearly another hour dragged by, listening hard for Senda's return, but hearing only, once or twice, through the narrow stairway and closets between the two bedrooms, a faint stir that showed Mrs. Fontenette was

awake and being waited on. I was grateful for the rarity of outdoor sounds; a few tree-frogs piped, two or three solitary wayfarers passed in the street; twice or more the sergeant of the night-watch trilled his whistle in a street or two behind us, and twice or more in front; and once, and once again, came the distant bellow of steamboats passing each other—not the famous boats whose whistle you would know one from another, for they were laid up. I doubt if I have forgotten any sound that I noticed that night. I remember the drowsy rumble of the midnight horse-car and tinkle of its mule's bell, first in Prytania Street and then in Magazine. It was just after these that at last a black hand beckoned me to the door, and under her breath the old nurse told me, she was just back from our house, where her mistress had sent her, and that—"De-eh—de-eh"—

"The Baroness?"

"Yass, sih, de—de outlayndish la-ady. Law, Mis', dat Bah'ness ain't no fittin' name fo' a la-ady; hit all time make me think of de menaadgerie."

Senda had sent word that the child had only an indigestion—a thing serious enough in such a case—and though still slightly feverish was now asleep, but restless.

"Sih? Yass, sir—awnressless—dass 'zac'ly what I say!"

Wherefore Senda would either remain in the nursery or return to us, as we should elect.

"O no, sih, she no need to come back right now, anyhow; yass, sih, dass what de Mis' say, too."

"Then you'll stay here," I whispered.

"Yass, sih, ef de Lawd wil—I mean if you wants me, sih—yass, sih, thaynk you, sih. I loves to tend on Mis' Fontenette, she got sich a bu'ful fa-aith, same like she say I got. Yass, sih, I dess loves to set an' watch her—wid dat sweet santimonious fa-ace."

Fontenette being still asleep I gave her my place for a moment, and went to the door between the parlor and his wife's room. My wife came to it, barely breathing the triumphant word—"Just dropped asleep!" and when I replied that I would take a little fresh air at the front door she asked if at my leisure I would empty and

bring in from the window-sill, around on the garden side of her patient's room a saucer containing the over-sweetened remains of some orange-leaf tea, that "D. V." had made "for to wrench out de nerves." She wanted only the saucer.

I went outside a step or two and took in a long draught of good air—the air of a yellow-fever room is dreadful. It was my first breath of mental relief also; almost the first that night, and the last. I paced once or twice the short narrow walk between the front flower-beds, surprised at their well-kept and blooming condition until I remembered Senda. The moths were out in strong numbers, and it was delightful to forget graver things for a moment and see the flowers bend coyly under their passionate kisses and blushingly rise again when the sweet robbery was finished. So it happened that I came where a glance across to my own garden showed me, on the side farthest from the nursery, a favorite bush, made pale by a light that could come only from the entomologist's window. I went in promptly, told what I proposed to do, and hurried out again.

I crossed into my garden and silently mounted the balcony-stairs I have mentioned once before. His balcony-door was ajar. His room was empty. He had occupied the bed. A happy thought struck me—to feel the spot where he had lain; it was still warm. Good! But his clothes were all gone except his shoes, and they, you remember, were no proof that he was indoors. I stole down into the garden once more, and looked hurriedly in several directions, but saw no sign of him. I am not a ferocious man even when alone, but as I came near the fence of our fat neighbor—once fat, poor fellow, and destined to be so again in time—and still saw no one, I was made conscious of waving my fist and muttering through my gritting teeth, by hearing my name softly called. It was an unfamiliar female voice that spoke, from a window beyond the fence, and it flashed on my remembrance that two kinswomen of my neighbor were watching with his wife, whose case was giving new cause for anxiety. It was Mrs. Soandso, the voice explained, and could I possibly come in there a moment? if only to the window!

"Is our friend the Baron over here?" I asked, as I came to it. He was not. "Well, never mind," I said; "how is your patient?"

"Oh, that's just what we wish we knew. In some ways she seems better, but she's more unquiet. She's had some slight nausea and it seems to increase. Do you think that is important?"

"Yes," I said, "very. I hear someone cracking ice; are you keeping ice on her throat—no? Well, begin it at once, and persuade her to lie on her back as quietly as she can, and get her to sleep if possible! Doctor—no; he wouldn't come before morning, anyhow; but I'll send my wife right over to you, if she possibly can come."

I turned hurriedly away and had taken only a few steps, when I lit upon the entomologist. "Well, I'll just—what *are* you doing here? Where were you when I was in your room just now?" His shoes were on.

"Vhat you wantet mit me? I vas by dot liblair' going. For vhat you moof dot putterfly-net fon t'e mandtelpiece? You make me *too* much trouble to find dot when I vas in a hurry!" He shook it at me.

"Hurry!" In my anger and distress I laughed. "My friend"—laying a hand on him—"you'll hurry across the street with me."

He waved me off. "Yes; go on, you; I coom py undt py; I dtink t'ere iss vun maud come into dot gardten, vhat I haf not pefore seen since more as acht years, already!"

"Yes," I retorted, "and so you're here at the gate alone. Now come right along with me! Aren't there enough lives in danger to-night, but you must"—He stopped me in the middle of the street.

"Mine Gott! vhat iss dot you say? Who—*who*—mine Gott! *who* iss her life in dtanger? Iss dot—mine Gott! is du he-ere?" He pointed to Mrs. Fontenette's front window.

I could hardly keep my fist off him. "Hush! you— For one place it's *here*." I pushed him with my finger.

"Ach!" he exclaimed, in infinite relief. "I dt'ought you mean—I—I dt'ought—hmm!—hmm! I am dtired." He leaned on me like a sick child and we

went into the cottage parlor. The moment he saw the lounge he lay down upon it, or I should have taken him back into the dining-room.

"Sha'n't I put that net away for you?" I murmured, as I dropped a light covering over him.

But he only hugged the toy closer. "No; I keep it—hmm!—hmm!—I am dtired——"

Both patients, I found, were drowsing; the husband peacefully, the wife with troubled dreams. When the Baron spoke her eyes opened with a look, first eager and then distressful, but closed again. We put the old black woman temporarily into her room and my wife hurried to our other neighbors, whence she was to despatch one of their servants to bid Senda come at once to us. But "no battle"—have I already used the proverb? She gave the message to the servant, but it never reached Senda. Somebody forgot. As I sat by Fontenette with ears alert for Senda's coming and was wondering at the unbroken silence, he opened his eyes on me and smiled.

"Ah!" he softly said, "thad was a pleasan' dream!"

"A pleasant dream, was it?"

"Yes; I was having the dream thad my wife she was showing me those *rose-bushes*; an' every *rose-bush* it had roses, an' every rose it was perfect."

I leaned close and said that he had been mighty good not to ask about her all these many days, and that if he would engage to do as well for as long a time again, and to try now to have another good dream I would tell him that she was sleeping and was without any alarming symptoms. O lucky speech! It was true when it was uttered; but how soon the hour belied it!

As he obediently closed his eyes, his hand stole out from the side of the covers and felt for mine. I gave it, and as he kept it his thought seemed to me to flow into my brain. I could feel him, as it were, thinking of his wife, loving her through all the deeps of his still nature with seven—yes, seventy—times the passion that I fancied would ever be possible to that young girl I had seen a few hours earlier showing her heart to the world, with falling hair and rending sobs. As he

lay thus trying to court back his dream of perfect roses, I had my delight in knowing he would never dream—what Senda saw so plainly, yet with such faultless modesty—that all true love draws its strength and fragrance from the riches not of the loved one's, but of the lover's soul.

His grasp had begun to loosen, when I thought I heard from the wife's room a sudden sound that made my mind flash back to the saucer I had failed to bring in. It was as though the old-fashioned, unweighted window-sash, having been slightly lifted, had slipped from the fingers and fallen shut. I hearkened, and the next instant there came softly searching through doors, through walls, through my own flesh and blood, a long half-wailing sigh. Fontenette tightened on my hand, then dropped it, and opening his eyes sharply, asked, "What was that?"

"What was what, old fellow?" I pretended to have been more than half asleep myself.

"Did I only dream I 'eard it, thad noise?"

"That isn't a hard thing to do in your condition," I replied, with my serenest smile, and again he closed his eyes. Yet for two or three minutes it was plain he listened; but soon he forbore and began once more to slumber. Then very soon I faintly detected a stir in the parlor, and stealing to the door to listen through the dining-room, came abruptly upon the old black woman. Disaster was written on her face and when she spoke tears came into her eyes.

"De madam want you," she said, and passed in to take my place.

As I went on to the parlor, my wife, just inside Mrs. Fontenette's door beckoned me. As I drew near I made an inquiring motion in the direction of our neighbor across the way.

"I'm hopeful," was her whispered reply; "but—in here"—she shook her head. Just then the new maid came from our house, and my wife whispered again—"Go over quickly to the Baron; he's in his room. 'Twas he came for me. He'll tell you all. But he'll not tell his wife, and she mustn't know."

As I ran across the street I divined, almost in full, what had taken place. I had noticed the possibility of some of the

facts when I had left the Baron asleep on the parlor-lounge, but they could have done no harm, even when Senda did not come, had it not been for two other facts which I had failed to foresee; one, that we had unwittingly overtaken our willing old nurse, and in her chair in Mrs. Fontenette's room she was going to fall asleep; and the other that the entomologist would waken. And now see what a cunning trap the most innocent intentions may sometimes set. There was a mirror in the sick-room purposely so placed that, with the parlor-door ajar, the watcher, but not the patient, could see into the parlor, and could be seen from the parlor when sitting anywhere between the mirror and the window beyond it. This window was the one that looked into the side garden. Purposely, too, the lounge had been placed so as to give and receive these advantages. A candle stood on the window's inner ledge and was screened from the unseen bed, but shone outward through the window and inward upon the mirror. The front door of the parlor opened readily to anyone within or without who knew enough to use its two latches at once, but neither within nor without to—the Baron, say—who did not.

Do you see it? As he lay awake on the lounge his eye was, of course, drawn constantly to the mirror by the reflected light of the candle, and to its images of the nodding watcher and of the window just beyond. So lying and gazing, he had suddenly beheld that which brought him from the lounge in an instant, net in hand, and tortured to find the front door—by which he would have run out and around to the window—fastened! What he saw was the moth—the moth so long unseen—now sipping at the saucer of sweet stuff, now hovering over it, now lost in the dark, and now fluttering up or sliding down the pane, lured by the beam of the candle.

If he was not to lose it, there was but one thing to do. With his eyes fixed moth-mad on the window, he glided in, passed the two sleepers, and stealthily lifted the sash with one hand, the other poising the net. The moth dropped under, the net swept after it, and the sash slipped and fell. Mrs. Fontenette rose wildly, and when she saw first the old woman, half

starting from her seat with frightened stare, and then the entomologist speechless, motionless, and looming like an apparition, she gave that cry her husband heard, and fell back upon the pillow in a convulsion.

I found the Baron sitting on the side of his bed like a child trying to be awake without waking. No, not *trying* to do or be anything, but aimless, dazed, silent, lost; yet obedient, automatically, to every request. I set about getting him to bed at once, putting his clothes beyond his reach, and even locking his balcony door, without a sign of objection from him. Then I left him for a moment, and calling Senda from the nursery to the parlor told her the state of the different patients, including her husband, but without the hows and whys except that I had found him in our garden with his precious net. "And now, as it will soon be day, my wife and I—with the servants and others—can take care of the four."

"If I"—meekly interrupted the sweet woman—"vill ko for se doctors? I vill ko." Soon she was off.

Then I went back to her husband, and finding his mood so changed that he was eager to explain everything, I let him talk; which I soon saw was a blunder; for he got pitifully excited, and wanted to go over the same ground again and again. One matter I was resolved to fix in his mind without delay. "Mark you," I charged him, "your wife must never know a word of this!"

"Eh?—No"—and the next instant the sick woman across the way was filling all his thought: "Mine Gott! she rice oop scaredt in t'e bedt, choost so!" and up he would start. Then as I pressed him down—"Mine Gott! I would not ko in, if I dhink she would do dot. Hmm! Hmm! I am sorry!—Undt I tidt not t'e mawdt get. Hmm! Even I titn't saw where it iss gone. Hmm! Hmm! I am sorry! Undt dot door kit shtuck! Hmm! Undt dot vindow iss not right made. Hmm! I tidn't vant to do dot—vun know? Hmm! I am sorry!—Ach, mine Gott! she rice oop scaredt in t'e bedt, choost so!" Thus round and round. What to do for him I did not know! Yet he grew quiet, and was as good as silent, when Senda, long before I began to look

for her, stood unbonneted at my side in a soft glow of physical animation, her anxiety all hidden and with a pink spot on each cheek. I was startled. Had I slept—or had she somehow ridden?

"Are the street-cars running already?" I asked.

"No," she murmured, producing a vial and looking for a glass. "'Tis I haf been running already. Sat iss not so tiresome as to valk. Also it is safeh. I runned all se vay. Vill you sose drops drop faw me?" Her hand trembled. I took the vial but did not meet her glance: for I was wondering if there was anything in the world she could ask of me that I would not do, and at such a time it is good for anyone as weak as I am to look at inanimate things.

"You got word to all three doctors?"

"Yes;" she gave her chin the drollest little twist—"say are all coming—when sey get ready."

That is what they did; but the first who came, and the second, brought fresh courage; for the Baron—"would most likely be all right again, before the day was over"; our child was "virtually well"; and from next door—"better!" was the rapturous news. The third physician, too, was pleased with Fontenette's case, and we began at once to send the night-watchers to their rest by turns. But there the gladness ended. At Mrs. Fontenette's bedside he asked no questions. In the parlor he said to us:

"Well . . . you've done your best . . . I've done mine . . . And it's of no use."

"Oh, Doctor!" exclaimed my wife.

"Why, didn't you know it?" He jerked his thumb toward the sick-room. "She knows it. She told me she knew it, with her first glance." He pondered. "I wish she were not so near *him*. If she were only in here—you see?" Yes, we saw: the two patients would then be, on their either hand, one whole room apart, as if in two squares of a checker-board that touch only at one corner. "Well," he said, "we must move her at once. I'll show you how: I'll stay and help you."

It seemed more as though we helped him—a very little—as we first moved her and then took the light bedstead apart, set

it up again in the parlor, and laid her in it, all without a noticeable sound, and with only great comfort of mind to her—for she knew why we did it. Then I made all haste to my own house again and had the relief to see, as Senda came toward me from her husband's room, that he had told her nothing. "Vell?" she eagerly asked.

"Well, Monsieur Fontenette is greatly improved!"

"O sat iss goodt! And se Madame; she, too, is betteh?—a little?—eh?—no-o?"

I said that what the doctor had feared, a "lesion," had taken place, and that there was no longer any hope of her life. At which she lighted up with a lovely defiance.

"Ho-o! no long-eh any hope! Yes, sare *iss* long-er any hope! Where iss sat doctoh? Sare *shall* be hope! Kif *me* sat patient! I can keep se vatch of mine hussbandt at se *same* time. *He* hass not a relapse! Kif me se patient! Many ossehs befo'e I haf savedt when hadt sose doctohs no long-eh any hope! Mine Kott! vas sare so much hope when she and her hussbandt, mine sick hussbandt and me out of se strheet took in? Vill you let stay by mine hussbandt anyhow a short vhide, one of yo' so goodt sairvants?" The instant I assented she flew down the veranda steps, through the garden, and out across the street.

I lingered a few moments with the entomologist before leaving him with others. He asked me only one question: "Hm! Hm! How she iss?"

"Why," said I, brightly, "I think she feels rather more comfortable than she did."

"Hm!—Hm!—I am sorry—Hm!—Ach! mine Gott, I am so hoongary!—Hm! I am so dtired mit dot sou-oup undt dose creekers!—Hm! I vish I haf vonce a whole pifshtea-ak undt a glahss beer—hm!"

"Hm!" I echoed, "your subsequent marketing wouldn't cost much." I went down town on some imperative office business, came back in a cab, gave word to be called at such an hour, and lay down. But while I slept my order was countermanded and when I wakened it was once more midnight. I went to my

open window and heard, through his balcony door—locked, now, and its key in my pocket—the Baron, snoring. Then I sprang into my clothes and sped across the street. I went first around to the outer door of the dining-room, and was briefly told the best I could have hoped, of Fontenette. I returned to the front and stepped softly into what had been Mrs. Fontenette's room. Finding no one in it I waited, and when I presently heard voices in the other room, I touched its door-knob. My wife came out, closed the door carefully, and sank into a seat.

"It's been a noble fight!" she said, smiling up through her tears. "When the doctor came back and saw how wonderfully the—the worst—had been held off, he joined in the battle! He's been here three times since!"

"And can it be that she is going to pull through?"

My wife's face went down into her hands. "O, no—no. She's dying now—dying in Senda's arms!"

Her ear, quicker than mine, heard some sign within and she left me. But she was back almost at once, whispering:

"She knows you're here, and says she has a message to her husband which she can give only to you."

We gazed into each other's eyes. "Go in," she said.

As I entered, Senda tenderly disengaged herself, went out, and closed the door.

I drew near in silence and she began at once to speak, bidding me take the chair Senda had left, and with a tender smile thanking me for coming. Then she said, faintly and slowly, but with an unfaltering voice, "I want you to know one or two things so that if it ever should be my husband's affliction to find out how foolish and undutiful I have been, you can tell them to him. Tell him my wrongdoing was, from first to last, almost totally—almost totally——"

"Do you mean—intangible?"

"Yes, yes, intangible. Then if he should say that the intangible part is the priceless part—the life, the beauty, the very essence of the whole matter—isn't it strange that we women are slower than men to see that—tell him I saw it, saw it and confessed it when for his sake I was slipping

away from him by stealth out of life up to my merciful Judge. . . . I may not be saying these things in their right order, but—tell him I wish he'd marry again; only let him first be sure the woman loves him as truly and deeply as he is sure to love her. I find I've never truly loved him till now. If he doesn't know it don't ever tell him; but tell him I died loving him and blessing him—for the unearned glorious love he gave me all my days. That's all. That's all to him. But I would like to send one word to"—she lifted her hand——

"Across the street?" I murmured.

Her eyes said yes. "Tell *him*—you may never see the right time for it, but if you do—tell him I craved his forgiveness." I shook my head. "Yes—yes, tell him so; it was far the most my fault; he is such a child; such a child of nature, I mean. Tell him I said it sounds very pretty to call ourselves and each other children of nature, but we have no right to be such. The word is 'Be thou clean,' and if we are not masters of nature we can't do it. Tell him that, will you? And tell him he has nothing to grieve for; I was only a dangerous toy, and I want him to love the dear Father for taking it away from him before he had hurt himself. Now I am ready to go—only—that hymn those black women—in the cemetery—you remember? I've made another verse to it. You'll find it—afterward—on a scrap of paper between the leaves of my Bible. It isn't good poetry, of course; it's the only verse I ever composed. May I say it to you just for my—my testimony? It's this:

Yet though I have sinned, Lord, all others
above,
Though feeble my prayers, Lord; my tears all
unseen;
I'll trust in thy love, Lord; I'll trust in thy
love—
O I'll trust in thy love like Mary Magdalen.

An exalted smile lighted her face as she sank deeper into the pillows. She tried to speak again, but her voice failed. I bent my ear and she whispered—"Senda."

As I beckoned Senda in, my wife motioned for me to come to her where she stood at a window whose sash she had

slightly lifted; the same to which the moth had once been lured by the little puddle of sweet drink and the candle. "Do you want to see a parable?" she whispered, and all but blinded with tears, she pointed to the lost moth lying half in half out of the window, still beautiful but crushed; crushed with its wings full spread, not by anyone's choice, but because there are so many things in this universe that not even God can help from being as they are.

At a whispered call we turned, and Senda, in the door, herself all tears, made eager signs for us to come. The last summons had surprised even the dying. We went in noiseless haste, and found her just relaxing on Senda's arm. Yet she revived an instant; a quiver went through her frame like the dying shudder of a butterfly, her eyes gazed appealingly into Senda's, then fixed, and our poor little Titania was gone.

The story is nearly told. Before I close let me confess how heartlessly I have told some portions of it. Pardon it; and pardon, too, the self-consciousness that makes me beg not to be remembered as I seem to myself in the tale—a tiptoeing, peeping figure prowling by night after undue revelations, and using them—to the humiliation of souls cleaner than mine could ever pretend to be. Next day, by stealth again, we buried the little rose-lady, unknown to her husband. We could not keep the fact long from—the other, for he was up and about the house again. Nor was there equal need. So when we had done it I told him, but without giving any part of her message—I couldn't do it! I just said she had left us. His eye did not moisten, but he paled, trembled, wiped his brow. Then I handed him the crushed moth, and he was his convalescent self again. "Humm!—Dot iss a pity she kit smashed; I titn't vant to do dot."

I thought maybe he felt more than he showed, for he fretted to be allowed to take a walk alone beyond the gate and the corner. With some misgivings his wife let him go, and when she was almost anxious enough over his tardy stay to start after him he came back looking very much better. But the next morning, when we found him in the burning fever of an

unmistakable relapse, he confessed that the German keeper of an eating-stall in the neighboring market, for his hunger's and the Fatherland's sake, had treated him to his "whole pifshtea-ak undt glahss be-eh." He lived only a few days. Through all his deliriums he hunted butterflies and beetles, and died insensible to his wife's endearments, repeating the Latin conjugations of his inconceivable boyhood.

So they both, caterpillar and rose, were gone; but the memory of them stays, green—yes, and fragrant—not alone with Fontenette, and not only with Senda besides, but with us also. How often I recall the talks on theology I had used sometimes to let myself fall into with the little unsuccessful mistress of "rose-es," who first brought the miser of knowledge into our garden, and whenever I do so I wonder, and wonder, and lose my bearings and find and lose them again, and wonder and wonder—what God has done with the entomologist.

We never had to tell Fontenette that he was widowed. We had only to be long enough silent, and when he ceased, for a time, to get better, and rather lost the strength he had been gaining, and on entering his room we found him always with his face to the wall, we saw that he knew. So for his sake I was glad when one day, without facing round to me, his hand tightened on mine in a wild tremor and he groaned, "Tell it me—tell it." I told it. I thought it well to give him one of her messages and withhold the rest, like the unscrupulous friend I always try to be; and when he had heard quite through—"Tell him I died loving him and blessing him for the unearned glorious love he gave me all our days"—he made as if to say the word was beyond all his deserving, turned upon his face, and soaked the pillow with his tears. But from that day he began slowly but steadily to get well.

We kept Senda with us as long as we could, and when at length she put her foot down so that you might have heard it—say like the dropping of a nut in the wood—and declared that go she must—must—must! we first laughed, then scoffed, and then grew violent, and the battle forced her backward. But when we tried to salary

her to stay, *she* laughed, scoffed, grew violent, and retook her entrenchments. And then, when she offered the ultimatum that we must take pay for keeping her, we took our turn again at the three forms of demonstration, and a late moon rose upon a drawn battle. Since then we have learned to count it one of our dearest rights to get "put out" at Senda's outrageous reasonableness, but she doesn't fret, for "sare is neveh any sundeh viss se lightening."

The issue of this first contest was decided the next day by Fontenette, still on his bed of convalescence. "Can I raise enough money in yo' office to go at France?"

"You can raise twice enough, Fontenette, if it's to try to bring back some new business."

"Well—yes, 'tis for that. Of co'se, besides——"

"Yes, I know : of course."

"But tha'z what puzzle' me. What I'm going do with that house heah, whilse I'm yondeh ! I wou'n' sell it—ah, no ! I wou'n' sell one of those roses ! An' no mo' I wou'n' rent it. Tha's a monument, that house heah, you know?"

"Yes, I know." He never found out how well I knew. "Fontenette, I'll tell you what to do with it."

"No, you don't need ; I know whad thad is. An' thaz the same I want—me. Only—you thing thad wou'n' be asking her too much troub'?"

"No, indeed. There's nothing else you could name that she'd be so glad to do."

When I told Senda I had said that, the tears stood in her eyes. "Ah, sat vass ri-ight ! O, sare shall neveh a veed be in sat karten two dayss oldt ! An' sose roses—sey shall be pairfect ever' vun !"

As perfect as roses every one were her words kept. And Fontenette got his new business but could not come back that year, nor the second, nor the third. The hitherside of his affairs he assigned for the time to a relative, a very young fellow, but ever so capable—"a hustler," as our fat friend would say in these days. We missed the absentee constantly, but forgave his detention the easier because incidentally he was clearing up a matter of Senda's over there, in which certain displeased kindred had overreached her.

Also because of his letters to her, which she so often did us the honor to show us. The first few were brief, formal and colorless ; but after some time they began to take on grace after grace, until at length we had to confess that to have known him only as we had known him hitherto would have been to have been satisfied with the reverse of the tapestry, and never fully to have seen the excellence of his mind or the modest nobility of his spirit. Frequently we felt very sure we saw also that no small share of their captivating glow was reflected from Senda's replies—of which she never would tell us a word. The faults in his written English were surprisingly few, and to our minds only the more endeared it and him. Maybe we were not judicial critics. Yet we could pass strictures, and as the months lengthened out into years these winged proxies stirred up, on our side of the street, a profound and ever-growing impatience. O, yes, every letter was a garden of beautiful thoughts, still ; but think of it ! *pansies* where roses might have been ; and a garden wherein the nightingale never sang.

On a certain day of All Saints, the fourth after the scourge, Senda sat at tea with us. Our mood was chastened, but peaceful. We had come from visiting at the sunset hour the cemetery where in the morning the two women and our old nurse had decked the tombs of our dead with flowers. I had noticed that at no tomb front were these tokens piled more abundantly, or more beautifully or fragrantly, than at those of Flora and the entomologist ; it was always so. I had remarked this on the spot, and Senda, with her rearranging touch still caressing their splendid masses, replied,

"So!—Vell—I hope siss shall mine vork and mine pleasure be until mineself I shall fade like se floweh."

I inwardly resented the speech, but said nothing. I suppose it was over my head. Now, at the table, she explained as to certain costly blooms about which I had inquired, that they were Fontenette's special offering, for which he always sent the purchase money ahead of time and with detailed requests. Whereat, remembering how she had formerly glazed and gilded the Entomologist's unthrift, I remarked, one-fourth in play, three-fourths in earnest,

"A good plain business man isn't the least noble work of God, after all."

"No," said Senda, without looking up; and, after a long, meditative breath, she added, very slowly, "se koot Kott makes not all men for se same high calling. If Kott make a man to do no betteh san make a living or a fawtune, it iss right for se man to make it; se *man* iss not to blame. And now I vant to tell you se news of sat letteh from——"

"The other side," we suggested, and invited her smile, but without success.

"Yes, from se osseh si-side; sat letteh vhat you haf brought me since more as a week ago; and also vhy I haf not sat letteh given you to read. Sat iss—if you like to know—yes?—Vell, sen I vill tell you. And sare are two sings to tell. Se fairst is a ve'y small, but se secondt iss a ve'y lahge. And se fairst is sat that *I* am now se Countess.

"So? you are glad? I sank you ve'y much. I sink sat iss not much trouble—to be a countess—in Ame'ica? . . . Se secondt sing"—here a servant entered, and, it seemed to me, never would go out, but Senda waited till we were again alone—"se secondt, pahdon me, I sink I shall betteh se secondt sing divide again into two aw sree. And se fairst is sat Monsieur Fontenette vill like ve'y—ve'y much to come home—now—right away."

We lifted hands to clap and opened

mouths to hoorah, but she raised a warning hand.

"No, vait—if you pleass. . . . Se secondt of sose two or sree sings—is sat—he—Monsieur Fontenette—hass ask me—" Our hearts rose slowly into our throats—"Ze vun qvestion to vich sare can be only—se—vun—answeh." At this we gulped our breath like school-girls and glowed, but the more show we made of hopeful and pleading smiles, the more those dear eyes, so seldom wet, filled up with tears. "But *he* sinks sare can two answehs be, and he like to heah which is se answeh I shall gif him, so he shall know if he shall come—now—aw if he shall come—neveh. O my sweet friend,"—to my wife, down whose face the salt drops stole unhindered—"sare iss nossing faw *you* to cry." She smiled heroically. I could be silent no longer.

"Senda, what have you answered?"

"I haf answered"—her lips quivered till she gnawed them cruelly—"I am sorry to take such a so long time to tell you sat—but—I—I find sat—ve'y hahd—to tell." She smiled and gnawed her lips again. "I haf answered—do you sink, my deah, sat siss is ri-ight to tell the ve'y vords sat I haf toldt him?—yes?—vell—he tell me I shall se answeh make in vun vord—is sat not like a man? But I had to take six. And sey are sese: I cannot vhispeh across se ocean."

THE END.

THE STREET

By Pitts Duffield

Windows and windows staring blank across,

And eave-brows frowning on the cañoned day—

Oh, leave off delving in this empty foss!

The blue above leads on the eternal way.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA—MENTONE



AMONG regions which Stevenson at one time or another of his life frequented, and whence he held abundant correspondence with his friends, was the Provençal coast of France, from Marseilles to Mentone. As early as 1863-64 and 1864-65, in his fourteenth and fifteenth years, he had spent parts of two winters at the latter place, whither his family had repaired for the sake of his mother's health; had been driven along the Corniche Road; and had warmed his boyish heart with a full draught of that South which often afterward so much allured him when winds were bitter and the skies scowled at home. Ten years later, at the beginning of November, 1873, an ominous breakdown of health and nerves caused him, as related in our last number, to be sent again to the same coast for recovery, and this time alone. The following letters—some to his father and mother, some to the same friend who had received so much of his confidence from Edinburgh in the preceding months, some to his contemporary and companion, Mr. C. Baxter—are samples of many which tell of his life and doings during these invalid days. They were the days marked in the history of his early literary efforts by the essay, "Ordered South;" and the reader will find some of the most expressive and deeply felt phrases of that essay starting from under his pen in this familiar correspondence. The first letter describes his approach to the South, and the awakening of old memories in his mind.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

AVIGNON [November, 1873].

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I have just read your letter upon the top of the hill beside the Church and Castle. The whole air was filled with sunset and the sound of bells; and I wish I could give you the least notion of the *southernness* and *Provençality* of all that I saw.

I cannot write while I am travelling; *c'est un défaut*; but so it is. I must have a certain feeling of being at home, and my head must have time to settle. The new images oppress me, and I have a fever of restlessness on me. You must not be disappointed at such shabby letters; and besides, remember my poor head and the fanciful crawling in the spine.

I am back again in the stage of thinking there is nothing the matter with me, which is a good sign; but I am wretchedly nervous. Anything like rudeness I am simply babyishly afraid of; and noises, and especially the sounds of certain

voices, are the devil to me. A blind poet whom I found selling his immortal works in the streets of Sens, captivated me with the remarkable equable strength and sweetness of his voice; and I listened a long while and bought some of the poems; and now this voice, after I had thus got it thoroughly into my head, proved false metal and a really bad and horrible voice at bottom. It haunted me some time, but I think I am done with it now.

I hope you don't dislike reading bad style like this as much as I do writing it: it hurts me when neither words nor clauses fall into their places, much as it would hurt you to sing when you had a bad cold and your voice deceived you and missed every other note. I do feel so inclined to break the pen and write no more; and here *à propos* begins my back.

Same day, after dinner.

It blows to-night from the north down the valley of the Rhone, and everything is

so cold that I have been obliged to indulge in a fire. There is a fine crackle and roar of burning wood in the chimney which is very homely and companionable, though it does seem to postulate a town all white with snow outside.

I have bought Sainte-Beuve's *Chateaubriand* and am immensely delighted with the critic. What a miraculous *ideal* of literary demerit *Chateaubriand* is! Of course, he is clever to the last degree; but he is such a liar that I cannot away with him. He is more antipathetic to me than any one else in the world.

I begin to wish myself arrived to-night. Travelling, when one is not quite well, has a good deal of unpleasantness. One is easily upset by cross incidents, and wants that *belle-humeur* and spirit of adventure that makes a pleasure out of what is unpleasant.

Tuesday, November 11th.

There! There's a date for you. I shall be in Mentone for my birthday, with plenty of nice letters to read. I went away across the Rhone and up the hill on the other side that I might see the town from a distance. Avignon followed me with its bells and drums and bugles; for the old city has no equal for multitude of such noises. Crossing the bridge and seeing the brown turbid water foam and eddy about the piers, one could scarce believe one's eyes when one looked down the stream and saw the smooth blue mirroring tree and hill. Over on the other side, the sun beat down so furiously on the white road that I was glad to keep in the shadow and, when the occasion offered, to turn aside among the olive yards. It was nine years and six months since I had been in an olive yard. I found myself much changed, not so gay, but wiser and more happy. I read your letter again, and sat awhile looking down over the tawny plain and at the fantastic outline of the city. The hills seemed just fainting into the sky; even the great peak above Carpentras (Lord knows how many metres above the sea) seemed unsubstantial and thin in the breadth and potency of the sunshine.

I should like to stay longer here, but I can't. I am driven forward by restlessness, and leave this afternoon about two.

I am just going out now to visit again the church, castle, and hill, for the sake of the magnificent panorama, and besides, because it is the friendliest spot in all Avignon to me.

MARSEILLES, same evening.

You cannot picture to yourself anything more steeped in hard bright sunshine than the view from the hill. The immovable inky shadow of the old bridge on the fleeting surface of the yellow river seemed more solid than the bridge itself. Just in the place where I sat yesterday evening a shaven man in a velvet cap was studying music—evidently one of the singers for *La Muette de Portici* at the theatre to-night. I turned back as I went away: the white Christ stood out in strong relief on his brown cross against the blue sky, and the four kneeling angels and four lanterns grouped themselves about the foot with a symmetry that was almost laughable; the musician read on at his music, and counted time with his hand on the stone step.

MENTONE, November 12th.

My first enthusiasm was on rising at Orange and throwing open the shutters. Such a great living flood of sunshine poured in upon me, that I confess to having danced and expressed my satisfaction aloud; in the middle of which the boots came to the door with hot water, to my great confusion.

To-day has been one long delight, coming to a magnificent climax on my arrival here. I gave up my baggage to an hotel porter and set off to walk at once. I was somewhat confused as yet as to my directions, for the station of course was new to me, and the hills had not sufficiently opened out to let me recognise the peaks. Suddenly, as I was going forward slowly in this confusion of mind, I was met by a great volley of odors out of the lemon and orange gardens, and the past linked on to the present, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole scene fell before me into order, and I was at home. I nearly danced again.

I suppose I must send off this to-night to notify my arrival in safety and good-humor and, I think, good health, before relapsing into the old weekly vein. I hope this time to send you a weekly

dose of sunshine from the south, instead of the jet of *snell* Edinburgh east wind that used to was.—Ever your faithful friend,

R. L. S.

MENTONE, November 13, 1873.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The *Place* is not where I thought; it is about where the old Post Office was. The Hôtel de Londres is no more an hotel. I have found a charming room in the Hôtel du Pavillon, just across the road from the Prince's Villa: it has one window to the south and one to the east, with a superb view of Mentone and the hills, to which I move this afternoon. In the old great Place, there is a kiosque for the sale of newspapers; a string of omnibuses (perhaps thirty) go up and down under the plane-trees of the Turin Road on the occasion of each train; the Promenade has crossed both streams, and bids fair to reach the Cap St. Martin. The old Chapel near Freeman's house at the entrance to the Gorbio valley is now entirely submerged under a shining new villa, with *pavillon* annexed; over which, in all the pride of oak and chestnut and divers-colored marbles, I was shown this morning by the obliging proprietor. The Prince's Palace itself is rehabilitated, and shines afar with white window-curtains from the midst of a garden, all trim borders and greenhouses and carefully kept walks. On the other side, the villas are more thronged together, and they have arranged themselves, shelf after shelf, behind each other. I see the glimmer of new buildings, too, as far eastward as Grimaldi; and a viaduct carries (I suppose) the railway past the mouth of the bone caves. F. Bacon (Lord Chancellor) made the remark that "Time was the greatest innovator:" it is perhaps as meaningless a remark as was ever made; but as Bacon made it, I suppose it is better than any that I could make. Does it not seem as if things were fluid? They are displaced and altered in ten years so that one has difficulty, even with a memory so very vivid and retentive for that sort of thing as mine, in identifying places where one lived a long while in the past, and which one has kept piously in mind during all the interval. Nevertheless, the hills, I am glad to say, are unaltered; though I daresay the torrents have given them many

a shrewd scar, and the rains and thaws dislodged many a boulder from their heights, if one were only keen enough to perceive it. The sea makes the same noise in the shingle; and the lemon and orange gardens still discharge in the still air their fresh perfume; and the people have still brown comely faces; and the Pharmacie Gros still dispenses English medicines; and the invalids (*cheu!*) still sit on the promenade and trifle with their fingers in the fringes of shawls and wrappers; and the shop of Pascal Amarante still, in its present bright consummate flower of aggrandisement and new paint, offers everything that it has entered into people's hearts to wish for in the idleness of a sanatorium; and the "Château des Morts" is still at the top of the town; and the fort and the jetty are still at the foot, only there are now two jetties; and—I am out of breath. (To be continued in our next.)

For myself, I have come famously through the journey; and as I have written this letter (for the first time for ever so long) with ease and even pleasure, I think my head must be better. I am still no good at coming down hills or stairs; and my feet are more consistently cold than is quite comfortable. But, these apart, I feel well; and in good spirits all round.

I have written to Nice for letters, and hope to get them to-night. Continue to address Poste Restante. Take care of yourselves.

This is my birthday, by the way. Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

MENTONE, Sunday, November, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I sat a long while up among the olive yards to-day at a favorite corner where one has a fair view down the valley and on to the blue floor of the sea. I had a *Horace* with me and read a little; but *Horace*, when you try to read him fairly under the open heaven, sounds urban, and you find something of the escaped townsman in his descriptions of the country, just as somebody said that Morris's sea-pieces were all taken from the coast. I tried for long to hit upon some language that might catch ever so faintly the indefinable shifting color of olive

leaves ; and above all, the changes and little silverings that pass over them, like blushes over a face, when the wind tosses great branches to and fro ; but the Muse was not favorable. A few birds, scattered here and there at wide intervals on either side of the valley, sang the little broken songs of late autumn ; and there was a great stir of insect life in the grass at my feet. The path up to this coign of vantage, where I think I shall make it a habit to ensconce myself awhile of a morning, is for a little while common to the peasant and a little clear brooklet. It is pleasant, in the tempered grey daylight of the olive shadows, to see the people picking their way among the stones and the water and the brambles ; the women especially, with the weights poised on their heads and walking all from the hips with a certain graceful deliberation.

This thin paper utterly baffles and disconcerts me ; it is like trying to write upon vapor. O that I had a pen of iron ! The good prophet was probably in some similar strait.

Monday.

To-day there was a coldish wind and I took refuge up a valley. Great patches of reeds and a good many cypresses give somewhat of an Oriental look to this valley. In the path, winding up by something between steps and a paved incline, between old walls tufted with green and discolored with rain, I met a curious little group coming down. On the back of one of the great Mentonese asses (more like mules) were slung two kegs, and between the kegs, sitting royally, upright and well back, and with her feet thrust straight before her almost on to the ass's head, a girl. As the whole pile swayed with every step of the ass there was something very strange about the look of it all.

Tuesday.

I have written *des riens*—and very little of them—for two days ; but to-day I must say something more. I have been to Nice to-day to see Dr. Bennett ; he agrees with Clark that there is no disease ; but I finished up my day with a lamentable exhibition of weakness. I could not remember French, or at least I was afraid to go into any place lest I should not be able to remember it, and so could not tell

when the train went. At last I crawled up to the station and sat down on the steps and just steeped myself there in the sunshine until the evening began to fall and the air to grow chilly. This long rest put me all right ; and I came home here triumphantly and ate dinner well.

Thursday.

I am to-day quite recovered and got into Mentone to-day for a book, which is quite a creditable walk. As an intellectual being I have not yet begun to re-exist ; my immortal soul is still very nearly extinct ; but we must hope the best. It was good of you to write to me at all when you were in such distress ; please remember in future not to write me a long wearying letter (I mean wearying to the writer, you know), but just drop a curtsey to me and say good-morning. You must excuse me if my letters are not interesting—I am so stupid. Now, do take warning by me. I am set up by a beneficent providence at the corner of the road, to warn you to flee from the hebetude that is to follow. Being sent to the South is not much good unless you take your soul with you, you see ; and my soul is rarely with me here. I don't see much beauty. I have lost the key ; I can only be placid and inert, and see the bright days go past uselessly one after another ; therefore don't talk foolishly with your mouth any more about getting liberty by being ill and going south *via* the sick-bed. It is not the old free-born bird that gets thus to freedom ; but I know not what manacled and hide-bound spirit, incapable of pleasure, the clay of a man. Go south ! Why, I saw more beauty with my eyes healthfully alert to see in two wet windy February afternoons in Scotland than I can see in my beautiful olive gardens and grey hills in a whole week in my low and lost estate, as the shorter catechism puts it somewhere. It is a pitiable blindness, this blindness of the soul ; I hope it may not be long with me. So remember to keep well ; and remember rather anything than not to keep well ; and again I say, *anything* rather than not to keep well.

Not that I am unhappy, mind you. I have found the words already—placid and inert, that is what I am. I sit in the sun and enjoy the tingle all over me, and I

am cheerfully ready to concur with any one who says that this is a beautiful place, and I have a sneaking partiality for the newspapers, which would be all very well, if one had not fallen from heaven and were not troubled with some reminiscence of the *ineffable aurore*.

To sit by the sea and to be conscious of nothing but the sound of the waves and the sunshine over all your body, is not unpleasant ; but I was an Archangel once.

Friday.

If you know how old I felt ! I am sure this is what age brings with it—this carelessness, this disenchantment, this continual bodily weariness. I am a man of seventy : O Medea, kill me, or make me young again !

To-day has been cloudy and mild ; and I have lain a great while on a bench outside the garden wall (my usual place now) and looked at the dove-colored sea and the broken roof of cloud, but there was no seeing in my eye ; so once again I have no little flower gathered out of Italian sunshine to put between the leaves for you ! Let us hope to-morrow will be more profitable.

R. L. S.

MENTONE, December 4, 1873.

MY DEAR BAXTER,—At last I must write. I began a letter to you before, but it broke miserably down ; and when I looked it over, it seemed so contemptible a fragment that I have put it in the fire. I must say straight out that I am not recovering as I could wish. I am no stronger than I was when I came here, and I pay for every walk, beyond say quarter of a mile in length, by one or two, or even three, days of more or less prostration. Therefore let nobody be down upon me for not writing. I was very thankful to you for answering my letter ; and for the princely action of Simpson in writing to me, I mean before I had written to him, I was ditto to an almost higher degree. I hope one or another of you will write again soon ; and, remember, I still live in hope of a reading of Grahame Murray's address.

I have not made a joke, upon my living soul, since I left London. O ! except one, a very small one, that I had

made before, and that I very timidly repeated in a half exultant state towards the close of dinner, like one of those dead-alive flies that we see pretending to be quite light and full of the frivolity of youth in the first sunshiny days. It was about mothers' meetings, and it was damned small, and it was my ewe lamb—the Lord knows I couldn't have made another to save my life—and a clergyman quarrelled with me, and there was as nearly an explosion as could be. This has not fostered my leaning towards pleasantry. I felt that it was a very cold, hard world that night.

My dear Charles, is the sky blue at Mentone ? Was that your question ? Well, it depends upon what you call blue ; it's a question of taste, I suppose. Is the sky blue ? You poor critter, you never saw blue sky worth being called blue in the same day with it. And I should rather fancy that the sun did shine, I should. And the moon doesn't shine either. O no ! (This last is sarcastic.) Mentone is one of the most beautiful places in the world, and has always had a very warm corner in my heart since first I knew it eleven years ago.

December 11.

I live in the same hotel with Lord B. Ahem ! He has black whiskers, and looks not unlike X. Y. ; only rather more of X. Y. than there is in the Edinburgh edition. He has been successful in raising some kids ; rather a melancholy success ; they are weedy-looking kids in Highland clothes. They have a tutor with them who respires piety and that kind of humble your-lordship's-most-obedient sort of gentlemanliness that noblemen's tutors have generally. They all get livings, these men, and silvery hair and a gold watch from their attached pupil ; and they sit in the porch and make the watch repeat for their little grandchildren, and tell them long stories, beginning, " When I was private tutor in the family of," etc., and the grandchildren cock snooks at them behind their backs and go away whenever they can to get the groom to teach them bad words.

Sidney Colvin will arrive here on Saturday or Sunday ; so I shall have someone to jaw with. And, seriously, this is a great want. I have not been all these weeks in

idleness, as you may fancy, without much thinking as to my future ; and I have a great deal in view that may or may not be possible (that I do not yet know), but that is at least an object and a hope before me. I cannot help recurring to seriousness a moment before I stop ; for I must say that living here a good deal alone, and having had ample time to look back upon my past, I have become very serious all over. If I can only get back my health, by God ! I shall not be as useless as I have been.—Ever yours, *mon vieux*,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Soon after the date of this letter I went out to join my friend for a part of the Christmas vacation, and found him without tangible disease, but very weak and ailing ; ill-health and anxiety, however, neither then nor ever at all diminished his charm as a companion. After spending two or three weeks between the old town of Monaco and Monte Carlo, we returned to Mentone, to a hotel—now, I believe, defunct—at the eastern extremity of the town, where I presently left him, cheered by congenial society in the shape of an American family, two kind and accomplished Russian ladies from Georgia, with their children, and a French landscape painter. In the intimacy of these friends he passed the winter, until he had recovered sufficient strength to return to his family in Scotland.]

HOTEL MIRABEAU, MENTONE,
Sunday, January 4, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We have here fallen on the very pink of hotels. I do not say that it is more pleasantly conducted than the Pavillon, for that were impossible ; but the rooms are so cheery and bright and new, and then the food ! I never, I think, so fully appreciated the phrase “ the fat of the land ” as I have done since I have been here installed. There was a dish of eggs at *déjeuner* the other day, over the memory of which I lick my lips in the silent watches.

Now that the cold has gone again, I continue to keep well in body, and already I begin to walk a little more. My head is still a very feeble implement, and easily set a-spinning ; and I can do nothing in the way of work beyond reading

books that may, I hope, be of some use to me afterwards.

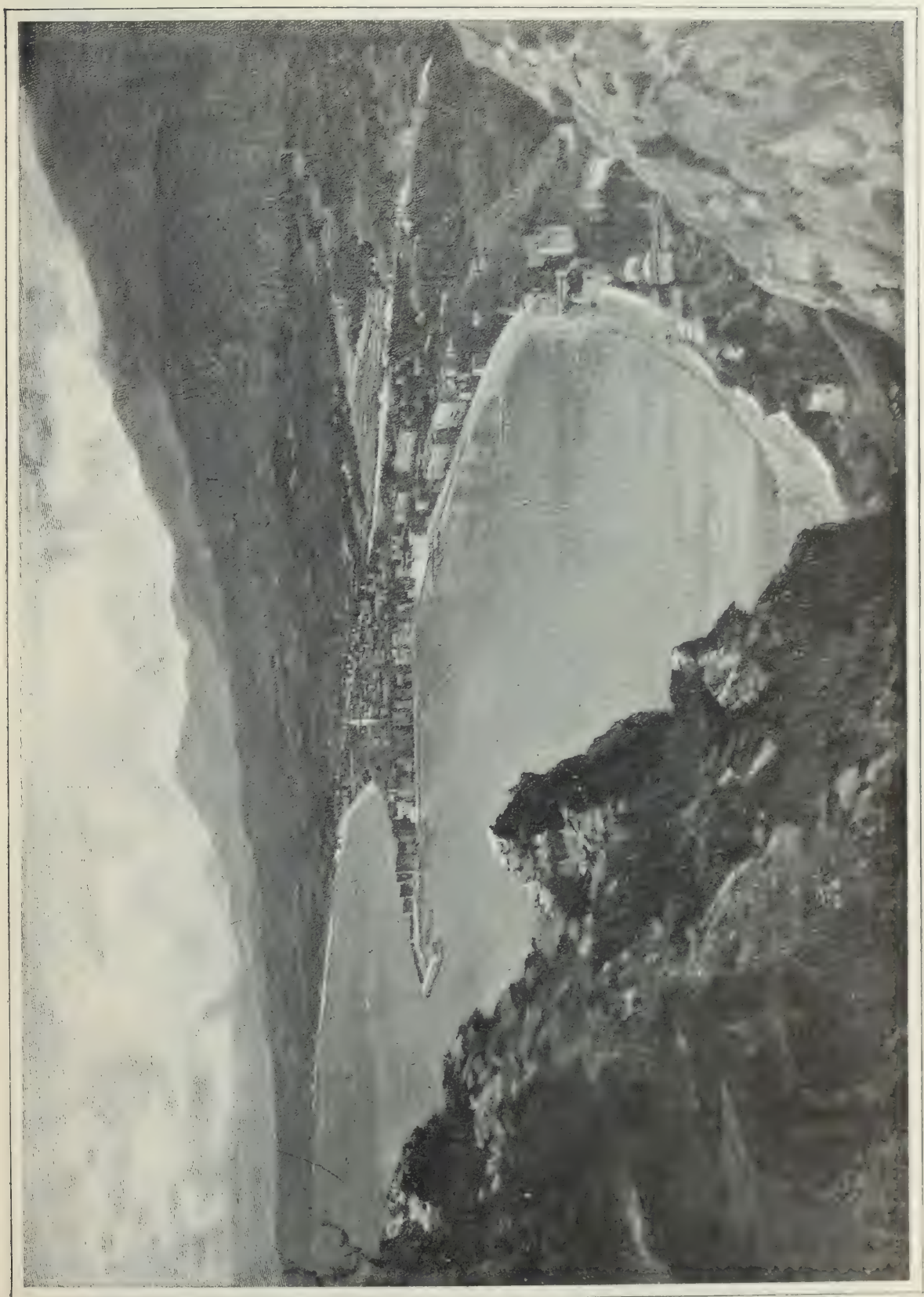
I was very glad to see that Maclaren [the late Duncan Maclaren, for sixteen years Member of Parliament for Edinburgh] was sat upon, and principally for the reason why. Deploring as I do much of the action of the ‘Trades’ Unions, these conspiracy clauses and the whole partiality of the Master and Servant Act are a disgrace to our equal laws. Equal laws become a byword when what is legal for one class becomes a criminal offence for another. It did my heart good to hear that man tell Maclaren how, as he had talked much of getting the franchise for working men, he must be content to see them use it now they had got it. This is a smooth stone well planted in the foreheads of certain dilettante radicals, after Maclaren’s fashion, who are willing to give the working men words and wind, and votes and the like, and yet think to keep all the advantages, just or unjust, of the wealthier classes without abatement. I do hope wise men will not attempt to fight the working men on the head of this notorious injustice. Any such step will only precipitate the action of the newly enfranchised classes, and irritate them into acting hastily ; when what we ought to desire should be that they should act warily and little for many years to come, until education and habit may make them the more fit.

All this (intended for my father) is much after the fashion of his own correspondence. I confess it has left my own head exhausted ; I hope it may not produce the same effect on yours. But I want him to look really into this question (both sides of it, and not the representations of rabid middle-class newspapers, sworn to support all the little tyrannies of wealth), and I know he will be convinced that this is a case of unjust law ; and that, however desirable the end may seem to him, he will not be Jesuit enough to think that any end will justify an unjust law.

Here ends the political sermon of your affectionate (and somewhat dogmatical) son,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MENTONE, January 7, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received yesterday two most charming letters—the nicest



General View of the Bay and Town of Mentone.

I have had since I left—December 26th and January 1st : this morning I got January 3d.

Into the bargain with Marie, the American girl, who is grace itself, and comes leaping and dancing simply like a wave—like nothing else, and who yesterday was Queen out of the Epiphany cake and chose Robinet (the French painter) as her *favori* with the most pretty confusion possible—into the bargain with Marie, we have two little Russian girls, with the youngest of whom, a little polyglot button of a three-year-old, I had the most laughable little scene at lunch to-day. I was watching her being fed with great amusement, her face being as broad as it is long, and her mouth capable of unlimited extension ; when suddenly, her eye catching mine, the fashion of her countenance was changed, and regarding me with a really admirable appearance of offended dignity, she said something in Italian which made everybody laugh much [“Berecchino” was the child’s word ; it afterward became Stevenson’s accepted nickname in the place]. It was explained to me that she had said I was very *polisson* to stare at her. After this she was somewhat taken up with me, and after some examination she announced emphatically to the whole table, in German, that I was a Mädchen ; which word she repeated with shrill emphasis, as though fearing that her proposition would be called in question—“Mädchen, Mädchen, Mädchen, Mädchen.” This hasty conclusion as to my sex she was led afterward to revise, I am informed ; but her new opinion (which seems to have been something nearer the truth) was announced in a third language quite unknown to me, and probably Russian. To complete the scroll of her accomplishments, she was brought round the table after the meal was over, and said good-bye to me in very commendable English.

The weather I shall say nothing about, as I am incapable of explaining my sentiments upon that subject before a lady. But my health is really greatly improved : I begin to recognise myself occasionally now and again, not without satisfaction.

Please remember me very kindly to Professor Swan ; I wish I had a story to send him ; but story, Lord bless you, I have none to tell, sir, unless it is the foregoing

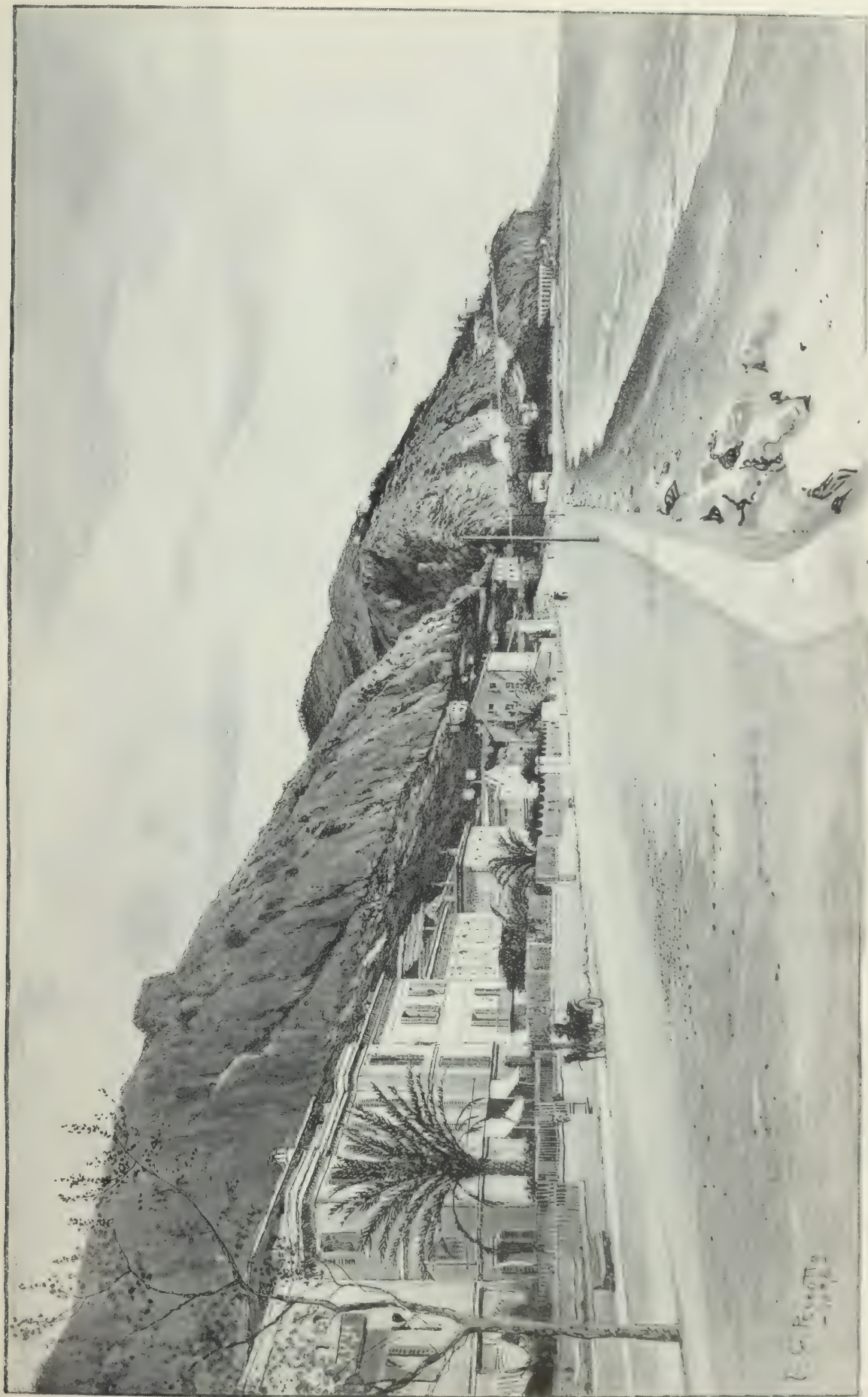
adventure with the little polyglot. The best of that depends on the significance of *polisson*, which is beautifully out of place. —Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[MENTONE, January, 1874.]
Tuesday, 13th.

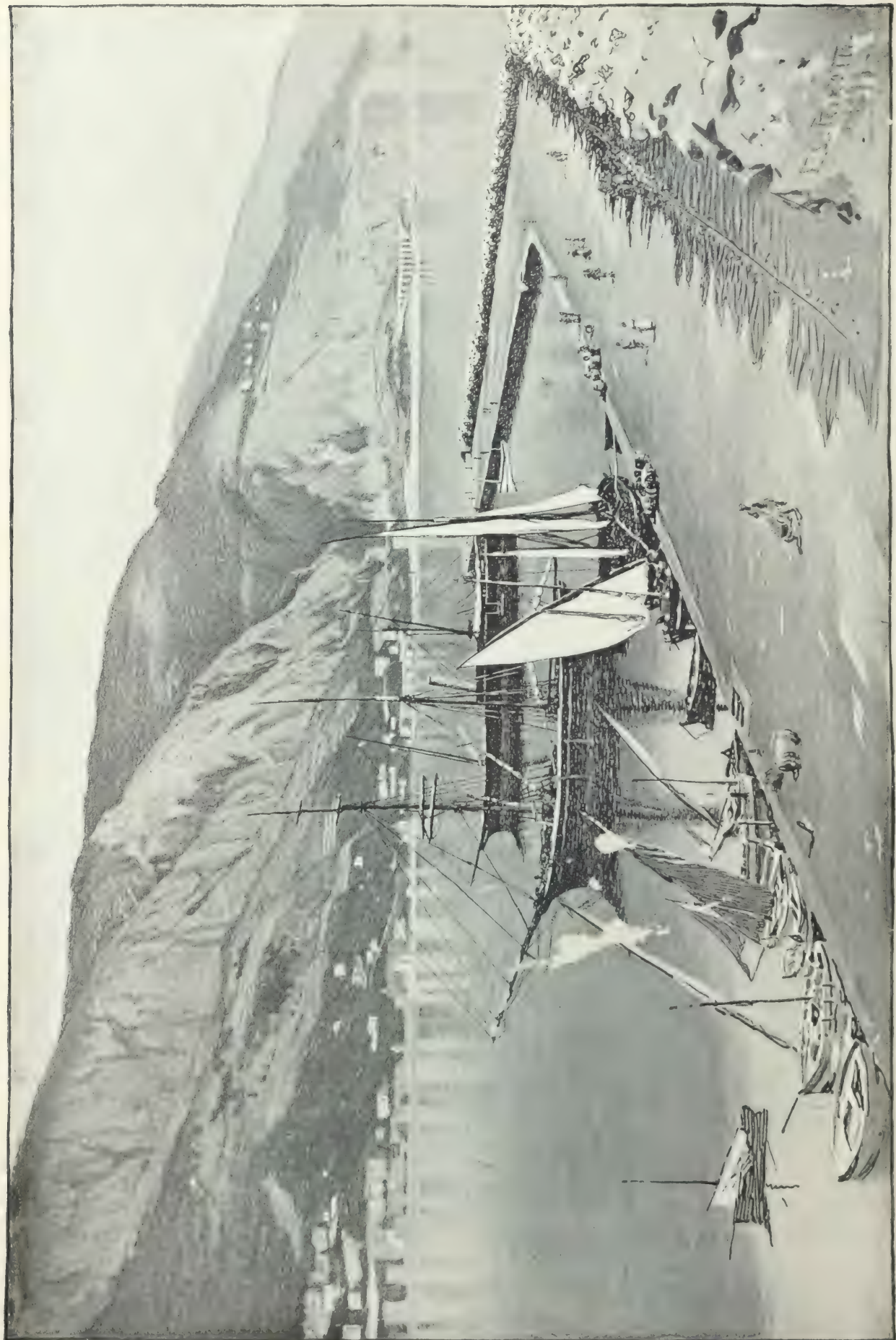
MY DEAR FRIEND,—I lost a Philippine to little Mary Johnson last night ; so to-day I sent her a rubbishing doll’s toilet, and a little note with it, with some verses telling how happy children made every one near them happy also, and advising her to keep the lines, and some day, when she was “grown a stately demoiselle,” it would make her “glad to know she gave pleasure long ago,” all in a very lame fashion, with just a note of prose at the end, telling her to mind her doll and the dog, and not trouble her little head just now to understand the bad verses ; for some time when she was ill, as I am now, they would be plain to her and make her happy. She has just been here to thank me, and has left me very happy. Children are certainly too good to be true.

Yesterday I walked too far, and spent all the afternoon on the outside of my bed ; went finally to rest at nine, and slept nearly twelve hours on the stretch. Bennett (the doctor), when told of it this morning, augured well for my recovery ; he said youth must be putting in strong : of course I ought not to have slept at all. As it was, I dreamed *horridly* ; but not my usual dreams of social miseries and misunderstandings and all sorts of crucifixions of the spirit ; but of good, cheery, physical things—of long successions of vaulted, dimly lit cellars full of black water, in which I went swimming among toads and unutterable, cold, blind fishes. Now and then these cellars opened up into a sort of domed music-hall places, where one could land for a little on the slope of the orchestra, but a sort of horror prevented one from staying long, and made one plunge back again into the dead waters. Then my dream changed, and I was a sort of Siamese pirate, on a very high deck with several others. The ship was almost captured, and we were fighting desperately. The hideous engines we used and the perfectly incredible carnage that we effected by means of them kept me cheery, as you



At the Eastern End of Mentone

P. G. R. 1879
- 1880



View from Quay Looking Across the Bay of Mentone.

may imagine ; especially as I felt all the time my sympathy with the boarders, and knew that I was only a prisoner with these horrid Malays. Then I saw a signal being given, and knew they were going to blow up the ship. I leaped right off, and heard my captors splash in the water after me as thick as pebbles when a bit of river bank has given way beneath the foot. I never heard the ship blow up ; but I spent the rest of the night swimming about some piles with the whole sea full of Malays, searching for me with knives in their mouths. They could swim any distance under water, and every now and again, just as I was beginning to reckon myself safe, a cold hand would be laid on my ankle—ugh !

However, my long sleep, troubled as it was, put me all right again, and I was able to work acceptably this morning and be very jolly all day ; though as usual, after an over-fatigue, rather creepy in the back, my hand toward the end of the last paragraph showing pretty definite traces thereof. This evening I have had a great deal of talk with both the Russian ladies ; they talked very nicely and are bright, likable women both. They come from Georgia.

Wednesday, 10.30 P.M.

We have all been to tea to-night at the Russians' villa. Tea was made out of a samovar, which is something like a small steam engine, and whose principal advantage is that it burns the fingers of all who lay their profane touch upon it. After tea Madame Z. played Russian airs, very plaintive and pretty ; so the evening was Muscovite from beginning to end. Madame G.'s daughter danced a tarantella, which was very pretty.

Whenever Nelitchka cries—and she never cries except from pain—all that one has to do is to start "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre." She cannot resist the attraction ; she is drawn through her sobs into the air ; and in a moment there is Nelly singing, with the glad look that comes into her face always when she sings, and all the tears and pain forgotten.

I cannot keep from writing to you, although I have nothing to say. I can just hear the sea on the beach, and I daresay you can hear from where you are "The self-same voice of woods and seas" (or

however it goes), in the living tides of Paris. We have been playing again at la Sellette : I am pronounced not at all drôle, which is cheery. I must have changed oddly ; I thought I was rather given that way. - Good-bye, my dear friend.—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

It is wonderful, before I shut this up, how that child remains ever interesting to me. Nothing can stale her infinite variety ; and yet it is not very various. You see her thinking what she is to do or to say next, with a funny grave air of reserve, and then the face breaks up into a smile, and it is probably "Berecchino !" said with that sudden little jump of the voice that one knows in children, as the escape of a jack-in-the-box, and, somehow, I am quite happy after that !

R. L. S.

MENTONE—Monday, January 10, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Answer to a series of queries.

4. Nelitchka, or Nelitska, as you know already by this time, is my adorable kid's name. Her laugh does more good to one's health than a month at the seaside : as she said to-day herself, when asked whether she was a boy or a girl, after having denied both with gravity, she is an angel.

5. O no, her brain is not in a chaos ; it is only the brains of those who hear her. It is all plain sailing for her. She wishes to refuse or deny anything, and there is the English "No fank you" ready to her hand ; she wishes to admire anything, and there is the German "schön" ; she wishes to sew (which she does with admirable seriousness and clumsiness), and there is the French "coudre" ; she wishes to say she is ill, and there is the Russian "bul-la" ; she wishes to be down on any one, and there is the Italian "beregchino" ; she wishes to play at a railway train, and there is her own original word "collie" (say the O with a sort of Gaelic twirl). And all these words are equally good.

7. I am called M. Stevenson by everybody except Nelitchka, who calls me M. Berecchino.

8. The weather to-day is no end as bright and warm as ever. I have been out on the beach all afternoon with the

Russians. Madame G. has been reading Russian to me ; and I cannot tell prose from verse in that delectable tongue, which is a pity. Johnstone came out to tell us that Corsica was visible, and there it was over a white, sweltering sea, just a little darker than the pallid blue of the sky, and when one looked at it closely, breaking up into sun-brightened peaks.

I may mention that Robinet [the French painter] has never heard an Englishman with so little accent as I have—ahem—ahem—eh?—What do you say to that ? I don't suppose I have said five sentences in English to-day ; all French ; all bad French, alas !

I am thought to be looking better. Madame Z. said I was all green when I came here first, but that I am all right in color now, and, she thinks, fatter.

I am very partial to the Russians ; I believe they are rather partial to me. I am supposed to be an *esprit observateur* ! *À mon âge, c'est étonnant comme je suis observateur !*

The second volume of *Clément Marot* has come. Where and O where is the first?—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MENTONE [Wednesday, January, 1874].

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It has snowed to-day, and blown and been the very devil in the way of weather. Andrews lunched with me, and in the afternoon we both had tea at the Villa Marina. I am so sleepy that I see I can write no sense, so I must shut up.

Thursday.

It is still so cold, I cannot tell you how miserable the weather is. I have begun my Walt Whitman again seriously ; many winds have blown since I last laid it down, when sickness took me in Edinburgh. It seems almost like an ill-considered jest to take up these old sentences, written by so different a person, under circumstances so different, and try to string them together and organise them into something anyway whole and comely ; it is like continuing another man's book. Almost every word is a little out of tune to me now, but I shall pull it through for all that, and make something that will interest you yet on this subject that I had proposed to myself and partly planned already before last July.

I am very anxious to hear from you how you are. My own health is quite very good ; I am a healthy octogenarian ; very old, I thank you, and, of course, not so active as a young man, but hale withal : a lusty December. This is so ; such is R. L. S.

Friday.

You have not yet heard of my book?—*Four Great Scotsmen*—'John Knox, David Hume, Robert Burns, Walter Scott.' These, their lives, their work, the social media in which they lived and worked, with, if I can so make it, the strong current of the race making itself felt underneath and throughout—this is my idea. You must tell me what you think of it. The Knox will really be new matter, as his life hitherto has been disgracefully written, and the events are romantic and rapid ; the character very strong, salient, and worthy ; much interest as to the future of Scotland, and as to that part of him which was truly modern under his Hebrew disguise. Hume, of course, the urbane, cheerful, gentlemanly, letter-writing eighteenth century, full of attraction, and much that I don't yet know as to his work. Burns, the sentimental side that there is in most Scotsmen, his poor troubled existence, how far his poems were his personally, and how far national, the question of the framework of society in Scotland, and its fatal effect upon the finest natures. Scott again, the ever delightful man, sane, courageous, admirable ; the birth of Romance, in a dawn that was a sunset ; snobbery, conservatism, the wrong thread in history, and notably in that of his own land. *Voilà, madame, le menu. Comment le trouvez-vous ? Il y a de la bonne viande, si on parvient à la cuire convenablement.*

[MENTONE, January 27, 1874.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Last night I had a quarrel with the American on politics. It is odd how it irritates you to hear certain political statements made. He was excited, and he began suddenly to abuse our conduct to America. I, of course, admitted right and left that we had behaved disgracefully (as we had) ; until somehow I got tired of turning alternate cheeks and getting duly buffeted ; and when he said that the Alabama money had not wiped out the injury, I suggested, in language (I remember) of

admirable directness and force, that it was a pity they had taken the money in that case. He lost his temper at once, and cried out that his dearest wish was a war with England; whereupon I also lost my temper, and, thundering at the pitch of my voice, I left him and went away by myself to another part of the garden. A very tender reconciliation took place, and I think there will come no more harm out of it. We are both of us nervous people, and he had had a very long walk and a good deal of beer at dinner: that explains the scene a little. But I regret having employed so much of the voice with which I have been endowed, as I fear every person in the hotel was taken into confidence as to my sentiments, just at the very juncture when neither the sentiments nor (perhaps) the language had been sufficiently considered. R. L. S.

Monday, January 27, 1874.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Heh! Heh! business letter finished. Receipt acknowledged without much ado, and I think with a certain commercial decision and brevity. The signature is good, but not original.

I should think I *had* lost my heart to the wee princess. Her mother demanded the other day "*À quand, les noces?*" which Mrs. Stevenson will translate for you in case you don't see it yourself.

I had a political quarrel last night with the American; it was a real quarrel for about two minutes; we relieved our feelings and separated; but a mutual feeling of shame led us to a most moving reconciliation, in which the American vowed he would shed his best blood for England. In looking back upon the interview, I feel that I have learned something: I scarcely appreciated how badly England had behaved, and how well she deserves the hatred the Americans bear her. It would have made you laugh if you could have been present and seen your unpatriotic son thundering anathemas in the moonlight against all those that were not the friends of England. Johnstone being nearly as nervous as I, we were both very ill after it, which added a further pathos to the reconciliation.

There is no good in sending this off to-day, as I have sent another letter this morning already.

O, a remark of the Princess's amused me the other day. Somebody wanted her to give Nelitchka garlic as a medicine.

Quoi? Une petite amour comme ça, qu'en ne pourrait pas baiser? Il n'y a pas de sens en cela!

I am reading a lot of French histories just now, and the spelling keeps me in good humor all day long—I mean the spelling of English names. Very well.—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

February 1, 1874.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am so sorry to hear of poor Mr. M.'s death. He was really so amiable and kind that no one could help liking him, and carrying away a pleasant recollection of his simple, happy ways. I hope you will communicate to all the family how much I feel with them.

Madame Z. is Nelitchka's mamma. They have both husbands, and they are in Russia, and the ladies are both here for their health. They make it very pleasant for me here. To-day we went all a drive to the Cap St. Martin, and the Cap was adorable in the splendid sunshine.

Yes, I am very like you, in my stupid head and even in sleeping before dinner, which I do now almost always—sometimes for nearly an hour. I read J. H. A. Macdonald's speech with interest; his sentiments are quite good, I think. I would support him against Maclaren at once. What has disgusted me most as yet about this election is the detestable proposal to do away with the income tax. Is there no shame about the easy classes? Will those who have nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the advantage of our society, never consent to pay a single tax unless it is to be paid also by those who have to bear the burthen and heat of the day, with almost none of the reward? And the selfishness here is detestable, because it is so deliberate. A man may not feel poverty very keenly and may live a quite self-pleasing life in pure thoughtlessness; but it is quite another matter when he knows thoroughly what the issues are, and yet wails pitiably because he is asked to pay a little more, even if it does fall hardly sometimes, than those who get almost none of the benefit. It is like the healthy child crying because they do not

give him a goody, as they have given to his sick brother to take away the taste of the dose. I have not expressed myself clearly; but for all that, you ought to understand, I think.—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Thursday [February, 1874].

MY DEAR MOTHER:—*Marot* vol. i. arrived. Thanks. The post has been at its old games. A letter of the 31st and one of the 2nd arrive at the same moment.

I have had a great pleasure. Mrs. A. had a book of Scotch airs, which I bought over here, and set Madame Z. to work upon. They are so like Russian airs that they cannot contain their astonishment. I was quite out of my mind with delight.

"The Flowers of the Forest"—"Auld Lang Syne"—"Scots wha hae"—"Wandering Willie"—"Jock o' Hazeldean"—"My Boy Tammie," which my father whistles so often—I had no conception how much I loved them. The air which pleased Madame Z. the most was "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" It is certainly no end. And I was so proud that they were appreciated. No triumph of my own, I am sure, could ever give me such vainglorious satisfaction. You remember, perhaps, how conceited I was to find "Auld Lang Syne" popular in its German dress; but even that was nothing to the pleasure I had yesterday at the success of our dear airs.—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be continued.)

THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN W. ALEXANDER

By Harrison S. Morris

THE distinguishing traits of Mr. John W. Alexander as a painter of portraits are quality of line, candor of impression, and novelty of tone. This is not an uncommon union. It is found in many painters, indeed, in most great painters from Dürer to Whistler. The Italian fathers of painting had less of reality in character, but they made up for it with a quality which the Dutch and the moderns have lacked. They possessed tenderness. This lovely element now gives place to candor. Each is valuable, but the wise ethics of art will not admit of both. "Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement."

The three traits which characterize the work of Alexander show him to be a painter of power and taste who has, in common with his peers, a sufficient equipment for high performance. How he employs these qualities, in what balance and combination, how he differs from his artistic kin, and what manner of man he is—in short, what he has done and will do for the cause of beauty in art and life, it behooves us to inquire.

Line, as it is understood by the craft, is

an elusive charm which springs from a marriage of skill with feeling. Frankly defined, it is the grace which lies hidden from the unobserving in the sweep of contour. The artist feels it when he looks at a beautiful object, he can express it only when his hand has found unswerving skill. It is the interpretation of emotion in the flow or pause of a line, in its depth, width, or inspired curves. The etcher revels in the uneven edge which bears a similitude to accidental nature; the illustrator knows delights of his own wrought by the yielding pen; and the painter's overflow of feeling finds expression in a music of line such as one may fancy in following the swell and fall of a sonata.

In this aptitude for defining beauty by line Alexander stands out among contemporary painters. He is not alone in its use, for it is one of the prevailing motives in several minor branches of art. To Beardsley and Cheret, to the mural decorators, and to Whistler himself, line has appealed with intense interest. The germ lies doubtless in the Orient, where the white reaches of Fuji-yama, and the flowing folds of the kimono prefigure the



The Piano.

decorative method of the Japanese. But in painting it is through the work of Alexander that this subtle beauty of line has had its fullest development. He has seen, as no other painter, the elemental charm which lies in the sweeping folds of a woman's gown. Whether she lie prone, as in the picture called "Repose," or stand erect, as in "A Panel, Spring," the outlines of her garb take on a graciousness which even in the black and white reduction allures the eye into prolonged contemplation, and gives it a sensuous pleasure.

Perhaps it is one of the defects which go with such specializing in art that the accent may fall too heavily upon a minor theme. If the bass do not subordinate himself to the other voices there is false balance and lost expression. Coleridge defined poetry as "the best words in their best places;" and the ideal art keeps the loftiest subject above the lesser. Yet there is legitimate beauty in the natural curvature of drapery; and one can conceive of an art possessing itself with this alone, as Degas in a manner employs the

corps du ballet which his magic touches into a vital theme. It is only when line in a portrait detracts from the prerogative of color or usurps the place of character that even its devotees must sacrifice it, and this is rarely needed in the well-balanced conceptions of a painter who is also a penetrating student of human nature.

And, after all, the aim of Alexander is decorative and constructive, rather than interpretative. He cares less for the soul than for the person. Here, indeed, lies his strong claim as a contemporary painter of portraits. He seizes the picturesque moment and the daily charm out of the whirl of problems and fixes his subject in pleasant social relations with current life. Most of us are well content to relegate problems to the press or the pulpit, and the moods when the soul is kindled are all too rare. If we transmit our happier average selves to other generations we convey a truth more genuine than if we went down the years assuming an unwonted inwardness. Why, then, seek analysis by some painter whose interpretation, after all, may proceed rather



Panel (Spring).



Woman in Gray.

from within himself than from in us? In glancing at a fine panel of portraits by Gilbert Stuart, which is constantly in my eye, I often wonder if men were lordlier and women lovelier in the early century than now. Stuart's people are works of enduring art, interpreted through social elegance. What we seek to-day is endur-

dered by an eye and hand which lead beauty into the pathways of reality, but reality subordinated always to a decorative instinct. The aim is to adorn, as is the aim of the Japanese. A wise critic insists that landscape has but two modes of expression—the Japanesque, or relative; the poetic, or interpretative. Each is gen-



Repose.

ing nature. The ideal has changed; the king is the people; the real is the true.

In such a portrait, for instance, as the one on page 345, there is quality of line in full abundance, there is beauty of color, in the scintillating purple dress, rich with iridescent hues, and in the admirable tints of the face and arms, but note beyond all this how social is the tremulous smile, how ready for the next step in the round of pleasure is the attitude. There is no burrowing into the heart; all is frank lively enjoyment of external character. Candor of impression is ren-

uine, each beautiful; and it is no less so with portraiture. You may use men and women as objective facts, making them appear in the relation of parts in the universal scheme, or you may look through them into the deeps of truth which lie about us. Alexander's habit is to see life as art, not as ethics, and he embodies his impressions in a candid language of the brush which there is no mistaking.

Mark, for instance, the robust character shown in the two portraits of men by which this painter is best known. In the Fritz Thaulow, which remained in Philadelphia



Portrait.

after exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, that eminent artist, a warm friend of Alexander, is seated as if facing some jovial comrade on the other side of the table.

His viking head and beard, his ruddy Scandinavian cheeks, his infinite good cheer, even his laughter are imprinted lastingly. The moment chosen is the just one; the mood is characteristic, not accidental; the man is a great, hearty, human man. Zorn often paints such a man, and Sargent can do it with mastery, but these whimsically put something sinister, almost brutal in their paint. There is no less actuality; but the man is momentary, not entirely characteristic. You recoil from having yourself perpetuated in a mood acknowledged to exist, but not your saner, healthier one. When Shakespeare created Iago, he also brought forth Othello as a balance. When Sargent or Zorn depict their portly tradesfolk, these stand alone in unmitigated nakedness of soul forever. This is a high achievement, one of the highest paint can win; but it is fortunate that the brush also falls into the hands of those who see "good in everything."

The other portrait of a man by Alexander, is that of Mr. James W. Alexander, of New York, his father-in-law. Here the

sitter faces you. He is the American man of affairs, ready to spring into action, but cool under the besetting urgencies of business; intellectual, yet unaffected in bear-



Portrait.

ing, and elegant in attire. The face is representative of all this, and it is repeated in the detail so that the portrait is a harmony in suggestion and tells its story with ad-



Portrait.

mirable candor. One conceives that the subject can think profoundly enough upon the problems of existence, or might even be seized at some moment of perplexity or diplomacy, but these are not habitual moods. The artist has readily grasped this and interpreted his sitter as he is—his social self. It is as false to do otherwise as to place a modern lady in the centre of a canvas whose vistas repeat the artificialities of the Petit Trianon.

Herein lies Alexander's aptitude with character. But he is even more interested in line and tone. As I have said, he treats men and women as factors in the procession of beauty, and hence they are often with him accessories in his feeling after line and color. And in color or its result-

ant tone he has a field where he is a master. His habit is to use coarse canvas and to produce a dry surface. This combination gives a harmony of pigments analogous to the lovely minor strains in music. Even a bare note of color used under such conditions takes on something of the shaded quality which time brings a fine old canvas. And when the painter knows his whole chosen gamut with precision and possesses feeling and taste he can bring this method to uses of infinite charm. Remembrances of Chopin or Schumann linger in the mind as a source of these often plaintive colors. You never think of cymbals and drums—the quiet harp or flute vibrate not more mellowly than do these tints of the minor key, those

twilights, rather than nocturnes, of the brush.

For instance, turn to the picture called "The Piano" (page 341). Fitly it is a portrait of the noted singer Helen Hopekirk. Its flowing browns of many shades are concordant notes in a song without words, perhaps the very one rising from the keys. Or take up the cool grays, with the one crescendo to red, in the "Portrait in Gray." This is a lovely harmony wherein the accent of the red bow in the hair gives poise to the sweeping lines which converge from below. The picture has won the distinction which all artists most crave. It was bought by the alert French Government and now hangs in the Luxembourg. And this forces home a lesson which Americans should heed. Let us recollect that the present stage of native art will never repeat itself. An art is born, culminates, and declines. The era passes, and unless we awaken to our national possibilities others will reap the harvest, as others possess master-works which belong by right of birth to Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland. Still another example of Alexander's best work, "The Green Bowl," was bought by the French Government from the last Salon, thus conferring upon him unusual distinction, and Vienna has only just now secured the representative canvas called "The Mirror," which received the Temple Gold Medal at Philadelphia. "The Black Cat" is also lost to us. It has gone permanently to St. Petersburg. Honors besides these substantial ones have not been lacking in the career so rapidly sketched. Alexander is a Sociétaire of the Champs de Mars Salon, and belongs to most of the influential artistic bodies to which Americans gravitate at home and abroad. But after all,

these external phases of a painter's life value little in the total sum. What he is and what he promises are the vital questions, and these I have striven to glance at as with a flash-light.

As the portraits of Alexander are expressly under notice, I have not entered the kindred field where his imagination finds play. In the noble "Pot of Basil," which the wise liberality of Mr. Ernest Longfellow has secured for the Boston Museum of the Fine Arts, this painter of portraits has shown a vein of romance which will inevitably open again and again as his intellectual reach broadens and deepens. The subject is the lovely Isabella of Keats's poem of that name, founded on the tale in Boccaccio. The mourning of the broken-hearted maid above her pot of basil is touchingly suggested with simple taste and frank arrangement. In quality of line this is a notable example of the artist, and in color its pallid yellow-green and purple-blue, with shadowy richness of neutral detail, are in sympathy with both the romance and the pathos of the story.

Here, then, is a trait not before evoked in Alexander's rapid career, but its appearance simply emphasizes the existence of mental qualities without which his less imaginative work could not have been conceived. Every painter must learn sooner or later that salvation does not come by paint alone. Emerson declared that the best equipment for a poet is familiarity with science. No fact is too remote for his purposes. So with the artist. His interests must emerge from paint into the world of life and thought, and to indicate that this is the course taken by Alexander is to place him far along the path with the leaders of the new American art.

REMEMBER OF DISCONCERT

By Oliver Herford

Spring

Too well I know you, Spring, and so restrain
My foolish muse from all such flatterings vain
As "mild" and "gentle"—lest I be repaid,
Even as Marsyas of old, and flayed,
This time by icy hail and cutting sleet.
Instead—I pray your going may be fleet,
That soon I may forget and drowse away
My weariness beneath Dear Summer's sway.

Summer

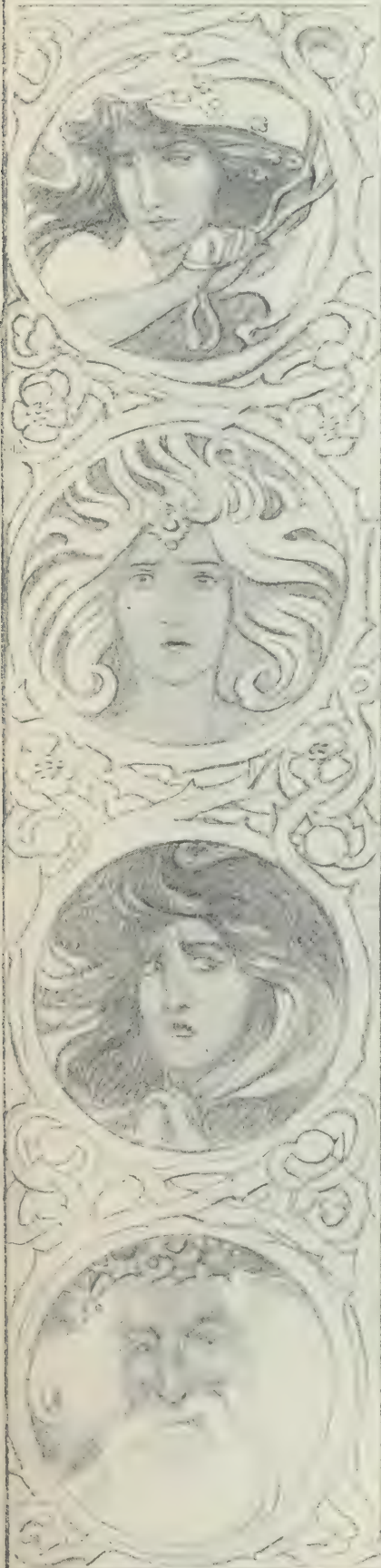
Insufferable season of the Sun,
When will your endless reign of fire be done?
When will your noisy insect court take flight?
Your orchestra that rests not,—day or night;
Your armies with unconquerable stings;
When will they flee—what for do they have
wings?
How long before brave Autumn with a shout,
Will succor me and put them all to rout?

Autumn

You dismal mourner, wailing by the bier
Of Summer dead, with lamentations drear,
Driving me frantic ever and anon,
With reminiscences of Summer gone.
Now mimicking her tenderest airs and tones,
Now harrowing me with horrid shrieks and
groans.
Were good old jolly Winter only here,
I'd soon forget you and your evil cheer!

Winter

Hoary impostor! with mock jovial air,
You took the green earth prisoner unaware
And pinioned the trees that moan and call
To Spring to free them from your icy thrall.
You manacled the stream who tugs in vain,
To loose himself from your relentless chain.
And I—my heart is sad, my lyre is dumb.
Mild, Gentle Spring,—Oh! will you ever come!





PSALM VII, 15

BY ALBERT WHITE VORSE.

"**W**UNGA ANGEKOK," explained Kioapodu.

"Angekok, are you?" returned Latta. "Well, so am I—a big one. If you don't fetch me back that knife I shall say a charm, and a devil will come, and you will be turned into a brown stone statue. Tell him that, will you, Dahlgren?"

Latta, who was a new-comer to Greenland, knew just enough pidgin-Eskimo (which is the diplomatic language north of Cape York) to be irritated because he didn't know more of it. During my year of life in the Smith Sound region I had picked up a good many words—indeed, I was semi-official interpreter to the expedition.

"*Latta ookalukto savik ooma. Ooma opdow angekok,*" I translated. I meant this to mean, "Latta say knife his. He also medicine man;" and Kio understood, for he turned toward Latta and drew up to their highest his sixty-five inches. The movement flung his black mane away from his shoulders and fore-

head. There was a fire in his eyes like the glow of a star in a pool of black water.

"I, too, am angekok," he declaimed. "How am I to know that he sees the spirits?"

"Stunning-looking fellow, isn't he?" remarked Latta. "What does he say?"

"He wants a test of your powers," I laughed.

Latta shook his vigorous shoulders—a habit I admired in him.

"Wants a test?" he repeated. "Well, he shall have it. Tell him that to-morrow I will come to his hut, and bring a rifle. I will let him shoot at me before all his people, and he will not kill me. Tell him I will catch the bullet in my hand."

For a moment I hesitated. The thought of playing tricks upon the simple Huskies jarred my nerves. But Kioapodu only of the tribe had held himself hostile. We had detected his heavy influence against us in certain tradings for dogs among his people. The idea of mystifying him into submission was alluring.

Besides, at that time I was a little in

awe of Latta. He had joined the relay expedition with a great reputation as an African explorer, based particularly upon his success in swaying unruly tribes without killing a man.

I translated his offer to Kio.

"Let it be so," replied the Eskimo. "If he is an *angekok* I will restore the knife, though I found it and it is mine."

He stalked majestically out of our Arctic house and down the beach toward his *tupik*. Latta drew from his pocket a pencil, slit down the wood and began to scrape the lead into powder upon a sheet of paper.

"I shouldn't care so much for the knife," he said, "if it hadn't been—a gift."

I nodded, without making comment. Latta's betrothal had been announced in newspapers brought us by the relay party.

"How are you going to beguile the 'gentle salvage?'" I asked.

"Easiest thing in the world. Draw the bullet from a cartridge and make a mock bullet out of the doctor's absorbent cotton, darkened with this graphite. You load the rifle in plain view of the Huskies. You'll help, won't you?"

"Ye-es," I faltered. I was flattered to be chosen as confederate by so distinguished an explorer. In those days I was a bit of a hero-worshipper.

Nevertheless, it was not without complications that I followed Latta along the beach next morning to the little green hill where the *tupiks* stood. The Eskimos were astir. A little group of men was collected near Kioapodu's tent. From inside came the tap, tap, tapping of tambourine-music and the howls of the *angekok*.

Latta looked a question at me.

"He's getting ready for you," I answered. "He's communing with the spirits. Most likely he's been at it all night."

Latta laughed.

"We must do this thing in proper form," he said. "Do you mind bearing a message that the great white *angekok* awaits the test? Hello, who's that?"

An Eskimo girl parted the flap of Kioapodu's tent, and paused before the opening. Her dark hair, loosed from the ordinary woman's knot, fell over each shoulder almost to her boot-tops. She had

forgotten or neglected to put on her *netcha*, and her round figure with its budding breasts shone in the morning sunlight.

"What a little beauty," murmured Latta. "Bronze Psyche in boots and trousers. Who is she?"

"Kio's daughter," I answered. "She is an odd little girl—very lofty. She treats her numerous suitors with splendid contempt. Poor Ango-da-bla-ho spent most of last fall laying by seal-meat to win her, and during the winter he followed her all over the settlement about as patiently as he would follow a reindeer. But she simply never looked at him. I have seen him at head-quarters squatting behind her, watching for hours with love-lorn eyes, while she stitched away at one of our *koolatahs* or stared into vacancy. I don't think she gave him a word for months at a time——"

"What is her name?" interrupted Latta.

"Ah-we-ung-ónah."

"Ah-we-ung-ónah, Ah-we-ung-ónah," repeated Latta.

She stood for a moment, erect, with the tent-flap lifted in her hand. I suppose it is because of what followed that I see so clearly, even now, the scene of her first meeting with Latta—the pale sunlight aslant across the flat black ocean, casting long shadows behind the white bergs, brightening the green hills, softening the majestic gray cliffs behind it and, I remember, glowing bright upon an old bit of red flannel that had blown from head-quarters to Kioapodu's tent; the group of Eskimos beside the *tupik*, with their white bearskin breeches and wild, dark heads, and at the door the half-naked girl, straight and slender, gazing down upon Latta with haughty eyes.

Presently, she turned abruptly, and stooped into the *tupik*. I heard Latta blow out his breath, as if he had been holding it too long.

"Thick air this morning," he commented, in his abrupt way. "Let's beat up the wizard's quarters. By the way, here's the cartridge."

He handed to me several paper shells made to fit the old-fashioned carbines used by the Federal cavalry in the Civil War. I carried one of these awkward weapons by the strap. We had brought along a stock of them to make trade with the na-

tives. Latta had prepared his sham skilfully. Ten feet away I could not have distinguished the cotton from the leaden bullets that lay beside it in my palm.

"Now we are ready even as Moses for the sorcerers of Egypt," said Latta. "And behold, here comes our magician."

Kioapodu, in full cry, danced out of the tent-door. He grasped the tambourine in his left hand; with his right hand spasmodically jerking, he tapped it rhythmically. Upon the crest of the hill he paused, flinging his head from side to side, and casting his eyes to the spirits above. The Eskimo men collected in a silent half-circle about him. From several of the tents ran women to join a little group at a distance.

"Enter chorus," commented Latta, grimly. "There seems to be a certain tenseness in the atmosphere of this light opera. What's he singing about?"

"I can't understand the words," I replied. "It has something to do with us, though; for see, the Eskimos are looking at us."

"Guess my cue has come," said Latta. "Are you ready?"

He strode forward, and I followed. I was a little nervous, for I didn't know what Kioapodu might excite the tribe to do. As we drew near to the medicine-man, his gestures grew wilder and his howling rose louder.

"Dahlgren," murmured Latta, "the Husky for 'look' is '*takoo*,' isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied; "shall I interpret for you?"

Latta made no answer, but marched on up the hill. Within ten feet of the Eskimo he halted. His left arm shot straight above his head. The hand was half-closed, as if it held a small object.

"*Takoo!*" he commanded.

Kioapodu's voice ceased. Across his eyes, which were fixed upon the upraised palm, fell a beam of sunlight, reflected from some bright disc. His right hand hung, arrested, above the tambourine. A little murmur arose from the crowd.

"Hypnotized himself," said Latta, coolly, but without turning. "Come and stand here."

I stumbled hastily to his side.

"Move calmly," said Latta. "He's only in the first stage—catalepsy. He

was half-hypnotized before—I knew the symptoms. I've controlled African chiefs in a war-dance with this little mirror. Now, listen," he continued, "I want you to tell me how to say this. 'I am a great *angekok*. So are you. We will do wonderful things. You will shoot me with a rifle, and I will catch your bullet in my hand. Afterward, I will shoot at you. We will see which is stronger.' Now, Dahlgren, think of the words and say them over slowly and distinctly so that I may repeat them. Be sure and make no mistakes."

I turned the sentences over in my head. Kioapodu began to breathe audibly.

"Make haste," said Latta. "He's coming out of it."

I framed the order as well as I could, and Latta repeated the words after me, two or three at a time, in a curious, intense voice. As he uttered the concluding sounds, Kio's eyes began to blink and to wander from the mirror.

"Now, we'll wake him up," said Latta. "He'll remember what he is to do."

He lowered his arm, clapped his hands sharply, and finally strode close to the Eskimo and made upward passes in the air, at either side of the dusky face.

"Wake up! wake up!" he repeated in English.

Kio's eyes blinked strangely; his body straightened, he heaved one or two deep sighs, a sort of half-intelligence came into his eyes, and he turned his head and stared sleepily around him.

"Good!" said Latta. "Now load the gun as ostentatiously as you can with my cotton bullet, give it to him and tell him to shoot the great white *angekok*."

While I was biting off the end of the mock cartridge, ramming it home with my finger and closing the clumsy, old-fashioned breech, Latta took his stand about ten yards away, upon a rock that lifted its head three or four feet from the sod. He faced us, and folded his arms. The half-circle of Eskimos, whom I had forgotten in the excitement, closed around me, as I cocked the gun and placed it in Kioapodu's hand.

"Ready, fire!" shouted Latta. As if he understood the words, the Eskimo levelled the gun, took slow aim and pulled the trigger. The smoke flew in my eyes,

and for a second I lost thought of Latta. A murmur from the Eskimos aroused me.

"*Na, na, na, na-ay!*" they whispered. The explorer stood erect, with the bullet between his fingers. For a moment he smiled, then sprang from the rock and swung toward us.

"Now it's my turn," he exclaimed, gayly. The Eskimos drew away from him, but Kio remained stupidly by my side. Latta seized the gun from his hand, and pointed toward the rock. Thither Kio staggered, as obedient as a child. He mounted to the summit, turned with folded arms, and stood in precisely the posture that Latta had taken.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Latta?" I asked.

I thought the affair had better terminate. The Eskimos behind me were shrinking away even from me whom they knew as their friend, and I feared lest they might take fright and decamp altogether. We could not afford to lose their aid to the expedition.

"Don't look as if you saw his corpse," returned Latta. "I'm going to cut off a lock of his hair. Will you load the gun?"

The man's personality was stronger than mine. Somewhat awkwardly, I made shift to prepare the cartridge, fouling my mouth with powder, I remember, as I bit off the end. The discomfort of this held my thoughts for a moment. A shrill scream startled me into looking about. Latta was standing with the rifle at his shoulder and his finger upon the trigger, but his head was turned toward the group of women. A girl was speeding toward the rock where Kioapodu stood motionless. She reached him with a bound, pushed him to the grass beneath, confronted us and flung out her hand toward Latta. The missing knife, with its belt trailing behind, fell near his feet.

Latta lowered his rifle. For a moment the little half-clad Eskimo girl and the tall explorer gazed, as still as the rocks about them. Then she leapt lightly to the ground beside her father, seized his limp arm and tried to raise him.

I glanced at Latta. His body was erect, but his head hung oddly forward, as if drawn by some magnetic force, and he glared upon Ah-we-ung-ónah some-

what as I had seen him glare upon a seal that he had marked for his rifle. He was not a pleasant sight, but I could not draw my eyes from his face. I suppose the intensity of my look attracted his, for in a moment his head suddenly turned toward me and he shook his shoulders.

"The man is not dead," he said, hastily: "he's only asleep. Help me carry him to his tent."

With that he made forward toward the rock. He passed the knife, and I picked it up. As we approached her, the girl shrank away. I do not think Latta glanced at her. As he lifted Kioapodu by the shoulders and turned to make a sign that I should raise the Eskimo's feet, I noticed that his teeth were firmly set. In silence we carried the medicine-man to his tent and laid him upon the sleeping-slab. Ah-we-ung-ónah followed and stood in the door.

"Tell her he'll sleep until to-morrow, and awake all right," commanded Latta. He pushed the girl roughly aside and made off toward the head-quarters.

As best I could I translated his words, but I doubt whether Ah-we-ung-ónah comprehended. She answered, "*Ee, ee,*" but her gaze followed the figure of Latta, lessening away down the beach. When it disappeared she dived under the tent-flap and left me alone.

I was glad to find at the head-quarters our leader, Van Den Zee, returned from his ten days' hunting trip. His sane presence cleared away the uncanny impression of the morning's adventure. Although I felt, somehow, as if I were betraying Latta's confidence, still I held it to be my duty to include in my report, as chief of head-quarters in the leader's absence, a detailed account of the matter.

Van Den Zee listened with his usual calmness.

"Thank you, Dahlgren," was the only comment he made. That afternoon, however, he detailed me to establish a depot of provisions thirty miles to the northward, and put Latta under my charge.

It was a three days' excursion, and during the whole time Latta never spoke except in reply to my questions. He seemed indifferent to the beauty of the cliffs that lifted their snow-crowned crests four thousand feet sheer out of the sea.

He barely glanced at the magnificent bergs among which our whale-boat sailed.

But the loads that he carried from the shore to the ice-cap would have broken any other man in our party. He insisted upon keeping his oar throughout the twenty-mile row back to camp, and he pulled like a sailor. The thought occurred to me that he was eager to arrive at headquarters. With the others I took my turn at rowing, and by the time we had hauled the boat high upon the beach I was tired, and I made straight for my bunk. It was midnight and everyone was asleep. My party was soon as deep as the rest, but I noticed vaguely, as I crawled between my blankets, that Latta's bunk was still empty.

A violent shaking woke me from the soundest of slumbers. Latta stood before me. He was laughing.

"No cause for such a kinky face," he said. "Did you keep the rifle we used—the—ah—the other morning?"

"Yes," I blundered. "Don' do that again, though, 'thout Van Den Zee's knowledge."

"Nonsense!" laughed Latta. "Your angekok has gone away. Gone, tent and all, and taken his family with him. I only want the gun as a souvenir."

"Gone, has he?" drawled I. "I'm sorry for that. We needed him, and the girl could sew skins first-rate."

I routed the carbine out of a stack of arms in the corner of my bunk. When I turned about, Latta was staring out of the window into the sunlit night. I was so sleepy that I may have dreamed I heard him murmuring.

"Sorry she's gone? By the northern Sphinx, I'm not!"

In the morning he asked Van Den Zee for an assignment with the party that was going to complete the northern depot. They rowed away with two Eskimos in the crew. When they returned, everyone had a word of admiration for Latta.

"The man is a wonder," said our chief hunter. "I never saw anyone pick up the country as he does. And the Huskies! His little parlor-magic trick has made slaves of them. He learned a lot of Husky, too; you will be surprised, Dahlgren; he gets on with their talk almost as well as you do. And ye gods, how he can work!

He puts us up to a lot of wrinkles about packing heavy loads; he got them from his carriers in Africa, he said."

As the season wore on, Latta's worth to the expedition increased. As ethnologist he was invaluable. The natives confided in him as children confide in their parents. He drew from them not only the ordinary gossip of the tribe, but also the folk-lore, the legends, and superstitions—all the intimate thoughts that an aboriginal people usually refuse to strangers.

In our camp he was a good companion. He had dark moods, to be sure, but he never imposed them upon us. For hours at a time he wandered along the beach, with no apparent object except to walk off certain heavy frowns. When he returned to the headquarters he always wore a cheerful face. As the hours of darkness encroached upon those of light, curiously enough, his gloomy periods lessened, and in mid-winter, the season of continuous lamplight, when most of the men were beginning to fear the blue devils, Latta's mind seemed fresh and strong. If he, too, had his blue devils, he fought them off in his bunk, where he spent a great deal of time. At meal-hours or at loafing-hours he was always ready with stories of his exploits in the hot African forests; stories that brightened wonderfully our monotonous talk. He told them not too modestly, but he made them thrilling. I remember that I felt proud when he chose me as a listener. In those days, however, as I have said, I was a hero-worshipper. Whether or no Van Den Zee liked him I failed to discover. Van was always inscrutable.

He made free use of Latta. When the snowfall put an end to our autumn work, he gave him charge of the dogs. We had collected a pack of two hundred half-tamed brutes that tore each other to rags, devoured—and digested—their traces if meat failed them, and crouched before nothing under the stars except a whip-lash. For white men the whip is unwieldy. Most of us slashed ourselves with it oftener than we cut the dogs, but Latta learned to pick a bit of fur from the ear of any given rebel as deftly as an Eskimo. He was master of the dogs; his voice was their law.

He had charge of the food, too. By

the middle of February our supply seemed likely to run short, and one day Van Den Zee asked me if I should mind going as Latta's assistant to fetch a new supply from a settlement four days' journey to the south.

"I can't very well put you in charge of the party," said Van, "for its Latta's department. You won't object to going in second place, will you? I must have a steady man with him. He is a good explorer, but you know he has never taken a long sledge trip, and he has never seen heavy weather in the open. I don't think he had better go alone."

Looking back at this little talk in the light of what followed, I wonder whether Van had in mind something besides contingencies of travel. It is possible that he saw deeper than the rest of us into Latta's character. At the time, however, no suspicion entered my head that Latta still dreamed of the Eskimo girl. Pleased that Van held me to be a steady man, I easily agreed to go as assistant.

We set forth across the bay with an Eskimo, two sledges, and fourteen dogs to bring home the walrus-skin food. For the first night we camped in a snow-igloo built by the Husky. It was a tiny affair, just big enough to hold the cooking-lamp and us, stretched out in our sleeping-bags. Latta undertook to make the tea. It seemed to me that his face looked haggard, but I set that down to the pale light of the alcohol.

"Dahlgren," he said, presently, "what do you suppose our friends at home would think if they could see us now?"

"Very terrified, no doubt," I replied. I knew he was thinking of the girl he was to marry, and the thought naturally brought up the image of Ah-we-ung-ónah.

"Latta," I blurted out, "do you know where Kio went?"

The next moment the hut was dark. Latta had upset the lamp. During the rest of the evening he did not speak, and upon the march next day, too, he was silent. But at night, when I was taking my turn at the stove, he began, in his usual hearty tones:

"Dahlgren," he said, "you're a good fellow."

"Discerning man!" I laughed.

"I'm serious," returned Latta, calmly. "I want to tell you something."

"I beg your pardon, old chap," I said. "Go ahead. I shall be glad to hear it."

He waited for several moments before he began.

"I don't know why I'm saying anything about it. It's not my way to make confidences. I suppose it's this endless darkness that gives a man's imagination neurosis. Besides, when two civilized men find themselves under a dog-house or a hut in the midst of a million square miles of snow, they come very near to one another. What pitiful things we are!" he burst out. "Fancy looking down upon our hut in the midst of this stupendous waste. A mound indistinguishable thirty feet away, covering three black slugs crawling, crawling over an expanse so vast that their minds cannot conceive its immensity. What do you suppose the Arctic Spirits think of us?"

"I've never seen any indication that they think at all of us," I laughed. I had heard this commonplace moralizing with that sense of relief that comes when one's idols turn out flesh and blood. After all, Latta wasn't so far beyond the rest of us. I, myself, knew well the state of mind he expressed. It is but the beginning of the Arctic awe.

"What pitiful creatures we are!" repeated Latta. "What difference do our little emotions and conventions make in the midst of such forces! How the Arctic Spirits must laugh at our—our marriage laws, for example! They teach their own people better things. The Eskimos have no laws."

This personal phase also of Arctic emotion I knew well. I knew, too, that it is transient, and I contented myself with remarking:

"Wait until you have weathered a storm in one of these huts. The drift cuts off the top of your dome clean with the force of a sand-blast. If you let the snow settle upon you, you smother. But if you keep patiently patching up the holes with reindeer skins, you can outlast the wind. Your little slugs are pitiful, perhaps, but in the end they are the masters."

He made no reply, and I did not think he was impressed with my argument. I had not supposed that he would comprehend it; only experience replaces awe of Arctic powers with awe of man's prowess.

Presently he crawled into his sleeping-bag. He had left his confidence unfinished. Going over his allusion to marriage laws, I wondered whether he had been thinking of Ah-we-ung-ónah, and was sorry because I had not led him to say more, and because I had not moralized, hinting that only by unwavering strength can Arctic forces be met. However, I doubt whether any words of mine could have helped him.

When I awoke, he was heating tea for breakfast. He greeted me pleasantly.

"Shouldn't wonder if we were going to have a chance to fight your sand-blast," he said. "Looks stormy outside."

I shuffled off the deerskin envelope, hurried on my furs, and crawled out of doors. The twilight of noon was just beginning. Above me the stars were dim, and in the southwest they were hidden by a pile of clouds. Even in the dusk I could see that its edges were writhing. The wind moaned over the ice-caps, and occasional gusts swept snow-wraiths across the bay. I hauled in the drawstrings of *koolatah* and breeches. In a temperature of fifteen below zero, when the wind blows, a man is most comfortable when his furs are snug about him. The Eskimo kneeling by the dog-teams was disentangling the knot into which the restless creatures had interwoven their traces.

"Great wind, *Tung-we*?" I asked.

"*Ee*," grunted the lad.

"Good to start?"

The Eskimo rose to his feet, and scrutinized the contour of the cliffs that loomed upon our left. His eyes rested for an instant, evidently upon a landmark. Then he cast a glance at the lowering horizon.

"*Ee*," he said.

Nevertheless, I drank my tea and ate my pemmican in all haste. Latta tried at some light conversation, but I was in no mood for it.

The gusts were coming oftener by the time we were ready to start. The half disk of cloud covered a third of the sky at our right, and the fleece above was blanketing the stars. The Eskimo who drove the leading sledge cracked his whip furiously above his team.

I was riding with Latta upon the larger sledge, and I noticed that instead of cutting directly across the bay, Tung-we had

swung to the left, along the shore. Presently Latta noticed it, too.

"This not good!" he shouted. "Where going?"

Tung-we pointed to a vast buttress that hung out of the shadowy cliffs, almost above us.

"Karnah," came his voice, down a wind-gust.

Latta checked his team. I could see his eyes gleaming in the fast gathering darkness.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "I won't go to Karnah!"

For a moment I must have stared at him, like a half-witted child. Then I understood. I glanced up at the sky. The clouds had passed beyond the zenith, and even as I looked rushed over star after star.

"I'm afraid there's no choice," I said, as gently as I could. "We can't stay here. The quicker, too, the better."

I do not suppose he had appreciated the danger, but my strained tones must have warned him. He glanced uncertainly above him. A furious blast of wind drove the drift stinging into our faces. Latta shook his shoulders, and his whip-lash whirled and cracked. The dogs sprang forward.

Tung-we's sledge, a quarter of a mile before us, was a dim point in the flying snow. Presently the cloud swept over the great buttress at our left, and darkness settled upon the bay. The sledge, even the outlines of the cliffs, disappeared. We felt rather than saw the masses of land.

My eyebrows, lashes, mustache, and the edge of my hood were stiff with ice. My feet were suspiciously comfortable, and I grasped the upstanders and rose to stamp. A star of lamplight twinkled for an instant, and disappeared in a whirl of snow.

"To the left!" I shouted. "We're almost there."

Latta's whip-lash flew. The sledge swerved aside, and bounded on. The dogs had seen the light, too. The groaning of the wind upon the ice-cap waxed to a growling just as we felt the upward lift of the beach. Two lights rose before us, but a few feet away. Suddenly the growl above us deepened into a roar.

"Don't turn for your life," I shouted. "Face the lights!" and the next instant,

the wind burst upon us like a solid force. The dogs halted, the lights went out. I felt for Latta, and hauling him down by main force threw myself to my hands and knees upon the ground. Pressed together, we crouched for a long minute. When the violence of the first blast spent itself, guiding Latta, with a hand upon his arm, I scrambled up the slope. In a moment, I came upon a hard mound, and a faint glow shone above me. In another moment we had crawled out of the smother into warmth and light.

The sleeping-slab at the rear of the igloo was crowded with Eskimos, who stared at us drowsily. My head was yet ringing with the storm-noise, and I could not distinguish faces. My nose was touched with frost. I tore off my furs, and bade Latta do the like. Certain after a glance that my feet were sound, I turned to inspect his. He had not taken off his clothes; he was gazing into the left alcove of the little hut where Ah-we-ung-ónah stood gazing back at him.

"Come, come, man!" I cried. "Off with your boots. You have no time to moon!"

He started, cast a frown at me, and slowly undressed. His left foot was white and hard. I think I could have chipped pieces from the heel with a stone.

I am bound to confess that without the little Husky girl's aid, the foot would have been doomed. But she worked over it unceasingly, first pressing snow upon it for hours, afterward, when the frost had come out and the heel had puffed up big and red and Latta was writhing in agony, keeping it cool with seal-oil. At the end of three days the foot was going better.

Meanwhile the storm roared itself out, and I took a step which I have always regretted. I left Latta in the igloo. It is possible that if I had waited there he would have found, in the presence of another man with civilized standards, support against his passion. But when Tung-we and I harnessed our dogs, Latta was still helpless with pain, and I thought I might safely leave him. I sent a Husky to fetch the doctor at once from head-quarters, and started the sledges toward the south. We needed the dog-food, and I felt bound to bring it.

On the way home ten days afterward

I stopped at Karnah. Latta was not there.

"Dokt was at Iglooduhony when Telekoteah came to white man's house," said the natives. "He came here only one sleep ago. He spoke loud words about the foot. He carried Lat' to white man's house on a sledge."

Not until yesterday! I thought. I glanced about the igloo.

"Where are Kio and Ah-we-ung-ónah?" I asked, hastily.

"They went with the sledge to white man's house," answered the Eskimos.

At head-quarters I found Latta in his bunk. He greeted me with a languid smile.

"Your storm has done me up," he said. "Doctorsays I mustn't walk for a month."

During the three weeks thereafter he never moved from his blankets. For our part, though we were as kind as we knew how to be, we had little time to pay him small attentions. Our main sledge—journey of two months was at hand. We were in a flurry of preparations—testing new sledges and snow-shoes, lugging provisions to the ice-cap, completing our outfits of clothing. The floor of the house was crowded with women, sitting cross-legged, and stitching away at *koolatahs* and *kamiks*; and among them I noticed Ah-we-ung-ónah. She had taken a place snug against the foot of Latta's bunk, and while she was sewing she talked steadily. I thought grimly that the sick man would hardly miss us.

He did not miss us. A month afterward nine of us—the supporting party—hurried into the head-quarters. We had bid good-speed to Van Den Zee and four others upon their brave journey of twelve hundred miles across the snow-desert, and had returned to carry out, if possible, minor explorations. Of these explorations I was in charge. Two or three of my party were staggering with frost-bitten feet, and I hoped to find Latta fit for work. My first question bore upon his health.

"His foot is well enough," replied the man who had been left to watch the house. "but——"

"But what?" I queried.

"But he isn't here just now. He doesn't spend much time at the quarters. He

is studying the Eskimos, and I believe he is experimenting with life in a snow-igloo."

"Whose?" I asked, hastily.

"Kio's, I think," answered the man. His eyes did not meet mine.

I restrained my frown, tried to say something about Latta's indefatigability, and turned to other business. I noticed as I passed Latta's bunk that although his own weapons were stacked in a corner, the carbine with which he had achieved his great spectacular success had disappeared.

As soon as I could I made time to visit the angekok's *iglooyah*. Latta was there. He lay half asleep upon the deerskins, and, bending over him with such an expression of face as only a new-made wife wears, sat Ah-we-ung-ónah.

I must have uttered an exclamation, for she turned her head. Perceiving who it was, she showed her white teeth in a slow smile. Then she laid her hand upon Latta's cheek.

"Lat'," she said; "Lat', de-ar!"

The English word sent the blood to my heart.

"Lat'," she continued in Eskimo, "wake up; Dahlg' has returned."

Latta scrambled to his knees and faced me. His mouth was open. I do not like to see a man open his mouth when he is startled.

"How are you, Latta?" I asked, as quickly as I could.

"Oh, how are you, Dahlgren?" he mumbled. "Didn't know it was you."

I turned away so that unwatched he might collect his self-possession.

"I'm glad to see you fit again," I said, "*Chimo*, Ah-we-ung-ónah!"

"*Chimo-o-o*," answered the woman, with a bright little laugh. She looked happy.

"You're hard at work, they tell me." I tried to keep my tone free from sarcasm.

"Ye-es," stammered Latta. "Yes, hard at work. I've got enough for a book about Husky manners and customs. I'll tell you what it is, Dahlgren," he went on, with evident effort to be enthusiastic, "the Eskimo knows how to live in his own country. Our ridiculous big houses, which have to be warmed with stoves, are nothing to these little huts, where the heat of the lamp and of the people keep the thermometer to eighty degrees."

"Yes, I've tried the huts," I broke in, shortly. I had no wish to hear Latta's rhapsodies. "Do you think you could leave your comfort for a month, and work with me in Ellesmere Land?"

Latta hesitated, and spoke rapidly to Ah-we-ung-ónah. I could not catch what he said.

"Yes," he answered, presently. "My foot still troubles me a little, but I guess I can go."

"Be ready at sunrise to-morrow, then, Good-by—Good-by, Ah-we-ung-ónah."

"By," answered the woman. The smile had left her face.

As I rose from the entrance of the little den, Kio came up. He carried the carbine slung over his shoulder in good soldier fashion.

When he joined us in the morning, Latta was glum and listless. He shirked his share of loading the whale-boat upon the sledge. When all was ready to start, I espied him near Kio's igloo talking with Ah-we-ung-ónah, and it was only after I had twice hailed him that he broke away from her. She instantly disappeared within the hut, and Latta thought it necessary to explain, as he hastened toward me, that he was giving some directions about the making of a pair of *kamiks*. I replied only with an "Ah." If the girl had been an American, I should have said that she was crying.

"Woof!" exclaimed Latta, as we crawled under the boat for shelter, at the end of the day's march. "Woof! I'm tired." He threw himself at full length upon the snow.

His task during the day had been merely keeping the dogs at work, whereas the rest of us had been hauling at the sledge. The other men, out in the cold, were throwing up a wind-guard of snow around the boat, and I was establishing a kitchen. I was fagged out and cross, and I answered impatiently.

"You find taking ethnological observations pleasanter?"

I heard Latta turn over, and I knew he was looking at me. Presently he sighed.

"Wish to Heaven I'd never frozen that foot!" he exclaimed.

"I wish to Heaven you never had!"

He drew several heavy breaths in si-

lence. At last he said, "Dahlgren, I can't work any more. I've tried. I believe I'm under a spell. I'm getting superstitious. I'm bewitched by some damned Arctic spirit."

"Is she so spiritual?" I asked.

"Yes," he burst out. "She is. You wouldn't believe it; she has ideas. She is unwashed, if you like, and a savage, but she has fascinating thoughts. I'm not altogether a brute," he protested, in deprecatory tones.

"Latta," interrupted I, "it's not my business; but aren't you going to be sorry for this when you get home?"

"I'm not going home!" he flashed out. "I've burned my bridges. I'm going to live here for the rest of my life. I couldn't go home."

I tossed a handful of tea into the boiling water, and lifted the kettle from the lamp.

"That, Mr. Latta," I said, "is a matter to be settled between yourself and your sense of honor. Will you call the men to tea?"

At the end of the next day Latta complained that his foot was on fire with pain, and at noon of the succeeding day I gave him some pemmican and sent him back to head-quarters—ostensibly with an order, for I did not wish to disgrace him before the men. Nevertheless, they had marked his laziness, and when we returned—baffled after six weeks of the toughest labor I ever endured, dragging the boat over ice-hummocks ten to fifteen feet high, only to lose her in the crushing floes of the open strait—when we lay about the house to recover our forces, the party showed Latta little friendship. The men were too courteous to snub him, but there was no warmth in their politeness. Latta discovered their contempt at once, and enhanced it by his deprecating manners. At last, however, he almost ceased to visit us. The Eskimos who lounged in and out of head-quarters told us that he rarely came to see them. But evidently he took up a good deal of their attention, for his name frequently started out in their conversations among themselves.

One night—one of the last dark nights that preceded the summer of continuous sunlight—he came hurrying into head-quarters. I happened to be alone.

"Mr. Dahlgren," he asked, "will you give me a saucer of alcohol and a handful of salt?"

"Certainly," I answered. While I was rattling among our stores for an alcohol-can, he volunteered an explanation.

"You see, there is a discussion among the Huskies as to whether I am really an *angekok* or only a fraud, and I am—~~am~~—urged to give them some new magic."

Familiarity breeds contempt, thought I.

What I said was, however, "All right, old man. Don't frighten them away from us."

The next afternoon there was a lively discussion among the Eskimos that came to head-quarters. Latta's name was tossed about like a shuttlecock, and at last we inquired what had happened.

"Is Lat' an *angekok*?" replied a grave old Husky. "If he is an *angekok*, why did he let the cold-devils injure foot? Why did he not charm them away? Why will he no longer let us shoot at him? Ah-we-ung-ónah asked him to prove his *tornak* has not deserted him. To-night we are to hear his charm-song."

Next day they stalked about silent and solemn. Lat', they said, had called spirits with fire to show men and women how they would look when they were dead. For the time being, his prestige rose as high as ever.

When the summer sun drove the Eskimos from their houses of stone and snow into the sealskin tents, we saw still less of Latta, for his *tupik* was pitched a couple of miles down the beach. By the first day of August, when the relief-ship arrived from New York, he had almost ceased to be a part of our environment.

Amid the heavy mail from home were a dozen blue envelopes addressed to Latta in the same large, firm handwriting. For two or three days they lay upon the table. He must have known that they had come, but he never appeared at head-quarters. At last, fearing lest the relief-party would suspect something wrong, I locked the letters in my drawer. I hadn't the courage to carry them to him.

Upon the 10th of August our brave young leader and his party, safe and triumphant, returned from their sledge-journey. In my report to Van Den Zee I included a carefully prepared account of

Latta's behavior. Van listened with a seriousness unusual even for him.

"May I see the letters?" he asked, when I had finished. He studied the superscription for some moments before he spoke.

"The man must go home at once. He must go home and be married."

"Married?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. There is good in him yet. I was afraid of something like this. You know as well as I that a savage land weakens a man at his weakest point. Everyone of us here is somewhat touched with savagery. Latta's takes the form of—of inconstancy. In civilization, with a strong woman to support him—and the woman who wrote those letters is strong—his judgment will come back."

"But the girl," I began.

"She will understand and forgive him, if I can pick up character from writing."

"Yes," I stammered. "I was thinking of *this girl*—Ah-we-ung-ónah."

"Oh," said Van Den Zee. "Well, she is an Eskimo. She'll forget."

He strode down the beach with the letters in his pocket. Two hours later he returned. His cheeks were lined, as I once saw them after he had worked for three days without food.

"It's all right," he said. "He's going home. Hush the matter up among the fellows."

That night Latta slept at head-quarters. Word was given out that he had completed a fine series of ethnological observations, and was in haste to go home and present them to the scientific world. He worked eagerly upon his preparations for departure, and rarely spoke to any of us except Van Den Zee, with whom he held long conversations. His eyes looked absently. His cheeks were sunken and pale. The relief-party were enthusiastic over his energy, and what they called his power of reserve.

I was going home, too, and as my bunk was opposite his, I interchanged packing services with him. He rendered them with pathetic eagerness. Once in helping me to strap tight a bundle of narwhal horns, his grip slipped and a letter jerked

out of the pocket of his leather jacket. It was unopened.

The morning of our departure was warm and sunny. The party which was to remain for another winter, together with the Eskimos, gathered upon the beach to see us off. As each boat-load left the shore, the white men fired a salute and the Eskimos shouted.

Latta and I were to go in the last boat. She was waiting for us at the water's edge. I had thrust myself into the crowd of Eskimos to bid farewell to many faithful friends. Presently I noticed Latta conversing seriously with Ah-we-ung-ónah and Kio.

The girl was tricked out in strange finery. Beads, scissors, a mirror, and a packet of needles hung by a thong from her neck. Latta must have taught her to bedeck herself, for Eskimo women take little thought of display. He tossed over her head another thong fastened to something heavy (it looked like a bullet) and said a word in her ear. She repeated the word over and over and over again, and laughed. I do not think that she realized that she would never see him again. Perhaps he had told her that he would return. At last he kissed her in the American fashion, turned and strode toward the boat.

The Eskimos watched him.

"He is a great angekok," said someone near me.

"*Nakitowa*," contradicted another, "he is a man who lies!"

"Ah-we-ung-ónah whirled around. Her eyes were glowing disks, and her hands opened and closed, but she spoke quietly.

"He is a great angekok. He is a great angekok," she repeated. "You say he is not. You shall see. What angekok of our people dares to catch a flying bullet? Take notice!"

She snatched the carbine from Kio's hand.

"Lat'," she called; "Lat'."

Latta paused and turned about.

"Lat'," she continued in English. "See-ee! Kee-eepsa-ake!" and with that she levelled the rifle and shot him through the heart.

SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS

LETTER TO A MODERN WOMAN WITH SOCIAL AMBITIONS

By Robert Grant

I

IN the first place let me assure you that I am in sympathy with you. I am not one of those unreasonable philosophers who would have every wife merge her identity in that of her husband, and every spinster who has decided not to marry relegated to obscure lodgings with a parrot and a dog. My sentiments recognize the justice and the value of the emancipation movement by means of which woman has obtained freedom to arrange her life conformably to her own ideas as to what is salutary and entertaining for her as an individual, whether she be married or single, beautiful or plain. In homely phrase the world has become woman's oyster, and, save for the little matter of the ballot, a restriction concerning which the subject-matter of this letter does not require me to agitate you, every woman is at liberty to open her oyster according to her own sweet will. Filial limitations and the other circumstances of her environment must prohibit this and make desirable that manner of living, just as in the case of man; but to all intents and purposes, if she be clear-headed and ambitious, she is free to do what she chooses in the way she chooses, whether it be to preside over a drawing-room exquisitely, to guide a woman's club to grace and glory, to renounce the world for the sake of art and a studio, or, it may be, to combine all these occupations in one seething round of tense existence which, according to the constitution of the subject, is liable to terminate abruptly in nervous prostration or, baffling the predictions of the doctors, to continue indefinitely unto hale and bright-eyed longevity. In brief, I make my best bow to the modern woman; I admire her and am stimulated by her. Indeed, I take her so seriously in her endeavor to be independent that I am almost ready to let her stand up in an electric-car or other

overcrowded conveyance. I have on occasions even made so free as to bend forward in the theatre and, lacking an introduction, ask her to take off the high hat which obscured my view of the stage. Verily, these are piping times of progress for woman, as everyone knows, and I am glad to put on record as a philosopher that I approve of and am edified by them.

So much, my dear correspondents, to assure you of my sympathy and my distinguished consideration. There are five of you, but three out of the five—a maid almost hoping always to remain one, a wife almost sorry that she is one, and a widow almost certain that she never will be anything else—have written to me as the result of what is known colloquially as the dumps. That is to say, you have become socially ambitious from stress of circumstances, because your dolls are stuffed with sawdust. But for the letters of Nos. 4 and 5 I should be tempted to adopt the manner of a French philosopher and dismiss you with this piece of counsel: Love someone else. Nos. 4 and 5, respectively, a wife thoroughly happy in the wedded state, and a radiant, able-bodied spinster haughtily unconcerned about love and lovers, are not to be answered by such a simple gallicism. The frame of mind of these two last-mentioned ladies was evidently not induced by disappointment; they are not seeking social activity as an antidote to care or as a mere occupation to consume time. Their letters clearly indicate to me a consciousness of stored-up capabilities and an ambition to display them. Devoted as No. 4 obviously is to her husband, it is no less clear that she is not content to be regarded merely as his wife. Similarly, No. 5, though serene at the prospect of living without a mate, still cherishes the intention of preserving her identity. In other words, each is imbued with the desire to make her individuality felt in the world. It is in the

interest of this justifiable and laudable ambition that I take my pen in hand to compose an answer. The constituency to which Nos. 4 and 5 belong is large and constantly increasing. There are thousands of women without a grievance against Cupid whose bosoms are aching with the desire for identity, and it is to them, as represented by you, that I address myself.

Your photographs, furnished as evidence of good faith in accordance with my requirements, lie before me as I write. Yours, No. 4 (the wife thoroughly happy in the wedded state), is suggestively typical of American womanhood. I have merely to utilize my mind's eye in order to behold you in the living flesh, tall, graceful, spare, and willowy; earnest and piquant in expression, with an air which suggests both the desire and the determination to accomplish great things, including no less a range than the probing of the secrets of the infinite, and the supplying of an ideal domestic dinner. Though willowy still, you have a plumper person than before you were married, and your face has lost the Amazonian tense look which it sometimes wore when you were a maid. Your eyes are bright with happiness, and a shrewd humor plays about the corners of your mouth; humor indicating, perhaps, that you find the world less sorry and more alluring than you did in the days when, grandly aspiring, but a little ignorant, cynical, and severe, you were waiting for an ideal lover to come and lift you from this humdrum, vulgar sphere to the stars. In other words, you have a drawing-room, such as it is, and a baby such as never was, and a husband whose faults (all of which you know) are more than balanced by his virtues, so that you are able to love him devotedly with your eyes open, and thus preserve your self-respect as an intelligent modern, and yet satisfy that primal need of your nature, the capacity for adoring affection. I see you thus in the living flesh, and I see you presently lost in engaging thought. You are saying to yourself some such words as these: "Everything is running smoothly. Alexander's (husband's name) affairs are on a satisfactory financial basis; baby is well, and has cut all her first teeth; the servants seem to be satisfied

with us; and now is my chance to do something. What shall it be?"

(NOTE.—"Give an afternoon tea," ejaculated Josephine, to whom I was reading what I had written.)

I have no doubt that my wife is right. That is the first thing you would be likely to do. It is the never-failing resource of the young bride and the aged matron alike when pricked by the spur of social activity. Out go the cards of invitation, thin bread and butter is cut, and presently, on the appointed day, a file or a throng, according to weather and circumstances, of petticoats goes into and from the house, and when the last skirt has disappeared you breathe a sigh of relief and self-congratulation. "Thank heaven, that is over, and I can start afresh with a clear conscience and an erect head." Marvellous are the ways of the modern woman. It is thus that she settles with her social creditors and wins a tranquil soul. What costs less subtle man canvass-back ducks and cases of wine is accomplished by the aid of a few tea-leaves and slices of thin bread and butter. And then her slate is clear, and she can afford to sink back for a decade into social greediness or inactivity, as the case may be, proud and self-satisfied as a peacock.

Her slate, not yours, No. 4. Mrs. Alexander Sherman let me call you by way of convenience, for a mere number suggests convict life. As Josephine has intimated, you would probably begin with the tea, but the last visitor would leave you only temporarily exhilarated. Within a week carking, though praiseworthy, care would return, and you would be asking yourself, "What shall it be next?"

I hear some bluff and old-fashioned man exclaim, "Let her look after her husband and children, and attend to her domestic duties." Do not be concerned by this superficial jibe, dear madam. I am here to defend you, and I would be the last person in the world to aid and abet your aspirations if I were not confident that you are a thoroughly devoted wife and mother. Let me silence this stuffy censor at once by informing him that in the interest of your baby you have familiarized yourself with the laws of hygiene and the latest theories of education, and that in no establishment among your contemporaries of equal means

is a better or more punctual dinner served. If I did not believe this to be the case, I would have nothing more to do with you, philosophically speaking.

I am taking for granted, too, that you are not nursing your social ambitions in the same nest with a faith in your own artistic genius. If you believe yourself to be an undiscovered queen of tragedy or an undeveloped poet or sculptor, or feel yourself inspired to write a novel or a play, please consider our correspondence at an end. In such a case, the rest of this letter is not for you. Not because I doubt your genius, but because I am certain that though artistic talent may continue to flourish in spite of a husband and a baby, it must inevitably languish and grow feeble when coupled as a running mate to a career of general, elegant, social usefulness such as I know you aspire to. If you possess artistic genius, or feel that you cannot be happy without testing your own talent in this respect, be satisfied to give one afternoon tea, and then practically renounce social initiative, unless you are prepared to alienate your husband, neglect your baby, or go to an asylum as a victim of triple-distilled nervous prostration. Assuming, then, that you are simply eager to help in working out the problems and fulfilling the destinies of your native civilization with benefit to society and credit to yourself, I see you again in your drawing-room a few days after your preliminary tea, inquiring what you are to do next. I see, too, disporting themselves in your thought, the images of the brilliant women of France of a century ago—such women as Madame de Staël, Madame Récamier, Madame Roland, and others, who influenced affairs of state by their intelligence and social graces. It may be that they have been alike your inspiration and your despair. You would fain follow in their footsteps, but feel a washerwoman as compared with them. Your ambition does you credit, Mrs. Alexander Sherman, and also, begging your pardon, your humble-mindedness. But there is no occasion for you to push either frame of mind to an extreme. Indeed, whether you be a washerwoman or not as compared with these ladies, they were not altogether admirable. I am writing to you as a woman thoroughly happy in the wedded state. You will rec-

ollect that of no one of those charming creatures could a similar statement be truthfully made. Madame Récamier's husband was three times her age. He offered, poor man, to consent to a divorce in order to allow his cherished wife to marry another; but she, out of pity for him in his adversity, for he had lost both royal favor and his estate, refused to take advantage of his magnanimity. Madame Roland told her husband, who was some twenty years her senior, her love for Buzot in order to protect herself from herself, and did not allow her feelings an outlet until, every possibility of meeting her lover having been removed by her death-sentence, she could express her passion without violation of duty. Very pretty behavior, but not exactly ideal marital relations, Mrs. Alexander Sherman. They should be taken into account in any comparison which you feel disposed to make between yourself and the ladies in question.

And yet I would not have you fail to appreciate at their full worth the exquisiteness of the heroines of the French salons; the grace and nicety of their manners, the brilliancy of their intelligence, and the thoroughness of their accomplishments. I have given you credit for recurring to them instinctively as models of form, and I should grieve to think that my reference to your superior domestic happiness should lead you to think your humility amiss. Do you know the President of any woman's club who reminds you, by her grace, her nicety, her brilliancy, and her thoroughness of what you imagine Madame de Staël, or Madame Récamier, or Madame Roland to have been? Possibly your patriotism, or even your sincere convictions, would induce you to answer this inquiry in the affirmative; and, indeed, I am ready to admit that we may have their counterparts among us; but certainly the country is not overrun with them, and I have no doubt that so discriminating a person as I imagine you to be will agree that the modern woman is often tempted to seek leadership on the strength of bumptiousness, smart ignorance, and that bustling spirit which those who possess it like to hear described as executive ability, instead of by virtue of the talents and graces of old aristocratic society.

I quite realize, on the other hand, that

the conditions under which you live are very different from those which existed when the brilliant and fascinating women whom I have specified, and others resembling them, flourished. They were, of course, the quintessence of civilized society, a small coterie living in the atmosphere of courts, seeking to control events by the force of their engaging personalities. I am writing to you, not as a member of a choice and select organization, from which most women were excluded by reason of their nothingness, but as the representative of a large and growing constituency which is open, in theory at least, if not practically, to the whole world of womanhood. For us, certainly, courts and their atmosphere exist no longer, and the opportunities afforded women by republican institutions to influence the course of political events are slight; but in many respects the outlook of modern woman upon life is essentially broader and no less interesting than the horizon of the mistress of the French salon. Of necessity it is less exclusive and more humanitarian, and by reason of the emancipation of woman as a social factor it includes consideration of the whole range of educational, philanthropic, and æsthetic interests in which democratic civilization is concerned. It seems indeed a long cry from the picturesque experience of a clever and fascinating Madame de Staël, braving the enmity of a Napoleon, or a Madame Roland reading her Tacitus and her Plutarch in the prison of St. Pélagie, to the nervous, bustling, afternoon-tea-frequenting, problem-hunting modern woman of workaday, social proclivities. And yet, I would not have you despair merely because your surroundings lack the color which irradiates their careers. To be different is not necessarily to be inferior. The influence of a noble and beautiful woman may be no less real and no less worthy of emulation in these days of comparatively humdrum world-stage effects and common conditions. But it will be just as well for you, whenever you are tempted to swell with conscious pride and to fancy yourself abnormally illustrious as a consequence—for instance, of being the President of a woman's club, or the triumphant promoter of some reform movement—to stop and whisper to yourself “Madame de Staël,” “Madame Récamier.”

II

NOTE.—My wife, Josephine, interposed again at this point. “I have been trying to make up my mind while you were writing,” said she, “what she would do next. I mean this Mrs. Alexander Sherman of yours, or whatever her real name is. That is, supposing she had never written to you and sent you her photograph, and she were left to her own devices. I can't blame her exactly for sending the photograph, because you make it a condition of the correspondence; but I can see from her face that she was glad of the opportunity, and that she hopes you will admire it.”

“Well, I have,” said I.

“Yes, and I agree with you in your enthusiasm. She is handsome, and interesting looking, and ladylike. I was merely considering what she would be apt to do if she had no philosopher to advise her. She has a glad air, as you have stated, indicating that she has no domestic or financial grievances, and I don't believe she thinks herself an artistic genius or intends to write a novel. I think, though, that her first tea would elate her a little. She would be glad it was over, but surprised that so many people came. It would set her thinking, and presently she would give a dinner or two and a luncheon or so, and she would go to other teas and dinners and luncheons, and would gradually become the fashion, so that when her friends and acquaintances wished to entertain they would think instinctively of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sherman. I am assuming, of course, that her husband is an amiable being and does not thwart her, and is willing to go to a reasonable number of entertainments. She would be punctilious about her calls, and make a point of appearing to remember people, even if she didn't have the least conception who they were, and would be generally blithe, tactful, and gracious. What is the matter, Mr. Philosopher? What would you have her do?” I had said nothing to induce this inquiry, but I suppose I must have writhed involuntarily.

“I daresay it's all right. I don't see that she could help it; but it sounds conventional,” I answered.

"Of course it is conventional; yet, pray, how is she to avoid conventions? I know you are thinking to yourself that the calls are a waste of time—all men, whether they are philosophers or not, think that. I agree with you that if she were content to shut herself up and be an artistic genius, or merely an everyday wife and mother without social ambitions, she could lead a sane and sufficiently exemplary life without ever owning a visiting card. Remember, though, that this Mrs. Sherman of yours *has* social ambitions, and does not intend to hide her light under a bushel. I assume that she is too sensible to make herself a mere slave to her visiting list, but if you intend to advise her not to call on people who have asked her to dinner, and not to practise the polite observances of civilized society all over the world, I wash my hands of her at the start, and hand her right over to you. Besides, I'm only saying what I think from her face she'd be likely to do. You can give her any instructions you please, and—and we'll see if she follows them."

"I have no doubt it's necessary, if you say so," I answered, meekly. "I shall not venture to offer any radical advice on this point contrary to your judgment. I was merely surmising that the modern woman would find a way to free herself from the manacles of conventional call-paying, which I have heard you yourself declare eat into the flesh and poison the joy of life."

"I have said it in my weary moments," said Josephine, stoutly. "The modern woman uses her common-sense and does not let the manacles hamper her movements; but she knows that she cannot reap social rewards without performing social duties. The modern woman is free, if she sees fit, to disdain social life and all its concomitants and shut herself up in a studio or a college settlement; it is her affair to decide what she wishes to do. But if she decides to be a social promoter and leader, she must continue to call on the people who invite her to dinner, or she is not likely to be asked again."

"I am ready to accept the programme which you have laid out for my correspondent," I replied; "but I should like to know what you mean by social rewards."

"I perceive from your tone, my dear philosopher, that you think I have in mind for your Mrs. Sherman merely a *chief* of social frivolity. Nothing of the kind. I assure you that I appreciate the seriousness of her intention no less clearly than you do. I desire to help the poor thing, not to pull her down. I was simply amusing myself by letting her do the things she would be likely to do if deprived of the benefit of your wisdom. But you need not be afraid that I underestimate her. Her teas, her dinners, and her luncheons are merely a stepping-stone toward higher usefulness. Of course, if she comes to grief without accomplishing anything, it will be her fault, not mine. I am giving her her head, and I trust to her not to lose her mental balance. Shall I go on?"

"Certainly," said I. "I am all attention."

"She is pretty well known as a social figure by this time. She has more invitations than she can accept, and her name appears frequently in the newspapers as a guest at this and at that entertainment. She is invited to be a patroness of a series of subscription parties, which flatters her, and presently to be a patroness of college theatricals, and of a fair in aid of proletarian infants. It has been her intention to become earnestly interested in something worthy—the education of the blind, for instance—and she is trying to make up her mind what it shall be when she begins to be deluged with applications to take an interest in all sorts of things, educational, literary, and philanthropic. She receives by the same mail a request to be present at a meeting to promote the moral and hygienic welfare of prisoners, and a notice that she has been elected a Vice-President of the American Mothers' Kindergarten Association. The next day an author asks for the use of her name for a reading to be given 'under the auspices of leading society women.' One evening the servant brings up a card inscribed Miss Madeline Pollard. 'Who is Miss Madeline Pollard?' she asks herself perplexedly. She concludes that it must be one of the educational or philanthropic people she has met of late; then a sudden flush rises to her cheeks, a flush of half-amused, half-indignant excitement. 'Nonsense, it can't be,' she murmurs; then with a stealthy

glance at her husband, but without a word to him, she goes down to meet the visitor. She finds a free-spoken and insinuating young woman with an air of pathos. I will give you their conversation, philosopher." (Here is the dialogue as detailed to me by Josephine.)

Visitor. Mrs. Alexander Sherman, I believe?

Mrs. Sherman (with dignity). That is my name.

Visitor. Though we have never met, your person is so familiar to me, that I have taken the liberty of calling. I have admired you at a distance for nearly two years, and I feel sure that you will not refuse me the privilege of knowing you in your home and among your domestic associations. May I sit down?

Mrs. Sherman. Certainly. You have come—er—I don't understand exactly.

Visitor. With your permission to ask you a few questions—to obtain an interview.

Mrs. Sherman (with a manifestation of alarm). You are a reporter? An interview for a newspaper? Oh, I couldn't consent on any account. I shouldn't like anything of the kind at all. You must excuse me.

Visitor (saccharinely). I should not think of publishing anything contrary to your wishes.

Mrs. Sherman. It would be quite impossible. My husband would be very much annoyed. Besides, it would be so ridiculous. I have nothing to say.

Visitor. Mr. Sherman is such a distinguished-looking man. I admire iron-gray hair and mustaches. Indeed, everyone would be very much interested in anything you were to say. You are a woman of ideas—a progressive woman. The public is interested in progressive women, and I think such women owe it to the public to let them understand and appreciate them.

Mrs. Sherman. But I'm only a private individual. It might be different if I were an author or other public character; though I don't approve at all of people who parade themselves and their ideas in the newspapers. There! I have hurt your feelings.

Visitor (with her air of pathos). No,

dear lady. I'm only a little discouraged. If the public wish to know and progressive people refuse to tell them, what becomes of the reporter who is obliged to furnish copy and to obey orders?

Mrs. Sherman. It is a hard life, I'm sure. But — but, if I'm not impertinent —

Visitor (interrupting). You're going to ask how I came to take it up as a profession. Yes, it is hard; but I glory in it (*proudly*). I'm not ashamed of it. It's a progressive life, too. But it is a little discouraging at times (*sadly*). You have such a lovely home, Mrs. Sherman; elegance without ostentatious display; taste everywhere without extravagance. I should so like to describe it.

Mrs. Sherman. Oh, but you mustn't. Were you ordered to—er—write about me?

Visitor. Yes, dear lady. You are to be one of a series—"Half-hour Chats with our Progressive Women," that's the title.

Mrs. Sherman. Have you—er—been to see anyone else?

Visitor. Yes, and they all felt as you did at first (*she enumerates the names of three or four other modern women with social ambitions*).

Mrs. Sherman. And did they all consent to talk to you?

Visitor. Everyone, and they all gave me their photographs.

Mrs. Sherman (faintly). Photographs? You don't mean that you wish a photograph? That would be too dreadful.

Visitor (soothingly). You wouldn't wish to mar the completeness of the series. People like to see those who talk to them.

Mrs. Sherman. But I have nothing to say to them.

Visitor. Leave that to me. You have spoken already. Everything about you speaks—your face, your personal belongings, your household usages. While I have been sitting here I have observed a host of things which talk eloquently of your ideas, your principles, and your tastes. Just the things the public thirst to know about a woman like you. Leave it all to me. I will write it out and send you the proof, and, if it isn't just right, you can alter it to suit yourself (*blithely*). And the photograph?

Mrs. Sherman. Must I?

Visitor (firmly and boldly). Public people think nothing of that nowadays. It's a matter of course. You would have had a right to feel offended if I hadn't included you in my article. You wouldn't have been pleased, would you now, to see interviews with other progressive women, and your face and personality excluded? Just look at it in that light. It is disagreeable to me to intrude and force my way, and invade privacy, but I have a duty to the public to perform, and from that point of view I count on you to help me.

Mrs. Sherman. Perhaps I ought. Er—would you like it now?

Visitor. If you please.

(Mrs. Sherman goes upstairs and returns presently with a choice of photographs.)

Visitor. They are both exquisite. I choose this one for my article, and, if you don't object, I should like so much to keep the other for myself as a memento of this delightful interview. May I, dear lady?

Mrs. Sherman. If you wish it.

Visitor. Thank you. And there is one thing more. Please write your name on both. An autograph adds so much to the value of a photograph whether it be for the public eye or the album of a friend.

Mrs. Sherman (resignedly). What shall I write?

Visitor. Oh, anything. "Yours faithfully," or "Very cordially yours," are very popular just at present. Thank you so much. And I do hope to meet you soon again. If I should happen to give a little tea at my rooms for Mr. Hartney Collier, the actor, later in the winter, I shall take the liberty of sending you a card. You would like him so much. And now, good-by, dear lady. *Exit.*

I have given this conversation without the various comments and interjections made either by myself or Josephine during the course of it. To have set them forth would merely have served to mar the sequence of the dialogue. After announcing the departure of the visitor, there was a little pause and my wife regarded me almost pathetically.

"Poor thing!" she murmured, brushing away the semblance of a tear with her pocket-handkerchief. "I am sorry for her. I can understand just how it happened."

"For which of the two are you sorry?" I asked.

"I meant for your woman. But I'm sorry for them both. It almost seems like fate. The whole thing is disgusting, but the times are to blame. The public encourages the reporter and the interview, and when a woman is told that she is progressive, and that it is her duty to make herself felt still more, I can imagine her being goaded into it if she is the sort of woman your woman is. I suppose you think I've ruined her. I didn't mean to; I merely gave her her head, and that's what she did. I will hand her over to you now, and you can do what you like with her."

"Excuse me, Josephine. She is your creation. I shouldn't think of interfering at this stage. You have taken her in hand and you must work out her destiny for her."

"You mean let her work out her own destiny. That's all I was doing. I see your point; and, if you won't take her back, I'm willing to give her her head to the end. I'm interested in her, and I don't despair of her at all, in spite of the fact that you have washed your hands of her. I shall have to think a little before I give her her head again."

Hereupon Josephine assumed an attitude of reflection. When she began to speak presently, her words and manner suggested the demeanor of a trance medium, or seer—as though she were peering into the abyss of the future.

"The interview appears, and her husband is less disturbed than she expects. He declares that the press portrait is an abomination and libellous, but he admits that the text is considerably done for a newspaper interview, and that, barring a few inaccuracies and a little exaggeration due to poetic license, she is made to appear less of a fool than she had a right to expect. This cheers and encourages her, and helps to allay the consciousness that the publication of her face and doings was purely a gratuitous advertisement. She firmly resolves that she will reform and live up to the description of her, and she resolves to devote herself to a more definite field of action. Accordingly, after deliberation, she rejects the case of the blind, and decides to take up the problem of how to make humble homes attractive by sim-

ple art. She buys a complete edition of Ruskin, and writes to a half dozen prominent men and as many women for the use of their names as a nucleus for a club to be known as "The Home Beautifying Society." A meeting is held, and she is elected President and a member of the Executive Committee, facts of which the public is duly informed by her pathetic newspaper admirer. There, philosopher, you see she is doing something serious already."

"You are incorrigible, Josephine," I asserted.

"She means so well, poor dear," my wife continued with a genuinely worried air. "She fully intends to devote herself to that society and make it a success, and she does so for a few weeks. Indeed, she raises money enough to employ a superintendent, and through him to give an exhibition of a poor man's house as it ought to be furnished, and by way of speaking contrast a poor man's house as it is too apt to be furnished when he has money enough to furnish it gaudily. And then she helps get out the annual report, which mentions progress, and shows a balance of \$1.42 in the treasury, which leads her to make the announcement that in order to insure the successful continuation of a movement calculated to serve as a potent æsthetic influence among the unenlightened, the liberal contributions made by friends must be renewed in the fall. And then, then there are so many other things she has to do. Just listen, philosopher, to what the poor thing has become in less than a year since her life appeared in the newspaper, and tell me what she is to do.

1. Second Vice-President of the American Cremation Society.

2. Member of Text Committee of the Society to Improve the Morals of Persons Undergoing Sentence.

3. Chairman of the Inspecting Committee of the Sterilized Milk Association.

4. Vice-President of the American Mothers' Kindergarten Association.

5. Life member of Society to Protect the Indians.

6. Honorary member of the Press Women's Social and Beneficent Club.

7. Member of the Forty Associates Sewing Bee (luncheon club).

8. Third Vice-President of the Woman's Club, and active participator in the following courses of original work arranged by the members of the Club:

(a) Literary course for 1897-98.

Shakespeare's women.

The dramatists of the Elizabethan period.

(b) Scientific course for 1897-98.

Darwin's theory of earth-worms.

The present status of the conflict between science and religion.

Recent polar expeditions.

(c) Political course for 1897-98.

The tariff bills of American history.

The theory of bimetallism.

9. Member of the Molière Club. (Class to read French plays one evening a fortnight.)

10. President of the Home Beautifying Society. (Her pet interest.)

11. To say nothing of dinner parties, receptions, ladies' luncheons, the opera, concerts, authors' readings, and other more or less engrossing social diversions and distractions.

"There!" continued Josephine. "And this does not include the thought and worry she spends upon Mrs. J. Webb Johnston."

"And who, pray, is Mrs. J. Webb Johnston?" I asked.

"Her fascinating, deadly, and demoralizing rival," answered Josephine, with a mournful wag of the head. "I am really very sorry, my dear philosopher, that this fresh complication has appeared, for I really think your Mrs. Sherman had all she could attend to already. But I must be faithful to the truth, even though our cherished hopes are thereby frustrated. Mustn't I, philosopher?"

"Certainly," said I; "but since you instead of me seem to be writing this letter, I suggest that it is time to give our correspondents time to breathe by beginning a fresh paragraph."

III

"Just as you men—merchants, lawyers, or doctors—" pursued Josephine, reflectively, "deliberately or unconsciously con-

trast yourselves with your fellows in the same calling and become friendly rivals yet competitors for success and renown, it seems to be inevitable that the modern woman with social ambitions should keep her eye on other modern women with social ambitions and try to make sure that they do not get ahead of her. Your Mrs. Sherman, at the time the newspaper woman visited her, had reached the point where it would naturally occur to her to scan the horizon to observe how the other feminine celebrities of her environment were progressing, and her attention was especially called to the matter by the article on 'Progressive Women.' There she had the opportunity to behold them in their respective glories, and to be jealous of or indifferent to them, according to her judgment as to what each amounted to. It was an interesting list, and she experienced in perusing it, in conjunction with the portraits, some qualms of mild envy on account of several of the progressionists, but the only face and career which really discouraged her were the face and career of the woman I have referred to, Mrs. J. Webb Johnston, or, as everyone calls her, Mrs. Webb Johnston.

"When she had finished she felt herself essentially on a par with the others; but in the case of Mrs. Webb Johnston she experienced a frog in her throat, and she looked into distance with a harassed air for more than five minutes. Mrs. Webb Johnston was not a stranger to her, but she was comparatively a novelty. That is, she had appeared on the social stage since Mrs. Sherman herself had become prominent, and had been making mushroom-like progress; such rapid progress in fact that it was only when she read the text of the article that she realized the extent of it. Then it came over her with a rush that she was in peril of being distanced on her own ground. For, to all intents and purposes, they were rivals. Their visiting lists were practically the same; they represented and appealed to the same constituency. In personal appearance she could not justly claim any superiority to Mrs. Webb, who was at least three years her junior in age, and who possessed a certain luscious, Juno-like beauty which was calculated, without question, to dazzle indiscriminating eyes, and which would not be regard-

ed except by the very subtle as inferior in type to her own refined effectiveness. Yes, there was no doubt about Mrs. Webb's physical charms, or her great executive ability, or her enthusiastic devotion to the entire range of interests over which she herself was aiming to hold undisputed sway. Her own ambition was to be the guiding spirit, the modern, original social force above all other modern social forces in her constituency; yet here was another with an evidently similar ambition, and a war-cry or shibboleth which was disconcertingly fetching. I trust you have appreciated, philosopher, that our Mrs. Sherman (I am really sorry for her now, so I call her 'our'), from the very first, has been decorously conservative in her point of view, eschewing cheap and vagabond devices and adhering to elegant and appropriately conventional usages, such as seemed to befit a conscientious woman eager to lead public opinion. If dignified conservatism has been her ruling motive, you will readily appreciate that it would disturb her to find that a Bohemian looseness of social vision distinguished her rival, who had been working her way to the front by the specious cry of 'liberty,' and a seductively expressed intention of freeing the community from the manacles of old foggy conventions. I am sure you will agree, philosopher, that it is natural she should have been worried, or, at least, distracted from settling down to her 'Art in Humble Homes' by this discovery. And investigation and reflection only serve to agitate her still further: for, as the weeks go by, it becomes more and more obvious that the things indicated in the article are true—that Mrs. Webb Johnston is hand in glove with authors, actors, opera-singers, and other celebrities, and that the entertainments which she gives and the conversation heard there lack the dull, cut-and-dried, mechanical flavor observable at ordinary social gatherings. You see the situation, don't you, dear?"

(As Josephine's prophecy has assumed an essay-like or argumentative form, it does not seem to me advisable to interrupt its flow for my correspondents by reciting our side observations, unless they would be material or elucidating. Although her appropriation of my Mrs. Sherman has proved to be a kidnapping of a very serious

character, and her conversation is bracketed as a "note," still her remarks seem to me so pertinent that I am prepared to adopt them as a part of my letter.)

"The most perplexing thing, philosopher, for a modern woman with social ambitions who wishes to emulate Madame Récamier of Madame de Staël, is that we have no standards in this country. Public opinion is the only test of conduct. The progressive woman is expected on the one hand to be original, and yet on the other to guide correctly, and public opinion reserves the right to follow blindly and to applaud egregiously and afterward to condemn the leaders whom it has flattered into folly. An ambitious woman (or a man, for the matter of that) needs to-day a clear head, a high sense of responsibility, and a sense of humor if she or he would avoid being led astray by the will-o'-the-wisp crew of surface society liveries which pursues talent and originality only to be amused, and who, provided it is amused, forgives everything else, and eggs the performer on to believe that its shallow approval is the real verdict of society. This crew, brought into being by mere wealth, lacking purpose and sneering at it if it threatens to interfere with the progress of the merry-go-round, and backed by the army of society reporters and tittle-tattlers, is a growing factor in our large cities and serves to debauch public sentiment by more and more audacious or frivolous ventures concerning the orthodoxy of which it claims to be the only intelligent judge. We are accustomed to sneer at the formal and confining conventions of older civilizations on the ground that liberty of action is thereby checked and life made artificial, but are we not beginning to discover that there are advantages in a definite prescription as to what gentlemen and ladies can do as compared with a happy-go-lucky system of individual competition in social experiments which, however vulgar and demoralizing, are invariably puffed and glorified by the social gossip editors of a host of newspapers? The subsequent course of Mrs. Sherman's career is an illustration of the plight in which a modern woman with social ambitions is liable to find herself as a result of the democratic habit of constituting the half-educated and often morally obtuse society reporter, her

successors and assigns, the sole arbiter of what is socially elegant and invigorating.

"Setting aside the matter of the ethics of her egotism, our lady in question is animated by a conscientious desire to be a refining and admirable influence. It is her ambition to lead, but to lead nobly and unimpeachably. Her entertainments and her posture in and toward society have been pursued on this principle, and she has believed the effect produced by her to be irreproachable intellectual elegance, redeemed from formalism or dulness by scintillating vivacity. The suggestion, therefore, that she is behind the times gives her a genuine shock. She has hitherto prided herself on her mental acumen and on her knowingness. She has considered that she knew life to the dregs, so to speak, for she had passed through a course of French, and translated Russian novels, and acquired thereby a knowledge of things evil, which she kept stored in her inner consciousness as a source of pride and an antidote against undue primness in matters sexual and social. She begins to ask herself if it can possibly be true that she is an old fogey, and lacks breadth of view, and that society in its demands for liberty of conduct and agreeable entertainment is prepared to discard, as outworn and futile, conventions and limitations which she has been disposed to consider essential to civilized and decent deportment. As the result of this reasoning she resolves to cap her rival's next venture with something of her own. So it happens that not long after Mrs. Webb Johnston has summoned a few select spirits to sup and witness Miss Almira Wing, a visiting coryphée, do a skirt dance. Mrs. Sherman issues notes of invitation to what is mysteriously specified as 'An Eclipse Smoke Talk.' This proves to be a small gathering of choice souls to observe a total eclipse of the moon due at two o'clock in the morning from her own roof, and to listen to remarks by a leading astronomer secured for the occasion. This entertainment is a success, and serves to give her new heart. It was bold, still decent. She has preserved her self-respect, yet shown herself alive to the necessity of being original. She is prompt to reinforce it by an evening with a Russian Nihilist, a young woman reputed to have been prominent in plots to assassi-

nate the Czar, and who makes a specialty of narrating her experiences after a Welsh rabbit, cigarette in mouth. Naturally, these enterprises spur Mrs. Webb Johnston to fresh efforts of the imagination. Her guests are beguiled at her next evening by a paper on 'Life among the Mormons,' delivered by one of the early female disciples of that community. No men are invited on this occasion. A fortnight later a very small and secretly invited company are bidden to behold an exhibition of the vagaries of a hypnotic patient.

"This enlargement of her horizon, though stimulating, puts Mrs. Sherman on tenter-hooks. It becomes necessary for her to keep accurately posted as to the comings of celebrities in order to get the first 'go' at them, so to speak, before they fall into the clutches of her rival. As a consequence, aspirants in every line of art or accomplishment who desire to win the patronage of the public ask for the use of her name and receive it. She had been nervous and over-occupied before, but now her days are passed in a ferment. She has recourse to tonics and to sleeping draughts. She feels elated at the success of her enfranchisement, but a feverish interest as to what Mrs. Webb Johnston will do next keeps her uneasy. Nor has she forgotten her serious intentions. She tries to assure herself that her progressiveness is for the benefit of society, and that she is leading it in noble directions. She still retains her scruples. She draws the line on women celebrities of unchaste life. In this she refuses to be led astray by her rival's practices. Mrs. Webb Johnston's openly avowed theory had been that where art was concerned, she chose to ask no questions. Accordingly, she took to her bosom, socially, anyone who was brilliant or attractive; and every notoriously erotic actress, singer, dancer, or other artist whose talent had caught the public fancy was invited to her house, and became privileged on very short acquaintance to kiss her and call her by her first name.

"Mrs. Sherman's conscience obliges her to draw this line, but she is conscious that it is an inconvenience to do so, which puts her at a disadvantage. Mrs. Webb Johnston has merely to swoop down on the hotel, or insinuate herself behind the scenes, and offer her visiting card, and

presently her cheek, in order to carry off the prize. She cannot but feel that there are advantages in the Bohemian democratic point of view which asks no questions, but takes the good without heeding the ill.

"By refusing social recognition to women whose private characters are disreputable, she is shutting herself off from alluring friendships with sopranos, contraltos, tragediennes, skirt-dancers, music-hall singers, and many other brilliant and fascinating creatures whose presence at her house could not fail to make her entertainments interesting to her guests. All these women are sought out and cherished by Mrs. Webb Johnston.

"The old adage that there are other ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream, comes pertinently to mind in this connection. Conscience is apt to be a tyrant if deliberately overridden, but it may be hoodwinked with comparative complacency. Mrs. Sherman remains true to her principle of excluding meretricious characters from social intercourse with her guests, but she reserves to herself the right of passing on the evidence. Seeing that she had read *Madame Bovary* and *Anna Karénina*, was she not amply qualified to detect immorality at first blush? That seemed to be almost an essential attribute of a modern woman with social ambitions.

"The occasion for putting into practice this prerogative was not far to seek. The arrival from Europe of one of the most brilliant of the galaxy of foreign actresses brings her heart into her mouth. She reads eagerly everything which the newspapers have to say about her, and naturally finds nothing there suggestive of impropriety. She buys and scans photographs, and these merely serve to heighten the ideal estimate which has shaped itself in her mind. She refuses to entertain sundry rumors which have reached her to the effect that the lady in question has been successively maintained by a French marquis, and a Russian banker, and was at present reputed to be on unduly intimate terms with the famous leading man of her own troupe. To the person who has confided to her these whisperings she answers, 'I don't believe a word of it,' and then adds, significantly, 'Wait.' The person is a man, and he shrugs his shoulder.

ders. But her soul is jubilant in its faith and in the hope that at last she has found a way to compete with Mrs. Webb Johnston.

"On the day when the actress arrives in town Mrs. Sherman goes to see her. The meeting is by appointment at ten o'clock in the morning, and lasts more than two hours. They come downstairs together with the mien of happy sisters. Mrs. Sherman's face wears a seraphic smile. Her carriage is in waiting, and in it they are driven to her home for luncheon, and on the same evening cards are issued for an after-theatre supper-party as a preliminary announcement of impending festivities. She sends for the man who told her the rumors, and in a triumphant tone says, 'My friend, your stories are untrue; I have been to headquarters. I have seen her and asked her, and she has assured me, with tears in her eyes, that they are a wicked falsehood—a malicious, baseless slander.'

"'Surely,' says the man, 'she ought to know,' and then he shrugs his shoulders again, a caustic act which, though done as a friend, provokes Mrs. Sherman to anger, and puts a chasm between them.

"On this day the cat is killed, and yet the cream is saved. True to her principles, Mrs. Sherman still bars her doors against the wanton, yet never fails to convince herself that she is an infallible judge of virtue. If there are rumors and whisperings in advance, she invariably takes the bull, or, more accurately speaking, the heifer, by the horns and puts the inquiry. The answer settles the matter. It becomes a veritable 'open sesame' to her entertainments and her friendship. She shows herself in public with her arm, metaphorically and literally, around the waist of women whom all men know to be unchaste and living in violation of social laws. They kiss and talk poetry and art and philosophy, and her face gleams with the consciousness of new importance and the realization of her ambition.

"Mrs. Sherman has now reached the point where she feels that she can fairly regard herself as the most busily progressive woman of her community. She has a finger in every pie, literary, artistic, philanthropic, educational, and what not. She is always in a hurry, and she does nothing

thoroughly. Her ideas jostle against each other in their promiscuity, and become all jumbled together in her consciousness. Her time is so occupied that when she is doing one thing and talking to one person, some other thing or person is in her mind, though her social skill often enables her to conceal the fact. Her life is one continuous series of kaleidoscopic sensations and emotions without system or result. She is ostensibly a leader, but her leadership suggests only ceaseless activity and indiscriminate, superficial posings and vanities. Her nerves are kept in a constant state of tension by breathless comings and goings, her digestion perpetually tried by the viands of festivities. Nor is her conscience satisfied. A vague unrest pursues her still, torturing her by insinuations of her own utter futility, yet goading her on to fresh efforts. She presently becomes a wreck morally, mentally, and physically, though she preserves a bold front to the world, until one day the news is flashed upon a busy public that she has died suddenly from 'heart failure' following an attack of pneumonia. The physician in attendance shakes his head when asked to give assurance of her recovery. He possesses an instinctive knowledge that she has kept her vitality keyed up to concert pitch by antipyrine, phenacetine, and the other drugs to the use of which modern progressive women are addicted. And so no more of Mrs. Alexander Sherman.

"Of course," continued Josephine, "it was not strictly necessary to kill her. The constitutions of some progressive women seem to be proof against anything. But the chances were in favor of her death. And if the poor thing had lived, what hope was there for anything but a vapid old age, haunted by visions of her decreasing notoriety? And the strangest part of all is that when I began with her I felt hopeful that she would amount to something. The laws of evolution are not to be trifled with, however, even by the wives of philosophers."

IV

I FEEL confident that my correspondent, No. 4, a wife thoroughly happy in the wedded state, will appreciate that there

was nothing personal in Josephine's portrayal of Mrs. Alexander Sherman's career. It seems to me that it presents, more clearly than any arguments or words of mine could do, the perils of egotism and superficiality, and that I need not further indicate to my correspondents that to do a little of everything and nothing thoroughly, to be so eager for individuality or notoriety that one is ready to be led instead of to lead, and to discard social canons on the plea of liberty or superior feminine acuteness, will produce a nervous, emotional, gibbering type of character adapted to cause Madame de Staël or Madame Récamier to turn in her grave. Neither you, No. 4, nor No. 5, the radiant, able-bodied spinster, haughtily unconcerned about love and lovers, need fear any detriment to your souls or to your social progress as a consequence of doing some one or two things well, and of refusing to sacrifice your self-respect to the urgency of cheap substitutes for refinement and elegance. Certainly, thoroughness and delicacy of thought and sentiment are essential to the modern woman who would be socially effective in the best sense.

Let me here state that I am entirely conscious that it is not a prerequisite to earnest living to be socially effective at all. One can pursue one's occupation, be it house-keeping, school teaching, scientific philanthropy, or novel writing without taking any part in what is known as society, and still be respectable and worthy in character. Yet if every woman were simply to eat her three meals a day, sleep, be affectionate to her family, reasonably charitable, and do her daily task, the world would lose much of its vivacity, color, and æsthetic interest. As the world is at present constituted the greater mass of human beings, both male and female, are shut off from participation in society in its narrower sense. Their means, their manner of living, and their tastes confine them to very simple or else to very coarse social diversions. Hence we are accustomed to read in the newspapers of "society people," as a term of reproach indicating that portion of the population which cultivates the social or æsthetic side of nature in its leisure hours. The demagogic force of the term is derived from the undeniable existence of a surface element of society,

which has been and is still apt to conduct itself in such a manner as to subject itself justly to the charge of frivolity and extravagance. But the unthinking extend its application to the cultivated and intelligent many, who in all countries constitute the best force of the community. Society in this better sense must always exist, and although the woman who holds herself aloof from it may not be distinctly culpable, there can be no question that those who succeed in participating in the social interests open to them, without neglecting or allowing them to obscure sterner pursuits, live finer and more serviceable lives than those who pass all their hours of relaxation by the chimney-corner, either because they fancy that essential to comfort or because they choose to despise what they call, with a virtuous inflection, "society."

This may sound elementary, but I present it as a premise to what is to follow. You, my correspondents, are ambitious to progress socially, yet doubtless you are not altogether impervious to the seductive suggestion that social interests are hollow and unprofitable. For instance, I feel sure that you, No. 5, the radiant, able-bodied spinster, haughtily unconcerned about love and lovers, feels the pressure of the times, and would regard the life of a Madame de Staël or a Madame Récamier, however brilliant or picturesque, as at variance with modern theories of social utility. I hear you making some such representation as this, which is merely an enlargement of the letter you wrote me: "Here am I, a young woman of some means, without family responsibilities or other demands upon my time. I have no prejudice against marriage; indeed, I earnestly hope to meet some day, some man who will love me and whom I may love, and whose wife I may become; but as I am no longer so young as I was once, being nearly thirty, I have no intention of bothering my head about the subject further, and so put it aside as a contingency. I have no special talent; that is, I never could accomplish anything unusual with my voice, my pen, or a brush. I have taken, and I do take, a strong interest in charitable enterprise and investigation. I belong to philanthropic societies, and it has more than once occurred to me to

join a college settlement and live among the poor. I have friends who do that; but I do not feel a special fitness for the work. Nor am I sure that, however valuable that experience may be as a form of loving service to the people one hopes to influence, it can be other than episodic and limited to the individuals who are conscious of the need or of the inspiration. I am painfully aware of the dissipations and vanities of fashionable people, in many of which I have taken part myself, and have no desire to be merely a frivolous devotee of social amusements. And yet I feel sure that the social side is no less genuine in its claims upon us than any other. It seems to me that I might interest myself socially, but I am puzzled by the intricacies of the situation. It is so difficult to be democratic in one's sympathies and yet maintain the old standards of elegance and refinement. To be socially effective one ought to be in touch with modern social tendencies and yet be true to the finest instincts of aspiring womanhood. What can one do to realize this?"

That is, I believe, a clear presentation of your state of mind and its dilemma. Having read of the vicissitudes of Mrs. Alexander Sherman, you have probably a more distinct idea of what you ought not to do; but would have a right to argue that a mere warning loses half its force unless a substitute be supplied. To begin with, you are correct in your assumption—you see I credit you with a considerable intelligence—that if you hope to be effective you must not be content with mere aristocratic elegance. That is a requisite which will gain you a standing within certain narrow limits, and if cleverly cherished, may bring you a surface reputation which the society newspapers will vie with each other to enhance. The acquirement of mere fine ladyism is going on actively in our society, and though it has not turned the heads of so many American women as its opposite, superficial democratic smartness, it seems too apt to fill the breasts of its votaries with a pleasing self-satisfaction, which no suggestion that the gift is not original serves to disturb. It is a product of and inheritance from the older civilizations, and in its most precious but not its exaggerated form, is absolutely essential to the most highly evolved wom-

anhood. A fringe of our people in the North and in the South, and latterly in the West, has always insisted on and cultivated it, generally with much credit, and has thereby evoked the taunt that they were out of sympathy with the institutions of the country. That has been far less true than demagogues would have us believe, but there has been enough truth in it, and there is still enough truth in it to put our well-bred class—"society people," as they are called—on their guard against themselves. There is certainly nothing essentially American in conventional fine manners and in the conventional social tone which people of breeding the world over cultivate, and where these are the possessor's chief or only title to superiority, and is worn as such, there is room for the sneer that he or she is not an American at heart.

During the last twenty years our population has been passing through a period of awakening in regard to the usages of civilized countries, with the result that the public point of view has been astonishingly readjusted. The people are, so to speak, tumbling over each other in their haste to adopt Old World social customs, and the paragrapher who tells us that the wife of the Chief Magistrate wears blue novelty silk waists to the theatre, made by one of her familiar friends, makes a point of assuring us that the dressmaker in question is herself "a leading society woman." Our public press is rife with society cant and society gossip, and justifies the practice on the plea that the plain people are absorbed in the contemplation of the doings and the dresses of those whom they know only by hearsay, even as an Englishwoman will run the risk of apoplexy in order to catch a passing glimpse of her sovereign. Of this appetite for social tittle-tattle, the wealthy class seems disposed to take every advantage, pluming itself on its new importance to the point where it is constantly trying to devise some new extravagance or inanity.

But this is not the spirit of the United States, nor are these the best Americans. Our nation is strange in this respect. We wear our faults upon our sleeves, or rather we suffer a surface population to belie us in various walks of life. That is the reason why the foreigners who come over here and try to amass the materials for a book

in a few months fail to understand us as we really are. They are led by superficially prominent indications to believe many things which are true only of a limited portion of the population, and they fail to perceive the sturdiness of character, the independence of view, and the social charm which distinguishes a large and constantly increasing portion of the American people, who are neither extravagant plutocrats nor vulgar republican braggarts and despisers of civilized practices.

During the early years of our history as an independent nation, the imitators of foreign and civilized usages, the well-bred people of our country were, as I have indicated, regarded as out of sympathy with the population at large, and there was a certain justification in the charge; for though there was no conscious slur on the part of these students of manners, they were at fault in that they failed to manifest or to take an interest in that energy, originality, and freshness of mental vision which was known as Americanism. Blatant and mortifying as this national tendency was in its exaggerated forms, it was a genuine indigenous product typical of the native character. Chastened and subdued in New England, and assuming outrageous expression on the prairies, it was the real manifestation of our entity as a new departure from the peoples of Europe. Hence it was natural that those who were shocked by or felt no kinship for this trick of the blood should be looked at askance. Among those who claimed in their own hearts social prestige it was long the fashion to shrug their shoulders over the raw eccentricities of their fellow-countrymen, which, as revealed both in public affairs and during European travel, were often startling to precise taste and wofully suggestive of the boaster. Yet those very traits in their truer expression have been the vital force of the people, and give us our savor as a nation. Not to possess them is to be without the characteristics of an American.

The experience and events of fifty years have served to soften the eccentricities and tone down the unconventional manifestations of the national spirit. Although the prairies and the halls of Congress still afford occasional rampant types, the great body of the people is eager, as I have indicated, to adopt cosmopolitan usages.

But the salt of the native character remains undiluted in the blood of the people and marks them as genuinely as ever, though they have learned to avoid some of the exuberance of language and look which made foreigners smile, and their sensitive countrymen blush when they met them in the picture galleries of Europe.

Most significant among the changes which experience and time have brought to pass has been the development on the educational and social side. Always alive to the importance of general education, but unfortunately so proud of the maintenance of public schools that it was disposed to sneer at any learning not to be acquired at them, the American people—that portion of it which foreigners are so apt to overlook when they attempt to characterize us—is seeking to foster in a variety of ways the opportunities for higher learning, and wider intellectual intelligence. Within the last twenty-five years not merely an array of colleges and other educational institutions have sprung into existence, but with them an army of disciples whose clubs and classes and associations for the investigation and study of all the forms of learning from English literature to Sanscrit have given a new tone and stimulus to the social side of American life. An independent, but now generally respectful eagerness to learn has taken the place of an independent ignorance relying upon its own infallibility, which was often worn as a chip upon the shoulder. With it all has been manifested the same originality, independence, and energy of spirit which has been conspicuous from the first. This still serves to handicap as well as to promote progress, for it is apt to beget undue self-confidence and lead our new women and eager youth of both sexes to ignore the accumulated wisdom of older civilizations, and claim a special clearness of vision, the only basis for which is often half-digested superficial knowledge. But educational and professional life all over the country is being constantly enriched by more and more competent students and practitioners who stand not merely for what is best and most earnest in American life, but who typify the true American spirit. While the omniscient class in the population has become less assertive and more humble-

minded, the class which was once politically proscribed in some sections of the country because it was cultivated and because it shrugged its shoulders in spite of its breeding, has undergone a transformation also. A large portion of it, always patriotic at heart so far as dying was concerned, has learned to recognize that it must live in sympathy with our republican institutions if it would not be regarded as an exotic, and that aloofness is akin to lack of patriotism. A fringe of vain and more and more extravagant and self-indulgent society exists in our large cities, especially in New York, which affects to claim social superiority to the rest of the population, and is indifferent to national progress and to the best public interests; but it is numerically small, and, except in the newspapers, a very unimportant factor of influence as compared with the already large and growing body of citizens over the country which is eager to live nobly and wisely. This right-minded and aspiring class represents the drawing together and amalgamation of the once seemingly hostile poles of opinion typified by the conservative, civilized, sedate, social aristocrats of the nation, and the independent, assertive, ignorant but truth-seeking sons and daughters of the soil. Each has recognized the justice of the other's criticisms, and as the outcome of a mutually amended point of view we have an earnest, intelligent, and interesting alliance, which insists on both fineness and strength of fibre as essential to progressive national character. The confines of this belt of good citizenship shade away into stiff or heartless conventionalism on the one side, and smart, obtuse, social perceptions on the other, but it is constantly widening and undergoing the refining process which results from the increasing intelligence of the contracting parties. By way of exemplification in matters feminine may be instanced the more and more frequent requirement by those in authority in women's colleges that applicants for the position of teacher should possess those evidences of gentle nurture which the world is accustomed to associate with the word "lady." Conversely one may point to the fact that originality, independence, and suggestiveness are no longer repulsed by the conservative,

but welcomed as a leavening grace necessary to the development of a finer womanhood.

It is to the existence of this alliance that I would call the attention of the modern woman with social ambitions — you, in particular, Nos. 4 and 5. For it seems to me that in the perpetuation and extension of it lies the best hope of society. It is, of course, an involuntary approximation of contrary opinion, and has no definite corporate existence, like a woman's club, for instance. But the alliance is real, nevertheless, whether it be deliberate or not. Certainly the American woman who wishes to lead effectively and aspiringly can no longer be either of the insipidly fashionable or the smart, assertive, school-ma'am type. In her composition that eager, star-investigating spirit, which through all the phases of her brilliant but often nerve-harrowing evolution has distinguished her, must curb itself to the yoke of social refinement. On the other hand, the day has passed when the charms of mere convention, of graceful elegance fortified by nothing deeper than wit, or suppleness of mind, would rank the possessor among the leaders of society.

Imitation, therefore, of the witchery worn by the women of the French salons will, however successful, if it be limited to mere manners and mental accomplishments — the pyrotechnics of social adroitness — gain for the modern woman of ambition, be she discerning and honest with herself, only a sore conscience. First of all, let her be a lady — elegant, gracious, pure, and tender; but, last of all, let her be merely that and stop there, looking down with amiable superciliousness on the world outside the narrow limit hedged by the conventions of those who play at living, and fancy themselves the real world. It is becoming more and more easy in this country to be a fashionable fine lady, without audible reproach, for the class of mere society people is a growing one. Yet to those who are content thus to waste their lives, the difficulty of being recognized as anything but society persons is just as great as ever, for though the ranks of the alliance may seem to terminate on one side in their direction, there is a dividing chasm between them broad as is the difference between careless aristocracy and sym-

pathizing humanity. On one side of this chasm live those whose vital interest is to be exquisite and to be entertained; on the other, those whose souls are bent upon the finest aspirations and hopes of the race. In the heart of this alliance between conventional culture and humanity the reforms, the enterprises, and the safeguards projected for the advancement of modern society are born, and here they find their truest champions.

It is not easy, however, my correspondents, to decide whether there lies greater danger for the modern woman with social ambitions in the allurements of mere fashionable society, or in the temptations to be smart, superficial, and common, which confront her at the point where the alliance shades toward the camp of democratic individuality. Here there is a second chasm; yet, like the sunken road into which the cuirassiers of Napoleon fell at Waterloo, it is not evident at first glance to those who, fired by the ardor of youth, but socially unenlightened, tilt at fame and world progress. The evolution of democracy having in the case of woman been supplemented by the enfranchisement of her sex, present conditions afford extraordinary opportunities for the exercise of her new-found liberty. So secure is her position, so welcome is her announced determination to readjust and regenerate the world, that humanity is prepared to give her her head and to applaud every sign of advancement.

But man, though thus encouraging and at heart keenly appreciative, is watching her closely, and there can be no question that if he has to choose between the old-time woman of convention—the exquisite, picturesque doll of society—and a monster who revolts at sex, sneers at sentiment, and administers the affairs of life on a dull, utilitarian basis enlivened only by knowing, mundane humor, he will prefer the doll, or, if she be out of the question, he will fight the monster. It would be St. George and the dragon again! Long has the idea which the poet put into words,

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence,

been uttered with a sigh by our wives and mothers; yet with pride, too, and a se-

cret joy in spite of the melancholy reflection. There are some women to-day who would throw off the yoke of this adage and enter the lists of life on the footing of a second-class man, proud of their swagger, and with the instincts of the wife and mother sternly repressed. Fortunately, to the woman of the alliance this new woman of democratic individuality is as abhorrent as she is to men. But it is not in her extreme type that she is as yet most dangerous, for admiration comes only by degrees. The danger lies in the failure to recognize the species in the bustling, chirping, metallic, superficial class of women which in some numbers, and with the wiry whirr of grasshoppers, infests the cities and towns of the republic to-day—women who have no reverence and no sentiment, no desire to learn for the sake of knowledge, but merely for ostentation—women who have not progressed as souls, but who have substituted coarseness for aspiration and material “cuteness” for unsophisticated purity of thought and sentiment.

The modern woman with social ambitions must be essentially a modern woman. That is, she must recognize the justice of and sympathize with the aspirations of society for a broader humanity, and she must recognize and be a party to the responsibilities placed upon her own sex by the process of emancipation. Now, if ever, is the opportunity for woman to show what she is made of. If she is made simply of sugar and spice and all that is nice, as we are informed in the nursery rhyme, we shall have to accept her as she is and put up with her delightful volatility and tender but unintellectual limitations. If, on the other hand, as the world is ready to believe, she is a star-seeking creature, who has been kept down, she will soon be able to give manifest signs of her ability to soar; and it is equitable to remind her that the burden of proof is on her. She cannot afford, distinctly, to be superficial. She must be thorough both in her investigations and her intimations or she will amount to nothing, for it must be remembered that though man may be slow at intuition, he is capable in investigations. Every woman of the present day who becomes either an elegant voluptuary or an egotistical, metallic flibbertgibbet, furnishes one more piece of evidence for

the edification of those who maintain that the mental constitution of her sex, save in its capacity for affection, is shallow. That is probably not the truth, but she should make the demonstration of the calumny more complete. Woman's authority over matters social is far greater than it has ever been. Not only as regards the social manifestations of society, but in the matter of the deeper problems of social living upon which the progress of society depends, her influence is becoming more and more a vital factor and force. If she is sincere, society will become both more earnest and more attractive; if she is simply seeking liberty at the expense of

religion, purity, sentiment, and the fine things of the spirit, it were almost better she were again a credulous, beautiful doll, and remained so to the end of time. Clearly, the modern woman with social ambitions must not neglect to hold fast to the old and everlasting truths of life in her struggle toward the stars. Sympathy with and capacity to promote new ideas are essential to her progress, but only by allegiance to the eternal feminine, to the behests of love and motherhood and beauty of imagination, can the development of society on the lines of a broader and wiser humanity be effectually established.

A RHYME OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

By Clinton Scollard

THE ways of fate they had trod were as wide
 As the sea from the shouting sea,
 But when they had ranged them side by side,
 Strenuous, eager, and ardent-eyed,
 They were brothers in pluck, they were brothers in pride,
 As the veriest brethren be.

They heard no bugle-peal to thrill
 As they crouched in the tangled grass,
 But the sound of bullets whirring shrill
 From hidden hollow and shrouded hill;
 And they fought as only the valiant will
 In the glades of Guasimas.

Aye, they fought, let their blood attest!—
 The blood of their comrades gone;
 Fought their bravest and fought their best,
 As when, like a wave, in their zealous zest
 They swept and surged o'er the sanguine crest
 Of the heights of San Juan.

So here's to them all—a toast and a cheer!—
 From the greatest down to the least,
 The heroes who fronted the deadliest fear,
 Leader and lad, each volunteer,
 The men whom the whole broad land holds dear
 From the western sea to the east!

THE POINT OF VIEW

ALL artistic pleasures are incommunicable. I can talk a man over to believe that all men are born equal, or I can convince him by philosophical demonstration that inequality is the fundamental law of social development. I can manipulate his reason. I can win his imitative fancy for any fashion. But I cannot pass on to him my delight in the Vorspiel of "Tristan und Isolde," nor have I any virus at my command that, inoculated into his veins, will produce in him even the semblance of that subtle ecstasy that seizes my imagination before the lightly stepping Flora of Botticelli's "Spring." Still less—for I can point my finger at the Botticelli, and explain blunderingly the grace of this line and the distinction of that, and, pinching his arm during the "Tristan" prelude, with a "Mark! here and here," I can convey to him obscurely the presence of *motifs* upon which I have excitedly descanted before—still less, I say, can I make my dense friend realize the joy that I have in the man or woman who has the gift of fair speech.

The "Art of
Saying Well."

By fair I do not mean smooth and flowery, or—heaven save the mark!—precise and orthoëpical, after the mouthing and conscious ideal of certain well-meaning ladies who teach "voice-culture" and the like. In fact, it is very difficult to say just what one does mean. The person who, naturally and without apparent effort, always speaks fitly, crisply, and with that strong continence which gives style to the most commonplace phrase, how shall one describe his endowment? It is as little easy to find the right word for it as it is to reduce the pleasure that it bestows to any terms that will be comprehensible to the uninitiated. No treatise on æsthetics will help those susceptible to this peculiar form of allurements to analyze their feelings; for their sense of propriety and harmony and accuracy, their perception of the noble and appropriate, are flattered so indirectly by it that they can draw nothing out of the chaos but a general and ineffable sentiment of satisfaction.

It does not much matter what the fortunate being who speaks in this wise actually says. Sometimes he is the sort of man who, without

ever being weighty or memorable on any subject, punctuates the level plain of every-day life with small apt remarks that freshen existence at moments, perhaps, when the highest and deepest interests fail to arouse or stir. But he may not even have this facility. There are persons who say, "How do you do," and "We shall have rain," with some manner, some intonation, that stamps them as of the race apart. This is not the same thing as wit, but it gives to some mortals a contentment and a feeling of æsthetical stimulation very like those given by wit.

Some of this enchantment may lie in the voice, some of it in the enunciation; but the "art of saying well," as the French express it—though they indicate by the expression something a little more professional than is meant here—comes, as a whole, from remoter recesses of the individual, and appears to inhere in his very structure. And it is not of necessity an altogether superior being who uses the supreme gift of speech in this chaste and dignified and self-respecting fashion. Persons very ignoble, according to ethical standards, have had the noble manner of speaking. An instinct for it has been born in them, as in others it has been born for literary or musical expression, or for the plastic art. And of all æsthetic instincts it appears to be the rarest. We all talk too much, too loosely, with too many words, without form and void. We use random terms that misrepresent us, that strain our meaning out of shape. We make phrases, with impulsive weakness, at moments when none are required. We prostitute daily one of the highest of our attributes.

In that far-away time when the entire race shall have attained some pitch of æsthetic development now only to be dreamed of, the common words of one's ordinary acquaintances may all give one the sense of rarity, of value, of having been chosen, selected, before they were used, from some rich store held well in reserve. But there are many steps to be taken before we reach that point, and the first step should be taken by the schools and colleges, where so much else is now taught that is of less importance, and where the art of speaking with some perception of

the worth of language appears to be, as a rule, so utterly unknown and unheeded. One must repeat—where so much else is taught that is of less importance. For nothing is surer than that speech that is habitually restrained—except when, at the right time and place, it lets itself “go”—and that seeks, in the best sense and without affectation, after measure and style, has a deep effect upon both the moral nature and the mind. Clarity of thinking may be furthered more by this means than has ever yet been fully realized. Of what the ethics of man might gain from it, all the inspired teachers of religion who have counselled the guarding of the tongue have had a well-defined idea.

I WISH it were possible to make a diagram that would fairly show the difficulties that confront and beset a painter when he sets out to make a portrait that shall be pronounced good by the sitter, the family, and friends. I know of nothing else that brings out more fully, when you stop to think of it, the complex nature of the conditions on which our impressions of each other, and therefore largely our conduct toward each other, must depend.

To begin with, there are certain things in every face that all people recognize, the general form of the features, the color of the eyes, the complexion and so on. But while the artist and, let us say, the wife of the sitter, both see these things, each sees them a little differently, so that the line representing the artist's actual impression would, from the start, diverge more or less from that representing the wife's impression. But the artist cannot exactly record his impression; he is limited, and in a way thwarted, by his pigments and still more by his own shortcomings, which no one knows so well as he. On the other hand, the wife, knowing little or nothing of these limitations, cannot make allowance for them, and cannot, moreover, even see the record of the artist's impression as he sees it. Here is another cause of divergence. Sometimes by rare accident it corrects the first; generally it aggravates it. But this is not all. Besides these things, recognizable in an imperfect and varying degree by each, there must be in every face some things which the artist sees and the wife does not see, and some plain to the wife but dim or invisible to the artist. When the artist has registered his exclusive impressions—again imperfectly—and the wife has in-

terpreted them with more or less twist, and has searched in vain for what she “knows” ought to be there, the divergence between her impression and that recorded by the artist may be wide and irreconcilable. The representative lines may now be running at right angles with each other, or even in more nearly opposite directions; but what is true of the artist and the wife is equally so, with new eccentricity of divergence, of the artist and the sitter and every friend of the sitter. My own feeling before the best of portraits is one of wonder that any two persons shall agree in regard to it.

Why do scores, and not merely couples, reach substantial agreement? Mainly, I think, because all but one of these varying impressions usually exist in a low degree of intensity, and are practically dominated by the one impression which is both definite and intense—that of the artist. This, I believe, is so nearly true that the success of a portrait may, speaking broadly, be said to depend on the degree to which the artist feels that it is successful. Of course, if he have striven for a mere superficial likeness, if his subject have presented to him no serious problems, he can have no very deep feeling about it, and the portrait can have no success worth considering. But if he have felt himself challenged to a real struggle, which he has made loyally, his picture must have in it a reality, a vitality, by which it imposes itself. We who look at it may feel that it is the person we have not known, but we feel also how pale and untrustworthy is the record in our minds of the knowledge we have and how inadequate is that knowledge. Our assent goes out along the line of the least resistance. It is easier to accept the portrait than to be sure that we know the subject to be different from the portrait. No image we have formed possesses the pictorial force to stand against this which the strenuous study and labor of the artist present to us. And the better, in this sense, the portrait is—that is to say, the more the artist has been aroused by it, the more there has been given to it of what Fromentin, with happy reminiscence of the Parent Tongue of French, calls “fury,” whether impetuous or sustained, the more complete and lasting will be its triumph over us. It corrects, informs, replaces our own imperfect impression. It becomes revealing, and from merely dominating our minds, takes undisputed possession of them.

THE FIELD OF ART



*THE STATUE OF MICHELANGELO IN
THE WASHINGTON CONGRESSIONAL
LIBRARY*

THAT which most interests a sculptor in Mr. Bartlett's statue is probably the largeness of treatment by which it is accommodated to two somewhat distant points of view. It must be seen from the floor of the rotunda, and also from the gallery on its own level; and the points from which the statue can be seen in front, or nearly so, are one hundred feet away or more, while he who would see the statue nearer must approach it gradually on the right side or on the left. It was necessary to make the masses tell, and the figure express dignity, firmness, resolute purpose. The head also had to be so modelled as to be effective at a distance

where a living head, even of the same size, could hardly be expected to be very plainly seen.

The sculptor is interested, therefore, in noticing how the head is made longer vertically by means of the beard, and massive horizontally from brow to crown by the curious eared cap which the workman, Michelangelo, might be supposed to use to keep the dust from his hair. The eyebrows have an exaggerated pent-house-like overhang, and from the deep shadow thus obtained the eyes are made to gleam very effectively. So, in modelling the clothed figure, the parts which are not immediately expressive of the construction of the figure, so to speak, are left singularly plain. Thus, there is such expression in the folds of cloth at the shoulder-joint of the arm and at the elbow-joint,

at the knee and at the ankle, while the limbs between are treated in a very large manner indeed, with few and slight changes of surface modelling. It is clear that if the statue had been intended to stand in a museum, where the spectator is seldom more than twenty feet away; or in a palace, or other stately interior, where the visitor would generally see it very close at hand, the sculptor would have modelled these surfaces of the clothing, on limbs and trunk, in a more minute way. So with the details of the muscles, the veins, and the cords in the neck and sides of the face; the largeness of treatment in all these is very noticeable, and the hands also are treated with a singular boldness of modelling, giving them an appearance of undue size.

The head being made so large gives also the effect, desired and necessary in this case, of a man not tall nor of large proportions in any way, except that he has great depth of lung, great solidity of the torso. This necessity of making the man seem on the whole small and not naturally stately, while yet the statue had to be very dignified indeed, is met in this way by the great mass of the head with its beard and cap, and also by the large extremities. It was said above that the hands are not unduly large. That, of course, is true. Mr. Bartlett is an accomplished sculptor and keeps the extremities of his figures to scale, as a matter of course; but it is also true that their relative size is such as to give the figure the needed appearance of a rather small man. They give the correct scale of the figure; that is all. Had the attempt been to represent a man six feet four inches high and very slender, their proper natural scale would have been different, their relative proportions to the whole figure different. The head, however, is the great resource for the sculptor who wishes to express the relative height of his figure. It is almost a tradition in the world of European sculpture that heads are of one size, that is to say, natural human heads, so that the size relation of the whole mass of the head to the body and limbs tells the story. It is not necessary to particularize in the work of living men, but the reader will hardly fail to recall instances where mistakes have been made in this way, and where a small man has been made to look like an Abraham Lincoln in stature by the neglect of this simple canon. The fact

that the head in this case required to be very weighty and massive to express Michelangelo's intellectual dignity was, one might say, good fortune for the sculptor; except that this sculptor would have known how to turn the difficulty had the subject of his



statue been other than what it was. It is a curious fact that visitors to the foundry have noticed, especially since the statue could be seen in the bronze, that the head resembles very strongly the distinguished sculptor and much loved man; the president, since its foundation, of the National Sculpture Society.

Z. Z.

This statue seems to require a special notice, because it embodies so much of that striving for human and individual expression which is characteristic of the leading artists

of our time. It is as vain to ask a first-rate mind of the present time to ignore such human and individual expression, and to give itself, as it might in a former age have given itself, to the working out of the sculpturesque problem pure and simple, as it is to ask a



writer of our day to treat the epic problem as Milton did, or the dramatic problem like an Elizabethan. There is here and there a man who is led by his nature to do this, and to be a Greek in sculpture though not in painting; and such an instance there is in the great Paul DuBois whose allegorical and symbolical figures might almost be said to be sculpture pure and simple; but such instances are rare, and the modern artistic spirit, inferior in a thousand ways to the artistic spirit of this or that past century is, perhaps, superior to it in so much as it is sympathetic. When the

pundit said to Max Müller that he and his Oriental congeners could not—really could not—recognize the intellectual superiority of the West; that they saw its intellectual advantages only in its practical gift at controlling armies and inventing death-dealing machines; but that in one respect they recognized that the men of the West were superior to those of Asia:—"You have pity; we have none"—he expressed his view of this truth. What it is that is working in the European mind, and which has gradually done away with—first, burning alive as a punishment; next, with judicial torture; then, with what the United States Constitution calls, "cruel and unusual punishments" of all sorts; which has made bull-fights things of the past except in Spain, and is making prize-fights, dog-fights, and cock-fights more and more difficult as the years go on; which will, by and by, make "sport," in the sense of putting defenceless things to death for amusement, a thing of the past—what all this tendency is when rightly judged, and what it will lead to yet, and how long it will last, that is to say, until the next social cataclysm comes, are questions a little outside of the domain of art criticism. But they influence the matter of fine art, in so far as it can hardly be expected to appeal to many persons unless it has this individual and expressional quality.

Apparently it is this which makes the charm of Rodin's sculpture. From a sculpturesque point of view, the bedraggled and forlorn figures of the Calais group are but poor subjects, and their treatment is almost an offence. From the sculpturesque point of view, again, such a portrait-bust as that of Victor Hugo is almost an outrage; and the soft flesh of the Eve after the Fall, into which her fingers are dug in a spasm of grief and horror, is a contradiction of the primary lesson which a sculptor learns, that he must not destroy the dignity of the body in his artistic rendering of it. Rodin has shown the possibility of combining the most refined and delicate modelling, that is to say, sculpturesque treatment of the very highest character with a stress and almost a violence of expression which would have been thought incompatible with sculpture of great merit. To some, it will always seem that this effort has been carried too far in Rodin's own work, and even his

fervent admirers among his brother sculptors are shaking their heads a little over some of the recent expressions of his extraordinary genius. While we are thinking all these things, and wishing that the Balzac would come this way, that we might judge of it more intelligently than by the photographs, there comes this work of an American sculptor, long resident in Paris, and strikes the artistic world as unexampled in certain ways, and as an epoch-making work. The impulse of many a first-rate artist has been, as he has entered the foundry to see the cast or the bronze, to take off his hat and salute this work of unquestioned genius. What has been said in the article above explains sufficiently the sculptor's view of this work. The decorative artist, that is to say, the artist who cares about works of art in their connection with one another, and as forming together great conjoint effects, must also give in his unqualified admiration of one of the notable achievements of the time. As for the matter of pure expression, that which has been dwelt upon in the last paragraph, it is more a matter of private opinion than of unanimity in any class of critics. One person will see in it more, and another less, of the Michelangelo of his dreams. It seems evident, however, that this is a faultless embodiment of the Michelangelo of which Mr. Bartlett has dreamed. And yet, the word "dreamed" gives a false impression, for the living sculptor must have studied the works and ways of the dead one profoundly; and here, perhaps, it may be right to say that one who has studied Michelangelo as sculptor and as fresco-painter, and has tried for years to find a consistent theory of the man and his life, finds in this statue an almost perfect realization of the man and an almost perfect and complete theory ready at hand.

To what has been said by Z. Z., it should be added that the well-known broken nose has been ignored. The traditions and the recorded facts exist in the present statue only in the substitution of a flat-bridged nose for the curved beak which some enthusiasts might wish to see bestowed upon their favor-



ite. Clearly it would never have done to have spoiled this statue by a profile such as that shown in the medal of Leone Leoni, or the Volterra bust. It was not here a question of portraiture so much as an embodiment of the heroic and grandiose in non-classical sculpture.

R. S.



"DEN YOU PLAY ON DE VIOLON-LAK' DIS ONE-LISTEN!"

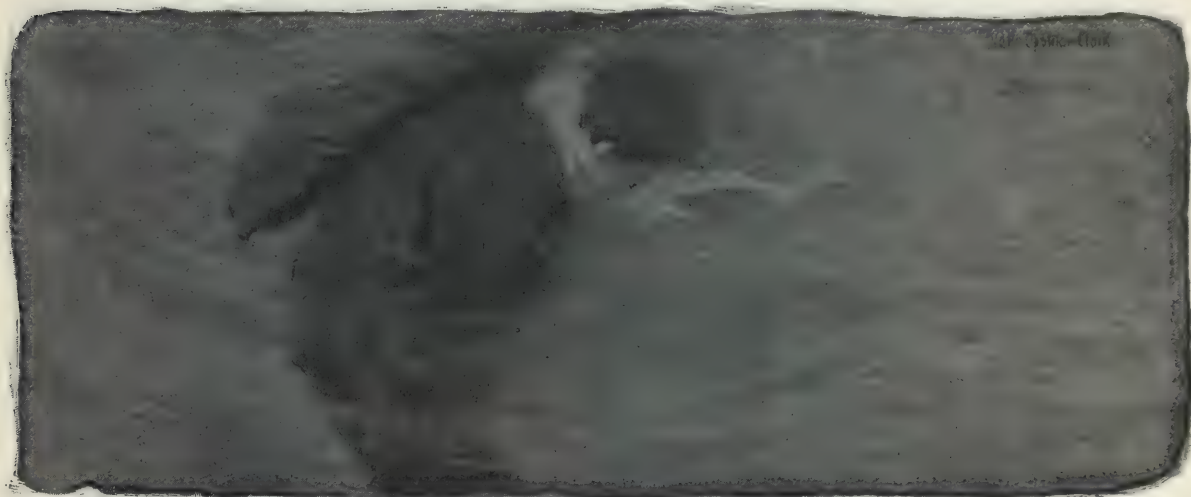
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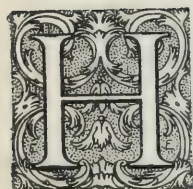
NO. 4



A LOVER OF MUSIC

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK



HE entered the backwoods village of Bytown literally on the wings of the wind, whirled along like a big snowflake, and dropped by the tempest at the door of Moody's "Sportsmen's Retreat," as if he were a New Year's gift from the North Pole. His coming seemed a mere chance; but perhaps there was something more in it, after all. At all events, you shall hear, if you will, the time and the manner of his arrival.

It was the last night of December, some thirty years ago. All the city sportsmen who had hunted the deer under Bill Moody's direction had long since retreated to their homes, leaving the little settlement on the border of the Adirondack wilderness wholly under the social direction of the natives. The annual ball was in

full swing in the dining-room of the hotel. At one side of the room the tables and chairs were piled up, with their legs projecting in the air like a thicket of very dead trees. The huge stove in the southeast corner was blushing a rosy red through its thin coat of whitewash, and exhaling a furious dry heat flavored with the smell of baked iron. At the north end, however, winter reigned; and there were tiny ridges of fine snow on the floor, sifted in by the wind through the cracks in the window-frames.

But the bouncing girls and the heavy-footed guides and lumbermen who filled the ball-room did not appear to mind the heat or the cold. They balanced and "sashayed" from the tropics to the arctic circle. They swung at corners and made "ladies' change" all through the temperate zone. They stamped their feet and cut

double-shuffles until the floor trembled beneath them. The tin lamp-reflectors on the walls rattled like castanets.

There was only one drawback to the hilarity of the occasion. The band, which was usually imported from Sandy River Forks for such festivities—a fiddle, a cornet, a flute, and an accordion—had not arrived. There was a general idea that the mail-sleigh, in which the musicians were to travel, had been delayed by the storm, and might break its way through the snow-drifts and arrive at any moment. But Bill Moody, who was naturally of a pessimistic temperament, had offered a different explanation.

"I tell ye, old Baker's got that blame' band down to his hotel at the Falls now, makin' 'em play fer his party. Them music fellers is onsartin'; can't trust 'em to keep anythin' 'cept the toon, and they don't always keep that. Guess we might uz well shet up this ball, or go to work playin' games."

At this proposal a thick gloom had fallen over the assembly; but it had been dispersed by Serena Moody's cheerful offer to have the small melodeon brought out of the parlor, and to play for dancing as well as she could. The company agreed that she was a smart girl, and prepared to accept her performance with enthusiasm. As the dance went on, there were frequent comments of approval to encourage her in the labor of love.

"Sereny's doin' splendid, ain't she?" said the other girls.

To which the men replied, "You bet! The playin's reel nice, and good 'nough fer anybody—outside o' city folks."

But Serena's repertory was weak, though her spirit was willing. There was an unspoken sentiment among the men that "The Sweet By and By" was not quite the best tune in the world for a quadrille. A Sunday school hymn, no matter how rapidly it was rendered, seemed to fall short of the necessary vivacity for a polka. Besides, the wheezy little organ positively refused to go faster than a certain gait. Hose Ransom expressed the popular opinion of the instrument, after a figure in which he and his partner had been half a bar ahead of the music from start to finish, when he said:

"By Jolly! that old maloney may be

chock full o' religion and po'try; but it ain't got no *dance* into it, no more'n a saw-mill."

This was the situation of affairs inside of Moody's tavern on New Year's Eve. But outside of the house the snow lay two feet deep on the level, and shoulder-high in the drifts. The sky was at last swept clean of clouds. The shivering stars and the small round moon looked infinitely remote in the black vault of heaven. The frozen lake, on which the ice was three feet thick and solid as rock, was like a vast, smooth bed, covered with a white counterpane, across which the cruel wind still poured out of the northwest, driving the dry snow along with it like a mist of powdered diamonds.

Enveloped in this dazzling, pungent atmosphere, half-blinded and bewildered by it, buffeted and yet supported by the on-rushing torrent of air, a man on snow-shoes, with a light pack on his shoulders, emerged from the shelter of the Three Sisters' Islands, and staggered straight on down the lake. He passed the headland of the bay where Moody's tavern is ensconced, and probably would have drifted on beyond it, to the marsh at the lower end of the lake, but for the yellow glare of the ball-room windows and the sound of music and dancing which came out to him suddenly through a lull in the wind.

He turned to the right, climbed over the low wall of broken ice-blocks that bordered the lake, pushed up the gentle slope to the open passage-way by which the two parts of the rambling house were joined together. Crossing the porch with the last remnant of his strength, he knocked and fell heavily against the side-door.

The noise, heard through the confusion within, awakened curiosity and conjecture. Just as when a letter comes to a forest cabin, it is turned over and over, and many guesses are made as to the handwriting and the postmark before it occurs to anyone to open it and see who sent it, so was this rude knocking at the gate the occasion of argument among the rustic revellers as to what it might portend. Some thought it was the arrival of the belated band. Others supposed the sound betokened a descent of the Corey clan



There, in the parlor door, stood the stranger.—Page 392.



Perfectly content if she looked up now and then.—Page 394.

from the Upper Lake, or a change of heart on the part of old Dan Dunning, who had refused to attend the ball because they would not allow him to call out the figures. The guesses were various; but no one thought of the possible arrival of a stranger at such an hour on such a night, until Serena suggested that it would be a good plan to open the door. Then the unbidden guest was discovered lying benumbed along the threshold.

There was no want of knowledge as to what should be done with a half-frozen man, and no lack of ready hands to do it. They carried him not to the warm stove, but into the semi-arctic region of the parlor. They rubbed his face and his hands vigorously with snow. They gave him a drink of hot tea flavored with whiskey—or perhaps it was a drink of whiskey with a little hot tea in it—and then, as his senses began to return to him, they rolled him in a blanket and left him on a sofa to thaw out gradually, while they went on with the dance.

Naturally, he was the favorite subject of conversation for the next hour.

“Who is he, anyhow I never seen ’im before. Where’d he come from?” asked the girls.

“I dunno,” said Bill Moody; “he didn’t say much. Talk seemed all froze up. Frenchy, ’cordin’ to what he did say. Guess he must a come down from Canady, workin’ on a lumber job up Raquette River way. Got bounced out o’ the camp, p’raps. All them Frenchies is queer.”

This summary of national character appeared to command general assent.

“Yaas,” said Hose Ransom, “did ye take note how he hung on to that pack o’ his’n all the time? Wouldn’t let go on it. Wonder what ’twuz? Seemed kinder holler’n light, fer all ’twuz so big an’ wropped up in lots o’ coverin’s.”

“What’s the use of wonderin’?” said one of the younger boys: “find out later on. Now’s the time fer dancin’. Whoop ’er up!”

So the sound of revelry swept on again in full flood. The men and maids went careering up and down the room. Serena’s willing fingers labored patiently over the yellow keys of the reluctant melodion.



Walter S. Clark

" . . . eef yo' lak' dat feedle so moch, hein? "—Page 303.



Would sit up in the bed trying to play.—Page 400.

But the ancient instrument was weakening under the strain; the bellows creaked; the notes grew more and more asthmatic.

"Hold the Fort" was the tune, "Money Musk" was the dance; and it was a preposterously bad fit. The figure was tangled up like a fishing-line after trolling all day without a swivel. The dancers were doing their best, determined to be happy, as cheerful as possible, but all out of time. The organ was whirring and gasping and groaning for breath. Suddenly a new music filled the room.

The right tune—the real old joyful Money Musk, played jubilantly, triumphantly, irresistibly—on a fiddle!

The melodion gave one final gasp of surprise and was dumb. Everyone looked up. There, in the parlor door, stood the stranger, with his coat off, his violin hugged close under his chin, his right arm making the bow fly over the strings, his black eyes

sparkling, and his stockinged feet marking time to the tune.

"*Dansez! dansez,*" he cried, "*en avant!* Don' spik. Don' res'! Ah'll goin' play de feedle fo' yo' jess moch yo' lak', eef yo' h'only *danse!*"

The music gushed from the bow like water from the rock when Moses touched it. Tune followed tune with endless fluency and variety—polkas, galops, reels, jigs, quadrilles; fragments of airs from many lands—"The Fisher's Hornpipe," "Charlie is my Darling," "Marianne s'en va-t-au Moulin," "Petit Jean," "Jordan is a Hard Road to Trabbel," woven together after the strangest fashion and set to the liveliest cadence.

It was a magical performance. No one could withstand it. They all danced together, like the leaves on the shivering poplars when the wind blows through them. The gentle Serena was swept away from

her stool at the organ as if she were a little canoe drawn into the rapids, and Bill Moody stepped high and cut pigeon-wings that had been forgotten for a generation. It was long after midnight when the dancers paused, breathless and exhausted.

"Waal," said Hose Ransom, "that's jess the high-tonedest music we ever had to Bytown. You're a reel player, Frenchy, that's what you are. What's your name? Where'd you come from? Where you goin' to? What brought you here, anyhow?"

"*Moi?*" said the fiddler, dropping his bow and taking a long breath. "Mah nem Jacques Tremblay. Ah'll ben come fraum Kebeck. W're goin'? Ah donno. Prob'ly Ah'll stop dis place, eef yo' lak' dat feedle so moch, hein?"

His hand passed caressingly over the smooth brown wood of the violin. He drew it up close to his face again, as if he would have kissed it, while his eyes wandered timidly around the circle of listeners, and rested at last, with a question in them, on the face of the hotel-keeper. Moody was fairly warmed, for once, out of his customary temper of mistrust and indecision. He spoke up promptly.

"You kin stop here jess long's you like. We don' care where you come from, an' you needn't to go no fu'ther, 'less you want. But we ain't got no use for French names round here. Guess we'll call him Fiddlin' Jack, hey, Sereny? He kin do the chores in the day-time, an' play the fiddle at night."

This was the way in which Bytown came to have a lover of music among its permanent inhabitants.

II

JACQUES dropped into his place and filled it as if it had been made for him. There was something in his disposition that seemed to fit him for just the *rôle* that was vacant in the social drama of the settlement. It was not a serious, important, responsible part, like that of a farmer, or a store-keeper, or a professional hunter. It was rather an addition to the regular programme of existence, something unannounced and voluntary, and therefore not

weighted with too heavy responsibilities. There was a touch of the transient and uncertain about it. He seemed like a perpetual visitor; and yet he stayed on as steadily as a native, never showing, from the first, the slightest wish or intention to leave the woodland village.

I do not mean that he was an idler. Bytown had not yet arrived at that stage of civilization in which an ornamental element is supported at the public expense.

He worked for his living, and earned it. He was full of a quick, cheerful industry; and there was nothing that needed to be done about Moody's establishment, from the wood-pile to the ice-house, at which he did not bear a hand willingly and well.

"He kin work like a beaver," said old Moody, talking the stranger over down at the post-office one day, "but I don't b'lieve he's got much ambition. Jess does his work and takes his wages, and then gits his fiddle out and plays."

"Tell ye what," said Hose Ransom, who set up for the village philosopher, "he ain't got no imagination. That's what makes men slack. He don't know what it means to rise in the world; don't care fer anythin' ez much ez he does for his music. He's jess like a bird; let him have 'nough to eat and a chance to sing, and he's all right. What's he 'magine about a house of his own, and a barn, and sich things?"

Hosea's illustration was suggested by his own experience. He had just put the profits of his last summer's guiding into a new barn, and his imagination was already at work planning an addition to his house in the shape of a kitchen L.

But in spite of his tone of contempt, he had a kindly feeling for the unimaginative fiddler. Indeed, this was the attitude of pretty much every one in the community. A few men of the rougher sort had made fun of him at first, and there had been one or two attempts at rude handling. But Jacques was determined to take no offence; and he was so good-humored, so obliging, so pleasant in his way of whistling and singing about his work, that all unfriendliness soon died out.

He had literally played his way into the affections of the village. The winter seemed to pass more swiftly and merrily than it had done before the violin was

there. He was always ready to bring it out, and draw all kinds of music from its strings, as long as anyone wanted to listen or to dance.

It made no difference whether there was a roomful of listeners, or only a couple, Fiddlin' Jack was just as glad to play. With a little, quiet audience, he loved to try the quaint, plaintive airs of the old French songs—"À la Claire Fontaine," "Un Canadien Errant," and "Isabeau s'y Promene"—and bits of simple melody from the great composers, and familiar Scotch and English ballads—things that he had picked up heaven knows where, and into which he put a world of meaning, sad and sweet.

He was at his best in this vein when he was alone with Serena in the kitchen—she with a piece of sewing in her lap, sitting beside the lamp; he in the corner by the stove, with the brown violin tucked under his chin, wandering on from one air to another, and perfectly content if she looked up now and then from her work and told him that she liked the tune.

Serena was rather a pretty girl, with smooth, silky hair, and eyes the color of the nodding harebells that blossom on the edge of the woods. She was slight and delicate. The neighbors called her sickly; and a great doctor from Philadelphia who had spent a summer at Bytown had put his ear to her chest, and looked grave, and said that she ought to winter in a mild climate. That was before people had discovered the Adirondacks as a sanitarium for consumptives.

But the inhabitants of Bytown were not in the way of paying much attention to the theories of physicians in regard to climate. They held that if you were rugged, it was a great advantage, almost a virtue; but if you were sickly, you just had to make the best of it, and get along with the weather as well as you could.

So Serena stayed at home and adapted herself very cheerfully to the situation. She kept the house in winter more than the other girls, and had a quieter way about her; but you would never have called her an invalid. There was only a clearer blue in her eyes, and a smoother lustre on her brown hair, and a brighter spot of red on her cheek. She was particularly fond of reading and of music. It

was this that made her so glad of the arrival of the violin. The violin's master knew it, and turned to her as a sympathetic soul. I think he liked her eyes too, and the soft tones of her voice. He was a sentimentalist, this little Canadian, for all he was so merry; and love—but that comes later.

"Where'd you get your fiddle, Jack?" said Serena, one night as they sat together in the kitchen.

"Ah'll was get heem in Kebeck," answered Jacques, passing his hand lightly over the instrument, as he always did when anyone spoke of it. "Vair' nice *violon*, hein? W'at you t'ink? Ma h'ole teacher, to de college, he was gif' me dat *violon*, w'en Ah was gone away to de woods."

"I want to know! Were you in the College? What'd you go off to the woods for?"

"Ah'll get tire' fraum dat teachin'—read, read, read, h'all taim'. Ah'll not lak' dat so moch. Rader be out-door—run aroun'—paddle de *canot*—go wid de boys in de woods—mek' dem danse at ma *musique*. A-a-ah! Dat was fon! P'raps you t'ink dat not good, hein? You t'ink Jacques one beeg fool, Ah suppose?"

"I dunno," said Serena, declining to commit herself, but pressing on gently, as women do, to the point she had in view when she began the talk. "Dunno's you're any more foolish than a man that keeps on doin' what he don't like. But what made you come away from the boys in the woods and travel down this way?"

A shade passed over the face of Jacques. He turned away from the lamp and bent over the violin on his knees, fingering the strings nervously. Then he spoke, in a changed, shaken voice.

"Ah'll tole you somet'ing, Ma'amselle Seréne. You ma frien'. Don' you h'ask me dat reason of it no more. Dat's somet'ing vair' bad, bad, bad. Ah can't nevair tole dat—nevair."

There was something in the way he said it that gave a check to her gentle curiosity and turned it into pity. A man with a secret in his life? It was a new element in her experience; like a chapter in a book. She was lady enough at heart to respect his silence. She kept away from the forbidden ground. But the

knowledge that it was there gave a new interest to Jacques and his music. She embroidered some strange romances around that secret while she sat in the kitchen sewing.

Other people at Bytown were less forbearing. They tried their best to find out something about Fiddlin' Jack's past, but he was not communicative. He talked about Canada. All Canadians do. But about himself? No.

If the questions became too pressing, he would try to play himself away from his inquisitors with new tunes. If that did not succeed, he would take the violin under his arm and slip quickly out of the room. And if you had followed him at such a time, you would have heard him drawing strange, melancholy music from the instrument, sitting alone in the barn, or in the darkness of his own room in the garret.

Once, and only once, he seemed to come near betraying himself. This was how it happened.

There was a party at Moody's one night, and Bull Corey had come down from the Upper Lake and filled himself up with whiskey.

Bull was an ugly-tempered fellow. The more he drank, up to a certain point, the steadier he got on his legs, and the more necessary it appeared to him to fight somebody. The tide of his pugnacity took a straight set that night toward Fiddlin' Jack. Bull began with musical criticisms. The fiddling did not suit him at all. It was too quick, and it was too slow. He failed to perceive how anyone could tolerate such music even in the infernal regions, and he expressed himself in plain words to that effect. In fact, he damned the performance without even the faintest praise.

But the majority of the audience gave him no support. On the contrary, they told him to shut up. And Jack fiddled along cheerfully.

Then Bull returned to the attack, after having fortified himself in the bar-room. And now he took national grounds. The French, were, in his opinion, a most despicable race. They were not a patch on the noble Anglo-Saxon race. They talked too much, and their language was ridiculous. They had a condemned, fool habit

of taking off their hats when they spoke to a lady. They ate frogs.

Having delivered himself of these sentiments in a loud voice, much to the interruption of the music, he marched over to the table on which Fiddlin' Jack was sitting, and grabbed the violin from his hands.

"Gimme that dam fiddle," he cried, "till I see if there's a frog in it."

Jacques leaped from the table, transported with rage. His face was convulsed. His eyes blazed. He snatched a carving-knife from the dresser behind him, and sprang at Corey.

"*Tort Dieu!*" he shrieked, "*mon violon!* Ah'll keel you, beast!"

But he could not reach the enemy. Bill Moody's long arms were flung around the struggling fiddler, and a pair of brawny guides had Corey pinned by the elbows, hustling him backward. Half a dozen men thrust themselves between the would-be combatants. There was a dead silence, a scuffling of feet on the bare floor; then the danger was past, and a tumult of talk burst forth.

But a strange alteration had passed over Jacques. He trembled. He turned white. Tears poured down his cheeks. As Moody let him go, he dropped on his knees, hid his face in his hands, and prayed in his own tongue.

"My God, it is here again! Was it not enough that I must be tempted once before? Must I have the madness yet another time? My God, show the mercy toward me, for the Blessed Virgin's sake. I am a sinner, but not the second time; O, for the love of Jesus, not the second time! *Ave Maria, gratia plena, ora pro me!*"

The others did not understand what he was saying. Indeed, they paid little attention to him. They saw he was frightened, and thought it was with fear. They were already discussing what ought to be done about the fracas. It was plain that Bull Corey, whose liquor had now taken effect suddenly, and made him as limp as a strip of cedar bark, must be thrown out of the door, and left to cool off on the beach. But what to do with Fiddlin' Jack for his attempt at knifing—a detested crime? He might have gone at Bull with a gun, or with a club, or with a chair, or with any recognized weapon. But with a carving-knife!

That was a serious offence. Arrest him, and send him to jail at the Forks? Take him out, and duck him in the lake? Lick him, and drive him out of the town?

There was a multitude of counsellors, but it was Hose Ransom who settled the case. He was a well-known fighting-man, as well as a respected philosopher. He swung his broad frame in front of the fiddler.

"Tell ye what we'll do. Jess nothin'! Ain't Bull Corey the blowin'est and the mos' trouble-us cuss 'round these hull woods? And wouldn't it be a fust-rate thing ef some o' the wind was let out'n him?"

General assent greeted this pointed inquiry.

"And wa'n't Fiddlin' Jack peacerble 'nough 's long's he was let alone? What's the matter with lettin' him alone now?"

The argument seemed to carry weight. Hose saw his advantage, and clinched it.

"Ain't he given us a lot o' fun here this winter in a innercent kind o' way, with his old fiddle? I guess there ain't nothin' on airth he loves better'n that holler piece o' wood, and the toons that's inside o' it. It's jess like a wife or a child to him. Where's that fiddle, anyhow?"

Some one had picked it deftly out of Corey's hand during the scuffle, and now passed it up to Hose.

"Here, Frenchy, take yer long-necked, pot-bellied music-gourd. And I want you boys to understand, ef anyone teches that fiddle agin, I'll knock hell out'n him."

So the recording angel dropped another tear upon the record of Hosea Ransom, and the books were closed for the night.

III

FOR some weeks after the incident of the violin and the carving-knife, it looked as if a permanent cloud had settled upon the spirits of Fiddlin' Jack. He was sad and nervous; if anyone touched him, or even spoke to him suddenly, he would jump like a deer. He kept out of everybody's way as much as possible, sat out in the wood-shed when he was not at work, and could not be persuaded to bring down his fiddle. He seemed in a fair way to be transformed into "the melancholy Jacques."

It was Serena who broke the spell; and she did it in a woman's way, the simplest way in the world—by taking no notice of it.

"Ain't you goin' to play for me to-night?" she asked one evening, as Jacques passed through the kitchen. Whereupon the evil spirit was exorcised, and the violin came back again to its place in the life of the house.

But there was less time for music now than there had been in the winter. As the snow vanished from the woods, and the frost leaked out of the ground, and the ice on the lake was honeycombed, breaking away from the shore, and finally going to pieces altogether in a warm southeast storm, the Sportsmen's Retreat began to prepare for business. There was a garden to be planted, and there were boats to be painted. The rotten old wharf in front of the house stood badly in need of repairs. The fiddler proved himself a Jack-of-all-trades and master of more than one.

In the middle of May the anglers began to arrive at the Retreat—a quiet, sociable, friendly set of men, most of whom were old-time acquaintances and familiar lovers of the woods. They belonged to the early Adirondack period, these disciples of Walton. They were not very rich, and they did not put on much style, but they understood how to have a good time; and what they did not know about fishing was not worth knowing. Jacques fitted into their scheme of life as a well-made reel fits the butt of a good rod. He was a steady oarsman, a lucky fisherman, with a real genius for the use of the landing-net, and a cheerful companion, who did not insist upon giving his views about artificial flies and advice about casting on every occasion. By the end of June he found himself in pretty steady employment as a guide.

He liked best to go with the anglers who were not too energetic, but were satisfied to fish for a few hours in the morning and again at sunset, after a long rest in the middle of the afternoon. This was just the time for the violin; and if Jacques had his way, he would take it with him, carefully tucked away in its case in the bow of the boat; and when the pipes were lit after lunch, on the shore of Round

Island or at the mouth of Cold Brook, he would discourse sweet music until the declining sun drew near the tree-tops and the hermit-thrush rang his silver bell for vespers. Then it was time to fish again, and the flies danced merrily over the water and the great speckled trout leaped eagerly to catch them. For trolling all day long for lake-trout he had little liking.

"Dat is not de sport," he would say, "to hol' one r-r-ope in de 'and, an' den pool heem in wid one feesh on t'ree hook, h'all tangle h'up in hees mout'—dat is not de sport. Bisside, dat leef not taim' for *la musique*."

Midsummer brought a new set of guests to the Retreat, and filled the ramshackle old house to overflowing. The fishing fell off, but there were picnics and camping-parties in abundance, and Jacques was in demand. The ladies liked him; his manners were so pleasant, and they took a great interest in his music. Moody bought a piano for the parlor that summer; and there were two or three good players in the house, to whom Jacques would listen with delight, sitting on a pile of logs outside the parlor-windows in the warm August evenings.

Someone asked him whether he did not prefer the piano to the violin.

"*Non*," he answered, very decidedly; "dat piano, he vairee smart; he got plentee word, lak' de leetle yellow bird in de cage—'ow you call heem?—*le serin*. He spik' moch. Bot dat violon, he spik' more deep, to de heart. He mak' me feel more glad, more sorree—dat fo' w'at Ah lak' heem de bes'!"

Through all the occupations and pleasures of the summer Jacques kept as near as he could to Serena. If he learned a new tune, by listening to the piano—some simple, artful air of Mozart, some melancholy echo of a nocturne of Chopin, some tender, passionate love-song of Schubert—it was to her that he would play it first. If he could persuade her to a boat-ride with him on the lake Sunday evening, the week was complete. He even learned to know the more shy and delicate forest-blossoms that she preferred, and would come in from a day's guiding with a tiny bunch of belated twin-flowers, or a few purple-fringed orchids, or a handful of nodding stalks of the fragrant pyrola for her.

So the summer passed, and the autumn, with its longer hunting expeditions into the depth of the wilderness; and by the time that winter came around again, Fiddlin' Jack was well settled at Moody's as a regular Adirondack guide of the old-fashioned type, but with a difference. He improved in his English. Something of that missing quality which Moody called ambition, and to which Hose Ransom gave the name of imagination, seemed to awaken within him. He saved his wages. He went into business for himself in a modest way, and made a good turn in the manufacture of deerskin mittens and snowshoes. By the spring he had nearly three hundred dollars laid by, and bought a piece of land from Ransom on the bank of the river just above the village.

The second summer of guiding brought him in enough to commence building a little house. It was of logs, neatly squared at the corners; and there was a door exactly in the middle of the *façade*, with a square window at either side, and another at each end of the house, according to the common style of architecture at Bytown.

But it was in the roof that the touch of distinction appeared. For this, Jacques had modelled after his memory of a Canadian roof. There was a delicate inward curve in it, as it sloped downward from the peak, and the eaves projected pleasantly over the front door, making a strip of shade wherein it would be good to rest when the afternoon sun shone hot.

He took great pride in this effort of the builder's art. One day at the beginning of May, when the house was nearly finished, he asked old Moody and Serena to stop on their way home from the village and see what he had done. He showed them the kitchen, and the living-room, with the bedroom partitioned off from it, and sharing half of its side window. Here was a place where a door could be cut at the back, and a shed built for a summer kitchen—for the coolness, you understand. And here were two stoves—one for the cooking, and the other in the living-room for the warming, both of the newest.

"An' look dat roof. Dat's lak' we make dem in Canada. De rain ron off easy, and de sun not shine too strong at de door. Ain't dat nice? You lak' dat roof, Ma'amselle Seréne, hein?"

Thus the imagination of Jacques unfolded itself, and his ambition appeared to be making plans for its accomplishment. I do not want anyone to suppose that there was a crisis in his affair of the heart. There was none. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether anybody in the village, even Serena herself, ever dreamed that there was such an affair. Up to the point when the house was finished and furnished, it was to be a secret between Jacques and his violin; and they found no difficulty in keeping it.

Bytown was a Yankee village. Jacques was, after all, nothing but a Frenchman. The native tone of religion, what there was of it, was strongly Methodist. Jacques never went to church, and if he was anything, was probably a Roman Catholic. Serena was something of a sentimentalist, and a great reader of novels; but the international love-story had not yet been invented, and the idea of getting married to a foreigner never entered her smooth little head. I do not say that she suspected nothing in the wild flowers, and the Sunday evening boat rides, and the music. She was a woman. I have said already that she liked Jacques very much, and his violin pleased her to the heart. But the new building by the river? I am sure she never even thought of it once in the way that he did.

Well, in the end of June, just after the furniture had come for the house with the curved roof, Serena was married to Hose Ransom. He was a widower without children, and altogether the best fellow, as well as the most prosperous, in the settlement. His house stood up on the hill, behind the lot which Jacques had bought. It was painted white, and it had a narrow front porch, with a scroll-saw fringe around the edge of it; and there was a little garden fenced in with white palings, in which Sweet Williams and pansies and blue lupines and pink bleeding hearts were planted.

The wedding was at the Sportsmen's Retreat, and Jacques was there, of course. There was nothing of the disconsolate lover about him. The noun he might have confessed to, in a confidential moment of intercourse with his violin; but the adjective was not in his line. The strongest impulse in his nature was to be a giver of entertainment, a source of joy in others, a

recognized element of delight in the little world where he moved. He had the artistic temperament in its most primitive and naïve form. Nothing pleased him so much as the act of pleasing. Music was the means which Nature had given him to fulfil this desire. He played, as you might say, out of a certain kind of selfishness, because he enjoyed making other people happy. He was selfish enough, in his way, to want the pleasure of making everybody feel the same delight that he felt in the clear tones, the merry cadences, the tender and caressing flow of his violin. That was consolation. That was power. That was success.

And especially was he selfish enough to want to feel his ability to give Serena a pleasure at her wedding—a pleasure that nobody else could give her. When she asked him to play, he consented gladly. Never had he drawn the bow across the strings with a more magical touch. The wedding guests danced as if they were enchanted. The big bridegroom came up and clapped him on the back, with the nearest approach to a gesture of affection that backwoods etiquette allows between men.

"Jack, you're the boss fiddler o' this hull county. Have a drink now? I guess you're mighty dry."

"*Merci, non*," said Jacques. "I drink only de museek dis night. Eef I drink two t'ings, I get dronk."

In between the dances, and while the supper was going on, he played quieter tunes—ballads and songs that he knew Serena liked. After supper came the final reel; and when that was wound up, with immense hilarity, the company ran out to the side door of the tavern to shout a noisy farewell to the bridal buggy, as it drove down the road toward the house with the white palings. When they came back, the fiddler was gone. He had slipped away to the little cabin with the curved roof.

All night long he sat there playing in the dark. Every tune that he had ever known came back to him—grave and merry, light and sad. He played them over and over again, passing round and round among them as a leaf on a stream follows the eddies, now backward, now forward, and returning most frequently to an echo of

a certain theme from Chopin—you remember the *nocturne in G minor*, the second one. He did not know who Chopin was. Perhaps he did not even know the name of the music. But the air had fallen upon his ear somewhere, and had stayed in his memory; and now it seemed to say something to him that had an especial meaning.

At last he let the bow fall. He patted the brown wood of the violin after his old fashion, loosened the strings a little, wrapped it in its green baize cover, and hung it on the wall.

"Hang thou there, thou little violin," he murmured. "It is now that I shall take the good care of thee, as never before; for thou art the wife of Jacques Tremblay. And the wife of Osée Ransom, she is a friend to us, both of us; and we will make the music for her many years, I tell thee, many years—for her, and for her good man, and for the children—yes?"

But Serena did not have many years to listen to the playing of Jacques Tremblay: on the white porch, in the summer evenings, with bleeding-hearts abloom in the garden; or by the winter fire, while the pale blue moonlight lay on the snow without, and the yellow lamplight filled the room with homely radiance. In the third year after her marriage she died, and Jacques stood beside Hose at the funeral.

There was a child—a little boy—delicate and blue-eyed, the living image of his mother. Jacques appointed himself general attendant, and nurse in extraordinary, and court musician to this child. He gave up his work as a guide. It took him too much away from home. He was tired of it. Besides, what did he want of so much money? He had his house. He could gain enough for all his needs by making snow-shoes and the deerskin mittens at home. Then he could be near little Billy. It was pleasanter so.

When Hose was away on a long trip in the woods, Jacques would move up to the white house and stay on guard. His fiddle learned how to sing the prettiest slumber songs. Moreover, it could crow in the morning, just like the cock; and it could make a noise like a mouse, and like the cats, too; and there were more tunes inside of it than in any music-box in the world.

As the boy grew older, the little cabin with the curved roof became his favorite playground. It was near the river, and Fiddlin' Jack was always ready to make a boat for him, or to help him to catch minnows in the mill-dam. The child had a taste for music, too, and learned some of the old Canadian songs, which he sang in a curious broken *patois*, while his delighted teacher accompanied him on the violin. But it was a great day when he was eight years old, and Jacques brought out a small fiddle, for which he had secretly sent to Albany, and presented it to the boy.

"You see dat feedle, Billee? Dat's for you! You mek' de *leçon* on that. When you kin mak' de *museek*, den you play on de violon—lak' dis one—listen!"

Then he drew the bow across the strings and dashed into a medley of the jolliest airs imaginable.

The boy took to his instruction as kindly as could have been expected. School interrupted it a good deal; and play with the other boys carried him away often; but, after all, there was nothing that he liked much better than to sit in the little cabin on a winter evening and pick out a simple tune after his teacher. He must have had some talent for it, too; for Jacques was very proud of his pupil, and prophesied great things of him.

"You know dat little Billee of 'Ose Ransom," the fiddler would say to a circle of people at the hotel, where he still went to play for parties; "you know dat small Ransom boy? Well, I'm tichin' heem play de feedle; an' I tell you, one day he play better dan hees ticher. Ah, dat's gr-r-reat t'ing, de *museek*, ain't it? Mek' you laugh, mek' you cry, mek' you dance! Now, you dance. Tek' your pardnerre. *En avant!* Kip' step to de *museek!*"

IV

THIRTY years brought many changes to Bytown. The wild woodland flavor evaporated out of the place almost entirely; and instead of an independent centre of rustic life, it became an annex to great cities. It was exploited as a summer-resort, and discovered as a winter-resort. Three or four big hotels were planted

there, and in their shadow a score of boarding-houses alternately languished and flourished. The summer cottage also appeared and multiplied; and with it came many of the peculiar features which man elaborates in his struggle toward the finest civilization—afternoon teas, and amateur theatricals, and claw-hammer coats, and a casino, and even a few servants in livery.

The very name of Bytown was discarded as being too American and commonplace. An Indian name was discovered, and considered much more romantic and appropriate. You will look in vain for Bytown on the map now. Nor will you find the old saw-mill there any longer, wasting a vast water-power to turn its dripping wheel and cut up a few pine-logs into fragrant boards. There is a big steam-mill a little farther up the river, which rips out thousands of feet of lumber in a day; but there are no more pine-logs, only sticks of spruce which the old lumbermen would have thought hardly worth cutting. And down below the dam there is a pulp-mill, to chew up the poplar and the birch and turn it into paper, and a chair factory, and two or three industrial establishments, with quite a little colony of French Canadians employed in them as workmen.

Hose Ransom sold his place on the hill to one of the hotel companies, and a huge caravansary occupied the site of the house with the white palings. There were no more bleeding-hearts in the garden. There were beds of flaring red geraniums, which looked as if they were painted; and across the circle of smooth lawn in front of the piazza the name of the hotel was printed in coleus—letters two feet long, immensely ugly. Hose had been elevated to the office of postmaster, and lived in a Queen Anne cottage on the main street. Little Billy Ransom had grown up into a very interesting young man, with a decided musical genius, and a tenor voice, which being discovered by an enterprising patron of genius from Boston, Billy was sent away to Paris to learn to sing. Some day you will hear of his *début* in grand opera, as *Monsieur Guillaume Ransom*.

But Fiddlin' Jack lived on in the little house with the curved roof, beside the

river, refusing all the good offers which were made to him for his piece of land.

"*Non*," he said: "what for shall I sell dis house? I lak' her, she lak' me. All dese walls got full from museek, jus' lak' de wood of dis violon. He play bettair dan de new feedle, becos' I play heem so long. I lak' to lissen to dat rivaire in de night. She sing from long taim' ago—jus' de same song w'en I firs' come here. What for I go away? Wat I get? What you can gif' me lak' dat?"

He was still the favorite musician of the county-side, in great request at parties and weddings; but he had extended the sphere of his influence a little. He was not willing to go to church, though there were now several to chose from; but a young minister of liberal views who had come to take charge of the new Episcopal chapel had persuaded Jacques into the Sunday-school, to lead the children's singing with his violin. He did it so well that the school became the most popular in the village. It was much pleasanter to sing than to listen to long addresses.

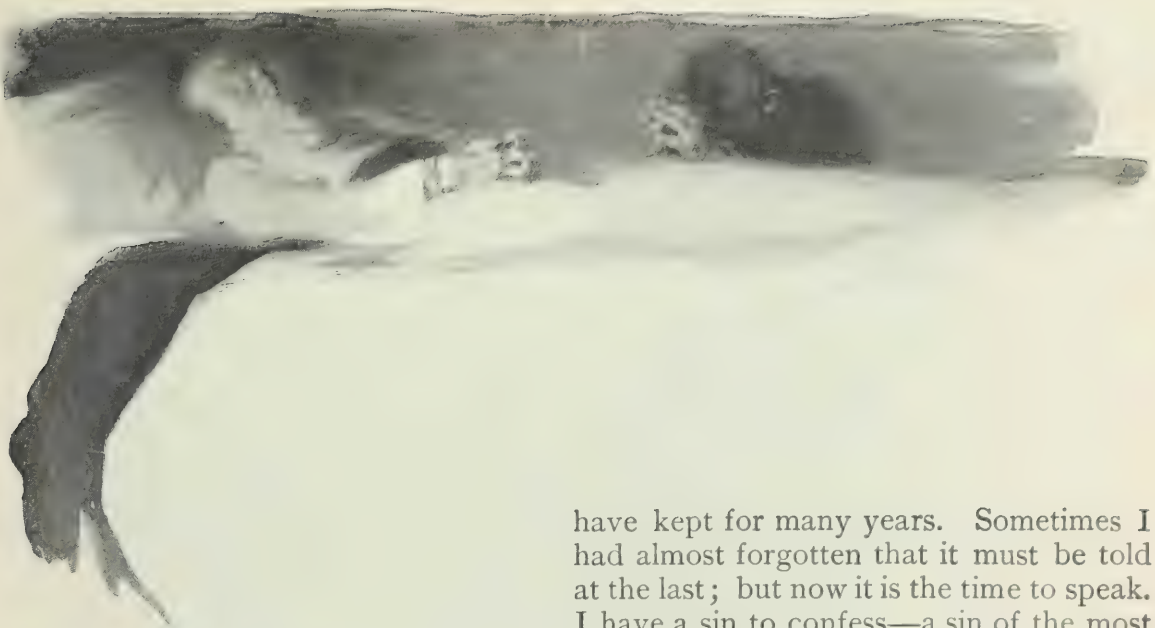
Jacques grew old gracefully, but he certainly grew old rapidly. His beard was white; his shoulders were stooping; he suffered a good deal in damp days from rheumatism—fortunately not in his hands, but in his legs. One spring there was a long spell of abominable weather, just between freezing and thawing. He caught a heavy cold and took to his bed. Hose came over to look after him.

For a few days the old fiddler kept up his courage, and would sit up in the bed trying to play; then his strength and his spirit seemed to fail together. He grew silent and indifferent. When Hose came in he would find Jacques with his face turned to the wall, where there was a tiny brass crucifix hanging below the violin, and his lips moving quietly.

"Don't ye want the fiddle, Jack? I'd like ter hear some o' them old-time tunes agin."

But the artifice failed. Jacques shook his head. His mind seemed to turn back to the time of his first arrival in the village, and beyond it. When he spoke at all, it was of something connected with this early time.

"Dat was bad taim' when I near keel Bull Corey, *hein*?"



Hose nodded gravely.

"Dat was beeg storm, dat night when I come to Bytown. You remember dat?"

Yes, Hose remembered it very well. It was a real old-fashioned storm.

"Ah, but befo' dose taim', dere was wuss tam' dan dat—in Canada. Nobody don' know 'bout dat. I lak' to tell you, 'Ose, but I can't. *Non, pas possib', jamais!*"

It came into Hose's mind that the case was serious. Jack was going to die. He never went to church, but perhaps the Sunday-school might count for something. He was only a Frenchman, after all, and Frenchmen had their own ways of doing things. He certainly ought to see some kind of a preacher before he went out of the wilderness. There was a Canadian priest in town that week, who had come down to see about getting up a church for the French people who worked in the mills. Perhaps Jack would like to talk with him.

His face lighted up at the proposal. He asked to have the room tidied up, and a clean shirt put on him, and the violin laid open in its case on a table beside the bed, and a few other preparations made for the visit. Then the visitor came, a tall, friendly, quiet-looking man about Jacques's age, with a smooth face and a long black cassock. The door was shut, and they were left alone together.

"I am comforted that you are come, *mon père*," said the sick man, "for I have the heavy heart. There is a secret that I

have kept for many years. Sometimes I had almost forgotten that it must be told at the last; but now it is the time to speak. I have a sin to confess—a sin of the most grievous, of the most unpardonable."

The listener soothed him with gracious words; spoke of the mercy that waits for all the penitent; urged him to open his heart without delay.

"Well, then, *mon père*, it is this that makes me fear to die. Long since, in Canada, before I came to this place, I have killed a man. It was——"

The voice stopped. The little round clock on the window-sill ticked very distinctly and rapidly, as if it were in a hurry.

"I will speak as short as I can. It was in the camp of 'Poléon Gautier, on the river St. Maurice. The big Baptiste Lacombe, that crazy boy who wants always to fight, he mocks me when I play, he snatches my violin, he goes to break him on the stove. There is a knife in my belt. I spring to Baptiste. I see no more what it is that I do. I cut him in the neck—once, twice. The blood flies out. He falls down. He cries, 'I die.' I grab my violin from the floor, quick; then I run to the woods. No one can catch me. A blanket, the axe, some food, I get from a *cachette* down the river. Then I travel, travel, travel through the woods, how many days I know not, till I come here. No one knows me. I give myself the name Tremblay. I make the music for them. With my violin I live. I am happy. I forget. But it all returns to me—now—at the last. I have murdered. Is there a forgiveness for me, *mon père*?"

The priest's face had changed very

swiftly at the mention of the camp on the St. Maurice. As the story went on, he grew strangely excited. His lips twitched. His hands trembled. At the end he sank on his knees, close by the bed, and looked into the countenance of the sick man, searching it as a forester searches in the undergrowth for a lost trail. Then his eyes lighted up as he found it.

"My son," said he, clasping the old fiddler's hand in his own, "you are Jacques Dellaire. And I—do you know me now?—I am Baptiste Lacombe. See those two scars upon my neck. But it was not death. You have not murdered. You have given the stroke that changed my heart. Your sin is forgiven—and *mine also*—by the mercy of God!"

The round clock ticked louder and louder. A level ray from the setting sun—red gold—came in through the dusty window, and lay across the clasped hands on the bed. A white-throated sparrow, the first of the season, on his way to the woods beyond the St. Lawrence, whistled so clearly and sweetly that it seemed as if he were repeating to these two gray-haired exiles the name of their homeland. But there was a sweeter sound than that in the quiet room.

It was the sound of the prayer which begins, whatever language it uses, with

the name of that Unseen One who rules over life's chances, and pities its discords, and tunes it back again into harmony. Yes, this prayer of the little children who are only learning how to play the first notes of life's music, turns to the great Master musician who knows it all and who loves to bring a melody out of every instrument that He has made—and it seems to lay the soul in His hands to play upon as He will—while it calls Him, *Our Father!*

Some day, perhaps, you will go to the busy place where Bytown used to be; and if you do, you must take the street by the river to the small wooden church of St. James. It stands on the spot where there was once a cabin with a curved roof. There is a gilt cross on the top of the church. The door is usually open, and the interior is quite gay with vases of china and brass, and paper flowers of many colors; but if you go through to the sacristy at the rear, you will see a brown violin hanging on the wall.

Père Baptiste, if he is there, will take it down and show it to you. He calls it a remarkable instrument—of the best, of the most sweet.

But he will not let any one play upon it. He says it is a relic.



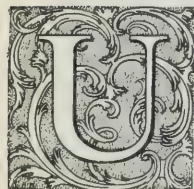
THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

I

THE BOY IN THE GATE-HOUSE



UNTIL his ninth year the boy about whom this story is written lived in a house which looked upon the square of a county town. The house had once formed part of a large religious building, and the boy's bedroom had a high groined roof, and on the capstone an angel carved, with outspread wings. Every night the boy wound up his prayers with this verse, which his grandmother had taught him :

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch and one to pray,
Two to bear my soul away.

Then he would look up to the angel and say : "Only Luke is with me." His head was full of queer texts and beliefs. He supposed the three other angels to be always waiting in the next room, ready to bear away the soul of his grandmother (who was bedridden), and that he had Luke for an angel because he was called Theophilus, after the friend for whom St. Luke had written his Gospel and the Acts of the Holy Apostles. His name in full was Theophilus John Raymond, but people called him Taffy.

Of his parents' circumstances he knew very little, except that they were poor, and that his father was a clergyman attached to the parish church. As a matter of fact, the Reverend Samuel Raymond was senior curate there, with a stipend of ninety-five pounds a year. Born at Tewkesbury, the son of a miller, he had won his way to a servitorship at Christ Church, Oxford ; and somehow, in the course of one Long Vacation, had found money for travelling expenses to join a reading party under the Junior Censor. The party spent six summer weeks at a farm-house near Honiton,

in Devon. The farm belonged to an invalid widow named Venning, who let it be managed by her daughter Humility and two paid laborers, while she herself sat by the window in her kitchen parlor, busied incessantly with lace-work, of that beautiful kind for which Honiton is famous.

He was an unassuming youth ; and, although in those days servitors were no longer called upon to black the boots of richer undergraduates, the widow and her daughter soon divined that he was lowlier than the others, and his position an awkward one, and were kind to him in small ways, and grew to like him. Next year, at their invitation, he travelled down to Honiton alone, with a box of books ; and, at twenty-two, having taken his degree, he paid them a third visit, and asked Humility to be his wife. At twenty-four, soon after his admission to deacon's orders, they were married. The widow sold the small farm, with its stock, and followed, to live with them in the friary gate-house ; this having been part of Humility's bargain with her lover, if the word can be used of a pact between two hearts so fond.

About ten years had gone since these things happened, and their child Taffy was now past his eighth birthday.

It seemed to him that, as far back as he could remember, his mother and grandmother had been making lace continually. At night, when his mother took the candle away with her and left him alone in the dark, he was not afraid ; for, by closing his eyes, he could always see the two women quite plainly ; and always he saw them at work, each with a pillow on her lap, and the lace upon it growing, growing, until the pins and bobbins wove a pattern that was a dream, and he slept. He could not tell what became of all the lace, though he had a collar of it, which he wore to church on Sundays, and his mother had once shown him a parcel of it, wrapped in tissue-paper, and told him it was his christening robe.

His father was always reading, except



on Sundays, when he preached sermons. In his thoughts, nine times out of ten, Taffy associated his father with a great pile of books ; but the tenth time with something totally different. One summer—it was in his sixth year—they had all gone on a holiday to Tewkesbury, his father's old home ; and he recalled quite clearly the close of a warm afternoon which he and his mother had spent there in a green meadow beyond the abbey church. She had brought out a basket and cushion, and sat sewing, while Taffy played about and watched the hay-makers at their work. Behind them, within the great church, the organ was sounding ; but by and by it stopped, and a door opened in the abbey wall, and his father came across the meadow toward them, with his surplice on his arm. And then Humility unpacked the basket and produced a kettle, a spirit-lamp, and a host of things good to eat. The boy thought the whole adventure splendid. When tea was done, he sprang up with one of those absurd notions which come into children's heads :

"Now let's feed the poultry," he cried, and flung his last scrap of bun three feet in air toward the gilt weather-cock on the abbey tower. While they laughed, "Father, how tall is the tower?" he demanded.

"A hundred and thirty-two feet, my boy, from ground to battlements."

"What are battlements?"

He was told.

"But people don't fight here," he objected.

Then his father told of a battle fought in the very meadow in which they were sitting ; of soldiers at bay with their backs to the abbey wall ; of crowds that ran screaming into the church ; of others chased down Mill Street and drowned ; of others killed by the Town Cross ; and how—people said in the upper room of a house still standing in the High Street—a boy prince had been stabbed.

Humility laid a hand on his arm.

"He'll be dreaming of all this. Tell him it was a long time ago, and that these things don't happen now."

But her husband was looking up at the tower.

"See it now with the light upon it!" he went on. "And it has seen it all. Eight

hundred years of heaven's storms and man's madness, and still foursquare and as beautiful now as when the old masons took down their scaffolding. When I was a boy——"

He broke off suddenly. "Lord, make men as towers," he added, quietly, after awhile, and nobody spoke for many minutes.

To Taffy this had seemed a very queer saying ; about as queer as that other one about "men as trees walking." Somehow—he could not say why—he had never asked any questions about it. But many times he had perched himself on a flat tombstone under the church tower at home, and tilted his head back and stared up at the courses and pinnacles, wondering what his father could have meant, and how a man could possibly be like a tower. It ended in this—that whenever he dreamed about his father, these two towers, or a tower which was more or less a combination of both, would get mixed up with the dream as well.

The gate-house contained a sitting-room and three bedrooms (one hardly bigger than a box-cupboard) ; but a building adjoined it which had been the old Franciscans' refectory, though now it was divided by common planking into two floors, the lower serving for a feoffee office, while the upper was supposed to be a muniment-room, in charge of the feoffees' clerk. The clerk used it for drying his garden-seeds and onions, and spread his hoarding apples to ripen on the floor. So when Taffy grew to need a room of his own, and his father's books to cumber the very stairs of the gate-house, the money which Humility and her mother made by their lace-work, and which arrived always by post, came very handy for the rent which the clerk asked for his upper chamber.

Carpenters appeared and partitioned it off into two rooms, communicating with the gate-house by a narrow doorway pierced in the wall. All this, whilst it was doing, interested Taffy mightily ; and he announced his intention of being a carpenter one of these days.

"I hope," said Humility, "you will look higher, and be a preacher of God's Word, like your father."

His father frowned at this and said: "Jesus Christ was both."

Taffy compromised: "Perhaps I'll make pulpits."

This was how he came to have a bedroom with a vaulted roof and a window that reached down below the floor.

II

MUSIC IN THE TOWN SQUARE



HIS window looked upon the town square, and across it to the mayoralty. The square had once been the Franciscans' burial-ground, and was really no square at all, but a semicircle. The townspeople called it Mount Folly. The chord of the arc was formed by a large Assize Hall, with a broad flight of granite steps, and a cannon planted on either side of the steps. The children used to climb about these cannons, and Taffy had picked out his first letters from the words Sevastopol and Russian Trophy, painted in white on their lead-colored carriages.

Below the Assize Hall an open gravelled space sloped gently down to a line of iron railings and another flight of granite steps leading into the main street. The street curved uphill around the base of this open ground, and came level with it just in front of the mayoralty, a tall stuccoed building where the public balls were given, and the judges had their lodgings in assize time, and the colonel his quarters during the militia training.

Fine shows passed under Taffy's window. Twice a year came the judges, with the sheriff in uniform and his chaplain, and his coach, and his coachman and lackeys in powder and plush and silk stockings, white or flesh-colored; and the barristers with their wigs, and the javelin men and silver trumpets. Every spring, too, the Royal Rangers Militia came up for training. Suddenly, one morning, in the height of the bird-nesting season, the street would swarm with countrymen tramping up to the barracks on the hill, and back with bundles of clothes and unblackened boots dangling. For the next six weeks the town would be full of bugle

calls, and brazen music, and companies marching and parading in suits of invisible green, and clanking officers in black, with little round forage caps, and silver badges on their side-belts; and, toward evening, with men lounging and smoking, or washing themselves in public before the doors of their billets.

Usually, too, Whitsun Fair fell at the height of the militia training; and then, for two days, booths and caravans, sweet-standings and shooting-galleries lined the main street, and Taffy went out with a shilling in his pocket to enjoy himself. But the bigger shows—the menagerie, the marionettes, and the travelling theatre Royal—were pitched on Mount Folly, just under his window. Sometimes the theatre would stay for a week or two after the fair was over, until even the boy grew tired of the naphtha-lamps and the voices of the tragedians, and the cornet wheezing under canvas, and began to long for the time when they would leave the square open for the boys to come and play at prisoner's base in the dusk.

One evening, a fortnight before Whitsun Fair, he had taken his book to the open window, and sat there with it. Every night he had to learn a text which he repeated next morning to his mother. Already, across the square, the mayoralty house was brightly lit, and the bandsmen had begun to arrange their stands and music before it; for the colonel was receiving company. Every now and then a carriage arrived, and set down its guests.

After awhile Taffy looked up and saw two people crossing the square—an old man and a little girl. He recognized them, having seen them together in church the day before, when his father had preached the sermon. The old man wore a rusty silk hat, cocked a little to one side, a high stock collar, black cutaway coat, breeches and gaiters of gray cord. He stooped as he walked, with his hands behind him and his walking-stick dangling like a tail—a very positive old fellow, to look at. The girl's face Taffy could not see; it was hidden by the brim of her Leghorn hat.

The pair passed close under the window. Taffy heard a knock at the door below, and ran to the head of the stairs. Down in the passage his mother was

talking to the old man, who turned to the girl and told her to wait outside.

"But let her come in and sit down," urged Humility.

"Nô, ma'am; I know my mind. I want one hour with your husband."

Taffy heard the door shut, and went back to his window-seat.

The little girl had climbed the cannon opposite, and sat there dangling her feet and eying the house.

"Boy," said she, "what a funny window-seat you've got! I can see your legs under it."

"That's because the window reaches down to the floor, and the bench is fixed across by the transom here."

"What's your name?"

"Theophilus; but they call me Taffy."

"Why?"

"Father says it's an imperfect example of Grimm's Law."

"Oh! Then, I suppose you're quite the gentleman. My name's Honoria."

"Is that your father downstairs?"

"Bless the boy! What age d' you take me for? He's my grandfather. He's asking your father about his soul. He wants to be saved, and says if he's not saved before next Lady-day, he'll know the reason why. What are you doing up there?"

"Reading."

"Reading what?"

"The Bible."

"But, I say, can you really?"

"You listen." Taffy rested the big Bible on the window-frame; it just had room to lie open, between the two mulions—"Now when they had gone throughout Phrygia and Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, after they were come to Mysia they assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not. And they, passing by Mysia, came down to Troas. And a vision appeared to Paul in the night. . . ."

"I don't wonder at it. Did you ever have the whooping-cough?"

"Not yet."

"I've had it all the winter. That's why I'm not allowed in to play with you. Listen!"

She coughed twice, and wound up with a terrific whoop.

"Now, if you'd only put on your night-

shirt and preach, I'd be the congregation and interrupt you with coughing."

"Very well," said Taffy, "let's do it."

"No; you didn't suggest it. I hate boys who have to be told."

Taffy was huffed and pretended to return to his book. By and by she called up to him:

"Tell me what's written on this gun of yours?"

"Sevastopol—that's a Russian town. The English took it by storm."

"What! the soldiers over there?"

"No, they're only bandmen; and they're too young. But I expect the Colonel was there. He's upstairs in the mayoralty, dining. He's quite an old man, but I've heard father say he was as brave as a lion when the fighting happened."

The girl climbed off the gun.

"I'm going to have a look at him," she said; and turning her back on Taffy, she sauntered off across the square, just as the band struck up the first note of the overture from "Semiramide." A waltz of Strauss followed, and then came a cornet solo by the bandmaster, and a melody of old English tunes—to all of these Taffy listened. It had fallen too dark to read, and the boy was always sensitive to music. Often when he played alone, broken phrases and scraps of remembered tunes came into his head and repeated themselves over and over. Then he would drop his game and wander about restlessly, trying to fix and complete the melody; and somehow in the process the melody always became a story, or so like a story that he never knew the difference. Sometimes his uneasiness lasted for days together. But when the story came complete at last—and this always sprang on him quite suddenly—he wanted to caper and fling his arms about and sing aloud; and did so, if nobody happened to be looking.

The bandmaster, too, had music, and a reputation for imparting it. Famous regimental bands contained pupils of his; and his old pupils, when they met, usually told each other stories of his atrocious temper. But he kept his temper to-night, for his youngsters were playing well, and the small crowd standing quiet.

The English melodies had scarcely

closed with "Come, lassies and lads," when across in the mayoralty a blind was drawn, and a window thrown open, and Taffy saw the warm room within, and the officers and ladies standing with glasses in their hands. The Colonel was giving the one toast of the evening :

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The Queen!"

The adjutant leaned out and lifted his hand for signal, and the band crashed out with the National Anthem. Then there was silence for a minute. The window remained open. Taffy still caught glimpses of jewels and uniforms, and white necks bending, and men leaning back in their chairs, with their mess-jackets open, and the candle-light flashing on their shirt-fronts. Below, in the dark street, the bandmaster trimmed the lamp by his music-stand. In the rays of it he drew out a handkerchief and polished the keys of his cornet; then passed the cornet over to his left hand, took up his baton, and nodded.

What music was that, stealing, rippling across the square? The bandmaster knew nothing of the tale of Tannhauser, but was wishing that he had violins at his beck, instead of stupid flutes and reeds. And Taffy had never heard so much as the name of Tannhauser. Of the meaning of the music he knew nothing—nothing beyond its wonder and terror. But afterward he made a tale of it to himself.

In the tale it seemed that a vine shot up and climbed on the shadows of the warm night; and the shadows climbed with it and made a trellis for it right across the sky. The vine thrust through the trellis faster and faster, dividing, throwing out little curls and tendrils; then leaves and millions of leaves, each leaf unfolding about a drop of dew, which trickled and fell, and tinkled like a bird's song.

The beauty and scent of the vine distressed him. He wanted to cry out, for it was hiding the sky. Then he heard the tramp of feet in the distance, and knew that they threatened the vine, and with that he wanted to save it. But the feet came nearer and nearer, tramping terribly.

He could not bear it. He ran to the stairs, stole down them, opened the front door cautiously, and slipped outside. He was half-way across the square before it occurred to him that the band had ceased

to play. Then he wondered why he had come, but he did not go back. He found Honoria standing a little apart from the crowd, with her hands clasped behind her, gazing up at the window of the banqueting-room.

She did not see him at once.

"Stand on the steps, here," he whispered, "then you can see him. That's the Colonel—the man at the end of the table, with the big, gray mustache."

He touched her arm. She sprang away and stamped her foot.

"Keep off with you! Who *told* you—Oh! you bad boy!"

"Nobody. I thought you hated boys who wait to be told."

"And now you'll get the whooping-cough, and goodness knows what will happen to you, and you needn't think I'll be sorry!"

"Who wants you to be sorry? As for you," Taffy went on, sturdily, "I think your grandfather might have more sense than to keep you waiting out here in the cold, and giving your cough to the whole town!"

"Ha! you do, do you?"

It was not the girl who said this. Taffy swung round and saw an old man staring down on him. There was just light enough to reveal that he had very formidable gray eyes. But Taffy's blood was up.

"Yes, I do," he said, and wondered at himself.

"Ha! Does your father whip you sometimes?"

"No, sir."

"I should, if you were my boy. I believe in it. Come, Honoria!"

The child threw a glance at Taffy as she was led away. He could not be sure whether she took his side or her grandfather's.

That night he had a very queer dream.

His grandmother had lost her lace-pillow, and after searching for some time, he found it lying out in the square. But the pins and bobbins were darting to and fro on their own account, at an incredible rate, and the lace as they made it turned into a singing beanstalk, and rose and threw out branches all over the sky. Very soon he found himself climbing among these branches, up and up, until he came to a Palace, which was really the Assize

Hall, with a flight of steps before it, and a cannon on either side of the steps. Within sat a giant, asleep, with his head on the table and his face hidden; but his neck bulged at the back just like the bandmaster's during a cornet solo. A harp stood on the table. Taffy caught this up, and was stealing downstairs with it, but at the third stair the harp—which had Honoria's head and face—began to cough, and wound up with a whoop! This woke the giant—he turned out to be Honoria's grandfather—who came roaring after him. Glancing down below as he ran, Taffy saw his mother and the bandmaster far below with axes, hacking at the foot of the beanstalk. He tried to call out and prevent them, but they kept smiting. And the worst of it was, that down below, too, his father was climbing into a pulpit, quite as if nothing was happening. The pulpit grew and became a tower, and his father kept calling, "Be a tower! Be a tower, like me!"

But Taffy couldn't for the life of him see how to manage it. The beanstalk began to totter; he felt himself falling, and leapt for the tower.

And awoke in his bed shuddering, and, for the first time in his life, afraid of the dark. He would have called for his mother, but just then down by the turret clock in Fore Street the buglers began to sound the "Last Post," and he hugged himself and felt that the world he knew was still about him, companionable and kind.

Twice the buglers repeated their call, in more distant streets, each time more faintly; and the last flying notes carried him into sleep again.

III

PASSENGERS BY JOBY'S VAN



AT breakfast next morning he saw by his parent's faces that something unusual had happened. Nothing was said to him about it, whatever it might be. But once or twice after this, coming into the parlor suddenly, he found his father and mother talking low and earnestly together; and

now and then they would go up to his grandmother's room and talk.

In some way he divined that there was a question of leaving home. But the summer passed and these private talks became fewer. Toward August, however, they began again; and by and by his mother told him. They were going to a parish on the North Coast, right away across the Duchy, where his father had been presented to a living. The place had an odd name—Nannizabuloe.

"And it is lonely," said Humility, "the most of it sea-sand, as far as I can hear."

It was by the sea, then. How would they get there?

"Oh, Joby's van will take us most of the way."

Of all the vans which came and went in the Fore Street, none could compare for romance with Joby's. People called it the Wreck Ashore; but its real name, "Vital Spark, J. Job, Proprietor," was painted on its orange-colored sides in letters of vivid blue, a blue not often seen except on ships' boats. It disappeared every Tuesday and Saturday over the hill and into a mysterious country, from which it emerged on Mondays and Fridays, with a fine flavor of the sea renewed upon it, and upon Joby. No other driver wore a blue guernsey, or rings in his ears, as Joby did. No other van had the same mode of progressing down the street in a series of short tacks, or brought such a crust of brine on its panes, or such a mixture of mud and fine sand on its wheels, or mingled scraps of dry sea-weed with the straw on its floor.

"Will there be ships?" Taffy asked.

"I daresay we shall see a few, out in the distance. It's a poor, outlandish place. It hasn't even a proper church."

"If there's no church, father can get into a boat and preach; just like the Sea of Galilee, you know."

"Your father is too good a man to mimic the Scriptures in any such way. There is a church, I believe, though it's a tumble-down one. Nobody has preached in it for years. But Squire Moyle may do something now. He's a rich man."

"Is that the old gentleman who came to ask father about his soul?"

"Yes; he says no preaching ever did

him so much good as your father's. That's why he came and offered the living."

"But he can't go to heaven if he's rich?"

"I don't know, Taffy, wherever you pick up such wicked thoughts."

"Why, it's in the Bible."

Humility would not argue about it; but she told her husband that night what the child had said.

"My dear," he answered, "the boy must think of these things."

"But he ought not to be talking disrespectfully," contended she.

One Tuesday, toward the end of September, Taffy saw his father off by Job's van; and the Friday after, walked down with his mother to meet him on his return. Almost at once the household began to pack. The packing went on for a week, in the midst of which his father departed again, a wagon-load of books and furniture having been sent forward on the road that same morning. Then followed a day or two, during which Taffy and his mother took their meals at the window-seat, sitting on corded boxes; and an evening, when he went out to the cannon in the square, and around the little back garden, saying good-by to the fixtures and the few odds and ends which were to be left behind—the tool-shed (Crusoe's hut, Cave of Adullam, and treasury of the Forty Thieves), the stunted sycamore-tree, which he had climbed at different times as Zacchæus, Ali Baba, and Man Friday with the bear behind him; the clothes' prop, which, on the strength of its forked tail, had so often played Dragon to his St. George. When he returned to the empty house, he found his mother in the passage. She had been for a walk alone. The candle was lit, and he saw she had been crying. This told him where she had been; for, although he remembered nothing about it, he knew he had once possessed a small sister, who lived with them less than two months. He had, as a rule, very definite notions of death and the grave; but he never thought of her as dead and buried, partly because his mother would never allow him to go with her to the cemetery, and partly because of a picture in a certain book of his, called "Child's Play." It represented a little girl wading across a pool among water-lilies. She wore

a white nightdress, kilted above her knees, and a dark cloak, which dragged behind in the water. She let it trail, while she held up a hand to cover one of her eyes. Above her were trees and an owl, and a star shining under the topmost branch; and on the opposite page this verse:

I have a little sister,

They call her Peep-peep,

She wades through the waters,

Deep, deep, deep;

She climbs up the mountains,

High, high, high;

This poor little creature

She has but one eye.

For years Taffy believed that this was his little sister, one-eyed, and always wandering; and that his mother went out in the dusk to persuade her to return; but she never would.

When he woke next morning his mother was in the room; and while he washed and dressed she folded his bed-clothes and carried them down to a wagon which stood by the door, with horses already harnessed. It drove away soon after. He found breakfast laid on the window-seat. A neighbor had lent the crockery, and Taffy was much taken with the pattern on the cups and saucers. He wanted to run round again and repeat his good-byes to the house, but there was no time. By and by the door opened, and two men, neighbors of theirs, entered with an invalid's litter; and, Humility directing, brought down old Mrs. Venning. She wore the corner of a Paisley shawl over her white cap, and carried a nosegay of flowers in place of her lace-pillow; but otherwise looked much as usual.

"Quite the traveller, you see!" she cried gayly to Taffy.

Then the woman who had lent the breakfast-ware came running to say that Job was getting impatient. Humility handed the door-key to her, and so the little procession passed out, and down across Mount Folly.

Job had drawn his van up close to the granite steps. They were the only passengers, it seemed. The invalid was hoisted in, and laid with her couch across the seats, so that her shoulders rested against one side of the van and her feet against the other. Humility climbed in after her; but Taffy, to his joy, was given a seat outside on the box.

"C'k!"—they were off.

As they crawled up the street a few townspeople paused on the pavement and waved farewells. At the top of the town they overtook three sailor-boys, with bundles, who climbed up and perched themselves a-top of the van, on the luggage.

On they went again. There were two horses—a roan and a gray. Taffy had never before looked down on the back of a horse, and Job's horses astonished him; they were so broad behind, and so narrow at the shoulders. He wanted to ask if the shape were at all common, but felt shy. He stole a glance at the silver ring in Job's left ear, and blushed when Job turned and caught him.

"Here, catch hold!" said Job, handing him the whip. "Only you mustn't use it too fierce."

"Thank you."

"I suppose you'll be a scholar, like your father? Can ee spell?"

"Yes."

"Cipher?"

"Yes."

"That's more than I can. I counts upon my fingers. When they be used up, I begins upon my buttons. I ha'n't got no buttons—visible that is—'pon my week-a-day clothes; so I keeps the long sums for Sundays, and adds 'em up and down my weskit during sermon. Don't tell any person."

"I won't."

"That's right. I don't want it known. Ever see a gipsy?"

"Oh, yes—often."

"Next time you see one you'll know why he wears so many buttons. You've a lot to learn."

The van zigzagged down one hill and up another, and halted at a turnpike. An old woman in a pink sun-bonnet bustled out and handed Job a pink ticket. A little way beyond they passed the angle of a mining district, with four or five engine-houses high up like castles on the hill-side, and rows of stamps clattering and working up and down like ogres' teeth. Next they came to a church town, with a green and a heap of linen spread to dry (for it was Tuesday), and a flock of geese that ran and hissed after the van, until Joby took the whip and, leaning out, looped the gander by the neck and pulled him along in

the dust. The sailor-boys shouted with laughter and struck up a song about a fox and a goose, which lasted all the way up a long hill and brought them to a second turnpike, on the edge of the moors. Here lived an old woman in a blue sun-bonnet; and she handed Joby a yellow ticket.

"But why does she wear a blue bonnet and give yellow tickets?" Taffy asked as they drove on.

Joby considered for a minute. "Ah, you're one to take notice, I see. That's right, keep your eyes skinned when you travel."

Taffy had to think this out. The country was changing now. They had left stubble fields and hedges behind, and before them the granite road stretched like a white ribbon, with moors on either hand, dotted with peat-ricks and reedy pools and cropping ponies, and rimmed in the distance with clay-works glistening in the sunny weather.

"What sort of place is Nannizabuloe?"

"I don't go on there. I drop you at Indian Queen's."

"But what sort of place is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you what folks say of it:

All sea and san's,

Out of the world and into St. Ann's.

That's what they say, and if I'm wrong you may call me a liar."

"And Squire Moyle?" Taffy persevered. "What kind of man is he?"

Joby turned and eyed him severely. "Look here, sonny. I got my living to get."

This silenced Taffy for a long while, but he picked up his courage again by degrees. There was a small window at his back, and he twisted himself round, and nodded to his mother and grandmother inside the van. He could not hear what they answered, for the sailor-boys were singing at the top of their voices:

I will sing you One, O!

What is your One, O?

Number One sits all alone, and ever more shall be-e so.

"They're home 'pon leave," said Joby. The song went on and reached Number Seven:

I will sing you Seven, O!

What is your Seven, O?

Seven be seven stars in the ship a-sailing round in Heaven, O!

One of the boys leaned from the roof and twitched Taffy by the hair. "Hullo, nipper! Did you ever see a ship of stars?" He grinned and pulled open his sailor's jumper and singlet; and there, on his naked breast, Taffy saw a ship tattooed, with three masts, and a half-circle of stars above it, and below it the initials W. P.

"D'ee think my mother'll know me again?" asked the boy, and the other two began to laugh.

"Yes, I think so," said Taffy, gravely; which made them laugh more than ever.

"But why is he painted like that?" he asked Joby, as they took up their song again.

"Ah, you'll larn over to St. Ann's, being one to notice things." The nearer he came to it, the more mysterious this new home of Taffy's seemed to grow. By and by Humility let down the window and handed out a pasty. Joby searched under his seat and found a pasty, twice the size of Taffy's, in a nose-bag. They ate as they went. Late in the afternoon they came to hedges again, and at length to an inn; and in front of it Taffy spied his father waiting with a farm-cart. While Joby baited his horses, the sailor-boys helped to lift out the invalid and tranship the luggage; after which they climbed on the roof again, and were jogged away northward in the dusk, waving their caps and singing.

The most remarkable thing about the inn was its signboard. This bore on either side the picture of an Indian queen and two blackamoor children, all with striped parasols, walking together across a desert. The queen on one side wore a scarlet turban and a blue robe; but the queen on the other side wore a blue turban and a scarlet robe. Taffy dodged from side to side, comparing them, and had not made up his mind which he liked best when Humility called him indoors to tea.

They had ham and eggs with their tea, which they took in a great hurry; and then his grandmother was lifted into the cart and laid on a bed of clean straw beside the boxes, and he and his mother clambered up in front. So they started again, his father walking at the horse's head.

They took the road toward the sunset. As the dusk fell closer around, Mr. Ray-

mond lit a horn lantern and carried it before them. The rays of it danced and wheeled upon the hedges and gorse bushes. Taffy began to feel sleepy, though it was long before his usual bedtime. The air seemed to weigh his eyelids down. Or was it a sound lulling him? He looked up suddenly. His mother's arm was about him. Stars flashed above, and a glimmer fell on her gentle face—a dew of light, as it were. Her dark eyes appeared darker than usual as she leaned and drew her shawl over his shoulder.

Ahead, the rays of the lantern kept up their dance, but they flared now and again upon stone hedges built in zigzag layers, and upon unknown feathery bushes, intensely green, and glistening every now and then like metal.

The cart jolted and the lantern swung to a soundless tune that filled the night. When Taffy listened it ceased; when he ceased listening, it began again.

The lantern stopped its dance and stood still over a ford of black water. The cart splashed into it, and became a ship, heaving and lurching over a soft, irregular floor that returned no sound. But suddenly the ship became a cart again, and stood still before a house with a narrow garden-path and a light streaming along it from an open door.

His father lifted him down; his mother took his hand. They seemed to wade together up that stream of light. Then came a staircase and room with a bed in it, which, oddly enough, turned out to be his own. He stared at the pink roses on the curtains. Yes; certainly it was his own bed. And satisfied of this, he nestled down in the pillows and slept, to the long cadence of the sea.

IV

THE RUNNING SANDS



HE awoke to find the sun shining in at his window. At first he wondered what had happened. The window seemed to be in the ceiling, and the ceiling sloped down to the walls, and all the furniture had gone astray into wrong positions. Then he

remembered, jumped out of bed, and drew the blind.

He saw a blue line of sea, so clearly drawn that the horizon might have been a string stretched from the corner eaves to the snow-white light-house standing on the farthest spit of land; blue sea and yellow sand curving round it, with a white edge of breakers; inshore, the sand rising to a cliff ridged with grassy hummocks; farther inshore, the hummocks united and rolling away up to inland downs, but broken here and there on their way with scars of sand; over all, white gulls wheeling. He could hear the nearest ones mewling as they sailed over the house.

Taffy had seen the sea once before, at Dawlish, on the journey to Tewkesbury; and again on the way home. But here it was bluer altogether, and the sands were yellower. Only he felt disappointed that no ship was in sight, nor any dwelling nearer than the light-house and the two or three white cottages behind it. He dressed in a hurry and said his prayers, repeating at the close, as he had been taught to do, the first and last verses of the Morning Hymn:

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

He ran downstairs. In this queer house the stairs led right down into the kitchen. The front door, too, opened into the kitchen, which was really a slate-paved hall, with a long table set between the doorway and the big open hearth. The floor was always strewn with sand; there was no trouble about this, for the wind blew plenty under the door.

Taffy found the table laid, and his mother busily slicing bread for his bread and milk. He begged for a hot cake from the hearth, and ran out of doors to eat it. Humility lifted the latch for him, for the cake was so hot that he had to pass it from hand to hand.

Outside, the wind came upon him with clap on the shoulder, quite as if it had been a comrade waiting.

Taffy ran down the path and out upon the sandy hummocks, setting his face to the wind and the roar of the sea, keeping his head low, and still shifting the cake from hand to hand. Presently he fumbled and dropped it; stooped to pick it up, but saw something which made him kneel and peer into the ground.

The whole of the sand was moving; not by fits and starts, but constantly; the tiny particles running over each other and drifting in and out of the rushes, like little creatures in a dream. While he looked, they piled an embankment against the edge of his cake. He picked it up, ran forward a few yards, and peered again. Yes, here too; here and yonder, and over every inch of that long shore.

He ate his cake and climbed to the beach, and ran along it, watching the sandhoppers that skipped from under his boots at every step, and were lost on the instant. The beach here was moist and firm. He pulled off his boots and stockings, and ran on, conning his footprints and the driblets of sand split ahead from his bare toes. By and by he came to the edge of the surf. The strand here was glassy wet, and each curving wave sent a shadow flying over it, and came after the shadow, thundering and hissing, and chased it up the shore, and fell back, leaving for a second or two an edge of delicate froth which reminded the boy of his mother's lace-work.

He began a sort of game with the waves, choosing one station after another, and challenging them to catch him there. If the edge of froth failed to reach his toes, he won. But once or twice the water caught him fairly, and ran rippling over his instep and about his ankles.

He was deep in this game when he heard a horn blown somewhere high on the towans behind him.

He turned. No one was in sight. The house lay behind the sand-banks, the first ridge hiding even its chimney-smoke. He gazed along the beach, where the perpetual haze of spray seemed to have removed the light-house to a vast distance. A sense of desolation came over him with a rush, and with something between a gasp and a sob, he turned his back to the sea and ran, his boots dangling from his shoulders by their knotted laces.

He pounded up the first slope and looked for the cottage. No sign of it! An insane fancy seized him. These silent moving sands were after *him*.

He was panting along in real distress when he heard the baying of dogs, and at the same instant from the top of a hummock caught sight of a figure outlined against the sky, and barely a quarter of a mile away; the figure of a girl on horseback—a small girl on a very tall horse.

Just as Taffy recognized her, she turned her horse, walked him down into the hollow beyond, and disappeared. Taffy ran toward the spot, gained the ridge where she had been standing, and looked down.

In a hollow about twenty feet deep and perhaps a hundred wide were gathered a dozen riders, with five or six couples of hounds, and two or three dirty terriers. Two of the men had dismounted. One of these, stripped to his shirt and breeches, was leaning on a long-handled spade and laughing. The other—a fellow in a shabby scarlet coat—held up what Taffy guessed to be a fox, though it seemed a very small one. It was bleeding. The hounds yapped and leapt at, and fell back a-top of each other, snarling, while the Whip grinned and kept them at bay. A knife lay between his wide-planted feet, and a visgy* close behind him on a heap of disturbed sand.

The boy came on them from the eastward, and his shadow fell across the hollow.

"Hullo!" said one of the riders, looking up. It was Squire Moyle himself. "Here's the new Passon's boy!"

All the riders looked up. The Whip looked too, and turned to the old Squire with a wider grin than before.

"Shall I christen en, maister?"

The Squire nodded. Before Taffy knew what it meant, the man was climbing toward him with a grin, clutching the rush bents with one hand, and holding out the blood-dabbled mask with the other. The child turned to run, but a hand clutched his ankle. He saw the man's open mouth and yellow teeth; and, choking with disgust and terror, slung his boots at them with all his small force. At the same instant he was jerked off his feet, the edge of the bank crumbled and broke,

and the two went rolling down the sandy slope in a heap. He heard shouts of laughter, caught a glimpse of blue sky, felt the grip of fingers on his throat, and smelt the verminous odor of the dead cub, as the Whip thrust the bloody mess against his face and neck. Then the grip relaxed, and—it seemed to him, amid dead silence—Taffy sprang to his feet, spitting sand and fury.

"You—you devils!" He caught up the visgy and stood, daring all to come on. "You devils!" He tottered forward with the visgy lifted—it was all he could manage—at Squire Moyle. The old man let out an oath, and the curve of his whip-thong took the boy across the eyes and blinded him for a moment, but did not stop him. The gray horse swerved, and half-wheeled, exposing his flank. In another moment there would have been mischief; but the Whip, as he stood wiping his mouth, saw the danger and ran in. He struck the visgy out of the child's grasp, set his foot on it, and with an open-handed cuff sent him floundering into a sand-heap.

"Nice boy, that!" said somebody, and the whole company laughed as they walked their horses slowly out of the hollow.

They passed before Taffy in a blur of tears; and the last rider to go was the small girl, Honoria, on her tall sorrel. She moved up the broad shelving path, but reined up, just within sight, turned her horse, and came slowly back to him.

"If I were you, I'd go home." She pointed in its direction.

Taffy brushed the back of his hand across his eyes. "Go away. I hate you—I hate you all!"

She eyed him while she smoothed the sorrel's mane with her riding-switch.

'They did it to me three years ago, when I was six. Grandfather called it 'entering' me.'

Taffy kept his eyes sullenly on the ground. Finding that he would not answer, she turned her horse again and rode slowly after the others. Taffy heard the soft footfalls die away, and when he looked up she had vanished.

He picked up his boots and started in the direction to which she had pointed. Every now and then a sob shook him. By

and by the chimneys of the house hove in sight among the ridges, and he ran toward it. But within a gunshot of the white garden-wall his breast swelled suddenly and he flung himself on the ground and let the big tears run. They made little pits in the moving sand; and more sand drifted up and covered them.

"Taffy! Taffy! Whatever has become of the child?"

His mother was standing by the gate in her print frock. He scrambled up and ran toward her. She cried out at the sight of him, but he hid his blood-smeared face against her skirts.

V

TAFFY RINGS THE CHURCH-BELL



HEY were in the church—Squire Moyle, Mr. Raymond, and Taffy close behind. The two men were discussing the holes in the roof and other dilapidations.

"One, two, three," the Squire counted. "I'll send a couple of men with tarpaulin and rick-ropes. That'll tide us over next Sunday, unless it blows hard."

They passed up three steps under the belfry arch. Here a big bell rested on the flooring. Its rim was cracked, but not badly. A long ladder reached up into the gloom.

"What's the beam like?" the Squire called up to someone aloft.

"Sound as a bell," answered a voice.

"I said so. We'll have en hoisted by Sunday. I'll send a wagon over to Wheel Gooniver for a tackle and winch. Damme, up there! Don't keep sheddin' such a muck o' dust on your betters!"

"I can't help no other, Squire!" said the voice overhead; "such a cauch o' pilm an' twigs an' birds' droppin's! If I sneeze I'm a lost man."

Taffy, staring up as well as he could for the falling rubbish, could just spy a white smock above the beam, and a glint of daylight on the toe-scutes of two dangling boots.

"I'll dam soon make you help it. Is the beam sound?"

"Ha'n't I told 'ee so?" said the voice, querulously.

"Then come down off the ladder, you son of a ——."

"Gently, Squire!" put in Mr. Raymond.

The Squire groaned. "There I go again—an' in the House of God itself! Oh! 'tis a case with me! I've a heart o' stone—a heart o' stone." He turned and brushed his rusty hat with his coat-cuff. Suddenly he faced round again. "Here, Bill Udy," he said to the old laborer who had just come down the ladder, "catch hold of my hat an' carry en fore to porch. I keep forgettin' I'm in church, an' then on he goes."

The building stood half a mile from the sea, surrounded by the rolling towans and rabbit burrows, and a few lichen-spotted tombstones, slanting inland. Early in the sixteenth century a London merchant had been shipwrecked on the coast below Nannizabuloe and cast ashore, the one saved out of thirty. He asked to be shown a church in which to give thanks for his preservation, and the people led him to a ruin bedded in the sands. It had lain since the days of Arundel's Rebellion. The Londoner vowed to build a new church there on the towans, where the songs of prayer and praise should mingle with the voice of the waves which God had baffled for him. The people warned him of the sand; but he would not listen to reason. He built his church—a squat perpendicular building of two aisles, the wider divided into nave and chancel merely by a granite step in the flooring; he saw it consecrated, and returned to his home and died. And the church steadily decayed. He had mixed his mortar with sea-sand. The stonework oozed brine, the plaster fell piece-meal; the blown sand penetrated like water; the foundations sank a foot on the south side, and the whole structure took a list to leeward. The living passed into the hands of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, and from them, in 1730, to the Moyles. Mr. Raymond's predecessor was a kinsman of theirs by marriage, a pluralist, who lived and died at the other end of the Duchy. He had sent curates from time to time; the last of whom was dead, three years since, of solitude and drink. But he never came himself, Squire Moyle having threatened to set the dogs on him if ever he set

foot in Nannizabuloe ; for there had been some dispute over a dowry. The result was that nobody went to church, though a parson from the next parish held an occasional service. The people were Wesleyan Methodists or Bryanites. Each sect had its own chapel in the fishing village of Ennis, on the western side of the parish ; and the Bryanites a second one, at the cross-roads behind the downs, for the miners and warreners and scattered farm-folk.

Ding—ding—ding—ding—ding.

It was Sunday morning, and Taffy was sounding the bell, by a thin rope tied to its clapper.

The heavy bell-rope would be ready next week ; but Humility must first contrive a woollen binding for it, to prevent its chafing the ringer's hands.

Out on the towans the rabbits heard the sound, and ran scampering. Others, farther away, paused in their feeding, and listened with cocked ears.

Ding—ding—ding.

Mr. Raymond stood in the belfry at the boy's elbow. He wore his surplice, and held his prayer-book, with a finger between the pages. Glancing down toward the nave, he saw Humility sitting in the big vicarage pew—no othersoul in church.

He took the cord from Taffy, "Run to the door, and see if anyone is coming."

Taffy ran, and after a minute came back.

"There's Squire Moyle coming along the path, and the little girl with him, and some servants behind—five or six of them. Bill Udy's one."

"Nobody else?"

"I expect the people don't hear the bell," said Taffy. "They live too far away."

"God hears. Yes, and God sees the lamp is lit."

"What lamp?" Taffy looked up at his father's face, wondering.

"All towers carry a lamp of some kind. For what else are they built?"

It was exactly the tone in which he had spoken that afternoon at Tewkesbury about men being like towers. Both these sentences puzzled the boy ; and yet Taffy never felt so near to understanding him as he had then, and did again now. He was shy of his father. He did not know that

his father was just as shy of him. He began to ring with all his soul—*ding—ding—ding, ding-ding.*

The old Squire entered the church, paused, and blew his nose violently, and, taking Honoria by the hand, marched her up to the end of the south aisle. The door of the great pew was shut upon them, and they disappeared. Before Honoria vanished, Taffy caught a glimpse of a gray felt hat with pink ribbons.

The servants scattered, and found seats in the body of the church. He went on ringing, but no one else came. After a minute or two Mr. Raymond signed to him to stop and go to his mother, which he did, blushing at the noise of his shoes on the slate pavement. Mr. Raymond followed, walked slowly past, and entered the reading-desk.

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. . . ."

Taffy looked toward the Squire's pew. The bald top of the Squire's head was just visible above the ledge. He looked up at his mother, but her eyes were fastened on her prayer-book. He felt—he could not help it—that they were all gathered to save this old man's soul, and that everybody knew it, and secretly thought it a hopeless case. The notion dogged him all through the service, and for many Sundays after. Always that bald head above the ledge, and his father and the congregation trying to call down salvation on it. He wondered what Honoria thought, boxed up with it, and able to see its face.

Mr. Raymond mounted an upper pulpit to preach his sermon. He chose his text from Saint Matthew, Chapter vii., verses 26 and 27 :

"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand ;

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house ; and it fell ; and great was the fall of it."

Taffy never followed his father's sermons closely. He would listen to a sentence or two, now and again, and then let his wits wander.

"You think this church is built upon the sands. The rain has come, the winds have blown and beaten on it; the foundations have sunk, and it leans to leeward. . . . By the blessing of God we will shore it up, and upon a foundation of rock. Upon what rock, you ask? . . . Upon that Rock which is the everlasting foundation of the Church spiritual. . . . Hear what comfortable words our Lord spake to Peter. . . . Our foundation must be faith, which is God's continuing Presence on earth, and which we shall recognize hereafter as God Himself. . . . Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. . . . In other words, it is the rock we search for. . . . Draw near it, and you will know yourself in God's very shadow—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. . . . As with this building, so with you, O man, cowering from wrath, as these walls are cowering. . . ."

The benediction was pronounced, the pew-door opened, and the old man marched down the aisle, looking neither to right nor to left, with his jaw set like a closed gin. Honoria followed. She had not so much as a glance for Taffy; but in passing she gazed frankly at Humility, whom she had not seen before.

Humility was rather ostentatiously cheerful at dinner that day; a sure sign that at heart she was disappointed. She had looked for a bigger congregation. Mrs. Venning, who had been carried downstairs for the meal, saw this, and asked few questions. Both the women stole glances at Mr. Raymond when they thought he was not observing them. He at least pretended to observe nothing, but chatted away cheerfully.

"Taffy," he said, after dinner, "I want you to run up to Tredinnis with a note from me. Maybe I will follow later, but I must go to the village first."

(To be continued.)

AT BREAK OF DAY

By M. L. van Vorst

At break of day when shadows fly,
 And still the earth is white with dew,
 And light, soft mists on hill-sides lie,
 And all the purple meadows through
 The morning wind moves like a sigh
 (No sullied thing draws ever nigh
 When thus the day from God is new),
 Oh, then I wake all quietly,
 And as from some sweet place most high
 On the chaste line of day and night—
 Whence holy thoughts will souls imbue
 Who wake, praise God, keep pure, walk right—
 A boon comes: is't not blest that I
 Walk thus thro' fields of God with you
 At break of day, when shadows fly?



THREE CROSSES

By Julia C. R. Dorr

THERE were three crosses on the hill,
Three shadows downward thrown;
O, Mary Mother, heard you not
The other mothers' moan?

Your Son—He was the Holy One
Whom angels comforted;
They touched His lips with heavenly wine
In those dark hours of dread!

For Him all nature mourned; the sun
Veiled its resplendent face;
Darkness and tumult for His sake
Filled all the awful space.

And you—the sword that pierced your heart
Grave prophets had foretold;
You saw the crown above the cross
Clear shining as of old!

O Mary Mother, sitting now
Enthroned beside your Son,
You knew even then the glorious end
For which the deed was done!

You saw the ages bending low
In homage at His feet;
You heard the songs of triumph,
And the music piercing sweet.

Three crosses on dark Calvary's hill—
Three awful shadows thrown;
Three mothers, faint with anguish sore,
Making to God their moan;

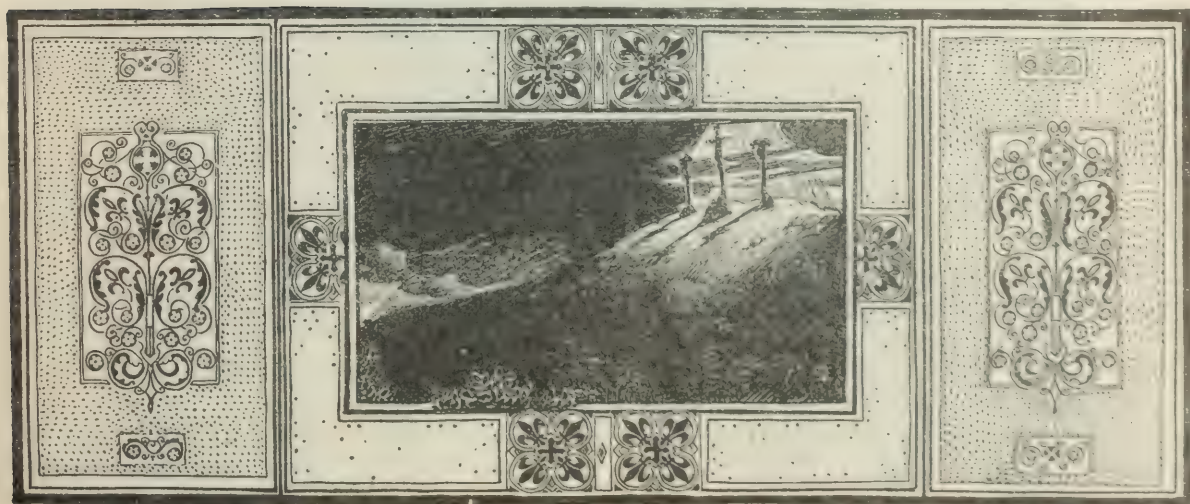
But they, those other mothers, who
Bent down to comfort them?
They cowered afar; they had not dared
To touch your garment's hem.

Even if in mockery, your Son
Was crowned and hailed as king;
While theirs—disgraced, dishonored they—
Past all imagining!

They loved like you. Their sons had lain
Like yours in sinless rest,
Cradled to slumber, soft and deep,
On each fond, faithful breast.

Yet now the terror and the shame,
The agony untold,
The deathless mother-love, unquenched
By horrors manifold!

Three crosses on the dreadful hill,
Three shadows downward thrown;
Mother of Sorrows, thou hast borne
Not one sharp pang alone!



THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

THE CAVALRY AT SANTIAGO



ON June 30th we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march against Santiago, and all the men were greatly overjoyed, for the inaction was trying. The one narrow road, a mere muddy track along which the army was encamped, was choked with the marching columns. As always happened when we had to change camp, everything that the men could not carry, including, of course, the officers' baggage, was left behind.

About noon the Rough Riders struck camp and drew up in column beside the road in the rear of the First Cavalry. Then we sat down and waited for hours before the order came to march, while regiment after regiment passed by, varied by bands of tatterdemalion Cuban insurgents, and by mule-trains with ammunition. Every man carried three days' provisions. We had succeeded in borrowing mules sufficient to carry along the dynamite gun and the automatic Colts.

At last, toward mid-afternoon, the First and Tenth Cavalry, ahead of us, marched, and we followed. The First was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Veile, the Tenth under Lieutenant-Colonel Baldwin. Every few minutes there would be a stoppage in front, and at the halt I would make the men sit or lie down beside the track, loosening their packs. The heat was intense as we passed through the still, close jungle, which formed a wall on either hand. Occasionally we came to gaps or open spaces, where some regiment was camped, and now and then one of these regiments, which apparently had been left out of its proper place, would file into the road, breaking up our line of march. As a result, we finally found ourselves following merely the tail of the regiment ahead of us, an infantry regiment being thrust into the interval. Once or twice we had

to wade streams. Darkness came on, but we still continued to march. It was about eight o'clock when we turned to the left and climbed El Poso hill, on whose summit there was a ruined ranch and sugar factory, now, of course, deserted. Here I found General Wood, who was arranging for the camping of the brigade. Our own arrangements for the night were simple. I extended each troop across the road into the jungle, and then the men threw down their belongings where they stood and slept on their arms. Fortunately, there was no rain. Wood and I curled up under our rain-coats on the saddle-blankets, while his two aides, Captain A. L. Mills and Lieutenant W. N. Ship, slept near us. We were up before dawn and getting breakfast. Mills and Ship had nothing to eat, and they breakfasted with Wood and myself, as we had been able to get some handfuls of beans, and some coffee and sugar, as well as the ordinary bacon andhardtack.

We did not talk much, for though we were in ignorance as to precisely what the day would bring forth, we knew that we should see fighting. We had slept soundly enough, although, of course, both Wood and I during the night had made a round of the sentries, he of the brigade, and I of the regiment; and I suppose that, excepting among hardened veterans, there is always a certain feeling of uneasy excitement the night before the battle.

Mills and Ship were both tall, fine-looking men, of tried courage, and thoroughly trained in every detail of their profession; I remember being struck by the quiet, soldierly way they were going about their work early that morning. Before noon one was killed and the other dangerously wounded.

General Wheeler was sick, but with his usual indomitable pluck and entire indifference to his own personal comfort, he



From the painting by Frederic Remington.

Charge of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill.

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kept to the front. He was unable to retain command of the cavalry division, which accordingly devolved upon General Samuel Sumner, who commanded it until mid-afternoon, when the bulk of the fighting was over. General Sumner's own brigade fell to Colonel Henry Carroll. General Sumner led the advance with the cavalry, and the battle was fought by him and by General Kent, who commanded

we had received no orders, except that we were told that the main fighting was to be done by Lawton's infantry division, which was to take El Caney, several miles to our right, while we were simply to make a diversion. This diversion was to be made mainly with the artillery, and the battery which had taken position immediately in front of us was to begin when Lawton began.



Third Cavalry, Rough Riders, and Cubans at El Poso in Rear of Grimes's Battery.

Two shells burst a few minutes later, killing and wounding a number of soldiers and Cubans. Grimes's Battery is visible on the crest of the hill.

the infantry division, and whose foremost brigade was led by General Hawkins.

As the sun rose the men fell in, and at the same time a battery of field-guns was brought up on the hill-crest just beyond, between us and toward Santiago. It was a fine sight to see the great horses straining under the lash as they whirled the guns up the hill and into position.

Our brigade was drawn up on the hither side of a kind of half basin, a big band of Cubans being off to the left. As yet

It was about six o'clock that the first report of the cannon from El Caney came booming to us across the miles of still jungle. It was a very lovely morning, the sky of cloudless blue, while the level, shimmering rays from the just-risen sun brought into fine relief the splendid palms which here and there towered above the lower growth. The lofty and beautiful mountains hemmed in the Santiago plain, making it an amphitheatre for the battle.

Immediately our guns opened, and at



Rough Riders Fording the San Juan River while Moving to the Front.

the report great clouds of white smoke hung on the ridge crest. For a minute or two there was no response. Wood and I were sitting together, and Wood remarked to me that he wished our brigade

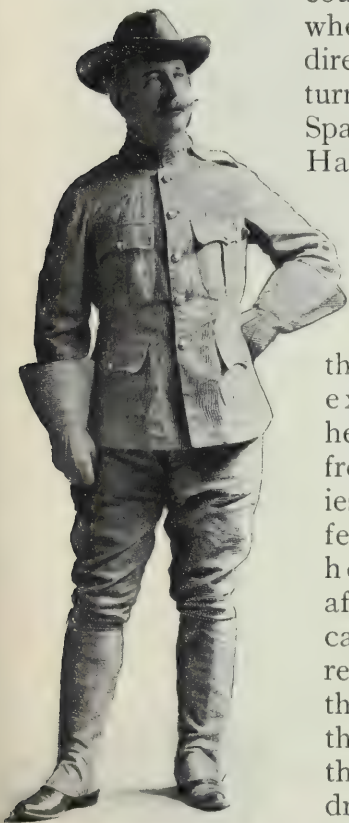
could be moved somewhere else, for we were directly in line of any return fire aimed by the Spaniards at the battery. Hardly had he spoken

when there was a peculiar whistling, singing sound in the air, and immediately afterward the noise of something exploding over our heads. It was shrapnel from the Spanish batteries. We sprung to our feet and leaped on our horses. Immediately afterward a second shot came which burst directly above us; and then a third. From the second shell one of the shrapnel bullets dropped on my wrist, hardly breaking the skin, but raising a bump

about as big as a hickory-nut. The same shell wounded four of my regiment, one of them being Mason Mitchell, and two or three of the regulars were also hit, one losing his leg by a great fragment of shell. Another shell exploded right in the middle of the Cubans, killing and wounding a good many, while the remainder scattered like guinea-hens. Wood's led horse was also shot through the lungs. I at once hustled my regiment over the crest of the hill into the thick underbrush, where I had no little difficulty in getting them together again into column.

Meanwhile the firing continued for fifteen or twenty minutes, until it gradually died away. As the Spaniards used smokeless powder, their artillery had an enormous advantage over ours, and, moreover, we did not have the best type of modern guns, our fire being slow.

As soon as the firing ceased, Wood formed his brigade, with my regiment in front, and gave me orders to follow behind the First Brigade, which was just moving off the ground. In column of fours we marched down the trail toward the ford of the San Juan River. We passed two or three regiments of infantry, and were several times halted before we came to the ford. The First Brigade, which was under Colonel Carroll—Lieutenant



Mason Mitchell.

tenant-Colonel Hamilton commanding the Ninth Regiment, Major Wessels the Third, and Captain Kerr the Sixth—had already crossed and was marching to the right, parallel to, but a little distance from, the river. The Spaniards in the trenches and block-houses on top of the hills in front were already firing at the brigade in desultory fashion. The extreme advance of the Ninth Cavalry was under Lieutenants McNamee and Hartwick. They

Kent, Sumner, and Hawkins had to be their own reconnoissance, and they fought their troops so well that we won anyhow.

I was now ordered to cross the ford, march half a mile or so to the right, and then halt and await further orders; and I promptly hurried my men across, for the fire was getting hot, and the captive balloon, to the horror of everybody, was coming down to the ford. Of course, it was a special target for the enemy's fire.



The Rough Riders Moving to the Front Under Fire, a Mile from the Enemy's Works.

were joined by General Hawkins, with his staff, who was looking over the ground and deciding on the route he should take his infantry brigade.

Our orders had been of the vaguest kind, being simply to march to the right and connect with Lawton—with whom, of course, there was no chance of our connecting. No reconnoissance had been made, and the exact position and strength of the Spaniards was not known. A captive balloon was up in the air at this moment, but it was worse than useless. A previous proper reconnoissance and proper look-out from the hills would have given us exact information. As it was, Generals

I got my men across before it reached the ford. There it partly collapsed and remained, causing severe loss of life, as it indicated the exact position where the Tenth and the First Cavalry, and the infantry, were crossing.

As I led my column slowly along, under the intense heat, through the high grass of the open jungle, the First Brigade was to our left, and the firing between it and the Spaniards on the hills grew steadily hotter and hotter. After awhile I came to a sunken lane, and as by this time the First Brigade had stopped and was engaged in a stand-up fight, I halted my men and sent back word for orders. As



The Log in San Juan Jungle over which Most of the Sixth Infantry Crossed in their Advance on the Enemy.

we faced toward the Spanish hills my regiment was on the right with next to it and a little in advance the First Cavalry, and behind them the Tenth. In our front the Ninth held the right, the Sixth the centre, and the Third the left; but in the jungle the lines were already overlapping in places. Kent's infantry were coming up, farther to the left.

Captain Mills was with me. The sunken lane, which had a wire fence on either side, led straight up toward, and between, the two hills in our front, the hill on the left, which contained heavy block-houses, being farther away from us than the hill on our right, which we afterward grew to call Kettle Hill, and which was surmounted merely by some large ranch buildings or haciendas, with sunken bricklined walls and cellars. I got the men as well-sheltered as I could. Many of them lay close under the

bank of the lane, others slipped into the San Juan River and crouched under its hither bank, while the rest lay down behind the patches of bushy jungle in the tall grass. The heat was intense, and many

of the men were already showing signs of exhaustion. The sides of the hills in front were bare; but the country up to them was, for the most part, covered with such dense jungle that in charging through it no accuracy of formation could possibly be preserved.

The fight was now on in good earnest, and the Spaniards on the hills were engaged in heavy volley firing. The Mauser bullets drove in sheets through the trees and the tall jungle grass, making a peculiar whirring or rustling sound; some of the bullets seemed to pop in the air, so that we thought they were explosive; and, indeed, many of those which were coated with brass did explode, in



General Sumner, who Commanded the Cavalry Division During the San Juan Fight.



Lieutenant Carr, Wounded in San Juan Fight.

the sense that the brass coat was ripped off, making a thin plate of hard metal with a jagged edge, which inflicted a ghastly wound. These bullets were shot from a 45-calibre rifle carrying smokeless powder, which was much used by the guerillas and irregular

Spanish troops. The Mauser bullets themselves made a small clean hole, with the result that the wound healed in a most astonishing manner. One or two of our men who were shot in the head had the skull blown open, but elsewhere the wounds from the minute steel-coated bullet, with its very high velocity, were certainly nothing like as serious as those made by the old large-calibre, low-power rifle. If a man was shot through the heart, spine, or brain he was, of course, killed instantly; but very few of the wounded died—even under the appalling conditions which prevailed, owing to the lack of attendance and supplies in the field-hospitals with the army.

While we were lying in reserve we were suffering nearly as much as afterward when we charged. I think that the bulk of the Spanish fire was practically unaimed, or at least not aimed at any particular man, and only occasionally at a particular body of men; but they swept the whole field of battle up to the edge of the river, and man after man in our ranks fell dead or wounded, although I had the troopers scattered out far apart, taking advantage of every scrap of cover.

Devereux was dangerously shot while he lay with his men on the edge of the river. A young West Point cadet, Ernest Haskell, who had taken his holiday with us as an acting second lieutenant, was shot through the stomach. He had shown great coolness and gallantry, which he displayed to an even more marked degree after being wounded, shaking my hand and saying, "All right, Colonel, I'm going

to get well. Don't bother about me, and don't let any man come away with me." When I shook hands with him, I thought he would surely die; yet he recovered.

The most serious loss that I and the regiment could have suffered befell just before we charged. Bucky O'Neill was strolling up and down in front of his men, smoking his cigarette, for he was inveterately addicted to the habit. He had a theory that an officer ought never to take cover—a theory which was, of course, wrong, though in a volunteer organization the officers should certainly expose themselves very fully, simply for the effect on the men; our regimental toast on the transport running, "The officers; may the war last until each is killed, wounded, or promoted." As O'Neill moved to and fro, his men begged him to lie down, and one of the sergeants said, "Captain, a bullet is sure to hit you." O'Neill took his cigarette out of his mouth, and blowing out a cloud of smoke, laughed and said, "Sergeant, the Spanish bullet isn't made that will kill me." A little later he discussed for a moment with one of the regular officers the direction from which the Spanish fire was coming. As he turned on his heel a bullet struck him in the mouth and came out at the back of



Captain Woodbury Kane, Promoted for Gallantry in the Fight of July 1st.



The Road in the Jungle where Many of the First Brigade were Killed.

his head ; so that before he fell his wild and gallant soul had gone out into the darkness.



William Pollock, Pawnee Indian.

My orderly was a brave young Harvard boy, Sanders, from the quaint old Massachusetts town of Salem. The work of an orderly on foot, under the blazing sun, through the hot and matted jungle, was very severe, and finally the heat overcame him. He dropped ; nor did he ever recover fully, and later he died from fever. In his place I summoned a trooper whose name I did not know. Shortly afterward, while sitting beside the bank, I directed him to go back and ask whatever general he came across if I could not advance, as my men were being much cut up. He stood up to salute and then pitched forward across my knees, a bullet having gone through his throat, cutting the carotid.

When O'Neill was shot, his troop, who were devoted to him, were for the moment at a loss whom to follow. One of their number, Henry Bardshar, a huge Arizona miner, immediately attached himself to me as my orderly, and from that moment he was closer to me, not only in the fight, but throughout the rest of the campaign, than any other man, not even excepting the color-sergeant, Wright.

Captain Mills was with me; gallant Ship had already been killed. Mills was an invaluable aid, absolutely cool, absolutely unmoved or flurried in any way.

I sent messenger after messenger to try to find General Sumner or General Wood and get permission to advance, and was just about making up my mind that in the absence of orders I had better "march toward the guns," when Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst came riding up through the storm of bullets with the welcome command "to move forward and support the regulars in the assault on the hills in front." General Sumner had obtained authority to advance from Lieutenant Miley, who was representing General

hill on our right front, which was held chiefly by guerillas, although there were also some Spanish regulars with them, for we found their dead. I formed my men in column of troops, each troop extended in open skirmishing order, the right resting on the wire fences which bordered the sunken lane. Captain Jenkins led the first squadron, his eyes literally dancing with joyous excitement.

I started in the rear of the regiment, the position in which the colonel should theoretically stay. Captain Mills and Captain McCormick were both with me as aides; but I speedily had to send them off on special duty in getting the different bodies of men forward. I had intended to go into action on foot as at Las Guasimas, but the heat was so oppressive that I found I should be quite unable to run up and down the line and superintend matters unless I was mounted; and, moreover, when on horseback, I could see the men better and they could see me better.

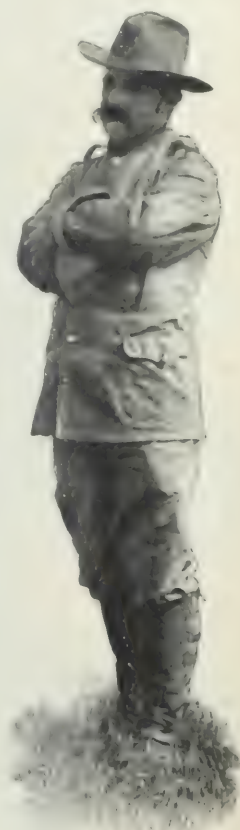
A curious incident happened as I was getting the men started forward. Always when men have been lying down under cover for some time, and are required to advance, there is a little hesitation, each looking to see whether the others are going forward. As I rode down the line, calling to the troopers to go forward, and rasping brief directions to the captains and lieutenants, I came upon a man lying behind a little bush, and I ordered him to jump up. I do not think he understood that we were making a forward move, and he looked up at me for a moment with hesitation, and I again bade him rise, jeering him and saying: "Are you afraid to stand up when I am on horseback?" As I spoke, he suddenly fell forward on his face, a bullet having struck him and gone through him lengthwise. I suppose the bullet had been aimed at me; at any rate, I, who was on horseback in the open, was unhurt, and



Lieutenant J. McIlhenny,
Promoted for Gallantry.

Shafter at the front, and was in the thick of the fire. The General at once ordered the first brigade to advance on the hills, and the second to support it. He himself was riding his horse along the lines, superintending the fight. Later I overheard a couple of my men talking together about him. What they said illustrates the value of a display of courage among the officers in hardening their soldiers; for their theme was how, as they were lying down under a fire which they could not return, and were in consequence feeling rather nervous, General Sumner suddenly appeared on horseback, sauntering by quite unmoved; and, said one of the men, "That made us feel all right. If the General could stand it, we could."

The instant I received the order I sprang on my horse and then my "crowded hour" began. The guerillas had been shooting at us from the edges of the jungle and from their perches in the leafy trees, and as they used smokeless powder, it was almost impossible to see them, though a few of my men had from time to time responded. We had also suffered from the



Lieutenant S. Coleman,
Promoted for Gallantry



Advancing Through the San Juan Jungle.

the man lying flat on the ground in the cover beside me was killed. There were several pairs of brothers with us; of the two Nortons one was killed; of the two McCurdys one was wounded.

I soon found that I could get that line behind which I personally was faster forward than the one immediately in front of it, with the result that the two rearmost lines of the regiment began to crowd together; so I rode through them both, the better to move on the one in front. This happened with every line in succession, until I found myself at the head of the regiment.

Both lieutenants of B Troop from Arizona had been exerting themselves greatly,

and both were overcome by the heat; but Sergeants Campbell and Davidson took it forward in splendid shape. Some of the men from this troop and from the other Arizona troop (Bucky O'Neill's) joined me as a kind of fighting tail.

The Ninth Regiment was immediately in front of me, and the First on my left, and these went up Kettle Hill with my regiment. The Third, Sixth, and Tenth went partly up Kettle Hill, and partly between that and the block-house hill, which the infantry were assailing. General Sumner in person gave the Tenth the order to charge the hills; and it went forward at a rapid gait. The three regiments went forward more or less intermingled, ad-



Lieutenant Horace K. Devereux, Wounded at San Juan Hill.

vancing steadily and keeping up a heavy fire. Up Kettle Hill Sergeant George Berry, of the Tenth, bore not only his own regimental colors but those of the Third, the color-sergeant of the Third having been shot down; he kept shouting, "Dress on the colors, boys, dress on the colors!" as he followed Captain Ayres, who was running in advance of his men, shouting and waving his hat. The Tenth Cavalry lost a greater proportion of its officers than any other regiment in the battle—eleven out of twenty-two.

By the time I had come to the head of the regiment we ran into the left wing of the Ninth Regulars, and some of the First Regulars, who were lying down; that is, the troopers were lying down, while the officers

were walking to and fro. The officers of the white and colored regiments alike took the greatest pride in seeing that the men more than did their duty; and the mortality among them was great.

I spoke to the captain in command of the rear platoons, saying that I had been ordered to support the regulars in the attack upon the hills, and that in my judgment we could not take these hills by firing at them, and that we must rush them. He answered that his orders were to keep his men lying where they were, and that he could not charge without orders. I asked where the Colonel was, and as he was not in sight, said, "Then I am the ranking officer here and I give the order to charge"—for I did not want to keep the men longer in the open suffering under a fire which they could not effectively return. Naturally the Captain hesitated to obey this order when no word had been received from his own Colonel. So I said, "Then let my men through, sir," and rode on through the lines, followed by the grinning Rough Riders, whose attention had been completely taken off the Spanish bullets, partly by my dialogue with

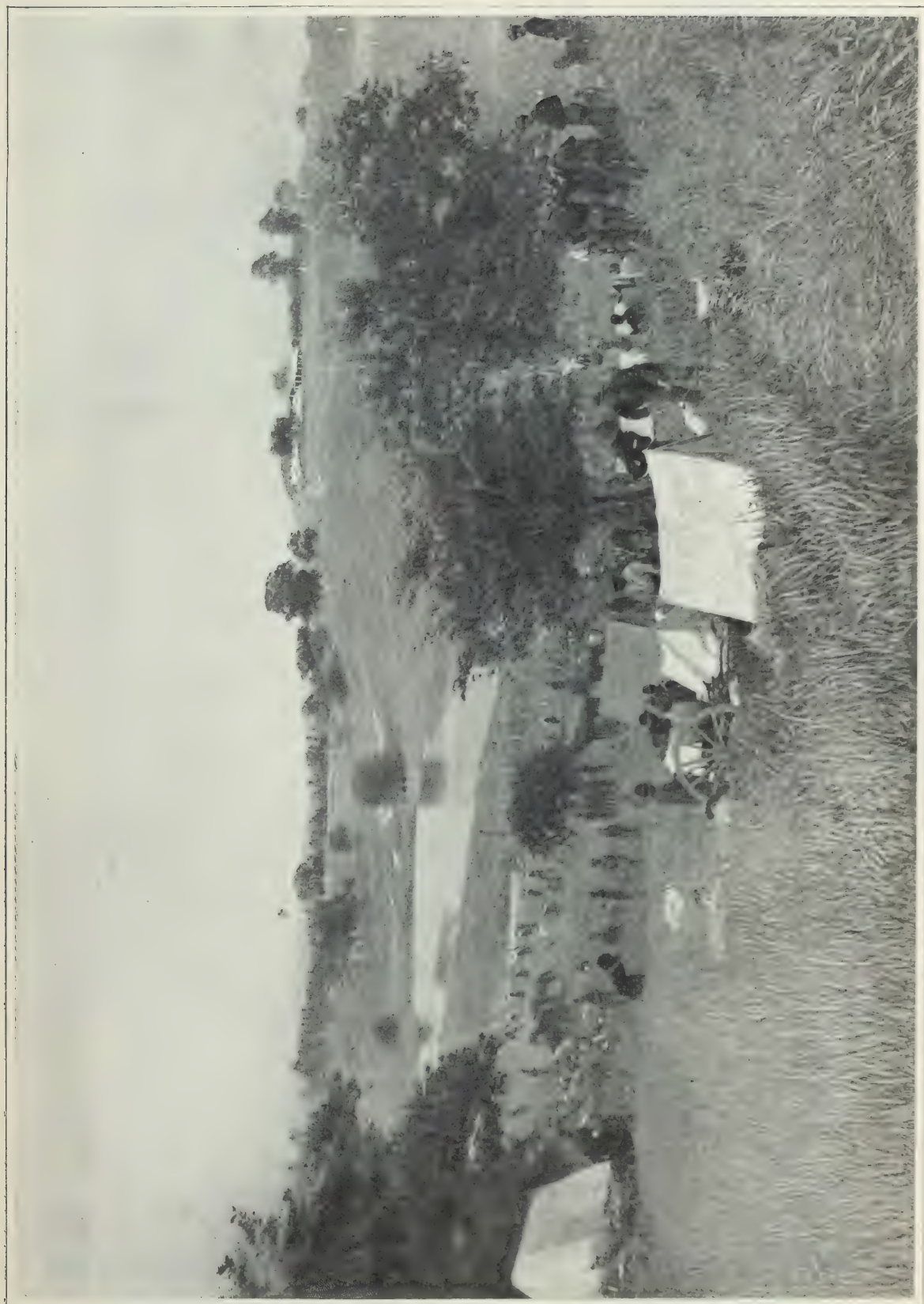
the regulars, and partly by the language I had been using to themselves as I got the lines forward, for I had been joking with some and swearing at others, as the exigencies of the case seemed to demand. When we started to go through, however, it proved too much for the regulars, and they jumped up and came along, their officers and troops mingling with mine, all being delighted at the chance. When I got to where the head of the left wing of the Ninth was lying, through the courtesy of Lieutenant Hartwick, two of whose colored troopers threw down the fence, I was enabled to get back into the lane, at the same time waving my hat, and giving the order to charge the hill on our right front. Out of my sight, over on the right, Captains McBlain and Taylor, of the Ninth, made up their minds independently to charge at just about this time; and at almost the same moment Colonels Carroll and Hamilton, who were off, I believe, to my left, where we could see neither them nor their men, gave the order to advance. But of all this I knew nothing at the time. The whole line, tired of waiting, and eager to close with the enemy, was straining to go forward; and it seems that different parts slipped the leash at almost the same moment.

The First Cavalry came up the hill just behind, and partly mixed with my regiment and the Ninth.

By this time we were all in the spirit of the thing and greatly excited by the charge, the men cheering and running forward between shots, while the delighted faces of the foremost officers, like Captain C. J. Stevens, of the Ninth, as they ran at the head of their troops, will always stay in my mind. As soon as I was in the line I galloped forward a few yards until I saw that the men were well started, and then galloped back to help Goodrich, who was in command of his troop, get his men across the road so as to attack the hill from that side. Captain Mills had already thrown three of the other troops of



Lieutenant W. E. Dame, Promoted for Gallantry.



View from San Juan Hill of the First Hill and Block-house Captured on the First of July.

Adjutant Keyes.

Lieut. Hayes.

Captain Kane.

Captain Day. Surgeon Church.



Lieut. Ferguson.

Lieut. Goodrich.

Captain Frantz.

Lieut.-Col. Brodie.

Lieut. Greenway.

Lieut. Greenwald

Men Recommended for Promotion for Gallantry in Action.

the regiment across this road for the same purpose. Wheeling around, I then again galloped toward the hill, passing the shouting, cheering, firing men, and went up the lane, splashing through a small stream; when I got abreast of the ranch buildings on the top of Kettle Hill, I turned and went up the slope. Being on horseback I was, of course, able to get ahead of the men on foot, excepting my orderly, Henry Bardshar, who had run ahead very fast in order to get better shots at the Spaniards, who were now running out of the ranch buildings. Sergeant Campbell and a number of the Arizona men, and Dudley Dean, among others, were very close behind. Stevens, with his platoon of the Ninth, was abreast of us; so were McNamee and Hartwick. Some forty yards from the top I ran into a wire fence and jumped off Little Texas, turning him loose. He had been scraped by a couple of bullets, one of which nicked my elbow, and I never expected to see him again. As I ran up to the hill, Bardshar stopped to shoot, and two Spaniards fell as he emptied his magazine. These were the only Spaniards I actually saw fall to aimed shots by any one of my men, with the exception of two guerillas in trees.

Almost immediately afterward the hill

was covered by the troops, both Rough Riders and the colored troopers of the Ninth, and some men of the First. There was the usual confusion, and afterward there was much discussion as to exactly who had been on the hill first. The first guidons planted there were those of the three New Mexican troops, G, E, and F, of my regiment, under their captains, Llewellyn, Luna, and Muller, but on the extreme right of the hill, at the opposite end from where we struck it, captains Taylor and McBlain and their men of the Ninth were first up. Each of the five captains was firm in the belief that his troop was first up. As for the individual men, each of whom honestly thought he was first on the summit, their name was legion. One Spaniard was captured in the buildings, another was shot as he tried to hide himself, and a few others were killed as they ran.

Among the many deeds of conspicuous gallantry here performed, two, both to the credit of the First Cavalry, may be mentioned as examples of the others, not as exceptions. Sergeant Charles Karsten, while close beside Captain Tutherly, the squadron commander, was hit by a shrapnel bullet. He continued on the line, firing, until his arm grew numb; and he then refused to go to the rear, and devoted him-

self to taking care of the wounded, utterly unmoved by the heavy fire. Trooper Hugo Brittain, when wounded, brought the regimental standard forward, waving it to and fro, to cheer the men.

No sooner were we on the crest than the Spaniards from the line of hills in our front, where they were strongly intrenched, opened a very heavy fire upon us with their rifles. They also opened upon us with one or two pieces of artillery, using time fuses which burned very accurately, the shells exploding right over our heads.

On the top of the hill was a huge iron kettle, or something of the kind, probably used for sugar refining. Several of our men took shelter behind this. We had a splendid view of the charge on the San Juan block-house to our left, where the infantry of Kent, led by Hawkins, were climbing the hill. Obviously the proper thing to do was to help them, and I got the men together and started them volley-firing against the Spaniards in the San Juan block-house and in the trenches around it. We could only see their heads; of course this was all we ever could see when we were firing at them in their trenches. Stevens was directing not only his own colored troopers, but a number of Rough Riders; for in a *mêlée* good soldiers are always prompt to recognize a good officer, and are eager to follow him.

We kept up a brisk fire for some five or ten minutes; meanwhile we were much cut up ourselves. Gallant Colonel Hamilton, than whom there was never a braver man, was killed, and equally gallant Colonel Carroll wounded. When near the summit Captain Mills had been shot through the head, the bullet destroying the sight of one eye permanently and of the other temporarily. He would not go back or let any man assist him, sitting down where he was and waiting until one of the men brought him word that the hill was stormed. Colonel Veile planted the standard of the First Cavalry on the hill, and General Sumner rode up. He was fighting his division in great form, and was always himself in the thick of the fire. As the men were much excited by the firing, they seemed to pay very little heed to their own losses.

Suddenly, above the cracking of the carbines, rose a peculiar drumming sound, and

some of the men cried, "The Spanish machine-guns!" Listening, I made out that it came from the flat ground to the left, and jumped to my feet, smiting my hand on my thigh, and shouting aloud with exultation, "It's the gatlings, men, our gatlings!" Lieutenant Parker was bringing his four gatlings into action, and shoving them nearer and nearer the front. Now and then the drumming ceased for a moment; then it would resound again, always closer to San Juan hill, which Parker, like ourselves, was hammering to assist the infantry attack. Our men cheered lustily. We saw much of Parker after that, and there was never a more welcome sound than his gatlings as they opened. It was the only sound which I ever heard my men cheer in battle.

The infantry got nearer and nearer the crest of the hill. At last we could see the Spaniards running from the rifle-pits as the Americans came on in their final rush. Then I stopped my men for fear they should injure their comrades, and called to them to charge the next line of trenches, on the hills in our front, from which we had been undergoing a good deal of punishment. Thinking that the men would all come, I jumped over the wire fence in front of us and started at the double; but, as a matter of fact, the troopers were so excited, what with shooting and being shot, and shouting and cheering, that they did not hear, or did not heed me; and after running about a hundred yards I found I had only five men along with me. Bullets were ripping the grass all around us, and one of the men, Clay Green, was mortally wounded; another, Winslow Clark, a Harvard man, was shot first in the leg and then through the body. He made not the slightest murmur, only asking me to put his water canteen where he could get at it, which I did; he ultimately recovered. There was no use going on with the remaining three men, and I bade them stay where they were while I went back and brought up the rest of the brigade. This was a decidedly cool request, for there was really no possible point in letting them stay there while I went back; but at the moment it seemed perfectly natural to me, and apparently so to them, for they cheerfully nodded, and sat down in the grass, firing back at the line of trenches from which the Spaniards

were shooting at them. Meanwhile, I ran back, jumped over the wire fence, and went over the crest of the hill, filled with anger against the troopers, and especially those of my own regiment, for not having accompanied me. They, of course, were quite innocent of wrong-doing; and even while I taunted them bitterly for not having followed me, it was all I could do not to smile at the look of injury and surprise that came over their faces, while they cried out, "We didn't hear you, we didn't see you go, Colonel; lead on now, we'll sure follow you." I wanted the other regiments to come too, so I ran down to where General Sumner was and asked him if I might make the charge; and he told me to go and that he would see that the men followed. By this time everybody had his attention attracted, and when I leaped over the fence again, with Major Jenkins beside me, the men of the various regiments which were already on the hill came with a rush, and we started across the wide valley which lay between us and the Spanish intrenchments. Captain Dimmick, now in command of the Ninth, was bringing it forward; Captain McBlain had a number of Rough Riders mixed in with his troop, and led them all together; Captain Taylor had been severely wounded. The long-legged men like Greenway, Goodrich, sharp-shooter Proffit, and others, outstripped the rest of us, as we had a considerable distance to go. Long before we got near them the Spaniards ran, save a few here and there, who either surrendered or were shot down. When we reached the trenches we found them filled with dead bodies in the light blue and white uniform of the Spanish regular army. There were very few wounded. Most of the fallen had little holes in their heads from which their brains were oozing; for they were covered from the neck down by the trenches.

It was at this place that Major Wessels, of the Third Cavalry, was shot in the back of the head. It was a severe wound, but after having it bound up he again came to the front in command of his regiment. Among the men who were foremost was Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, of the First Cavalry. He had been joined by three men of the Seventy-first New York, who ran up, and, saluting, said, "Lieutenant,

we want to go with you, our officers won't lead us." One of the brave fellows was soon afterward shot in the face. Lieutenant Davis's first sergeant, Clarence Gould, killed a Spanish soldier with his revolver, just as the Spaniard was aiming at one of my Rough Riders. At about the same time I also shot one. I was with Henry Bardshar, running up at the double, and two Spaniards leaped from the trenches and fired at us, not ten yards away. As they turned to run I closed in and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second. My revolver was from the sunken battle-ship *Maine*, and had been given me by my brother-in-law, Captain W. S. Cowles, of the Navy. At the time I did not know of Gould's exploit, and supposed my feat to be unique; and although Gould had killed his Spaniard in the trenches, not very far from me, I never learned of it until weeks after. It is astonishing what a limited area of vision and experience one has in the hurly-burly of a battle.

There was very great confusion at this time, the different regiments being completely intermingled—white regulars, colored regulars, and Rough Riders. General Sumner had kept a considerable force in reserve on Kettle Hill, under Major Jackson, of the Third Cavalry. We were still under a heavy fire and I got together a mixed lot of men and pushed on from the trenches and ranch-houses which we had just taken, driving the Spaniards through a line of palm-trees, and over the crests of a chain of hills. When we reached these crests we found ourselves overlooking Santiago. Some of the men, including Jenkins, Greenway, and Goodrich, pushed on almost by themselves far ahead. Lieutenant Hugh Berkely, of the First, with a sergeant and two troopers, reached the extreme front. He was, at the time, ahead of everyone; the sergeant was killed and one trooper wounded; but the lieutenant and the remaining trooper stuck to their post for the rest of the afternoon until our line was gradually extended to include them.

While I was re-forming the troops on the chain of hills, one of General Sumner's aides, Captain Robert Howze—as dashing and gallant an officer as there was in the whole gallant cavalry division,

by the way—came up with orders to me to halt where I was, not advancing farther, but to hold the hill at all hazards. Howze had his horse, and I had some difficulty in making him take proper shelter; he stayed with us for quite a time, unable to make up his mind to leave the extreme front, and meanwhile jumping at the chance to render any service, of risk or otherwise, which the moment developed.

I now had under me all the fragments of the six cavalry regiments which were at the extreme front, being the highest officer left there, and I was in immediate command of them for the remainder of the afternoon and that night. The Ninth was over to the right, and the Thirteenth Infantry afterward came up beside it. The rest of Kent's infantry was to our left. Of the Tenth, Lieutenants Anderson, Muller, and Fleming reported to me; Anderson was slightly wounded, but he paid no heed to this. All three, like every other officer, had troopers of various regiments under them; such mixing was inevitable in making repeated charges through thick jungle; it was essentially a troop commanders', indeed, almost a squad leaders', fight. The Spaniards who had been holding the trenches and the line of hills, had fallen back upon their supports and we were under a very heavy fire both from rifles and great guns. At the point where we were, the grass-covered hill-crest was gently rounded, giving poor cover, and I made my men lie down on the hither slope.

On the extreme left Captain Beck, of the Tenth, with his own troop, and small bodies of the men of other regiments, was exercising a practically independent command, driving back the Spaniards whenever they showed any symptoms of advancing. He had received his orders to hold the line at all hazards from Lieutenant Andrews, one of General Sumner's aides, just as I had received mine from Captain Howze. Finally, he was relieved by some infantry, and then rejoined the rest of the Tenth, which was engaged heavily until dark, Major Wint being among the severely wounded. Lieutenant W. N. Smith was killed. Captain Bigelow had been wounded three times.

Our artillery made one or two efforts to

come into action on the firing-line of the infantry, but the black powder rendered each attempt fruitless. The Spanish guns used smokeless powder, so that it was difficult to place them. In this respect they were on a par with their own infantry and with our regular infantry and dismounted cavalry; but our only two volunteer infantry regiments, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York, and our artillery, all had black powder. This rendered the two volunteer regiments, which were armed with the antiquated Springfield, almost useless in the battle, and did practically the same thing for the artillery wherever it was formed within rifle range. When one of the guns was discharged a thick cloud of smoke shot out and hung over the place, making an ideal target, and in half a minute every Spanish gun and rifle within range was directed at the particular spot thus indicated; the consequence was that after a more or less lengthy stand the gun was silenced or driven off. We got no appreciable help from our guns on July 1st. Our men were quick to realize the defects of our artillery, but they were entirely philosophic about it, not showing the least concern at its failure. On the contrary, whenever they heard our artillery open they would grin as they looked at one another and remark, "There go the guns again; wonder how soon they'll be shut up," and shut up they were sure to be. The light battery of Hotchkiss one-pounders, under Lieutenant J. B. Hughes, of the Tenth Cavalry, was handled with conspicuous gallantry.

On the hill-slope immediately around me I had a mixed force composed of members of most of the cavalry regiments, and a few infantrymen. There were about fifty of my Rough Riders with Lieutenants Goodrich and Carr. Among the rest were perhaps a score of colored infantrymen, but, as it happened, at this particular point without any of their officers. No troops could have behaved better than the colored soldiers had behaved so far; but they are, of course, peculiarly dependent upon their white officers. Occasionally they produce non-commissioned officers who can take the initiative and accept responsibility precisely like the best class of whites; but this cannot be expected

normally, nor is it fair to expect it. With the colored troops there should always be some of their own officers; whereas, with the white regulars, as with my own Rough Riders, experience showed that the non-commissioned officers could usually carry on the fight by themselves if they were once started, no matter whether their officers were killed or not.

At this particular time it was trying for the men, as they were lying flat on their faces, very rarely responding to the bullets, shells, and shrapnel which swept over the hill-top, and which occasionally killed or wounded one of their number. Major Albert G. Forse, of the First Cavalry, a noted Indian fighter, was killed about this time. One of my best men, Sergeant Greenly, of Arizona, who was lying beside me, suddenly said, "Beg pardon, Colonel; but I've been hit in the leg." I asked, "Badly?" He said, "Yes, Colonel; quite badly." After one of his comrades had helped him fix up his leg with a first-aid-to-the-injured bandage, he limped off to the rear.

None of the white regulars or Rough Riders showed the slightest sign of weakening; but under the strain the colored infantrymen (who had none of their officers) began to get a little uneasy and to drift to the rear, either helping wounded men, or saying that they wished to find their own regiments. This I could not allow, as it was depleting my line, so I jumped up, and walking a few yards to the rear, drew my revolver, halted the retreating soldiers, and called out to them that I appreciated the gallantry with which they had fought and would be sorry to hurt them, but that I should shoot the first man who, on any pretence whatever, went to the rear. My own men had all sat up and were watching my movements with the utmost interest; so was Captain Howze. I ended my statement to the colored soldiers by saying: "Now, I shall be very sorry to hurt you, and you don't know whether or not I will keep my word, but my men can tell you that I always do;" whereupon my cow-punchers, hunters, and miners solemnly nodded their heads and commented in chorus, exactly as if in a comic opera, "He always does; he always does!"

This was the end of the trouble, for the "smoked Yankees"—as the Spaniards called the colored soldiers—flashed their white teeth at one another, as they broke into broad grins, and I had no more trouble with them, they seeming to accept me as one of their own officers. The colored cavalymen had already so accepted me; in return, the Rough Riders, although for the most part Southwesterners, who have a strong color prejudice, grew to accept them with hearty goodwill as comrades, and were entirely willing, in their own phrase, "to drink out of the same canteen." Where all the regular officers did so well, it is hard to draw any distinction; but in the cavalry division a peculiar meed of praise should be given to the officers of the Ninth and Tenth for their work, and under their leadership the colored troops did as well as any soldiers could possibly do.

In the course of the afternoon the Spaniards in our front made the only offensive movement which I saw them make during the entire campaign; for what were ordinarily called "attacks" upon our lines consisted merely of heavy firing from their trenches and from their skirmishers. In this case they did actually begin to make a forward movement, their cavalry coming up as well as the marines and reserve infantry,* while their skirmishers, who were always bold, redoubled their activity. It could not be called a charge, and not only was it not pushed home, but it was stopped almost as soon as it began, our men immediately running forward to the crest of the hill with shouts of delight at seeing their enemies at last come into the open. A few seconds' firing stopped their advance and drove them into the cover of the trenches.

They kept up a very heavy fire for some time longer, and our men again lay down, only replying occasionally. Suddenly we heard on our right the peculiar drumming sound which had been so welcome in the morning, when the infantry were assailing the San Juan block-house. The gatlings were up again! I started over to inquire, and found that Lieutenant Parker, not content with using his guns in support of the attacking forces, had thrust them for-

* Lieutenant Tejero, p. 154, speaks of this attempt to retake San Juan and its failure.

ward to the extreme front of the fighting line, where he was handling them with great effect. From this time on, throughout the fighting, Parker's gatlings were on the right of my regiment, and his men and mine fraternized in every way. He kept his pieces at the extreme front, using them on every occasion until the last Spanish shot was fired. Indeed, the dash and efficiency with which the gatlings were handled by Parker was one of the most striking features of the campaign; he showed that a first-rate officer could use machine-guns, on wheels, in battle and skirmish, in attacking and defending trenches, alongside of the best troops, and to their great advantage.

As night came on the firing gradually died away. Before this happened, however, Captains Morton and Boughton, of the Third Cavalry, came over to tell me that a rumor had reached them to the effect that there had been some talk of retiring and that they wished to protest in the strongest manner. I had been watching them both, as they handled their troops with the cool confidence of the veteran regular officers and had been congratulating myself that they were off toward the right flank, for as long as they were there, I knew I was perfectly safe in that direction. I had heard no rumor about retiring, and I cordially agreed with them that it would be far worse than a blunder to abandon our position.

To attack the Spaniards by rushing across open ground, or through wire entanglements and low, almost impassable jungle, without the help of artillery, and to force unbroken infantry, fighting behind earthworks and armed with the best repeating weapons, supported by cannon, was one thing; to repel such an attack ourselves, or to fight our foes on anything like even terms in the open, was quite another thing. No possible number of Spaniards coming at us from in front could have driven us from our position, and there was not a man on the crest who did not eagerly and devoutly hope that our opponents would make the attempt, for it would surely have been followed, not merely by a repulse, but by our immediately taking the city. There was not an officer or a man on the firing-line, so far as I saw them, who did not feel this way.

As night fell, some of my men went back to the buildings in our rear and foraged through them, for we had now been fourteen hours charging and fighting without food. They came across what was evidently the Spanish officers' mess, where their dinner was still cooking, and they brought it to the front in high glee. It was evident that the Spanish officers were living well, however the Spanish rank and file were faring. There were three big iron pots, one filled with beef-stew, one with boiled rice, and one with boiled peas; there was a big demijohn of rum (all along the trenches which the Spaniards held were empty wine and liquor bottles); there were a number of loaves of rice-bread; and there were even some small cans of preserves and a few salt fish. Of course, among so many men, the food, which was equally divided, did not give very much to each, but it freshened us all.

Soon after dark, General Wheeler, who in the afternoon had resumed command of the cavalry division, came to the front. A very few words with General Wheeler reassured us about retiring. He had been through too much heavy fighting in the Civil War to regard the present fight as very serious, and he told us not to be under any apprehension, for he had sent word that there was no need whatever of retiring, and was sure we would stay where we were until the chance came to advance. He was second in command; and to him more than to any other one man was due the prompt abandonment of the proposal to fall back—a proposal which if adopted would have meant shame and disaster.

Shortly afterward General Wheeler sent us orders to intrench. The men of the different regiments were now getting in place again and sifting themselves out. All of our troops who had been kept at Kettle Hill came forward and rejoined us after nightfall. During the afternoon Greenway, apparently not having enough to do in the fighting, had taken advantage of a lull to explore the buildings himself, and had found a number of Spanish intrenching tools, picks, and shovels, and these we used in digging trenches along our line. The men were very tired indeed, but they went cheerfully to work, all the officers doing their part.

Crockett, the ex-Revenue officer from

Georgia, was a slight man, not physically very strong. He came to me and told me he didn't think he would be much use in digging, but that he had found a lot of Spanish coffee and would spend his time making coffee for the men, if I approved. I did approve, very heartily, and Crockett officiated as cook for the next three or four hours until the trench was dug, his coffee being much appreciated by all of us.

So many acts of gallantry were performed during the day that it is quite impossible to notice them all, and it seems unjust to single out any; yet I shall mention a few, which it must always be remembered are to stand, not as exceptions, but as instances of what very many men did. It happened that I saw these myself. There were innumerable others, which either were not seen at all, or were seen only by officers who happened not to mention them; and, of course, I know chiefly those that happened in my own regiment.

Captain Llewellen was a large, heavy man, who had a grown-up son in the ranks. On the march he had frequently carried the load of some man who weakened, and he was not feeling well on the morning of the fight. Nevertheless, he kept at the head of his troop all day. In the charging and rushing, he not only became very much exhausted, but finally fell, wrenching himself terribly, and though he remained with us all night, he was so sick by morning that we had to take him behind the hill into an improvised hospital. Lieutenant Day, after handling his troop with equal gallantry and efficiency, was shot, on the summit of Kettle Hill. He was hit in the arm and was forced to go to the rear, but he would not return to the States, and rejoined us at the front long before his wound was healed. Lieutenant Leahy was also wounded, not far from him. Thirteen of the men were wounded and yet kept on fighting until the end of the day, and in some cases never went to the rear at all, even to have their wounds dressed. They were Corporals Waller and Fortescue and Trooper McKinley of Troop E; Corporal Rhoades of Troop D; Troopers Albertson, Winter, McGregor, and Clark of Troop F; Troopers Bugbee, Jackson, and Waller of Troop A; Trumpeter McDonald of Troop L;

Sergeant Hughes of Troop B; and Trooper Gerien of Troop G. One of the Wallers was a cow-puncher from New Mexico, the other the champion Yale high-jumper. The first was shot through the left arm so as to paralyze the fingers, but he continued in battle, pointing his rifle over the wounded arm as though it had been a rest. The other Waller, and Bugbee, were hit in the head, the bullets merely inflicting scalp wounds. Neither of them paid any heed to the wounds except that after nightfall each had his head done up in a bandage. Fortescue I was at times using as an extra orderly. I noticed he limped, but supposed that his foot was skinned. It proved, however, that he had been struck in the foot, though not very seriously, by a bullet, and I never knew what was the matter until the next day I saw him making wry faces as he drew off his bloody boot, which was stuck fast to the foot. Trooper Rowland again distinguished himself by his fearlessness.

For gallantry on the field of action Sergeants Dame, Ferguson, Tiffany, Greenwald, and, later on, McIlhenny, were promoted to second lieutenantcies, as Sergeant Hayes had already been. Lieutenant Carr, who commanded his troop, and behaved with great gallantry throughout the day, was shot and severely wounded at nightfall. Among the men whom I noticed as leading in the charges and always being nearest the enemy, were the Pawnee, Pollock, Simpson, of Texas, and Dudley Dean. Jenkins was made major, Woodbury Kane, Day, and Frantz, captains, and Greenway and Goodrich first lieutenants, for gallantry in action, and for the efficiency with which the first had handled his squadron, and the other five their troops—for each of them, owing to some accident to his superior, found himself in command of his troop.

Dr. Church had worked quite as hard as any man at the front in caring for the wounded; as had Chaplain Brown. Lieutenant Keyes, who acted as adjutant, did so well that he was given the position permanently. Lieutenant Coleman similarly won the position of quartermaster.

We finished digging the trench soon after midnight, and then the worn-out men laid down in rows on their rifles and dropped heavily to sleep. About one in

ten of them had blankets taken from the Spaniards. Henry Bardshar, my orderly, had procured one for me. He, Goodrich, and I slept together. If the men without blankets had not been so tired that they fell asleep anyhow, they would have been very cold, for, of course we were all drenched with sweat, and above the waist had on nothing but our flannel shirts, while the night was cool, with a heavy dew. Before anyone had time to wake from the cold, however, we were all awakened by the Spaniards, whose skirmishers suddenly opened fire on us. Of course, we could not tell whether or not this was the forerunner of a heavy attack, for our Cossack posts were responding briskly. It was about three o'clock in the morning, at which time men's courage is said to be at the lowest ebb; but the cavalry division was certainly free from any weakness in that direction. At the alarm everybody jumped to his feet and the stiff, shivering, haggard men, their eyes only half-opened, all clutched their rifles and ran forward to the trench on the crest of the hill.

The sputtering shots died away and we went to sleep again. But in another hour dawn broke and the Spaniards opened fire in good earnest. There was a little tree only a few feet away, under which I made my head-quarters, and while I was lying there, with Goodrich and Keyes, a shrap-

nel burst among us, not hurting us in the least, but with the sweep of its bullets killing or wounding five men in our rear, one of whom was a singularly gallant young Harvard fellow, Stanley Hollister. An equally gallant young fellow from Yale, Theodore Miller, had already been mortally wounded. Hollister also died.

The Second Brigade lost more heavily than the First; but neither its brigade commander nor any of its regimental commanders were touched, while the commander of the First Brigade and two of its three regimental commanders had been killed or wounded.

In this fight our regiment had numbered 490 men, as, in addition to the killed and wounded of the first fight, some had had to go to the hospital for sickness and some had been left behind with the baggage, or were detailed on other duty. Eighty-nine were killed and wounded; the heaviest loss suffered by any regiment in the cavalry division. The Spaniards made a stiff fight, standing firm until we charged home. They fought much more stubbornly than at Las Guasimas. We ought to have expected this, for they have always done well in holding intrenchments. On this day they showed themselves to be brave foes, worthy of honor for their gallantry.

In the attack on the San Juan hills our forces numbered about 6,600.* There were about 4,500 Spaniards against us.†

* According to the official reports, 5,104 officers and men of Kent's infantry, and 2,649 of the cavalry had been landed. My regiment is put down as 542 strong, instead of the real figure, 490, the difference being due to men who were in hospital and on guard at the sea-shore, etc. In other words, the total represents the total landed; the details, etc., are included. General Wheeler, in his report of July 7th, puts these details as about fifteen per cent. of the whole of the force which was on the transports, about eighty-five per cent. got forward and was in the fight.

† The total Spanish force in Santiago under General Linera was 6,000; 4,000 regulars, 1,000 volunteers, and 1,000 marines and sailors from the ships. (Diary of the British Consul, Frederick W. Ramsden, entry of July 1st.) Four thousand more troops entered next day. Of the 6,000 troops, 600 or thereabouts were at El Caney, and 900 in the forts at the mouth of the harbor. Lieutenant Tejeiro states that there were 520 men at El Caney, 970 in the forts at the mouth of the harbor, and 3,000 in the lines, not counting the cavalry and civil guard which were in reserve. He certainly very much understates the Spanish force; thus he nowhere accounts for the engineers mentioned on p. 135; and his figures would make the total number of Spanish artillerymen but 32. He excludes the cavalry, the civil guard, and the marines which had been stationed at the Plaza del Toros; yet he later mentions that these marines were brought up, and their commander, Bustamante, severely wounded; he states that the cavalry advanced to cover the retreat of the infantry, and I myself saw the cavalry come forward, for the most part dismounted, when the Spaniards attempted a forward movement late in the afternoon, and we shot many of their horses; while later I saw and conversed with officers and men of the civil guard who had been wounded at the same time—this in connection with returning them their wives and children, after the latter had fled from the city.

Although the engineers are excluded, Lieutenant Tejeiro mentions that their colonel, as well as the colonel of the artillery, was wounded. Four thousand five hundred is surely an understatement of the forces which resisted the attack of the forces under Wheeler. Lieutenant Tejeiro is very careless in his figures. Thus in one place he states that the position of San Juan was held by two companies comprising 250 soldiers. Later he says it was held by three companies, whose strength he puts at 300, thus making them average 100 instead of 125 men apiece. He then mentions another echelon of two companies, so situated as to cross their fire with the others. Doubtless the block-house and trenches at Fort San Juan proper were only held by three or four hundred men; they were taken by the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry under Hawkins's immediate command; and they formed but one point in the line of hills, trenches, ranch-houses and block-houses which the Spaniards held, and from which we drove them. When the city capitulated later, over 8,000 unwounded troops and over 10,000 rifles and carbines were surrendered; by that time the marines and sailors had of course gone, and many of the volunteers had disbanded.

In dealing with the Spanish losses, Lieutenant Tejeiro contradicts himself. He puts their total loss on this day at 503, including 24 killed, 121 missing, and 358 prisoners; 217 in all. Yet he states that of the 500 men at Caney, but 50 got back, the remaining 450 being killed, captured, or missing. When we captured the city we found in the hospitals over 2,000 seriously wounded and sick Spaniards; on making inquiries, I found that over a third were Americans. From these facts I feel that it is safe to put down the total Spanish loss in the battle as at least 1,000, of whom over a thousand were killed and wounded.

Lieutenant Tejeiro, while rightly claiming credit for the courage shown by the Spaniards, also praises the courage and resolution of the Americans, saying that they fought

Our total loss in killed and wounded was 1,071. Of the cavalry division there were, all told, some 2,300 officers and men, of whom 375 were killed and wounded. In the division over a fourth of the officers were killed or wounded, their loss being relatively half as great again as that of the enlisted men—which was as it should be.

I think we suffered more heavily than

"con un arrojo y una decision verdaderamente admirables." He dwells repeatedly upon the determination with which our troops kept charging though themselves unprotected by cover. As for the Spanish troops, all who fought them that day will most freely admit the courage they

the Spaniards did in killed and wounded (though we also captured some scores of prisoners). It would have been very extraordinary if the reverse was the case, for we did the charging; and to carry earthworks on foot with dismounted cavalry, when these earthworks are held by unbroken infantry armed with the best modern rifles, is a serious task.

showed. At El Caney, where they were nearly hemmed in, they made a most desperate defence; at San Juan the way to retreat was open, and so, though they were seven times as numerous, they fought with less desperation, but still very gallantly.

THE CITY EDITOR'S CONSCIENCE

By Jesse Lynch Williams



THE telegraph editor with the bald head was hanging his umbrella on the gas-jet over his desk, so that no one would walk away with it by mistake or otherwise. The copy-readers were taking off their coats and cuffs and sitting down to their day's work. Nearly all the reporters had arrived; and one of them had already been sent down to the weather bureau to find out what sort of a day it would be, while another was on his way uptown on the elevated railroad to the home of a prominent citizen who had died during the night, just too late for the morning papers. Others were seated along the rows of tables waiting for assignments, and finishing the perusal of the morning papers, which was part of their business. Murdock, arriving late, came into the room quietly, taking off his coat, but the City Editor, on the way from the telephone-closet, dashed down upon him:

"If you can't get down here before 8.30, you'd better not come at all. This is no morning paper. Don't take off your coat. Run up to the Tombs Police Court and see if you can't get something good for the first edition."

That was what the City Editor said all in one breath, faster than you can read half of it, then hurried up to The Desk and hammered the bell six times in rapid succession with the open palm of his hand,

each stroke coming down quicker and harder than the one before it, until the last was but a dead, ringless "thump." And when Tommy or Johnny came running to The Desk, the City Editor snarled in his quick, tense voice:

"Here, if you boys can't answer this bell quicker, you'll all be fired. Run upstairs with this copy."

Johnny took it meekly but quickly, and ran (until out of the editor's sight) up to the composing-room, put the copy on the foreman's desk, then walked over to the inky-armed galley-boy and confided, "Maguire's chewing the rag again." That was the way the day began, a little after eight o'clock.

It usually began in some such way. But this one was not to end as usual.

Maguire had no business to be so sarcastic with Murdock for being a few minutes late, especially as Murdock was usually one of the first men down in the morning, and Maguire knew it. So a few minutes later when he turned to Brown, one of the other reporters, he said, in a very gentle tone, as if asking a great favor of him:

"Say, Brown, take that story off the 'phone for me, will you please?—'bout a bull that's broken loose on the way to a slaughter-house uptown—been terrorizing people in Fifty-ninth Street, near the river—make half a column of it—vivid and exciting; you know how we want it."



"If you can't get down here before 8.30, you'd better not come at all."—Page 440.

Brown hurried into the telephone-closet saying, "Yes, sir."

That was very pleasant for Brown, but did not sooth Murdock, who, by this time, was several blocks away, hurrying up Centre Street. However, he did not need much sympathy, because he was lucky enough to get a beautiful story of an Italian-quarter stabbing, which turned out to be a murder, and so proved to be worth three-quarters of a column, and that is a very good amount of space to get into the first edition of an afternoon paper that is out on the street at 10.30 A.M.

But Maguire, the City Editor, flared up and then had remorse again half a dozen times before the first edition came out. The telephone-boy had shouted up to the desk, "Wintringer's on the 'phone, Mr. Maguire."

Wintringer was the police-headquarter's

man. He had a lot of small fire and accident stories of the early morning and that part of the night not covered by the morning papers.

The weather was damp, and the connection was bad. "Aw! for Heaven's sake, Wintringer," screamed Maguire, "why don't you open your mouth when you talk?" Then a moment later, "Don't yell so loud. I'm not deaf." And finally in a wail, "Oh, I can't make that out. Write your stories and send 'em down by a messenger!" Then he rang off, dashed out of the telephone-closet, tearing up the notes he had tried to take, hurried up, scowling, to the desk, where he began ringing his bell again and calling to one of the boys for a certain set of proofs, and sent two men out on assignments while waiting for the proofs to come.

A little later Henderson, the copy-read-

er, who was handling Murdock's murder story, wrote a head-line for it with twelve letters when, in that style of head, there were but eleven spaces, as everyone in the office should know, as Maguire reminded him, and also told him what he thought of him for such a blunder.

Then the new reporter, who had been sent down to Cortlandt Street Ferry a half hour before to find out about the collision of a yacht with a ferry-boat in the fog, ran up to the desk with an air of great importance and began to inform Maguire that "several women fainted, children screamed, a big crowd gathered," etc., as usual.

The City Editor, who had heard details of that sort all his newspaper life, and who wanted the news, interrupted with a question, snapped out like the crack of a whip:

"Whose steam-yacht was it?"

"The steam-yacht belongs to—the name of the owner of the steam-yacht—why, let's see, er——"

"Aw! Run back and find out." Then turning to another man, and forgetting all about the yacht, the City Editor said, smiling eagerly, "Well, would she talk?" This was to the reporter who had gone uptown to try to get an interview with the woman who had been a widow for four hours, and whose husband had been important enough to require a column and a half "obit." The obituary itself was already in type, having been written months before the prominent citizen became ill.

The reporter answered Mr. Maguire's question, mournfully. "Nope, wouldn't talk. Still prostrated."

"Too bad," said the City Editor, scowling, for it would have been good stuff. "Wait a minute," he added, "take a run down to Wall Street. She has a brother down there some place. If he isn't in his office, find out where some of the other relatives are. We've got to have something about the funeral arrangements, at least. Make your best time, please." The "please" was added, perhaps, because he now remembered what he had said to the new young reporter, who was hurrying wildly down to the ferry, wondering how in the world he was expected to find out the name of the owner of a yacht which was now three miles down the bay.

Then it came Brown's turn to catch it.

Brown was the one who had been asked so politely to take the bull story off the 'phone. When you take a story off the telephone you are not paid at space rates but by time, that is, so much—or rather so little—for an hour or a fraction of it. Of course Brown could not take more than half an hour if he wanted to, because the story was to go in the first edition with a spread head, but he did not want to. In fact he was anxious to finish it quickly, so that he might be sent out on some other story before all the good ones were assigned. So he hurried through the work, stepped up to the desk, and tossed the story down on a pile of other copy.

Maguire snatched it up, ran his experienced eye over it, and then rushed down the aisle after Brown. His voice went up an octave or two: "You haven't more than three sticks here! I told you distinctly to write a half column of vivid description—how the bull broke away, ran down the street, terrorized everybody—and look at this thing—write it all over again—just as if you had seen it yourself."

"But I thought——"

"Oh, you thought!" snapped back the City Editor, as he wheeled toward the desk again.

"Yes, sir," said Brown, meekly, and began rewriting the story.

A little later Maguire came down and said, gently: "Say, old man, suppose you wind that thing up right there, will you? I guess that covers it. I've a big story waiting for you."

And when Brown brought his copy up to the desk, Maguire bowed and said "Thanks," before beginning instructions as to the big story.

Now all this was early in the day, before the first edition went to press. The busy, nervous minutes rushed by, the electric fans buzzed, the reporters hurried in and out, the copy-readers' blue pencils riggled, the type-setting machines clicked, the various editions were run off, the papers were hustled off in wagons and cried on the street, and the strain on Maguire's nerves and temper kept increasing. It was not until the last story was set up, the last head written, the last batch of proofs sent back O. K'd., and the forms were locked up, the plates cast, and the big presses put in motion, with the great rolls



"Maguire's chewing the rag again."—Page 440.

of paper revolving, and the printed, folded sheets of the welcome last edition came fluttering down upon the "delivery" at the rate of six hundred a minute, that the City Editor had time to take a calm, full breath. Then he stopped looking annoyed, and cooled off from a City Editor to a human being. He leaned back in his chair, put his feet on the desk, and smoked luxuriously.

He always leaned back in this way with his feet on the desk, when the last edition went to press. Since waking and reaching out of his bedroom-door for the morning paper (which he propped up on the bureau and read in eager snatches while hurriedly dressing), this was his first moment of freedom from strain and anxiety; and the sense of relaxation and relief was delicious. For his day's work was over, and there it was, all before him, a finished result in black and white. Even if he wanted to change it he could not, so there was nothing for him to worry over.

But he often did worry, and it was very seldom by reason of finding that some other afternoon paper had beaten him on important news, because such things seldom happened with Maguire. It was simply because he was a good deal of a brute in the way he treated his men and knew it. Some city editors are brutes and don't know it. They don't worry.

This afternoon the first thing he saw was that head-line of Murdock's murder story, and then he remembered what he had said to old, patient Henderson, his most faithful copy-reader, who never made any excuses, and had lots of feelings. That started Maguire to thinking.

He remembered how it was in his younger days; he could not stand being treated in that arrogant fashion by city editors, and once he had lost his place on a certain paper because he could not stand it. He could recall the scene very vividly, and how he had enjoyed telling the bullying city editor just what he unre-

servedly thought of him. The tale is still handed down in that office. And now he was very much the same sort of bully himself. He had not expected to turn out that way. It seemed too bad.

He wondered what his men unreservedly thought of him. To be sure he was always very liberal about letting them have days off, and when they had been ill told them, in a blushing, self-conscious manner, that he was glad to see them back. Also he was obliging about lending money in the office, and those who were slow pay he never dunned—which in newspaper men is a rare trait. And whenever any of the men died, which is not a rare occurrence in a newspaper office, he was the one to get up the subscription list for the flowers, or, as it more often happened, for the widow's rent. But he had an idea that the men considered all these acts as merely conscience-salve. Indeed, he sometimes thought so, himself, and felt quite ashamed about it—after the paper went to press.

But after the paper went to press he had little or nothing to do with the other men in the office. The editors of the other departments all had their intimate friends, and none of them was jovial and familiar with him. They did not say, "Hurry up and put on your coat, I'll wait for you down-stairs," to him; they treated him with a great deal of polite respect, and said "Good-morning, Maguire," and "Good-night, Maguire," and but little else. Maguire did not know how to make advances himself. He did not know how to do anything except get out a rattling good newspaper, and he lived all alone, now that his wife was dead, and the paper was all he had to care about. Perhaps that was the reason he cared for it so much.

He looked around at the men. But as he looked around two of the reporters at a nearby table suddenly stopped talking. One of them looked up at the ceiling; the other began to read something. Maguire felt the color come into his face, and he asked himself something that he had asked himself several times of late; but this he decided was absurd.

He looked at the clock. It was later than he had thought, and yet the room was quite full of men. Usually it was nearly empty by this time. One of the copy-

readers was passing by. "What are they all waiting around so late for?" Maguire asked, in his quick manner.

The copy-reader turned round and looked. "Why, so they are. Well, I suppose they're waiting around till it stops raining."

The City Editor knew of other places along Park Row more congenial to newspaper men to wait in till the rain stopped, but he said nothing. He turned his back to the room and spread out the paper and read for two minutes. Then he said to himself, "Well, I may as well go home." He arose, pulled down his desk-top, reached up for his coat, turned around and found himself face to face with the whole staff, who stood in a semicircle.

For a moment no one said anything. Then there was some whispering in the line and Henderson, the old copy-reader, stepped forward toward the City Editor. He looked very grave. So did the rest.

For a newspaper man, Henderson was very deliberate. He cleared his throat.

Instantly Maguire cleared his throat, too, and said: "Well, what's this?" He was even more amazed than he looked.

"Mr. Maguire," Henderson began, looking him straight in the face, "it becomes my duty to tell you that a committee has been appointed to see to your case."

Again Maguire snapped out, "What's this?" and his face was livid. He half-way arose from his chair, then sat down again as if he wanted to show them he was cool.

"A committee," Henderson went on, carefully, "and as chairman, I am now addressing you on behalf of it, and in the presence of those who appointed it." He looked around at the others as if asking, "Isn't that right?" He took another step forward. He was playing with his watch-chain with one hand, and held the other behind his back. Henderson seemed to feel assured that he was right. "You may not be aware of it, but you have been watched for the past few weeks—systematically watched. I regret to say that the committee cannot report that they altogether approve of your conduct."

Maguire sprang out of his chair. "See here! That'll do. I've had enough of this. If you have anything to say to me personally you can call at my home or



He always leaned back in this way . . . when the last edition went to press.—Page 443.

meet me on the street ; but here, in this office, I want you to understand——”

Henderson waved his hand. Those behind him began to whisper something to him. “One moment please, Mr. Maguire,” he said. “It’s in your official capacity that we are addressing you, sir. There are several things that we have to find fault with you about. One of these, as I was about to say, is the altogether unreasonable, the—what shall I say—yes, unreasonable way in which you guard the desk, stay by the desk, all the time, as though you thought somebody was going

to hurt it.” Henderson was talking more rapidly now. “You are the first to come in the morning and you stay here all day, and you’re the last to leave at night. You don’t even go out to lunch. Why don’t you go out to lunch?” Henderson began to grin. “The staff wants to know why in thunder you don’t go out to lunch?” He now brought his right hand out from behind his back. “And they want me to ask you to wear this thing” (there was a watch in Henderson’s hand with a chain dangling from it). “They have come to the conclusion that it’s because you don’t keep



And found himself face to face with the whole staff . . . " And they want me to ask you " — Page 444

track of the time. They say you are about the squarest City Editor in Park Row, even though you do flare up occasionally and get red in the face. And you see" (he was sticking the watch up under Maguire's face) "we were afraid that unless you went out to lunch your health would go to pieces and you'd lose your job, and then we'd get a City Editor that we couldn't work so easily for days off and—and, well, I had a lot more to say only I'm rattled now—Here, Maguire, take it; and after this, see that you don't forget your lunch when the time comes. Pardon me, boys, for falling down on that speech."

But the others were not looking at Henderson.

Maguire's face had worn several sorts of expressions, and now it had none. He had reached out and grasped the chain in the middle. Now he stood there with the perspiration pouring down his face and looking like a little boy who had been caught doing something bad.

He knew the whole staff was looking at him and some of the editors, who had lingered to see the fun. The office-boys were there too. But he only opened the back of the watch and exposed the shining golden inside case, as if he wanted to see the karat mark. Then, realizing what a foolish thing he was doing, he abruptly laid it down on his desk on some copy-paper. He knew he had to say something. "Well, boys," he began, looking up and then down again, "I don't believe I have anything to say." He stood still a moment looking helpless. Somebody coughed. He suddenly realized that he must seem very ungrateful, and he opened his mouth and said:

"Gentlemen." Everyone was silent. "This is a very pretty watch." Inwardly he was calling himself a fool for that remark. They knew that. He knew they did. He mopped his brow. "I thank you, boys. I thank you all. I'm much obliged." He looked as if he hated watches.

Some of those in the line made a move as if to wind matters up, but Maguire had just begun:

"I tell you, boys," he said with his head on one side, "I don't deserve it at all. When I think of the way I treat you fellows sometimes—you know what I mean."

"That's all right," one of the men said, aloud.

"I just want to say to you though," Maguire went on, "that one gets it as bad as the next in *this* office." He grinned a little.

"That's so," several of the staff said, and again there was the movement to conclude, but the City Editor evidently thought it would be anticlimaxical to stop there, and he always hated a story to fizzle out at the end. Besides, he had more to say. "But I tell you, boys (his voice was low and solemn now), if it offends you sometimes it's nothing to the way it hurts me. Every time I jump on one of you fellows it rebounds on me with redoubled force. Why, sometimes, I tell you what it is, I can't get to sleep at night thinking about things I've said during the day."

Everyone of the staff that could had turned red, and a number that thought they could not.

Newspaper men can't stand much of this sort of thing, but none of them had sense enough to stop him. They just stood there looking silly and feeling foolish, and they might have allowed him to go on until he had made them wish they had not given him a watch, if an impudent office-boy had not broken in at that point. "Tree cheers for Mr. Maguire," cried the shrill voice. "Hurrah!"

No one joined in, but all began to laugh, and Maguire laughed too, and that broke the strain.

Henderson set an example for the rest by going up and offering his hand to Maguire.

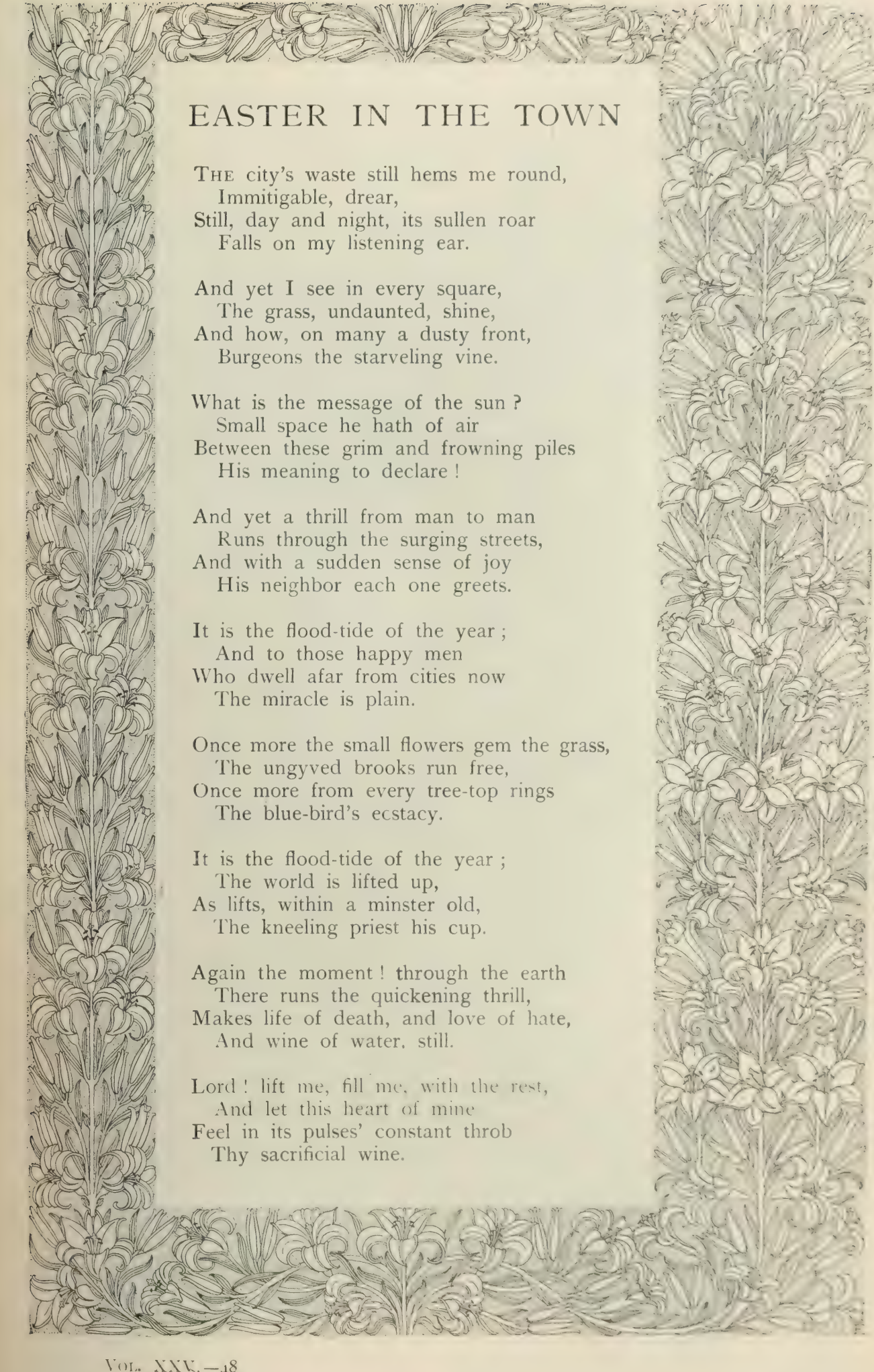
The City Editor shook it, and then saying, "Tell the boys for me, will you, Henderson, please," he picked up his overcoat and anticlimaxically skipped out of the room and down the stairs without daring to look at one of them.

The next day things went on in the same way as ever, apparently.



EDWARD B.

EDWARDS.



EASTER IN THE TOWN

THE city's waste still hems me round,
Immitigable, drear,
Still, day and night, its sullen roar
Falls on my listening ear.

And yet I see in every square,
The grass, undaunted, shine,
And how, on many a dusty front,
Burgeons the starveling vine.

What is the message of the sun ?
Small space he hath of air
Between these grim and frowning piles
His meaning to declare !

And yet a thrill from man to man
Runs through the surging streets,
And with a sudden sense of joy
His neighbor each one greets.

It is the flood-tide of the year ;
And to those happy men
Who dwell afar from cities now
The miracle is plain.

Once more the small flowers gem the grass,
The ungyved brooks run free,
Once more from every tree-top rings
The blue-bird's ecstasy.

It is the flood-tide of the year ;
The world is lifted up,
As lifts, within a minster old,
The kneeling priest his cup.

Again the moment ! through the earth
There runs the quickening thrill,
Makes life of death, and love of hate,
And wine of water, still.

Lord ! lift me, fill me, with the rest,
And let this heart of mine
Feel in its pulses' constant throb
Thy sacrificial wine.

SOME POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

By George F. Hoar

Senator from Massachusetts



AFTER the election of Sumner in 1851, there was nothing to be accomplished by the coalition in aid of the doctrine of the Free-Soil Party upon the living and burning national question of slavery. There was no Senator to be elected for two years, and no Congressman until the autumn of 1852. Both parties, however, were unwilling to throw away their political power. The Democrats had had no control in the State for more than a generation. The Free-soilers had gained by the coalition beyond their greatest hopes when they elected Sumner and Rantoul to the Senate. They looked about for some common ground on which they could plausibly maintain a union on State issues. They found it in the fancied necessity for a revision of the Constitution. Accordingly, the question was submitted to the people, by a resolve of the Legislature of 1851, whether a convention should be held for that purpose. This was voted down by the people at the fall election, although the united Democrats and Free-soilers again elected a majority of the State Legislature and, through that, the Governor and Council and State officers. The people of Massachusetts were well satisfied with their constitution, which seemed to most of them to need little amendment except in the matter of electing Representatives. The old system of town representation had grown cumbrous and unequal by the concentration of population in cities and large towns caused by the growth of manufacture. There was a special unwillingness to tamper with our judicial system. The courts of Massachusetts had been the special pride of her people, and a majority of them approved appointing the Judges by the Governor, and a tenure of office for life. In the Legislature of 1852, of which I was a member, the proposition was renewed. The coalition majority in the House consisted of only five or six; and there were a good many Free-soilers, of

whom I was one, who were unwilling to have a convention called unless it was clearly understood that there should be no change in the tenure of the Judges. Assurances to that effect were given by the leaders on both sides. A joint committee of the two Houses, consisting of some very eminent Democrats and Free-soilers, who reported the resolve to provide for submitting to the people once more the question of calling a convention, made in their report an emphatic statement that there was no purpose of disturbing the judicial tenure. Without that assurance, the resolve could not have passed the Legislature. The next time the people voted, by a not very large majority, in favor of a constitutional convention. The scheme, however, had a singular fate. In the fall of that year the Whigs elected a majority of the Legislature. This was due, undoubtedly, to the enactment by the Legislature of the law known as the Maine Liquor Law, which was extremely unpopular in many quarters. The resolve for calling the convention provided that its members should be elected by the people by a secret ballot. This method of voting was very much disliked by the Whigs. When the Legislature of 1853 met, the Whig majority undertook to repeal so much of the law for electing delegates to the convention which had been approved by a popular vote as provided for the secret ballot. This was resisted by the minority in a long and bitter contest, which excited the people from one end of the Commonwealth to the other. That was undoubtedly the angriest contest that ever took place in the Legislature of Massachusetts during its whole history. The Whigs, after a long struggle, carried their point, but the proceeding was exceedingly unpopular. The result was that, when the election of delegates came, the coalition carried the convention by a very large majority. The famous General Butler was one of the leaders in this contest. He was a member of the Legislature of that year, which, I think, was the first po-

litical office he ever held. On one occasion, when Mr. Speaker Bliss, a worthy and respectable elderly gentleman, made a ruling which displeased him, he called out, in a loud tone, "I should like to knife that old cuss." This utterance was quoted all over the country and in newspapers in foreign countries, and everywhere most justly rebuked as disgraceful to republican government.

It turned out, however, that the great majority was unfortunate for the victors. They were rendered bold by their triumph. So when the convention assembled in 1853, they disregarded the pledges which had enabled them to get the assent of the people to calling the convention, and provided that the tenure of the office of the Judges of the Supreme Court should be for ten years only, and the Judges of Probate should be elected by the people of the several counties once in three years. It is said, and, as I have good reason to know, very truly, that this action of the convention was taken in consequence of a quarrel which General Butler and Mr. Josiah G. Abbott, two eminent leaders of the Democrats in the convention, had got into in court in East Cambridge with the late Judge Merrick. They had neither of them agreed to the proposition to change the judicial tenure. They were absent from the convention for several days in the trial of an important cause, and returned angry with the Judge and determined to do something to curb the independent power of the Judges. The proposition was adopted.

The result, however, was that the people voted down the whole constitution. Several of the most eminent leaders of the Free-soilers and Democrats separated themselves from their party and joined the Whigs in defeating it. Among them were Marcus Morton, formerly Governor and Judge of the Supreme Court; John G. Palfrey, who had been the Free-soil candidate for Governor; Charles Francis Adams, afterward member of Congress and Minister to England, and Samuel Hoar. The rebellion was started by a very able and telling pamphlet written by John G. Palfrey. To this pamphlet Mr. E. R. Hoar, then a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, contributed the constitutional argument.

I was myself, at this time, an enthusi-

astic Free-soiler. I was, as I have said, Chairman of the Republican County Committee; and it is not presumptuous to say, that if I had been willing, I should have been elected to Congress from the Worcester district in the autumn of 1852 to succeed Judge Allen. But I joined the rebels against the dominant feeling of my party.

The defeat was aided, however, undoubtedly by the effect of a very just and righteous proposal which was submitted to a separate vote of the people, but which had its effect on the feeling in regard to the whole scheme, to prohibit the use of any money raised by taxation for sectarian schools. To this the Catholic clergy were opposed, and the Catholic vote, not however then very important in Massachusetts, was cast against the whole scheme.

It is, however, a great pity that the labors of this constitutional convention were wasted. It was a very able body of men. With the exception of the convention that framed the constitution in the beginning, and the convention which revised it in 1820, after the separation from Maine, I doubt whether so able a body of men ever assembled in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or, with very few exceptions indeed, in the entire country. The debates, which are preserved in three thick and almost forgotten volumes, are full of instructive and admirable essays on the theory of constitutional government. Among the members were Rufus Choate, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, George N. Briggs, Marcus Morton, Marcus Morton, Jr., Henry L. Dawes, Charles Allen, George S. Hillard, Richard H. Dana, George S. Boutwell, Otis P. Lord, Peleg Sprague, Simon Greenleaf, and Sidney Bartlett.

There were a good many interesting incidents not, I believe, recorded in the report of the debates which are worth preserving.

One was a spirited reply made by George S. Hillard to Benjamin F. Butler, who had bitterly attacked Chief Justice Shaw, then an object of profound reverence to nearly the whole people of the Commonwealth. Butler spoke of his harsh and rough manner of dealing with counsel. To which Hillard replied, pointing at Butler, "While we have jackals and hyenas at the bar, we want the old lion

upon the bench, with one blow of his huge paw to bring their scalps over their eyes."

Hillard was an accomplished and eloquent man, of whom Mr. Webster said in the Senate of the United States, "the best hopes are to be entertained." But he lacked vigor and courage to assert his own opinions against the social influences of Boston, which were brought to bear with great severity on the anti-slavery leaders.

Hillard was not so fortunate in another encounter. He undertook to attack Richard Dana, and to reproach him for voting for a scheme of representation which somewhat diminished the enormous political power of Boston. She elected all her representatives on one ballot, and had a power altogether disproportionate to that of the country. He said, speaking of Dana, "He should remember that the bread he and I both eat comes from the business men of Boston. He ought not, like an ungrateful child, to strike at the hand that feeds him." Dana replied with great indignation, ending with the sentence, "The hand that feeds me—the hand that feeds me, sir? No hand feeds me that has a right to control my opinions!"

A *bon mot* of Henry Wilson is perhaps also worth putting on record. Somebody, who was speaking of the importance of the Massachusetts town meeting, said that it was not merely a place for town government alone but that it was a place where the people of the town met from scattered and sometimes secluded dwelling-places to cultivate each other's acquaintance, to talk over the news of the day and all matters of public interest; and that it was a sort of farmers' exchange, where they could compare notes on the state of agriculture, and even sometimes swap oxen. Governor Briggs, who had been beaten as a candidate for re-election by the coalition, replied to this speech and said, referring to the coalition, "that the gentlemen on the other side seemed to have carried their trading and swapping of oxen into politics, and into the high offices of the state." To which Henry Wilson answered, referring to Briggs's own loss of his office, "that so long as the people were satisfied with the trade, it did not become the oxen to complain."

Undoubtedly the ablest member of the convention was Charles Allen. He spoke seldom and briefly, but always with great authority and power. Late in the proceedings of the convention a rule was established limiting the speakers to thirty minutes each. Hillard, who was one of the delegates from Boston, made a very carefully prepared speech on some pending question. Allen closed the debate, making no reference whatever to Hillard's elaborate and most eloquent argument, until he was about to sit down, when he said, "Mr. President, I believe my time is up?" The President answered, "The gentleman from Worcester has two minutes more." "Two minutes!" exclaimed Allen. "Time enough to answer the gentleman from Boston." And he proceeded in that brief period to deal a few strokes with his keen scimitar, which effectually demolished Hillard's elaborate structure.

There is nothing in the political excitements of recent years which approaches in intensity that of the period from 1848 until the breaking out of the War. The people of Massachusetts felt the most profound interest in the great conflict between slavery and freedom for the possession of the vast territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific. But almost every man in Massachusetts felt the Fugitive Slave Law as a personal dishonor. I think no great public calamity, not the death of Webster, not the death of Sumner, not the loss of great battles during the War, brought such a sense of gloom over the whole State as the surrender of Anthony Burns and of Sims. Worcester, where I dwelt, was the centre and stronghold of the anti-slavery feeling in Massachusetts. This odious statute was, perhaps, the greatest single cause of the union of the people of the North in opposition to the further encroachments of slavery. Yet but two slaves were taken back into slavery from Massachusetts by reason of its provisions. I will not undertake to tell the story of those years which will form an important chapter in the history of the country. But I had a special knowledge of two occurrences which are alluded to by Colonel Higginson in his charming essay entitled, "Cheerful Yesterdays," but in regard to which that most delightful writer and ad-

mirable gentleman has fallen into some slight errors of recollection.

The first person seized under the Fugitive Slave Law was a slave named Shadrach. He was brought to trial before George T. Curtis, United States Commissioner. One of the great complaints against the Fugitive Slave Law was that it did not give the man claimed as a slave, where his liberty and that of his posterity were at stake, the right to a jury trial which the Constitution secured in all cases of property involving more than twenty dollars, or in all cases where he was charged with the slightest crime or offence. Further, the Commissioner was to receive twice the fee if the man were surrendered into slavery as if he were discharged. Horace Mann, in one of his speeches, commented on this feature of the law with terrible severity. He also pointed out that the Commissioner was not a judicial officer with an independent tenure, but only the creature of the courts and removable at any time. He also dwelt upon what he conceived to be the unfair dealing of the Commissioners who had presided at the trial of the three slaves who had been tried in Massachusetts, and added: "Pilate, fellow-citizens, was at least a Judge, though he acted like a Commissioner."

Elizur Wright, a well-known Abolitionist, editor of the *Chronotype*, was indicted in the United States Court for aiding in the rescue of Shadrach. While the hearing before Curtis on the proceedings for the rendition of Shadrach was going on, a large number of men, chiefly negroes, made their way into the court-room by one door, swept through, taking the fugitive along with them, and out at the other, leaving the indignant Commissioner to telegraph to Mr. Webster in Washington that he thought it was a case of levying war. I went into the court-room during the trial of Mr. Wright, and saw seated in the front row of the jury, wearing a face of intense gravity, my old friend Francis Bigelow, always spoken of in Concord as "Mr. Bigelow, the blacksmith." He was a Free-soiler and his wife a Garrison Abolitionist. His house was a station on the underground railroad where fugitive slaves were formerly harbored on their way to Canada. Shadrach had been put into a buggy and driven

out as far as Concord, and kept over night by Bigelow at his house, and sent on his way toward the North Star the next morning. Richard Dana, who was counsel for Elizur Wright, asked Judge Hoar what sort of a man Bigelow was. To which the judge replied: "He is a thoroughly honest man, and will decide the case according to the law and the evidence, as he believes them to be. But I think it will take a good deal of evidence to convince him that one man owns another."

It is not, perhaps, pertinent to my personal recollections, but it may be worth while to tell your readers that Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and some others were indicted afterward for participation in an attempted rescue of Anthony Burns, another fugitive slave. The indictment was quashed by Judge Curtis, who had probably got pretty sick of the whole thing. But Parker, while in jail awaiting trial, prepared a defence, which is printed, and which is one of the most marvellous examples of scathing and burning denunciation to be found in all literature. I commend it to young men as worth their study.

Some time after the Shadrach case, Asa O. Butman, a United States Deputy Marshal, who had been quite active and odious in the arrest and extradition of Burns, came to Worcester one Saturday afternoon, and stopped at the American Temperance House. This was on October 30, 1854. It was believed that he was in search of information about some fugitive negroes who were supposed to be in Worcester, and I suppose that to be the fact, although it was claimed that his errand was to summon witnesses against persons concerned in the riot which took place when Burns was captured. The fact of his presence became known in the course of the day on Sunday, and a pretty angry crowd began to gather in the streets in the neighborhood of the American House. Butman learned his danger, and took refuge in the City Marshal's office at the City Hall, where the police force of the city were gathered for his protection. No attack was made during the night, but it was not deemed prudent to have Butman leave his shelter. I had been to Concord to spend Sunday with my kindred there. I got back to Worcester at nine o'clock

Monday morning, and was told at the station of the condition of things. I went immediately to the City Hall, made my way through the crowd to the building, and was admitted to the police office by the City Marshal, who was my client, and apt to depend on me for legal advice. I found Butman in a state of great terror. It was evident that the crowd was too large for any police force which the little city had in its service. Unless it should be pacified, something was likely to happen which we should all have much regretted. I accordingly went out and addressed the crowd from the steps of the City Hall. They listened to me respectfully enough. I was pretty well known through the city as an earnest Free-soiler, and as sharing the public feeling of indignation against the delivering up of fugitives. I reminded the crowd that my father and sister had been expelled from Charleston, S. C., where he had gone at the risk of his life to defend Massachusetts colored sailors who were imprisoned there, and appealed to them not to give the people of South Carolina the right to excuse their own conduct by citing the example of Massachusetts. There were shouts from the crowd, "Will he promise to leave Worcester, and never to come back?" Butman, who was inside, terribly frightened, said he would promise never to come to Worcester again as long as he lived. I did not, however, repeat Butman's promise to the crowd. I thought he ought to go without conditions. The time approached for the train to pass through Worcester for Boston. It went from a little wooden station near the site of the present Union Depot, about half a mile from the City Hall. It was determined, on consultation, to take advantage of an apparently pacific mood of the crowd, and to start Butman at once for the station in time to catch the train. I took one arm, and I am quite sure Colonel Higginson took the other; a few policemen went ahead and a few behind; and we started from the back door of the City Hall. The mob soon found what we were after, and thronged around us. It has been estimated that a crowd of two thousand people at least surrounded Butman and his convoy. I suppose he had no friend or defender among the number. Most of

them wanted to frighten him; some of them to injure him, though not to kill him. There were a few angry negroes who, I suppose, were excited and maddened by their not unnatural or unjustifiable resentment against the fellow who had been the ready and notorious tool of the slave-catchers. He was kicked several times by persons who succeeded, in the swaying and surging of the crowd, in getting through his guard, and once knocked onto his knees by a heavy blow in the back of the neck which came from a powerful negro, who had a stone in his hand which increased the force of the blow. I believe he was hit also by some missiles. He reached the depot almost lifeless with terror. The train was standing there, and started just after we arrived. It was impossible to get him into it. It was then endeavored to put him into a buggy which was standing outside of the depot; but the owner, a young business man of Worcester, seized the bridle of his horse and stoutly refused to allow the horse to start. Butman was then thrust into a hack, into which, as Mr. Higginson says, he got with one or two other persons; and the hack was driven rapidly through the crowd with no damage but the breaking of the windows. Mr. Higginson thought he left Butman at Westboro'; but my recollection, which is very distinct, and with which I think he now agrees, is that Lovell Baker, the City Marshal, followed with his own horse and buggy, and took Butman from the hack after he got a short distance out of Worcester. Butman implored him not to leave him at the way-station, fearing that the crowd would come down in an accommodation train, which went also about that time, and waylay him there; so Baker drove him the whole distance to Boston, forty miles. When Butman got to the city, he was afraid that the news of the Worcester riot might have reached Boston, and have excited the people there; and, by his urgent solicitation, Baker took Butman by unfrequented streets across the city to a place where he thought he could be concealed until the excitement abated. Baker, who died a short time ago in Worcester, aged over ninety, told me the whole story immediately on his return.

The proceeding was undoubtedly not to be justified; but it was a satisfaction

to know that no slave-hunter came to Worcester after the occurrence. Five or six people—including, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Higginson himself, certainly including Joseph A. Howland, a well-known Abolitionist and non-resistant, and also including Martin Stowell, who was afterward indicted for killing Batchelder, a Marshal who took part in the rendition of Burns—were complained of before the police court, and bound over to await the action of the grand jury. The grand jury returned no indictment, except against one colored man. Mr. District Attorney Aldrich was quite disgusted at this, and promptly *not prosed* that indictment. And so ended the famous Butman riot.

The Whigs were in a minority in Massachusetts after the year 1848. But the constitution required a majority of all the votes to elect a Governor; and, in case of no choice, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, the Executive Council, and the Senators from counties where there had been no election were chosen on joint ballot by the members elected to the two Houses. The Whigs were able to carry the Legislature, and in that way chose their Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, elected Councillors, and filled vacancies in the Senate. But the Free-soil and Democratic leaders were not content to leave the power in the hands of the Whig minority. In 1849 a few Representatives and Senators were chosen to the Legislature by a union of the Free-soil and Democratic Parties. In the autumn of 1850 this arrangement was extended through the State. The Whigs were in the minority in the Legislature, and the coalition proceeded to elect a Democratic Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and an Executive Council. In consideration of giving these offices to the Democrats, it was agreed that Mr. Sumner should be chosen Senator. A few of the Democrats, who desired to keep their party relations with the South, refused to agree to this arrangement. Mr. Winthrop was the Whig candidate. The Senate, on its part, promptly elected Mr. Sumner, but there was a long contest in the House of Representatives, extending through three months. Twenty-six ballots were cast, of which no candidate had a majority until the last. Mr. Sumner several times came within two or three

votes of an election. At last it was apparent that some member had cast more than one vote; and an order was offered by Sidney Bartlett, an eminent Whig member from Boston, requiring the members to bring in their votes in sealed envelopes. This resulted in the choice of Sumner.

Another contribution to Mr. Sumner's election ought not to be forgotten. The town of Fall River was represented by Whigs; but it was a community where there was a strong anti-slavery feeling. A town-meeting was called by the friends of Mr. Sumner, and a motion made to instruct their representatives, according to the right of the people declared in the constitution of Massachusetts, to vote for Sumner. An earnest and eloquent speech in favor of the resolution was made by Robert T. Davis, a young Quaker, since a distinguished member of Congress. The resolution was carried, which Mr. Borden, one of the representatives from Fall River, obeyed. The result was Sumner's election by a single vote.

I was not a member of the Legislature of 1851. In 1852 the coalition again carried the State; but there was no choice for Representatives from the city of Worcester. It turned out that, while there were some very able Whig lawyers and leaders elected, including Otis P. Lord, Ensign H. Kellogg, Henry L. Dawes, F. O. Prince, and also some other eminent leaders, notably J. Thomas Stevenson, a very eloquent and able debater, the coalition had elected few persons known at all through the State, and had not chosen lawyers enough to give shape to the legislation. Accordingly, some of the coalition leaders urged the people of Worcester, where there was no choice on the first Monday of November, to include some capable lawyer among their delegation. According to the constitutional provision then in force, if there were a failure to elect the first week in November, a new election for Representatives was had on the fourth Monday of that month. Accordingly, there was a Free-soil caucus called the Friday before that Monday, at which I was present. I had no idea that my name would be thought of, and was struck with surprise when the voting was declared and it turned out that I had been nominated. I rose and stated to the conven-

tion that I desired to devote myself to my profession, and that I could not accept such an office without asking my father's leave. I was then twenty-five years old. I said that, if they chose to allow me to consider the matter until the next night, I would go down to Concord in the meantime and see my father. The convention kindly adjourned until Saturday evening, that I might go to Concord. My father told me that he hoped I should not think of making politics my career in life, but that he thought it would be very well for me to hold a seat in the Legislature for one year. It would enable me to get acquainted with people from different parts of the Commonwealth, and I should be better fitted for administering laws by seeing how they were made. So I returned and accepted the nomination, and was elected.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives then consisted of about four hundred and twenty members. It was, I think, as admirable a body of men for the training of a public speaker as I ever knew. The members were honest. The large majority was made up of sensible, strong-headed country farmers, rather slow in making up their minds, but making them up always upon considerations of what was best for the Commonwealth. There was a time, when the opinion of the House seemed to be precipitating or crystallizing, not too early in the debate and not too late, when a vigorous and effective speech had great influence. I was made Chairman of the Committee of Probate and Chancery, the second law committee in the house; and I suppose it is not presumptuous to say that I did as much of the hard work of the body and had as much influence in leading its action and shaping its legislation as anybody. A Practice Act had been passed the year before, reported by Judge Curtis and Chief Justice Chapman, which had not satisfied the profession or the people. A new one was demanded, which I prepared, and which was passed. I used to spend my evenings in consultation with Judge Gray, then a young lawyer of about my age; and the Practice Act of 1852, which the legislature accepted without much change, was the result of our work. It has been the foundation of the civil pleading and practice in Massachusetts ever since.

I entered the House of Representatives of the United States at the spring session which began March 4, 1869, at the beginning of Grant's administration. I can almost say with truth that my nomination and election were against my own will. My life has been a singular instance of the failure of early plans and expectations, and being drifted by the current of life into strange regions. I expected, when I was admitted to the bar, to spend my life in my office as what was called "chamber counsel" and in making instruments, but never to take much part in the conduct of trials, or to conduct them at all, except with the help of senior counsel. I supposed I had an incurable incapacity for speaking in public. After I got along a little farther, and had some early professional successes, it was my whole desire and ambition some day to become a judge. It always seemed to me that the most delightful human occupation would be to go about the State, with four or five able lawyers, hearing and deciding questions of law. *Sed dis aliter visum.* In the spring of 1868 I was broken down by overwork. My brain was so affected that I sometimes could not remember for two minutes an important conversation. I would meet a client in the street. He would say something to me about an important case, and when I had got ten rods off I would say to myself, "What was it that that man was talking with me about?" I engaged passage for a summer journey in Europe. Just before I went some friends expressed a desire to nominate me for Congress, to which I gave a half-assent, supposing that to go to Washington for a term would enable me to get rid of the burden of professional care and to recruit my jaded faculties. But as soon as I got out of sight of land and the load of responsibility was off my mind, my health and vigor instantly came back. I returned from Europe ready to begin work again, and utterly sick of the whole idea of political life; but the matter had gone too far. I could not honorably retreat without leaving in the lurch the men who had engaged in an active campaign in my behalf. So I was nominated over five or six competitors, after a severe struggle, and was elected. Within a week after I took my seat in Washington, I received a message from

the Governor asking me to accept the place on the bench of the Supreme Court made vacant by my brother's appointment as Attorney-General. There never was a greater temptation; but I could not properly abandon the place I had accepted, and leave the Republicans of the district to a repetition of the angry contest of the previous autumn. So, very reluctantly, I declined.

Another opportunity came to me when Judge Gray was appointed Chief Justice of Massachusetts. But I had just engaged with great zeal in the campaign for the nomination of Mr. Washburn over General Butler; and it did not seem to me desirable, on public grounds, that the appointment of a Judge of the Supreme Court should even seem to be due to the political service I had rendered Mr. Washburn. I sent a message to Governor Washburn to that effect, and turned my back forever on judicial life.

When I entered the House, March 4, 1869, there was a very interesting and important group of men, the most brilliant and conspicuous of whom was, undoubtedly, Mr. James G. Blaine. The public, friends and foes, judged of him by a few striking and picturesque qualities. There has probably never been a man in our history upon whom so few people looked with indifference. He was born to be loved or hated. Nobody occupied a middle ground as to him. In addition to the striking qualities which caught the public eye, he was a man of profound knowledge of our political history, of a sure literary taste, and of great capacity as an orator. He studied and worked out for himself very abstruse questions, on which he formed his own opinions, and usually with great sagacity. How far he was affected in his position by the desire for public favor I will not undertake to say. I think the constitution of his mind was such that matters were apt to strike him much in the same way as they were apt to strike the majority of the people of the North, especially of the Northwest, where he was always exceedingly popular. He maintained very friendly personal relations with some of the more intelligent Southerners, especially with Lamar. One incident in his relations with Butler was intensely amusing. They were never on

very friendly terms, though each of them found it wise not to break with the other. When Blaine was a candidate for Speaker, to which office he was chosen in the spring session of 1869, his principal competitor was Henry L. Dawes. Dawes's chances were considered excellent until Butler, who had great influence with the Southern Republican members of the House, declared himself for Blaine. Butler was exceedingly anxious to be Chairman of the Committee of Appropriations. This would have been an offence in the nostrils of a large portion of the Republican Party. Mr. Dawes, learning Butler's proposed defection, was beforehand with him by rising in the caucus and himself nominating Mr. Blaine. This secured Blaine's unanimous nomination. Butler, however, still pressed eagerly his own claim for the Chairmanship of the Appropriations. Blaine was altogether too shrewd to yield to that. The committees were not appointed until the following December. Butler suspected somehow that there was doubt about his getting the coveted prize. He accordingly went to the door of the Speaker's room, which was then opposite the door of the House of Representatives, by the side of the Speaker's chair. He found Blaine's messenger keeping the door, who told him Mr. Blaine was engaged and could not see anybody. "Very well," said General Butler, "I will wait." Accordingly he took a chair and seated himself at the door, so that he might intercept Blaine as he came out. Blaine, learning that Butler was there, went out the window, round by the portico, and entered the House by another entrance. Somebody came along and, seeing Butler seated in the corridor, said, "What are you about here, General?" "Waiting for Blaine," was the reply. "Blaine is in the chair in the House," was the answer. "It isn't possible," said Butler. "Yes, he is just announcing the committees." Butler rushed into the House in time to hear Mr. Dawes's name read by the clerk as Chairman of Appropriations. He was very angry, and bided his time. They had an altercation over the bill to protect the rights of the freedmen in the South, the story of which I tell in speaking of Grant. But as the end of the Congress approached, Butler endeavored to get up an alliance

between the Democrats and what were called "Revenue Reformers." There was a large number of Northwestern Republicans who were disposed to break away from the party because of its policy of high protection. This included representatives of a good many States that afterward were most loyal supporters of the tariff policy. Butler showed me one day a call he had prepared, saying, "How do you think something like this would answer?" It was a call for a caucus of all persons who desired a reform in the tariff to meet to nominate a candidate for Speaker. I was never in Butler's confidence, and I suppose he showed me the paper with the expectation that I should tell Blaine. Blaine circumvented the movement by giving assurances to the friends of revenue reform that he would make up a Committee of Ways and Means with a majority of persons of their way of thinking. This ended Butler's movement. Blaine kept his word. Mr. Dawes, a high protectionist, was made chairman, and Mr. Kelly, also a high protectionist, was second on the Committee of Ways and Means; but a majority were revenue reformers. The committee reported a bill which would have been exceedingly injurious to the protected industries of New England. That bill was passed and reported to the House from the Committee of the Whole; but the member of the committee who had it in charge, by a strange oversight, forgot to demand the previous question. Mr. Dawes, quick as lightning, took from his desk a bill which he had previously prepared, but which had been voted down by his committee, added to it a clause putting tea and coffee on the free list, and, I believe, containing also one or two other items which were specially popular in some parts of the country, and moved that as an amendment to the committee's bill, and himself demanded the previous question. The cry of a free breakfast-table was then specially popular. There were enough members who did not dare to vote against putting tea and coffee on the free list to turn the scale. Dawes's amendment was adopted, the bill passed, the New England industries saved, and the tariff reformers beaten. The persons who saw only the quiet and modest bearing with which Mr. Dawes conducted himself in the Senate do

not know with how much vigor, quickness of wit, readiness and skill in debate, he conducted himself amid the stormy sessions of the House of Representatives during Grant's first administration. There has never been, within my experience, a greater power than his on the floor of the House. He had mighty antagonists. There were not only very able Democrats, like Randall and Kerr and Holman, but there were mighty leaders among the Republicans. There was little party discipline. Each of them seemed bent on having his own way and taking care of himself, and ready to trip up or overthrow any of his rivals without mercy or remorse. Among them were Butler and Farnsworth and Garfield and Logan and Schenck and Kelly and Banks and Bingham and Sargent and Blaine and Poland.

I was not in the habit of going often to the White House when Grant was President. When I did, he received me always with great kindness. He always seemed to be very fond of my brother; and I suppose that led him to receive me in a more intimate and cordial fashion than he would otherwise have done. I was first introduced to him in the cloak-room of the House of Representatives the Saturday evening before his inauguration. He came, I think, to see Mr. Boutwell, then a member of the House, afterward his Secretary of the Treasury. He came to Worcester in the summer of that year, and I went with him in a special car to Groton in the afternoon. He was not very talkative, though interested in all he saw. He expressed special delight in the appearance of the boys of the Worcester Military School, who turned out to escort him. One of his sons, a well-grown lad, was upon the train. The general had not seen him for some time, and he sat with his arm around him, as one might with a little girl.

My first important interview with him showed his characteristic traits in rather an amusing manner. Early in the summer the term of office of the postmaster at North Brookfield, Mass., expired. The postmaster was a clergyman named Beecher, brother of the famous Henry Ward Beecher. He was appointed by Andrew Johnson on his brother's recommendation, very much to the dissatisfac-

tion of the people of the town. He had boasted that his appointment cost nothing but a postage stamp. He was an honest and worthy man, but eccentric. He considered himself safe in his office on account of his brother's influence, and was quite disposed to give himself airs and to disregard the wishes and convenience of the patrons of the office. One thing that was charged against him was that he would go to his office Sunday noon, take down his religious paper, and sit in the office reading it. When some farmer who had come several miles to church would ask him for his paper, which would be close to Beecher's head, in the box, the postmaster would reply, with great sternness, that he could deliver no mail on Sunday. I carefully ascertained the wishes of the inhabitants of the town. I found that Beecher had no supporters for a reappointment, but that the town generally desired the appointment of Deacon Poland, a substantial and highly esteemed business man. I recommended Mr. Poland's appointment. But Mr. Henry Ward Beecher went to Washington, dined with the President, requested the reappointment of his brother, and, it was understood, secured from President Grant an assurance that it should be done; so nothing was done in the vacation about my recommendation. Judge Poland, of Vermont, a very eminent and influential member of Congress, cousin of the candidate, called upon President Grant during the summer, but could get no encouragement from him at all. The President intimated to him that he expected to reappoint Beecher. When I reached Washington in December, at the beginning of the session, I called on Postmaster-General Creswell, and asked him about the North Brookfield post-office. Mr. Creswell said that he had recommended the appointment of Mr. Poland, and had done everything that he could, but that the President seemed obdurate. He wished I would go and see him myself. Accordingly, I went to the White House. I found Grant alone, seated at the head of the table in the room where the Cabinet used to meet. I sat down by his side, and said, "Mr. President, I have come to see you about a small matter, but it seems to be one that has been reserved for your personal determination. There is a town

in my district, the town of North Brookfield, the people of which are exceedingly intelligent and very earnest Republicans. I have recommended for appointment a Mr. Poland, an old and highly esteemed citizen there, whom the people favor with almost entire unanimity." As I said this, I noticed the hard and determined look with which persons intimate with Grant were so familiar come over his face. I went on. "The present postmaster is exceedingly obnoxious, but he is a brother of Henry Ward Beecher. He was appointed by President Johnson, on Mr. Beecher's recommendation, against the wishes of the people; and it is now understood that Mr. Beecher urges his reappointment." I then told the President about the Sunday newspapers story, and about the feeling that existed, and added, "The people of North Brookfield think they understand what is for their interest, and they think it very hard that a man should be kept in an office which is created for their service, against their wish, merely to please a man in New York." General Grant looked quite angry for a moment. Then his face relaxed into that beautiful smile which he was wont to show when he saw what was just and determined to do it, and said, "Mr. Hoar, I will send in Mr. Poland's name to-morrow." This he did.

It used to be thought that Grant was a man without much literary capacity. Since the publication of his "Memoirs," this notion has been discarded. I can testify to his great readiness as a writer. I saw him write two messages to Congress, both of a good deal of importance, without pause or correction, and as rapidly as his pen could fly over the paper. The first was the message which he sent in on the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. I was much interested in a bill in aid of national education. I called on the President when the last State needed had ratified the Fifteenth Amendment, and suggested to him that it might be well to send a special message to Congress congratulating them on the result, and urging the policy of promoting education for the new citizens. I told him of General Washington's interest in a national university, and what he had said about the importance of education in his

writings. I said I supposed he had them in his library. He said he believed he had, but he wished I would get the books and bring them to him. I accordingly got the books, carried them up to the White House, showed him the passages, and Grant sat down and wrote in a few minutes, and quite rapidly, the message which was sent to Congress the next day. The other occasion was when he sent in the message at the time of the controversy between the House and the Senate in regard to the policy to be pursued in dealing with the outrages in the South. The Senate had passed a bill giving a discretion to the President to take some firm measures to suppress these disorders, and to protect the colored people and Republicans of the South, and if in his judgment he thought it necessary, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. This measure, which had a considerable majority in the Senate, was voted down in the House under the influence of Speaker Blaine, Mr. Dawes, General Farnsworth, and other prominent Republicans. During the controversy Mr. Blaine left the chair and engaged in the debate, being provoked by some thrust of Butler's. There was a lively passage at arms, in which Blaine said he was obliged to leave the chair, as his predecessor Mr. Colfax had been compelled to, "to chastise the insolence of the gentleman from Massachusetts." Butler replied by some charge against Blaine, to which Blaine, as he was walking back to take the gavel again, shouted out, "It's a calumny." My sympathies in the matter, so far as the measure of legislation was concerned, were with Butler, though I had, as is well known, little sympathy with him in general.

The House undertook to adjourn the session, but the Senate refused to do so without action on the bill for the protection of human rights at the South. While things were in this condition, I was summoned one morning into the President's room at the capitol, where I found President Grant, his Cabinet, several of the leading Senators, including Mr. Conkling, I think Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Howe of Wisconsin, and I believe General Wilson, Judge Shellabarger of Ohio, and one or two other members of the House. All the persons who were there were favorable to the proposed legislation, I believe. President Grant said that he had been asked

to send in a message urging Congress to pass a law giving him larger powers for the suppression of violence at the South; but he had sent for us to explain the reasons why he was unwilling to do it. He thought that the country would look with great disapprobation upon a request to enlarge the powers of the President, and especially to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in time of peace, and that he felt especially unwilling to subject himself to that criticism as he had not come to the office from civil life, but had been a soldier, and it might be supposed he favored military methods of government. Several of the gentlemen present expressed rather guardedly their dissent from this view, but Grant seemed to remain firm. I kept silent, as became a person young in public life, until Mr. Howe and Judge Shellabarger whispered together, and then came to me and said, "Mr. Hoar, you may, perhaps, be able to have some influence on him. Won't you say something?" I then made a little speech to the president, in which I said that there was no question of the existence of these disorders and crimes; that they would be likely to be increased, and not diminished, especially as the elections in the Southern States approached. He could not allow them to continue. He would be compelled, in my judgment, to interpose and to go to the verge of his authority, or to leave to their fate these people whom we were bound by every consideration of honor to protect. I asked him if he did not think it would be better, instead of exercising a doubtful authority of his own, acquired without legislative sanction, to obtain the necessary authority from Congress in advance. I thought it much less likely to be imputed to him that he was acting in the manner of a soldier and not of a statesman if he were careful to ask in advance the direction of the law-making power, and the people understood he was unwilling, even if he had the authority, to act without the sanction of Congress. This view produced an instant change of mind. Grant took a pen, wrote a brief message with great rapidity, read it aloud to the persons who were assembled, and sent it in that very day without the change of a word. It is a clear and excellent statement. The result was that the Republican

opposition to the measure in the House was withdrawn, the two Houses came to an agreement, and adjourned without day soon afterward.

One of the most important acts of President Grant's administration was his veto of the Inflation Bill, which provided for a considerable increase of the large volume of legal tender paper money, which at that time was not redeemed by the Government. This veto is regarded by most persons as the turning of the corner by the American people, and setting the face of the Government toward specie payment and honest money. It was during the hard times which followed the crisis of 1873. It is said that President Grant had made up his mind to sign the bill, and sat down to write out his reasons, but that he found them so unsatisfactory that he changed his mind and sent in his veto message. I had not been disposed to believe this until I was told, a little while ago, by Secretary Boutwell that he had the statement that that was the fact from the lips of Grant himself. If that be true, the President must have changed his mind twice. When the bill was pending in the House of Representatives, my wife's father, a very simple-hearted and excellent merchant of Worcester, who spent seventy years of life in business on the same spot, visited us in Washington. I took him up to see Grant. The General was alone and, contrary to his usual custom, in a very talkative mood. He seemed to like Mr. Miller, who had a huge respect for him, and evidently saw that we were not there for any office-seeking or other personal end. He talked with great freedom about himself and his visit to Worcester. He expressed his wonder that the town had grown and prospered so without any advantage of river or harbor, or the neighborhood of rich mines or rich wheat-fields. He then asked me how the bill for an increased issue of greenbacks was coming on in the House. I told him it seemed likely to pass. He then went on to express very earnestly his objection to the measure and to the whole policy, and his dislike of irredeemable paper. He said that it was an immense injury to all classes of the people, but that it bore heavily upon poor and ignorant men. He said that speculators and bankers and

brokers could foresee the changes which came about from the fluctuations of paper money and protect themselves against them, but the workingmen and poor men had no such advantages—that they were the greatest sufferers. He added a suggestion I never heard before, that there was in many parts of the country great loss from the counterfeiting of paper money—a loss which fell almost wholly on poor and ignorant men. I never in my life heard Grant talk so freely on any occasion. I never in my life, but once, saw him apparently so deeply moved. I said, "Mr. President, you know the story of old Judge Grier and the Pennsylvania jury." "No," said he. "Well," said I, "there was once a jury in Pennsylvania, when Grier was holding court, who brought in a very unjust verdict. The judge said, 'Mr. Clerk, record that verdict and enter under it, "Set aside." I will have you to know, gentlemen of the jury, that it takes thirteen men in this court to steal a man's farm.' It takes three powers, Mr. President, under our government to pass a law." Grant laughed, and said, "Well, if you send it up to me, make it just as bad as you can." There can be no possible question that he then desired and meant to veto the bill. His desire that it should be as bad as possible was that it might be more easy to defend his action.

I had another exceedingly interesting conversation with the President on my return from New Orleans. In the winter of 1875 I went to New Orleans, as chairman of a Committee of the House of Representatives, to investigate and ascertain which of the rival State governments had the true title. Louisiana was in a terrible condition. Sheridan was in command of the United States troops there, and it was only their presence that prevented an armed and bloody revolution. The old rebel element, as it was, had committed crimes against the freedmen and the white Republicans which make one of the foulest and bloodiest chapters in all history. Sheridan had much offended the white people there by his vigorous enforcement of the laws, and especially by a letter in which he had spoken of them as banditti. I stopped during my stay at the St. Charles Hotel, where Sheridan also was a guest. When he came into the crowded breakfast-room every morning,

there were loud hisses and groans from nearly the whole assembled company. The morning papers teemed with abusive articles. The guests would take those papers, underscore some specially savage attack, and tell the waiter to take it to General Sheridan as he sat at table at his breakfast. The General would glance at it with an unruffled face, and bow and smile toward the sender of the article. The whole thing made little impression on him. No violence toward him personally was ventured upon. The night before I started on my return to Washington, General Sheridan called to take leave. I was much amused by the simplicity and *naïveté* with which he discussed the situation. He said, among other things, "What you want to do, Mr. Hoar, when you get back to Washington, is to suspend the what-do-you-call-it." He meant, of course, the *habeas corpus*. He knew there was some very uncomfortable thing which stood in his way of promptly suppressing the crimes in Louisiana, where, he said, more men had been murdered for their political opinions than were slain in the Mexican War. When I got back to Washington, the President sent for me and Mr. Frye of Maine, a member of the committee, to come to the President's room in the Capitol to report to him the result of our observations. During the conversation, Grant expressed what he had often expressed on other occasions, his great admiration for Sheridan. He said: "I believe General Sheridan has no superior as a general, either living or dead, and perhaps not an equal. People think he is only capable of leading an army in a battle, or to do a particular thing that he is told to do. But I mean, all the qualities of a commander which enable him to direct over as large a territory as any two nations can cover in war. He has judgment, prudence, foresight, and power to deal with the dispositions needed in a great war. I entertained this opinion of him before he became generally known in the late war." I was so impressed with this generous tribute of one great soldier to another that, as soon as the interview was over, I wrote it down and asked Mr. Frye to join with me in certifying to its correctness. It is now before me, and has the following certificate: "The foregoing is a correct statement of what General Grant said to

me and Mr. Frye in a conversation this morning in the President's room. February 15, 1875. George F. Hoar." "I heard the above conversation, and certify to the correctness of the above statement of it. William P. Frye."

I heard President Grant express a like opinion of Sheridan under circumstances perhaps even more impressive. I was a guest at a brilliant dinner-party given by Mr. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, where Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, Commodore Alden, Admiral Porter, Chief Justice Chase, Attorney-General E. R. Hoar, Lyman Trumbull, Mr. Blaine, and some other men of great distinction were present. There were about twenty guests. Mr. James Russell Lowell was of the company. I believe no one of that brilliant circle is now living. Commodore Alden remarked, half in jest, to a gentleman who sat near him, that there was nothing he disliked more than a subordinate who always obeyed orders. "What is that you are saying, Commodore?" said President Grant, across the table. The Commodore repeated what he had said. "There is a good deal of truth in what you say," said General Grant. "One of the virtues of General Sheridan was that he knew when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, General Sheridan captured some despatches from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could get no communication from me until the next morning. General Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place fifteen minutes before the rebels, and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded, the first thing General Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisions which Sheridan had captured. Now if Sheridan, as most men would have done, had waited for orders from me, Lee would have got off." I listened with wonder to the generous modesty which, before that brilliant company, could remove one of the brightest laurels from his own brow and place it on the brow of Sheridan.

I had another memorable conversation with Grant, not so pleasant. It revealed a capacity of intense passion which I do not know that he ever manifested on any other

occasion. He had sent into the Senate the nomination of William A. Simmons for the important office of Collector of Boston. This was due to the influence of General Butler. Mr. Sumner, whose controversy with the President is well known, was then the senior Senator from Massachusetts. The nomination had been made, of course, without consulting him, with whom Grant was not on friendly terms, and without consulting any of the other members of the House of Representatives. There was a very earnest opposition to this nomination. I went up to the White House to endeavor to induce President Grant to withdraw it, but he had gone out. I repeated my visit once or twice, but failed to find the President. The third or fourth time that I went up, as I was coming away I saw President Grant on the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue, walking alone on the sidewalk adjoining Lafayette Square. I supposed it was not in accordance with etiquette to join the President when he was walking alone in the street; but I overtook him, and said, "Mr. President, I have been to the White House several times, and been unable to find you in. The business of the House is very urgent just now, and it is difficult for me to get away again. Perhaps, therefore, you will kindly allow me to say what I have to say here." The President very courteously assented, and I walked along with him, turned the corner, and walked along the sidewalk adjoining the east side of Lafayette Square, until we came to the corner opposite the house then occupied by Sumner, which is now part of the Arlington Hotel. I told the President that I thought the Republicans in Massachusetts would be much dissatisfied with the nomination of Simmons, and hoped it might be withdrawn. The President replied that he thought it would be an injustice to the young man to do so, and that the opposition to him seemed to be chiefly because he was a friend of General Butler. I combated the argument as well as I could. The whole conversation was exceedingly quiet and friendly on both sides until we turned the corner by Mr. Sumner's house, when the President, with great emphasis, and shaking his closed fist toward Sumner's house, said, "I shall not withdraw the nomination. That man who lives up

there has abused me in a way which I never suffered from any other man living." I did not, of course, press the President further; but I told him I regretted very much the misunderstanding between him and Mr. Sumner, and took my leave. It was evident that in some way the President connected this nomination with the controversy between himself and Sumner.

I have always lamented, in common with all the friends and lovers of both these great men, that they should have so misunderstood each other; yet it was not unnatural. They were both honest, fearless, patriotic, and brave. Yet never were two honest, fearless, patriotic, and brave men so unlike each other. The training, the mental characteristics, the field of service, the capacities, the virtues, the foibles of each tended to make him underestimate and misunderstand the other. The man of war, and the man of peace; the man whose duty it was to win battles and conduct campaigns, and the man who trusted to the prevalence of ideas in a remote future; the man who wielded executive power, and the man who in a fierce contest with executive power had sought to extend the privileges, power, and authority of the Senate; the man who adhered tenaciously to his friends through good and evil report, and the man whose friendships were such that evil report of personal dishonor never dared assail them; the man of little taste for letters, and the man of vast and varied learning; the man of blunt, plain ways, and the man of courtly manners; the man of few words and the man who ever deemed himself sitting in an elevated pulpit with a mighty sounding-board, with a whole widespread people for a congregation—how could they understand each other? Grant cared little for speech-making. It sometimes seemed as if Sumner thought the Rebellion itself was put down by speeches in the Senate, and that the war was an unfortunate and most annoying, though trifling disturbance, as if a fire-engine had passed by. Sumner did injustice to Grant; Grant did injustice to Sumner. The judgment of each was warped and clouded, until each looked with a blood-shot eye at the conduct of the other. But I believe they know and honor each other now.

The last time I saw Grant, except per-

haps at a dinner-party, was on the morning of the vote in the Senate on the bill authorizing the restoration of Fitz John Porter. I had studied the case of Porter as well as I could. I took the documents one morning at nine o'clock, and studied them incessantly, without sleep, for twenty-four hours. He had been sentenced to be cashiered by a military court-martial. The sentence had been approved by President Lincoln, and carried into effect. Many years afterward a court of inquiry had been authorized, of which General Terry and General Schofield were members, who had found that he was entitled to acquittal and recommended a remission of the sentence and his restoration to his old rank. The case occasioned intense excitement. The Republicans, almost without an exception, were bitterly opposed to the measure. They were under the lead of General Logan, then a Senator, who threw himself into the opposition to Porter with all the zeal of his fiery nature. I studied the case as thoroughly as I could, and became satisfied that the judgment of the court-martial upon all the charges but one was upon a different case than that which actually existed. The revelations of the Confederate archives, now in the War Office at Washington, showed that, whether Porter were guilty or no, he had been found guilty on a total misconception of the existing facts, and that the case, whether for or against him, never had been before the tribunal which convicted him. One thing, however, was clearly proved. He had been ordered by his superior officer to march the separate division of which he was in command at nine o'clock in the evening. The night was dark, and the roads muddy and encumbered. Porter so far disregarded this order as to postpone his march until day-break the next morning, on the ground that it would be difficult to comply with it, and that it would be better that his

troops should arrive fresh after a march by day than utterly broken down by the fatigue and toil of the night march. The question was whether this was an exercise of discretion in obeying the order permissible to the General having a detached command. After I had thoroughly studied the case, I waited upon Grant, then visiting in Washington, and went over the whole matter carefully again with him. He described to me the situation of the troops, pointed out the errors into which the court-martial had fallen in consequence of imperfect information, and then declared most emphatically his judgment that an officer situated as was Porter had a right under military law and usage to exercise his discretion; and that Porter, in the present case, had rightly exercised his. I wish there could be a record of that conversation. It showed a capacity in General Grant for powerful and graphic narration which might have given him a high place among writers of military history.

I thought that, after Porter's terrible punishment and disgrace of so many years, it was not fair that he should suffer longer when he had been acquitted by a tribunal of which Terry and Schofield were members, and when his conviction was by a court who had not the facts before them, and when the single alleged failure to comply with the orders of his superior was one which a soldier like Grant held justifiable. I voted accordingly; but I had to encounter a storm of indignation from many men whose good will I deeply prized, which was rather hard to bear. Among the numerous angry letters that came to me was one from an old school-mate, son of a very dear friend of my father, who said he was ashamed to have been born in the same town with me. But

The air hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.



On the Bench-ice of Thirty-mile River.

A WINTER JOURNEY TO THE KLONDYKE

WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE MINES

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



"Dude."

ORIGINALLY, I had intended to accompany our Government expedition for the relief of the miners of the Klondyke which was in part mobilized at Dyea when I arrived

there late in February. As it never went any farther, for the good reason that Dawson had been saved from famine by the migration of a portion of its population, I was left to my own resources. Wholesome fatigue and clean camps on the snow were better than the hospitality of a mushroom town built of rough boards and tar-paper; a little adventure was better than watching for two months the thousands of pilgrims of fortune in the desperate and monotonous labor of putting

their outfits over the passes: and I determined, rather than wait with them for the opening of navigation, to undertake, with dogs and sleds of my own, the untried journey of six hundred miles over the ice-fields of the Lewes lakes and the ice-packs of the Yukon River, which the Government expedition had contemplated.

Whoever was to go with me must be companionable, industrious, and loyal. I must work as hard as he; for we could not carry food for a stomach which nourished idle hands. In pitching a tent in a storm, when limbs ached from the strain of the day's tramp, an unruly temper might lead to the crisis of blows or separation.

Precisely the right kind of a comrade, equipped with experience, I had hoped would be forthcoming from among the men who had violated the traditions of the early communities of gold-seekers in re-



Packers Resting in the Niches Cut in the Snow at the Side of the Trail.

gard to winter travel. Some members of this hardy little army were arriving almost daily in Dyea from Dawson. But their dogs were worn out, and they themselves were inclined to laugh at my suggestion, more particularly at my money. Having pointed out the greater difficulties of ingress than of egress, they asked, with a touch of sarcasm, if I thought that they had made the journey out for the purpose of immediately retracing their steps.

Meanwhile, adventurous spirits but lately arrived from Pacific Coast ports came to offer their services with all the self-confidence characteristic of a floating population. The references of some were belied by their demeanor, and the demeanor of others by their references. All were further belied by their dogs—Newfoundlands, setters, and what not—which had received a few days' training for market purposes in Seattle. In consequence, I was almost despairing, when there appeared a powerfully built, blond-haired, blue-eyed fellow, who impressed his personality upon me at once.

"I hear you're lookin' for a dog-puncher," he said, awkwardly. "My name's Jack Beltz. I've been a cowboy and done a good many other things in the West, and now I'm up against it with the crowd in Alaska. I think I could do what you want"—and then with sudden fervor—"but come around and look at the dogs!

If the dogs are no good, you don't want me, that's sure."

"Any further references?"

"Well," after a moment's thought, "there's Bangs, up at the Miner's Rest. He knowed me when I was on a ranch in Nebrasky. Dunno what he'll say. You can ask him, though. Anyhow, I'd be obliged if you'd see the dogs 'fore you make a decision."

He waited outside the Miner's Rest while I spoke with Bangs.

"Jack Beltz!" exclaimed Bangs. "Well, Jack Beltz's a fool when it comes to hosses and dawgs. He thinks

they can talk. But Jack Beltz'll stick to a thing that's hard—he don't like things that ain't—till he comes out of it or goes down with it, and all the mules in the army couldn't make him mad."

Then I followed Jack to a wood-pile in the outskirts of the town, where five fat and sleek huskies awoke at his approach, and at his command lined up like so many soldiers, wagging their bushy tails over their backs and watching his every move-



A Near View of the Line of Packers.



Chilcoot Pass.

From photograph taken by Lieutenant-Colonel David L. Brainard. The dark spots to the left of the line of packers on the trail are groups of men resting, as shown in the picture on the top of page 466.

ment with their sharp eyes. From their mothers, who were native Indian dogs, they had inherited their affection for man—however poor the specimen—and from their fathers, who were full-blooded wolves of the forest, their strength and endurance.

In an hour after I had met him I had engaged Jack Beltz on the strength of the fat on his dogs' ribs, of his blue eyes, and of Bangs's candid recommendation. Plac-

ing my theoretical knowledge of the needs of an Arctic climate against his experience as a frontiersman, we quickly made out a list of the supplies which were to be packed on our sleds, minimizing everything in weight and bulk as far as we dared, but being very careful to consider that while we might go hungry the dogs must not. In all, we took eleven hundred pounds, four hundred of food and bedding for ourselves



The City of Caches at the Summit of the Pass.

and seven hundred of food for the dogs. Jack was to prepare this outfit with all speed, and meet me on the summit of Chilcoot Pass two days later. For we had no time to spare if, as the old-timers said, the river became impassable for sleds by the last week in April. The ocean winds, already thawing the snow on the seaward side of the divide, lent evidence to their opinion.

Chance made the choice of a third member of the party, whose assistance was necessary, as happy as the choice of its second. This big fellow, over six feet in height, was Frederick Gamble, known to his friends as Fritz, who had given up a career as an artist, and had already spent one unprofitable season with a pick and a pack in the Cassiar district. He had a taste for all the fine dishes of Upper Bohemianism, but no pilgrim who ever followed the rainbow's end accepted a diet of bacon and beans with better philosophy.

It is not my purpose here to describe Chilcoot Pass—least of all, the trail and

ascent leading up to it; but I will say that, if you wish to see it, you have only to imagine a broad incline at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, seven hundred feet in height, running between two snowy peaks at its summit, with men in the foreground bending under the weight of heavy packs, and gradually growing smaller as they ascend until, finally, they seem like ants dangerously near toppling over with their loads, though, to your relief and amazement, crawling off the white blanket into the sky.

On the little plateau at the summit were piled hundreds of pilgrims' outfits, separated one from another by narrow paths, making the whole seem like a city in miniature. Buried under the seventy feet of snow which had fallen during the winter were two other such cities which their owners hoped to recover in the summer. Beyond, floated a large British flag over the little block-house where the British Northwest Mounted Police had established themselves to collect customs and to see that no one not having a special permit

entered Canadian territory with less than a year's supply of food.

Jack labored for two hours in bringing up the dogs with the empty sleds, while our goods came on the backs of the ants who charged three cents a pound for the service. Aside from the five huskies hitched to a large basket-sled, we had two St. Bernards, "Patsy" and "Tim," who were born in the country, and duly chris-



Jack with Our Sled Packed Ready for the Start from Dyea.



Carrying Timbers for Boat Building up the Pass.

tened and acclimatized there. With "Patsy" and "Tim," and my hand on the "gee-pole" by which the sled is guided, I went under fire for the first time in descending on the inland side of the pass. Man and sled were put *hors de combat* again and again, while the dogs, who managed to keep erect, looked back on me with professional disgust. I wanted to blame my misfortunes to my moccasins, but Jack

wore moccasins as well, and maintained his footing easily. Fortunately for the novice, there are three small lakes—at the time they were three fields of snow—in the nine miles from the summit to Linderman, and he could take advantage of the respite when he was trotting across these to think out, in the hard-and-fast civilized manner, how to avoid his frequent loss of equilibrium. The night we spent at Linderman in Jack's own camp.

Thus, in a day, we had passed over the only portion of our journey on land, and



On their Way Out from Dawson



Propelling Sleds by Sails just Above White Horse Cañon.

we were henceforth, as Jack put it gayly, to proceed downhill with the current of the river at the rate of eight inches to the mile, which is fast enough as currents go, but rather poor coasting. The course of the Yukon through the heart of Alaska is in a semicircle, with one end at the coast and the other end as near to the coast as the headwaters of a stream might be, unless it could flow on the level. Once he has reached the lakes, the prospector may float for 2,600 miles to Behring Sea, and but for this one of the two friendly deeds of Nature in Alaska—the other is abundant firewood—it is questionable if the gold in the Klondyke would have been discovered in our generation. De Soto's exploring party would have had a similar advantage if the Mississippi had risen within thirty-two miles of Cape Hatteras, and they would have needed it if the valley of the Mississippi were like the valley of the Yukon.

In harnessing our dogs at dawn, as we looked out across Lake Linderman, the only color in sight in the vast expanse of white were the needle-like fir-trees, cropping

through the snow on the mountain-sides, and the outlines of a few pilgrims in advance of the main body, already astir, dragging their sleds on to Lake Bennett, where, with whip-saws, hammers, nails,



In Camp.

oakum, and pitch, was to be built out of the forests the unique and variegated flottilla which was to line the river-banks in front of Dawson in May and June. Jack snapped the long lash of his whip, shook the "gee-pole" to free the runners, cried "Mush!"—a peculiarly Saxon contraction of the "*Marchons!*" brought into the country along with many other words by the French Canadians—and seven gallant, four-footed comrades and three figures in parkees looking like hooded night-shirts

skin. When Jack halted the dogs for our first and our worst camp, whose only consolation was a water-hole that had been made by some pilgrim, they set up a howl of knowing delight.

With the snow up to my waist, I cut firewood out of the abundance of dead timber, and then cut green spruce-boughs, which, when laid tufts upward on the snow that was packed down as a floor for our 7×7 tent, made a soft bed. Then I went for a pail of water and brought in my



Lashing the Sleds in the Morning.

began in earnest their journey over the trail hardened by the pilgrims' footsteps. By the wayside we passed "caches" of waterproof bags, one of which was at either end of a pilgrim's route of daily toil in moving his outfit forward by relays; while his own ambition made him undergo longer hours and greater strain than he, a free citizen (U. S. A.), would have endured for any other master.

Linderman is only four miles long, and we were soon on Bennett, where the afternoon brought, in sharp contrast to the keen atmosphere of the morning, a blowing storm of moist snow which wet us to the

sleeping-bag, and my work was done. The air had cleared suddenly, and the weather had turned so cold that my parkee had frozen as stiff as a board. I pulled it off, substituted dry moccasins and socks for my wet ones, left the rest of my clothes to be dried by the warmth of my body, and then, huddling myself up with my sleeping-bag as a seat, I watched my comrades finishing their allotted tasks.

Fritz, who had been chosen cook, was sitting with one leg on either side of the little sheet-iron stove, smoking a cigarette and making flapjacks. Outside, by the light of the crackling blaze, I could see



Making Trail on the Last Day of the Journey.

Jack stirring something in a pan over a roaring fire with a big ladle that he had whittled out of a sapling. Weirdly presiding over this operation, their bodies in shadow and their wolf-noses thrust forward with epicurean relish, were the huskies. Jack fed them only once a day, and then all that they could eat of tallow, bacon, cornmeal and rice, thoroughly boiled in the form of a porridge. When he took the pan off the fire he put it, safely covered, in the snow to cool, while the dogs mounted guard over it, glaring at one another; and then he came to sit on his own bed, and together we ate by the light of a candle hanging by a piece of wire from the top of the tent. As I had my granite-ware plate filled with beans the second time and took my fourth flapjack—a flapjack an inch thick and seven inches in diameter—a twinkle came into Jack's eyes.

"I like to see a man in earnest," he said.

Then he relighted his pipe and went back to his dogs. Having filled a two-quart tin pan for each of them, with the ardor of a child he heaped more timber on the dying fire and, turning his back to the

cheerful glow, began a technical conversation on the state of the trail with sleek old "Dude," the leader of the team.

Later, when he returned to the tent, the dogs were so many balls of fur, their noses snuggled under their bushy tails. If two feet of snow should fall during the night it would not disturb the serenity of their slumbers, and in the morning at the call to harness they would dig their way out, shake themselves, and be ready for duty. Jack explained, as he pulled off his moccasins, that they had eaten only half their usual rations. Having been treated to beefsteak in Dyea by their generous owner, they rather resented marching fare; but they would come down to it as soon as they felt the pangs of hunger, he added.

"Are you tired?" I asked him.

"Me? No," he drawled.

He filled up the stove—he must always have a fire of some kind going—and, leaning back on his robe, his hands behind his head, he looked up at the top of the tent dreamily. He was still in this attitude when I crawled into my sleeping-bag and quickly fell asleep. The sleeping-bag did

well enough for that night, but I soon repented of it. With no opportunity for airing it properly, it readily collected moisture and became as uncomfortable as a coating of ice. After I had been kept awake for a night by the colder weather that followed the storm, I ripped it open and used the furs as a robe, which, with the assistance of a heavy blanket, kept me as warm as toast, though when I awoke there was a glacial path through the space I had left open for breathing.

The first one to awake in the morning crawled half-way out of his robe, and, dexterously leaning over, put the coffee-pot on the stove and made the fire out of the kindlings which were always ready. To dress was to put on your footwear which had been drying—if it had not been burning—before the stove. Then the robes and blankets were rolled up and strapped to serve as seats for breakfast, and you stepped outside into the invigorating air and did what you might in the way of cleanliness. For my part, I washed my hands in the snow, using soap liberally, with astonishingly efficacious results. After breakfast we had to pack all the things that we had unpacked the night before back on the sleds and lash them.

On the Lewes lakes, and the streams which join them in a chain, one day was quite like another, with the exception of a single event of importance to ourselves. At daybreak we were on the level trail, now trotting and then walking, until our stomachs cried halt. On three occasions we had luncheon in the tents of pilgrims who, not having been able to bring their supplies over the pass in the rush of the previous autumn before winter was at hand, were making for the foot of Lake Le Barge, to take advantage of the three weeks by which the clearing of the ice in the river precedes the clearing of the ice in the lakes. While his partner was dragging his sled, one of our hosts was suffering in his tent the torture of snow-blindness, as the penalty of having gone for a day without glasses. Another host, an old Dane from San Francisco, had no companion, not even a dog.

"Sometime I do get mad," he said, "when the sled pull so hard, and I say, 'Yohn, you are a big fool to start for Klondyke when you are sixty-nine.' But we do

not like to gif up. Nefer do we get so old we tank it too late to make a fortune. If a man know as he would drop dead on top of the pass, I tank a man go on to see the t'ing out. I make a fortune t'ree time, and efery time I haf many pad lucks—yes, very many pad lucks. Sometime I get lonely, and then I say, 'Yohn, there is your wife, there is your shildren; it is Sunday dinner, and you are home with a pile of gold.' "

How we relished the ham that we had brought with us for luncheon, followed by the perfect relaxation which comes with good digestion and physical fatigue, glorified by a pipe, before we arose and turned our steps toward the brown line of sled-track which stretched out over the expanse of white until growing darkness made it dim, and Jack began to look out for the first favorable place for a camp!

The important event which I have mentioned caused two weeks' delay at a time when we felt the need of every day to complete our journey, and I accept the awkward responsibility for it. At White Horse Cañon we were offered the hospitality of a large cabin with a kitchen in one end and bunk-room in the other, occupied by some workmen engaged in building a tramway around the rapids. Jack suggested that we stop here for a day, because the dogs needed rest, he said, but really on my account, I think. I had contracted a bad cough, and my legs ached like two great teeth. In the afternoon I lay down on the cook's bunk, and toward evening Fritz started down the trail to a distant camp to find a doctor who had turned pilgrim of fortune. Meanwhile, Jake, the cook, dosed me with tea made of sage that he had gathered on the mountain-side.

"Your pulse is up to a hundred and ten," the Doctor said; "but all that you've got is a plain, old-fashioned case of measles. You must have caught them in Dyea, and you've greatly exaggerated them by physical strain."

My comrades put up a tent in another cabin which still wanted doors and windows, thus insuring a soft light for the protection of my eyes, which, the Doctor feared, might be affected. They nailed some saplings together for a bedstead, and were so ingenious in many ways, so kind

in keeping the temperature the same night and day, and in attending to my wants generally, that I felt like a king in his private hospital. Jake came in every day to make sure that I was taking the doses of sage-tea that he sent in morning, noon, and night ; while the big workmen came in to hint that I must not let Jake have his own way too much. And I lay on my back and thought of two things—strawberries and pineapples. I would have given all my wealth for either, but not a five-cent piece for a pear.

My convalescence was not so dull as I sat on a bench in the kitchen, learning, under Jake's tutelage, how to cook oatmeal properly, how to bake bread and to make good pies out of dried apples, and listening to him expound his ideas of the world. He was a great cynic. If you believed in one thing, he was sure to believe in the other. One of his favorite remarks with which he baited me was that "everybody is out for the stuff ; there ain't no honor nowadays ; and you don't catch me missin' any dollars." His boarders excused him by saying, "Any cook that's been in a minin'-camp or a lumber-camp is always a blisterin' crank." On the morning of my departure I held out a bill to Jake in partial remuneration for what he had done for me. He stirred the contents of a pot this way and that, viciously, without replying. I protested, and then he growled :

"Gwan ! What d'ye take me for?"

As I waved him a good-by he called out :

"Young feller, you're all right, but you won't argue."

In two days we were at the foot of Lake Le Barge, and on the second day we had travelled thirty-five miles, which made the dogs very unfit for service on the day following.

It took us all of two days' hard work to go from the foot of Le Barge to the junction of the Hootalinqua over a portion of the Yukon known from its length as Thirty Mile River, and certainly worthy of some distinction on account of other characteristics. Many more boats of the pilgrims' flotilla were wrecked in the spring on its hidden rocks than in the White Horse Rapids, which, I may add, have received undue celebrity. If an average

temperature of thirty degrees below zero continues for several weeks, the current may freeze over, but rarely is there more than bench ice along the shores ; and this, owing to the increasingly moderate weather and the falling water, was fast breaking away in huge cakes which fell into the stream with a splash. Over that which remained, slippery, sometimes sloping toward the river at a considerable angle, and often only a foot or two in breadth, we must make our way. When there was no footing below the sled, we attached one end of a rope to it, wrapped the other end around our waists, and if one of us slipped and fell in the soft snow of the steep hill-side above, luckily the others maintained their hold and were able to prevent both sleds and dogs from going into the river and putting an end to our little expedition there and then.

Near Hootalinqua the current slackens, and we crossed where it was completely frozen over. Above us was a great jam of the cakes that had floated down, and some of them rumbled under our feet, came out in an open place below, and then went on to form another jam. A few minutes later there was a boom, and our bridge moved downstream with the noise of a medley of bass drums. At noon on this day the sun had made the trail so soft that we sank into it up to our knees. We halted a little later, determined to start at one o'clock in the morning and take advantage of the crust frozen during the night ; and we had what seemed at the time the good fortune to put up in a cabin which had been abandoned by the Mounted Police. Having had an early dinner, we were thinking of bed at six o'clock when two ragged men, their faces blackened by cooking over camp-fires, came in. They sat down, and when they had eaten with the heartiness of famished beings some things that we had left on the table, one of them, whom his companion called "the Doctor," became explanatory :

"You mustn't mind our appetites," he said. "We've just come from Dawson. My pardner there, Yukon Bill, hain't been out of the country for eight years. Go easy there, Bill ! Your manners are bad."

"Shut up !" roared Bill, looking as wild as a hungry lynx.

"Oh, Bill ain't as crazy as Jim," contin-

ued the Doctor. "Jim was a sight uglier 'n Bill, an' you can see what Bill is. He took his share of the bacon on his back an' started out for himself this mornin'."

"No packin' fer me! We kept the dogs, you bet, by ——" put in Bill through a mouthful.

Jim arrived three hours later. Without paying any attention to the presence of other persons, he dropped his pack as if it were of lead, fell down on the bench, pushed back his unkempt hair, and looked vacantly at the stove.

It was plain enough that the minds of all three of our visitors, especially Jim, had been affected by the hardships that they had endured on their long tramp, with only snow, trees, dogs, and their own quarrels for companionship. Most of these grim travellers whom we met coming out from Dawson—now and then one was limping from scurvy—had neither tent nor stove, quite inadequate robes, no dishes except skillets and cups, and no food except bacon, flour, and beans, and not always beans. Earlier in the winter they put up a barrier of boughs against the wind, and slept between two great fires, kept up by the member of the party whose night it was on watch.

At eleven o'clock we slept for half an hour, only to be awakened by the arrival of another equally worn-out party, and almost the last one from Dawson that we met. By the time we were fairly asleep again these tired beings set the cabin on fire, and Jack, in his good-natured way, put the flames out for them.

At daylight I was awakened by Fritz, who was grumbling to himself about the audacity and the stomachs that some people must have. I arose to see him looking into two empty pails which he had left full of apple-sauce and beans.

"I was hungry as a dog in the night," the Doctor explained, a little later, "and I couldn't help it."

Fritz replied by looking daggers at him. Then he offered a pair of snowshoes to Fritz as an olive-branch.

"If I thought that what you've eaten would make you downright sick, I'd take 'em," said Fritz.

"'Twon't," replied the Doctor, in all honesty. "Nothin' makes me sick." And he gave the snow-shoes to Jack, whose eyes

were twinkling in appreciation of the conversation.

As we started out, five or six hours later than we had planned, we resolved to eschew cabins hereafter. We had not done a half-day's work when a heavy, wet snow-storm, and the condition of the dogs compelled us to rest.

"Wear 'em out," said Jack, "and it's all up, anyway. We'll boil some beans and lay up some sleep ahead against a better trail."

Accordingly, dogs and men slept for thirteen hours.

So little did it freeze at night that the sun, now rising at four o'clock, soon thawed the crust. The Big Salmon was already open, its current destroying the trail, and leaving a field of slush with many places too deep for passage for a distance of five or six miles, which was as wearing on the dogs as a full day's journey under ordinary circumstances. We only hoped that the Big Salmon was alone in its enmity to our plans, for once the ice is out of the tributaries, the ice in the Yukon cannot last long. It seemed to be imperative that, in order to take full advantage of the slight crust which formed, we should travel nights. We made this experiment once, starting out at 10 P.M., and once was quite enough.

The thawing snow had fallen away from the path which was hardened by travel from Dawson, and therefore the better resisted the sun's rays, but when frozen was as slippery as ice. In so far as you were able to keep the sled from slewing on this razor's back, that much you aided the dogs. At intervals you walked outside the trail, plunging with every step through the crust down to the slush underneath, while, with body bent and arm extended with all the rigidity at your command, you endeavored to hold the lurching "gee-pole" steady. Early in the evening the great darkness seemed the more dense to vision strained by the sun beating on the expanse of snow by day. With their eyes bloodshot and almost closed by snow-blindness, the St. Bernards continually stumbled and fell as they leaped from one side of the trail to the other, blindly and vainly seeking a better footing. When we rested we dug holes in the crust, and throwing ourselves prostrate, drank our fill. At first, I tried

to use a telescopic drinking-cup ; but soon I regarded it as tawdry, inefficient, and unworthy of the occasion, and followed the more robust custom of Jack, who enjoyed to the full the pleasure of having made a convert. For one who had left White Horse with a bad cough on the heels of the measles, such indulgence would seem to be the height of indiscretion. But the cough was completely gone, no room having been left for it in the development of every muscle of my body by the handling of the "gee-pole."

At these times we would pay our respects with some bitterness to the man who had made this strange and lonely trail, though in better moments we were willing to admit that he was a pioneer and a pathfinder. As soon as the ice would bear him, when the wind had drifted the snow here and there and lifted the slush ice up to be frozen into rifts, with his dogs and sleds he set his face toward the coast, winding in and out between these rifts, back and forth across the stream and along its banks, wherever he could find the best footing ; and all who came afterward followed in his footsteps. He was making a path for himself and not for us, and it was to his interest, if not to ours, to have it as crooked as the track of a snake, and on the most crooked of rivers at that.

With the falling of the water as the winter advanced the ice was rent with cracks. It fell away from the shores, leaving cakes on end and fissures. You must toil up one side of a pyramid to slide down the other ; you held your sled up literally at an angle of forty-five degrees, and sometimes you dropped into the fissures up to your hips, for the thin covering of snow often made them invisible even in the daytime. Yet to step away from the trail was like stepping off a bad corduroy road into a swamp.

In the darkness the trained eye of the master had to trust to the halt and whine of the brave little "Dude" when we came to a place where the surface water was deep or the ice had given way entirely. While the master went ahead with a pole to make soundings, Fritz seized the opportunity to roll a cigarette and to say, in a drawl, as he sat on his sled, resting :

"If I were in town, I would call a cab."

Jack had discarded his boots with sharp

pegs—the three of us had worn boots since it became warmer—to put on moccasins. These were soon wet and quickly froze, giving him a sole of ice with which to walk on ice. In utter exhaustion, once the big fellow threw himself upon his "gee-pole," and gasped out something about not caring whether he went any farther or not. Then he added :

"Well, we'll outlast this trail, anyway. I guess I'll light my pipe."

Confessedly, I was rather glad of the incident. It is good to see giants nod when you have nodded yourself. Only on the previous day, over a mile of sidling trail, leaning on my sled to keep it from upsetting, and righting it when it did upset, I had momentarily, I am ashamed to say, turned cynic and protester.

An hour before dawn a scimitar of light shot across the heavens, followed by broadswords, fans, daggers, waves, and streaks of light, dancing sometimes in playful panic, and again moving in a sweep of dignity. With the aurora borealis as our candle, we passed around Freeman's Point, built a fire for luncheon in a cove and enjoyed keenly the fact that we were half-way to Dawson.

As we moved on slowly at dawn to make a few more miles before camping, we saw the penalty of this savage run which human stubbornness had insisted on making in the blood left on the trail by the wounded feet of our dogs. Jack at once covered them with the moccasins which he had brought for the purpose. It was plain enough that the continuance of night-marches was unfeasible if we desired our brave steeds to hold out as far as Dawson. While the sled slid easier at night, the excrescences of ice were as sharp as lances, and though the mushy trail of mid-day made the sled harder to pull, it was like a cushion for a wounded foot. We compromised upon a portion of both evils by determining to start at dawn and travel as fast and as long as we could, practicably. This gave only seven or eight hours on the road as against the twelve or more that we had originally planned, and in order to make the most of them we made the sacrifice for the dogs' sake of drinking ice-water for our luncheon instead of taking the time to boil chocolate. Fritz preferring to handle the "gee-pole," and I pre-

ferring to assist in keeping the equilibrium of the big sled by holding the handles at the rear, each settled down to this as his definite labor.

We now had more time for our camps; more time for our pipes of relaxation as we sat on our beds around Jack's bonfires, after the dogs were fed and dinner was eaten. On one of these nights we were talking of ambitions.

"As a boy, I wanted to drive a street-car," said Fritz. "When I grew older they still called me Freddy, and I made pictures for a living. That is enough to ruin any man; and, foreseeing this, I concluded that I'd live on flapjacks and go unwashed and be called 'pardner,' or Pete, or Bill, or make baking-powder dough, or anything, till I found a good placer mine. Then I'm going around the world, smoking the best brand of Turkish cigarettes, and looking at other people's pictures."

Jack had run away from home at the age of thirteen to the land of the Indians that had been revealed to him in a dime novel secreted in a hay-mow, and had earned his own living ever since. Meagre as was his early education, he had picked up a surprising amount of information from reading and from association. His eye was that of a scout; his knowledge of birds and animals that of a naturalist; his love of flowers that of a sentimentalist. He had varied his life as a cow-boy by many other occupations. At one time he had been a private coachman in Omaha, just to see how it would seem.

"I was gettin' pretty sick of the job," he explained, "when the old lady I drove about leaned over to me one day, confidentially. 'I'm goin' to get you a fine livery to wear,' she said. Then I realized how low I had fallen, and that evening I was a free man again."

He was longer on the Government survey than in any other employment, rising until he filled a position of considerable responsibility. Possibly it was then that he learned the ethics of camp-life; more likely they were innate. He adhered to his own soap, his own towel, and his own bedding, and was more observant of all the niceties of life than are most of the men who wear the linen collars that he despised. In all his seventeen years of wandering his

greatest source of sorrow was that he had never made enough money, according to his ideas, to return home, though his pay had been as high as a hundred and fifty dollars a month. He must have a few thousands, and treat the little Pennsylvania village that was his birthplace to such extravagance as it had never seen before. If he made a "stake" in the Klondyke, he had planned to drive right up to the old folks' door with his team of huskies and a little red cart, distributing candy to the children as the procession moved forward.

When we had passed one point which we recognized as a name on the map, we looked forward from day to day, as we lessened the distance, until we should arrive at another. In camp we compared our opinions of how many miles we had made that day, and soon our estimates became surprisingly accurate. After leaving Five Fingers, all our thoughts were bent on reaching Fort Selkirk, where the Pelly, a great river of itself, joins the Yukon. The trail for this distance was better than for the fifty miles that had preceded it; and, moreover, our new plan of shorter hours and harder work was succeeding admirably.

It was at Fort Selkirk that we met Mr. Pettit—pale-faced and so slight that one wondered how he had ever been able to bear the journey into the country—in charge of a trading-post, with no companions except a large camp of Indians. He had had nothing to sell for more than a year, no steamer having come up the river to bring him a stock of supplies in the summer of 1897.

Here we ate the last of our canned delicacies, some plain sausages, and the memory of that luxurious dinner will ever be sweet. To add to our joy, Mr. Pettit came to tell us, just as we had finished the last mouthful, that the Indians were greatly excited by the arrival of the news that one of the tribe, Ulick, had killed ten caribou and two moose some thirty miles down the river. We made careful calculations as to how much tobacco we could spare, and kept a sharp lookout for Ulick, whom we met with his family dragging some of the moose back to camp. For forty-five cents' worth of tobacco we secured thirty pounds of steak for ourselves and the dogs. To

offers of as high as a dollar a pound for more, he merely made the reply :

"Got heap money! Want 'baccy!"

Your husky dog is no vegetarian. The strength that fresh meat gave to our team led us to feed nearly all of our supply to them.

The height and the character of the mountains towering over our heads told us that we were coming into the region of the Rockies. Every turn of the river brought into view a panorama of low, wooded islands (made in later times by a change of current); of islands that were Cyclopean masses thrown up by chaos, and the nesting-places of eagles; of mountains on either shore, whose strata seemed to have been kneaded and stirred when soft as dough, and afterward, upon solidifying, had been rent by convulsions of the earth's crust.

But one was too busy with the handles of the sled fully to enjoy scenery. He only knew that his vista seemed to be frowning upon the impudence of him and his sled and dogs breaking in upon great solitudes. Thankfully, the weather was more in our favor and the trail was harder and not so sidling. At times it was as smooth as a skating-rink for a few hundred yards, where it was protected from the sun by the shadow of the mountains and the forests; again, there was glare ice, where we might ride for a little distance, jesting merrily about private equipages and driving-parks; and, again, we drove flocks of wild ducks away from open places, making us regret that we had only revolvers with us. Far over our heads we saw great flocks of wild swans and wild geese moving northward against the background of the blue sky in stately procession, reminding us that summer was near at hand. At 2 A.M. the thermometer was at from 10 to 20 degrees below zero; at noon, 80 degrees above, and the crust at dawn had become like porridge. I had one ear blistered by the frost and the other by the sun in the same day.

But we little minded these extremes; for the trail continued to be good, until one morning we arrived at the cluster of cabins called Stewart City, at the mouth of the Stewart River, where we rested for a day. Of the inmates of the cabins we bought enough rice to piece out the ra-

tions of our dogs. It took us six days to make the remaining seventy-five miles to Dawson, though now our outfit, including bedding and kit-bags, did not weigh more than two hundred pounds. The weather at night had suddenly moderated, as if the arctic winter, after a spasmodic resistance, had given way entirely to the tropical summer. Henceforth, it was needless to put up our tent, and we slept and cooked entirely in the open, drying our wet footwear by the heat of the sun in the late afternoon.

On the afternoon of the fourth day out from Stewart, when the dogs pulled up after one of the rushes they were never too tired to make on scenting a camp, we looked up to see some figures standing on a pile of logs which they were cutting for a raft of timber for a Dawson saw-mill.

"How are ye?" they called. "Goin' to town?"

We had reached the suburbs!

"Well," replied Jack, "we've been thinkin' some of it. How far is it?"

"'Bout twenty miles. But you won't make it. The ice is likely to go out any minute."

On the day following we passed still another camp of rafters, who said that the river was open in front of Dawson. They advised us to make camp and accompany them when navigation opened.

"We'll be old inhabitants by that time," said Jack.

Every creek flowing into the river was a torrent, eating up the ice and flooding its surface. However, we were confident of reaching our destination on the morrow, though we had to desert our sleds, put some flapjacks and slices of bacon in our pockets, and climb over the mountain which hid "town" from view.

Our last camp was on a wooded island where some prospector had built a brush-house. Jack's bonfire, especially large in honor of the occasion, extended to this house, and we thought it rather good fun that we had to save our bedding from the flames. But our jubilation was not un-mixed with sadness. We should not make another journey together; and we had been good comrades, always venting our anger, when it insisted upon expression, upon our sleds, and never blaming one another.

Our hair and beards were long and un-

kempt ; our trousers were the color of mahogany ; but we felt strong enough to go up the side of a mountain on the run, and we had been so near to Nature that we could truly claim her for next-door neighbor.

"We can sleep as long as we want tomorrow," said Fritz, pulling his robe over him ; "and we won't care whether it is going to freeze at night or not."

"And we won't have wet feet," Jack added. "I guess it's been twenty days since they wasn't sopping 'fore we'd been out two hours, and that slush does feel rather clammy when the sun's blisterin' overhead."

Ten miles in ten hours was the record of our last day's travel, over the worst trail we had encountered. At dusk we rounded an island, and to our right, on a small flat across the river (which here had been opened by the current of the Klondyke), we saw the cluster of cabins which was the pilgrim's Mecca. There was glare ice, however, above the Klondyke across to the little suburb of Dawson, Klondyke City. For the first time in many days we rode on our sleds, finishing our journey in triumph.

"Don't you know that it's too late to travel on the river?" asked the foremost man of the little crowd that came out to meet us.

"Yes," replied Jack, "and we've just made up our minds to quit."

Four days later, as if it had broken away all along the shores at the same moment, the ice moved on toward the sea like a great white procession, halted now and then by a jam, but not for long.

"It's a pleasure to see that trail go by," was Jack's comment, as he watched it from our cabin-door. "I only wish I might pay it back in its own kind by tripping it up a few times."

A GLIMPSE OF THE MINES

At this season of the year the inhabitants of Dawson were passing out of the chrysalis of fur caps into soiled, broad-brimmed hats resurrected from cabin-shelves ; and out of winter clothing generally into what remained of their last summer's clothing. Along the thawing bog called the main

street, littered and odorous from sanitary neglect, were two rows of saloons and gambling-halls, with mining brokers' offices and the stores of shrewd speculators in food-supplies, who always had one can of condensed milk for \$2.50, one can of butter for \$5, and one pound of sugar for \$1.50, and assured you that they were the last in the country. To look out across the flat toward the mountains was to see scattered cabins and piles of tin cans, which at once let one into the culinary secrets of an isolated community composed largely of men. At the restaurants, bacon and beans and coffee cost \$2.50.

With a tiny can of cocoa, which I pounced upon in a store as if it were an Elzevir in a junk-heap, and a few staples bought at extravagant prices, we were able to prepare a superior meal in the cabin that I had leased. But this was not until we had slept gloriously for sixteen hours. Then, having had a bath and a change of underclothes, and, therefore, not being afraid to face the world, I started for the mines.

In winter and in summer the trail leads up the Klondyke to the mouth of Bonanza, three miles from Dawson, and thence up Bonanza to the working-claims, about three miles farther on. In the spring, when the currents are swollen, you must go over a high mountain by a path in the soft snow. If you have a pack, this is hard work. On the way I met a blue-faced old fellow—by his look, if not by his limp, he had the scurvy—who promptly put me in my proper social status.

"Are ye a Cheechawko?" he asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, then, ye are, and the river must 'a' broke. Any man's a Cheechawko until he's been in the country when the ice goes out. In the old days we could lick the Cheechawkos into shape ; larn 'em to leave their latchstrings out fur a passin' stranger when they was away from hum, and larn 'em to eat what they wanted and to use the best blanket in a cabin, but to lug nothin' away. Fifty thousand of 'em, they say—clerks and farmers and dudes. They're too many fur us. Civilization's here, and it's a case of lockin' up yer dust after this. But, young man, ye can't be an old-timer, never ! Ye can't be an old-timer lest ye've lived in the camps in the

old days when a man was a man and his neighbor's brother."

And without giving me time to reply to his little lecture, he hobbled on toward the hospital.

Cheechawko is the Indian word for stranger, or, more literally, "tenderfoot," which has come into general use in the Klondyke; and toward the Cheechawko, bringing in the more penurious ways of the outside world, along with ignorance of mining, the old-timer feels a genuine resentment. I was glad of the opportunity to see the veterans ere the recruits had arrived.

Before an Indian saw a tiny nugget glistening in the gravel on the bank of Bonanza, both Bonanza and Eldorado creeks were favorite pastures of moose and caribou. Now they are as expressive of man's handiwork at its worst as the rear of a row of tenement-houses. For that Indian had for a brother-in-law a white outcast, who had made him the uncle of many half-breed children, and, moreover, had told him of a god worshipped by the outside world which had not been mentioned by the missionaries. "Siawash George" Cormack took the credit for the discovery from the Indian, and passed the word along to the mining-camps at Forty Mile and Circle City. As money plays an important part in the native politics of Alaska, Cormack's ambition to be the chief of the Stick tribe seemed near fulfilment. But his wife, an Indian princess, has determined to abjure her royal rights for the ways of civilization; and civilization is obliging and will sell to her as well as to the white women of the new Eldorado chocolate caramels and striped silks.

The miners from Forty Mile and Circle City staked all of Bonanza, and then staked in contempt a small tributary of Bonanza, in their phrase, a "pup," which they called Eldorado; and Eldorado turned out to be the richest placer creek of its size on record. How the gold came to Eldorado and Bonanza, whose wealth so belies their aspect, is for the geologist to say. Old-timers, who are fond of formulating theories over their cabin-fires, think that glacial action carried it to the creeks from The Dome, a huge mountain in which Eldorado and Bonanza have their headwaters.

Nine months after the discovery was made, the outside world heard of it. Such of the pilgrims attracted by the great news as were able to reach Dawson in the autumn of 1897 found that all creeks rising on the slopes of The Dome, and all other creeks that had as yet proven worth the working, had already been staked by the old-timers. Having staked the remaining creeks in a radius of from thirty to sixty miles on affidavits of having found "color," some of the new-comers rested in their cabins, eating their winter's supply of food; others found employment on the working-claims; and still others departed over the ice to escape starvation. As the humor of the saloon goes, there was left for the oncoming host of May and June an expanse of unexplored territory sufficient to keep a thousand times their number prospecting busily for a few centuries, but no gold at all, unless they could find it for themselves.

It was just on the eve of harvest-time when I first visited the creeks. In a day or two the flow of water from the gulches where the snow lay thickest would make a head sufficient to wash the yellow grain out of the dumps. In the four miles of Eldorado and the ten miles of Bonanza, lines of flumes and their dependent sluice-boxes—the lumber for which had been dragged from the Dawson saw-mill by husky dogs or cut with whip-saws—formed a network around the string of cabins occupied by claim-owners and their workmen and around piles of clayish-colored dirt, thawed out inch by inch during the short winter days, which contained virgin wealth amounting to nearly ten million dollars. The rounded hill-sides seemed as bare as the palm of the hand, scarred by broad streaks from top to bottom, showing where firewood and the timber for building the cabins and for keeping up the fires in the drifts had been slid down.

If you descended by the ladders into the holes beside the dumps to the drifts, you soon comprehended that reaping the harvest, once you have a claim, is not so easy as picking wild cranberries. It is dogged work to build fires day after day, running the risk of suffocation and permanent injury to the eyes by the smoke, and pulling up the dirt, bucketful after bucketful, by means of a windlass, with the thermometer forty below zero and your din-



The Main Street of Dawson.

ner to cook. In one spot of three or four square feet the nuggets are so thick that you can pick them out by hand as a farmer's boy picks potatoes out of a hill. In juxtaposition there may be as many more square feet which are not considered worth thawing and sluicing; and so the drifts seem like the path of a man trying to make his way to the light in darkness. From two to three feet above the real bed-rock is the false bed-rock, a stratum of stone broken into angular fragments apparently by some great forces passing overhead. Between the two is the best paying dirt, and occasionally here is found, perhaps with particles of gold sticking to it, the tusk of a mammoth who was the ruler in the valley before the days of the moose.

Once the water comes gushing down the flumes and the sluices, the men, who have been lounging in front of their cabins in the sunshine as they waited for it, pick up their shovels and begin peeling off the dirt of the dumps as fast as it is thawed by the sun and toss it into the boxes. They work by night as well as by day, if there is enough water and enough soft dirt. Of a sudden the sun beat down with such intensity—110 degrees Fahren-

heit, with great drifts of snow in the gulches—for three or four days, that the little creeks became torrents, dams had to be opened, and sluice-boxes with goodly sums in them floated away from their moorings. Temporarily, there was much more water than was needed. Only too soon was the loss of the energy that had gone to waste brought home. With the snow gone and rains the only source of supply, the current dwindled until many claims had not a single sluice-head, and some had not finished washing their dumps by the end of August, instead of, as anticipated, by the end of June.

When the "clean-up" was made, you might feast your eyes on the consummation of the harvest. The water was shut off and the cleats in the boxes were lifted and rinsed, leaving the result of the day's work, which glistened with yellow particles. Just a small stream was turned on by the man at the water-gates (who was probably making the most of his rest from shovelling by smoking a pipe of cut plug) and then turned off again, or on a little more or off a little less, while the most expert miner on the claim pushed the speckled sand-pile back and forth with a

common brush-broom until all the foreign particles had floated off, except a sprinkling of the heavy black sand which is invariably the companion of placer gold. Three or four or five thousand dollars—perhaps ten or fifteen or twenty thousand, if the “clean-up” be on Eldorado—which is three or four or five double handfuls, is put into a pan with an ordinary fire-shovel. The sight is bound to make your blood run faster, and to color your reason with an epic enthusiasm. That little yellow pile, you know at a glance, will stand the test of chemicals. Once you have seen a “color” in the bottom of a pan with the black sand following it around like a faithful servant, you can never again be deceived by the false glitter of any other particles. You would know it if you saw it between cobblestones in Broadway, or if it were no larger than a pin-head at the bottom of a trout-pool.

For the moment, the yellow pile makes you feel like seeking a claim of your own and harvesting its treasure for yourself. But when you look at the miry path along the base of the mountain by the creek-side, and think of following it with a pack on your back until it is no more, and a wilderness begins; think of passing on over the mountains until you come to what you consider a likely place, and thawing through thirty feet of earth at the rate of a foot a day in the haphazard possibility of finding “pay dirt,” you conclude that the poetry of the thing can be better appreciated by sitting on someone else’s dump.

Besides, as one who did a little prospecting on his own account and is proud to say that he found a few “colors”—which is just what anyone else can do in the Klondyke region—I observed that the recent arrivals of Nestorian prospectors who took a delight in quoting to you from Emerson when their hands were reeking

with clay and their gray locks were sticking through the crowns of old hats, do not like Alaska, though free to admit its material opportunities. They could not be weaned from the temperate climate and the skies of California, and were determined to return to their old stamping-grounds, where any honest prospector can get a “grubstake” from a speculative city man, and needs nothing more to make him happy and free.

So be it; and the more is it fitting that the true Alaskan hermits, members of the early communities of gold-seekers in the Yukon valley, who bore the brunt of the robust business of pioneering, should occupy the cabins of the masters on the Eldorado and the Bonanza claims. Graduates of colleges and universities, who work for them with pick and shovel for a dollar



Miss Mulrooney of the Forks.

an hour, did not come into the country until after the great “strike,” and must take the consequences. You feel a real sympathy with those of the old-timers who sold for a few hundred dollars, before they were prospected, claims on Eldorado that will produce nearly a million. For my part, I cannot overcome my strong antipathy to the Canadian Government because it placed a royalty of ten per cent. on the output of claims and no tax at all on the saloons, while it sent as expert inspectors to collect this royalty a keeper of a livery stable and a captain of a whaler, whose fitness for their positions was a political “pull.” These and most of the other civil officials, so far as I could learn, were amassing fortunes at the expense of the honest prospector.

On the rounded hills above the valleys of Eldorado and Bonanza were many fresh mounds of earth, as if the population of the Klondyke, man by man, was digging graves—and graves of many ambitions these were, in all truth.

In some dips of the hill-side will be found

a few hundred square feet which are foot for foot as rich as the bed of Eldorado. I enjoyed nothing better than to spend an afternoon with Joe Staley and Billy Deddering, the discoverers of the richest "bench," that of French Gulch, who took \$187 out of their first pan on bed-rock. Joe is a gaunt bachelor of forty-five years; Billy is a little German, round-faced and satisfied to accept things as they come, or their absence if they do not come.

The bench claim is, in fact, the only "poor man's claim." As against the creek claim, which requires sluice-boxes and wages for your workmen through the winter before you can realize upon it, the sun in summer will thaw the dirt on a bench claim; and then you need only a rocker to "take your money out with your own hands," as the expression goes.

I think that Joe Staley was the happiest man in the Klondyke on the day the discovery was made. He did not go to "town" until he had enough to pay off the mortgage on his mother's farm in Ohio, and he looked forward to the time when his wanderings for twenty years as a prospector should be at an end, and he might settle down to a peaceful existence on the old homestead. But one day, in Dawson, when we had eaten fresh eggs and other luxuries which had just been brought in from the "outside," as he pushed his plate away from him, he shook his head dubiously.



Putting the Gold in the Pan After the Cleaner.



Joe Staley and Billy Deddering.



Two Brothers who have been "Pardners" for Forty Years.

"I dunno as I'll be so happy as I thought when I settle down among the cows and chickens," he mused. "This grub don't taste the way I thought 'twould. Darned if I don't like the beans and bacon that I have up at the claim better; and I'll be glad to be back carryin' dirt to the rocker for Billy to-morrow. They say once the gold fever's in a fellow's bones it sticks like the rheumatiz, and I believe it. I reckon it's the only thing I'll be satisfied with in this life."

One of the claims near Joe's, which is even richer than his, was sold for a hundred dollars a few days after it was staked, and there had followed the stampede to the new "strike" the usual reaction in faith in its value. The fortunate purchaser washed out a thousand dollars in the first day with his rocker, and in his patch of hill-side, one hundred feet square, there is probably all of \$75,000. Another claim, and perhaps more valuable yet, was staked by a runaway boy from the East. When I met him one day, he was laughing over the joke he had played on the old folks at home. For the first time in five years he had written to them.

"I just told 'em," he said, "I'd been in the Klondyke—they don't even know that—and I'd be out on the last steamer with fifty thousand, cold."

By mid-June more than thirty thousand Cheechawkos were in Dawson. They had the satisfaction of looking in at the saloons where much of the gold from the "clean-up" was being spent; of having pointed out to them the leading gambler, and that shrewd Scotchman, Alexander McDonald, who has risen in two years from daily wages to the ownership of fifty claims, and whom they call "King of the Klondyke;" of seeing Dawson nod when the King nodded. Only this excitement did not long atone for other disappointments. They went up the creeks by the trails running at one side of the claims.

Sometimes they mistook mica sparkling in the sand of the rivulets for gold. The old-timers laughed at them. Wherever they found anything worth staking on account of contiguity to a good claim, it had been staked months ago. They returned to Dawson in the state of mind of one who has seen the sights, and is a little discouraged to find himself so far from home.

The claim-owners sitting in front of Miss Mulrooney's hotel with full stomachs, smoking cigars and waiting for rain, used to guy the new-comers as they passed with their packs, their new shovels, and their new pans. At this season everyone travels at night, the damp mist rising from the frozen ground being more bearable than the beating sun and the mosquitoes of the daytime.

Miss Mulrooney had been a Cheechawko herself, and she took the Cheechawko's part. When she went to the Klondyke a steamship company lost a good stewardess, and she became an employer instead of an employee. She hired the one surviving mule in Dawson for \$20 a day, and personally superintended his labors in dragging the logs to the site at the junction of Eldorado and Bonanza—the centre of the community of wealth, as she foresaw—called The Forks, where she built a hotel of no less than two stories. Her rates were the highest in the Klondyke, \$3.50 a meal; but she had secured the best food before the cry of famine was heard and prices rose, and you felt that her blankets—do not think that we ever had sheets—were the cleanest in that region. Thanks to her tact and the miners' respect for her, no public-house was so orderly. As a group of her guests was sitting on the bench by her door, when the everlasting light of the arctic summer seemed to have taken hold of our nerves so that we could not sleep, she said:

"I'm thinkin' few will ever mistake the Klondyke for a pleasure-resort."

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA



Boulevard des Palmiers, Hyères.

HYÈRES, 1883-4.



THE letters quoted in our last number told the story of the visit to Mentone by which Stevenson's health, after a threatening breakdown at Edinburgh, was partially restored in the winter of 1873-74. Nine years passed before the accidents of life brought him again as an invalid to the Provençal coast. During those years he had, first of all, finished his studies for the Bar, passing as Advocate in July, 1875. Having in order to please his parents acquired this professional label, and the social status which it was held to confer, he thenceforth devoted himself entirely to the predestined work of his life, namely literature; living still for the next four years chiefly in his father's house, but treating himself to periods of absence, which grew yearly longer, both among his friends in London and in the artist haunts of Paris and Fontainebleau. Then, in 1879-80, came the adventurous visit to the Californian coast which ended in his marriage; and from which he returned with his happiness, indeed, secured, but his health badly shaken. The next three summers (1880, 1881, 1882) were spent in Scotland, where the climate once and again undid what good he had gained from intervening winter sojourns at Davos, in Switzerland. At last, in the late autumn of 1882, having thus far made no real progress toward recovery, he determined again to try the Mediterranean coast of France. A first experiment at Montpellier, and a second and longer one in an attractive suburb of Marseilles, having failed, he moved in March, 1883, to Hyères, and there rented a cramped but habitable chalet, "La Solitude," having a pleasant garden, and situated in a fine airy position above the town. Here he and his family lived for the next fifteen months. To the first part of this period he often afterward referred as the happiest time of his life. His malady remained quiescent enough to afford, at least to his own buoyant spirit, a strong hope of ultimate recovery. He delighted in his surroundings, and realized for the first time the joys of a true home of his own. The last shadow of a cloud between himself and



Chalet La Solitude, Hyères.

his parents had long passed away ; and toward his father, now in declining health and often suffering from moods of constitutional depression, the son begins on his part to assume, how touchingly and tenderly will be seen from the following letters, a quasi-paternal attitude of encouragement and monition. At the same time his work on the *Silverado Squatters*, the *Black Arrow* (designated hereinafter, on account of its old English dialect, as “ tushery ”), *Prince Otto*, the *Child’s Garden of Verses* (for which his own name was *Penny Whistles*), and other undertakings prospered well ; while the publication of *Treasure Island* in book form brought with it the first breath of popular applause. In the autumn came a heavy blow in the death of his old friend James Walter Ferrier (see the essay “ Old Mortality,” and the references in the following letters) ; but still his health held out fairly, until in January, 1884, on a visit to Nice, he was unexpectedly prostrated anew by a complication of attacks which for the time being brought him to death’s door. Returning to Hyères, his recovery had been only partial, when after four months (May, 1884), a recurrence of violent hemorrhages once more prostrated him completely ; soon after which he quitted Hyères, and the epidemic of cholera which broke out there the same summer prevented all thoughts of his return.

The time, both during the happy and hard-working months of April-December, 1883, and the semi-convalescence of February-May, 1884, was a prolific one in the way of correspondence. In the limits here at my disposal, I can only illustrate its yield by a few disconnected examples, which I have taken by dipping as it were almost at random into the lucky-bag. In the first, Stevenson announces to his mother the intention of trying the new home. In the second, he invites, in his own name and his wife’s, his old friend and confidante of the Edinburgh days to come and



Ruins of the Château d'Hyères.

see its beauties for herself. The rest are addressed miscellaneously to Mr. Henley, with whom he was at this time working in close alliance on the *Magazine of Art* and elsewhere; to his parents; to Mr. Will H. Low, of New York, an old intimate of Fontainebleau days, and a name very familiar to readers of this Magazine; to Mr. Gosse; and to myself.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

HÔTEL DES ILES D'OR, HYÈRES, VAR,
March 2, 1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—It must be at least a fortnight since we have had a scratch of a pen from you; and if it had not been for Cummy's letter, I should have feared you were worse again: as it is, I hope we shall hear from you to-day or to-morrow at latest.

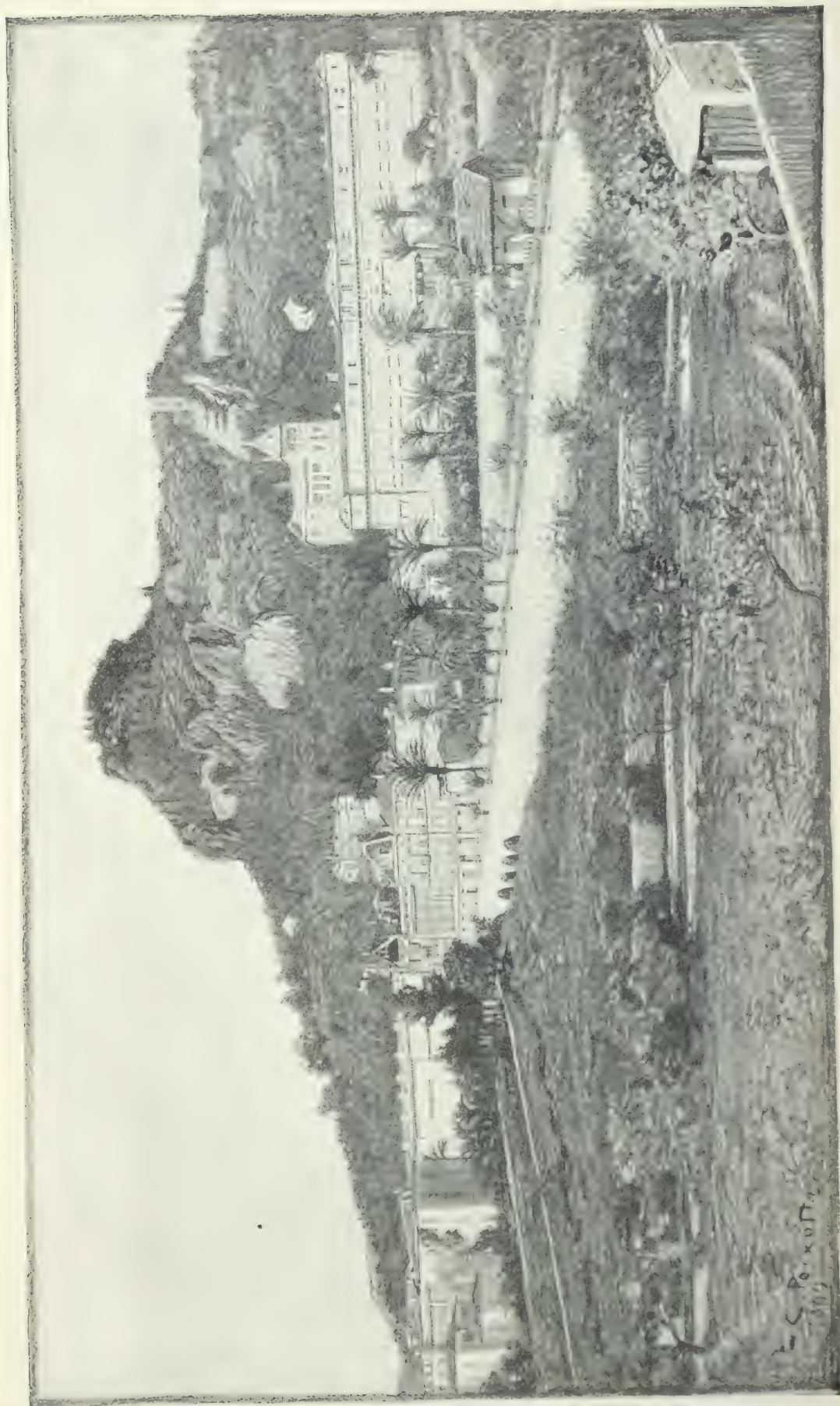
Health.—Our news is good: Fanny, though very useless, has never got so bad as we feared, and we hope now that this attack may pass off in threatenings. I am greatly better, have gained flesh, strength, spirits; eat well, walk a good deal, and do some work without fatigue. I am off the sick list.

Lodging.—We have found a house up

the hill, close to the town, an excellent place though very, very little. If I can get the landlord to agree to let us take it by the month just now, and let our month's rent count for the year, in case we take it on, you may expect to hear we are again installed, and to receive a letter dated thus:—

La Solitude,
Hyères-les-Palmiers,
Var.

If the man won't agree to that, of course I must give it up, as the house would be dear enough anyway at 2000 f. However, I hope we may get it, as it is healthy, cheerful, and close to shops, and society, and civilisation. The garden, which is above, is lovely, and will be cool



Hyères.

La Solitude lay in the slope of the hill to the left of the rocky summit.

in summer. There are two rooms below with a kitchen, and four rooms above, all told.—Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

CHALET LA SOLITUDE,
HYERES LES PALMIERS, VAR [April, 1883].

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am one of the lowest of the—but that's understood. I received the copy [fair copies for the printer of the *Child's Garden* verses], excellently written, with I think only one slip from first to last. I have struck out two, and added five or six; so they now number 45; when they are fifty, they shall out on the world. I have not written a letter for a cruel time; I have been, and am, so busy, drafting a long story (for me, I mean), about a hundred *Cornhill* pages, or say about as long as the Donkey book: *Prince Otto* it is called, and is, at the present hour, a sore burthen but a hopeful. If I had him all drafted, I should whistle and sing. But no: then I'll have to rewrite him; and then there will be the publishers, alas! But sometime or other, I shall whistle and sing, I make no doubt.

I am going to make a fortune, it has not yet begun, for I am not yet clear of debt; but as soon as I can, I begin upon the fortune. I shall begin it with a half-penny, and it shall end with horses and yachts and all the fun of the fair. This is the first real grey hair in my character; rapacity has begun to show, the greed of the protuberant guttler. Well, doubtless, when the hour strikes, we must all guttle and protube. But it comes hard on one who was always so willow-slender and as careless as the daisies.

Truly I am in excellent spirits. Thanks to prompt counsels from F. on his visit, I have crushed through a financial crisis; Fanny is much better; I am in excellent health, and work from four to five hours a day—from one to two above my average, that is; and we all dwell together and make fortunes in the loveliest house you ever saw, with a garden like a fairy story, and a view like a classical landscape.

Little? Well, it is not large. And when you come to see us, you will probably have to bed at the hotel, which is hard by. But it is Eden, madam.

VOL. XXV.—52

Eden and Beulah and the Delectable Mountains and Eldorado and the Hesperidean Isles and Bimini!

We both look forward, my dear friend, with the greatest eagerness to have you here. It seems it is not to be this season; but I appoint you with an appointment for next season. You cannot see us else: remember that. Till my health has grown solid like an oak-tree, till my fortune begins really to spread its boughs like the same monarch of the woods (and the acorn, ay de mi! is not yet planted), I expect to be a prisoner among the palms.

Yet it is like old times to be writing you from the Riviera, and after all that has come and gone, who can predict anything? How fortune tumbles men about! Yet I have not found that they change their friends, thank God.

Both of our loves to your sister and yourself. As for me, if I am here and happy, I know to whom I owe it; I know who made my way for me in life, if that were all, and I remain, with love, your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The following is to Mr. Henley: *Brashiana* were some squibs in sonnet form, referring to boyish haunts and pranks in Edinburgh.]

HYÈRES [April, 1883?].

DEAR LAD,—I was delighted to hear the good news about ——. Bravo, he goes uphill fast. Let him beware of vanity, and he will go higher; let him be still discontented, and let him (if it might be) see the merits and not the faults of his rivals, and he may swarm at last to the top-gallant. There is no other way. Admiration is the only road to excellence; and the critical spirit kills, but envy and injustice are putrefaction on its feet.

Thus far the moralist. The eager author now begs to know whether you may have got the other *Whistles*, and whether a fresh proof is to be taken; also whether in that case the dedication should not be printed therewith; Bulk Delights Publishers (original aphorism: to be said sixteen times in succession as a test of sobriety).

I do assure you I am getting better every day; and if the weather would but turn, I should soon be observed to walk in horn-pipes. Truly I am on the mend. I am

still very careful. I have the new dictionary; a joy, a thing of beauty, and—bulk. I shall be raked i' the mools before it's finished; that is the only pity; but meanwhile I sing.

I beg to inform you that I, Robert Louis Stevenson, author of *Brashiana* and other works, am merely beginning to commence to prepare to make a first start at trying to understand my profession. O the height and depth of novelty and worth in any art! and O that I am privileged to swim and shoulder through such oceans! Could one get out of sight of land—all in the blue? Alas not, being anchored here in flesh, and the bonds of logic being still about us.

But what a great space and a great air there is in these small shallows where alone we venture! and how new each sight, squall, calm, or sunrise! An art is a fine fortune, a palace in a park, a band of music, health, and physical beauty; all but love—to any worthy practiser. I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I waken in my art; I am unready for death, because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her; but while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I *am* not but in my art: it is me; I am the body of it merely.

And yet I produce nothing, am the author of *Brashiana* and other works: tiddly-ity—as if the works one wrote were anything but prentice's experiments. Dear reader, I deceive you with husks, the real works and all the pleasure are still mine and incommunicable. After this break in my work, beginning to return to it, as from light sleep, I was exclamatory as you see.

Sursum Corda:

Heave ahead:

Here's luck.

Art and Blue Heaven,

April and God's Larks.

Green reeds and the sky-scattering river.

A stately music.

Enter God!

Ay, but you know, until a man can write that "Enter God," he has made no Art! None! Come, let us take counsel together and make some! R. L. S.

CHALET SOLITUDE, May 5th [1883].

MY DEAREST PEOPLE.—I have had a great piece of news. There has been of-

fered for *Treasure Island*—how much do you suppose? I believe it would be an excellent jest to keep the answer till my next letter. For two cents I would do so. Shall I? Anyway, I'll turn the page first. No—well—A hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful? And that I have now finished, in draft, the fifteenth chapter of my novel, and have only five before me, and you will see what cause of gratitude I have.

The weather, to look at the per contra sheet, continues vomitable; and Fanny is quite out of sorts. But, really, with such cause of gladness, I have not the heart to be dispirited by anything. My child's verse book is finished, dedication and all, and out of my hands—you may tell Cummy; *Silverado* is done, too, and cast upon the waters; and this novel so near completion, it does look as if I should support myself without trouble in the future. If I have only health, I can, I thank God. It is dreadful to be a great, big man, and not be able to buy bread.

O that this may last!

I have to-day paid my rent for the half year, till the middle of September, and got my lease: why they have been so long, I know not.

I wish you all sorts of good things.

When is our marriage day?—Your loving and ecstatic son,

TREASURE EILAN.

It has been for me a *Treasure Island* verily.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR.

[May 20th, 1883.]

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I enclose the receipt and the corrections. As for your letter and Gilder's, I must take an hour or so to think; the matter much importing—to me. The £40 was a heavenly thing.

I send the MS. by Henley, because he acts for me in all matters, and had the thing [*Silverado Squatters*], like all my other books, in his detention. He is my unpaid agent—an admirable arrangement for me, and one that has rather more than doubled my income on the spot.

If I have been long silent, think how long you were so, and blush, sir, blush.

I was rendered unwell by the arrival of your cheque, and, like Pepys, "my hand

still shakes to write of it." To this grateful emotion, and not to D. T., please attribute the raggedness of my hand.

This year I should be able to live and keep my family on my own earnings, and that in spite of eight months and more of perfect idleness at the end of last and beginning of this. It is a sweet thought.

This spot, our garden and our view, are sub-celestial. I sing daily with my Bunyan that great bard,

I dwell already the next door to Heaven!

If you could see my roses, and my aloes, and my fig-marigolds, and my olives, and my view over a plain, and my view of certain mountains as graceful as Apollo, as severe as Zeus, you would not think the phrase exaggerated.

It is blowing to-day a *hot* mistral, which is the devil or a near connection of his.

This to catch the post.—Yours affectionately,
R. L. STEVENSON.

[The financial sun, owing to unexpected expenses in connection with the new installation, was presently shining less brightly, as the two following letters to Mr. Henley show.]

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS,
VAR.

MY DEAR LAD,—The books came some time since, but I have not had the pluck to answer: a shower of small troubles having fallen in, or troubles that may be very large.

I have had to incur a huge vague debt for cleaning sewers; our house was (of course) riddled with hidden cesspools, but that was infallible.

I have the fever; Lloyd pines, I don't quite know why; it is uneasifying. I feel the duty to work very heavy on me at times, with the fever; yet go it must. I have had to leave *Fontainebleau*, when three hours would finish it, and go full-tilt at tushery for awhile. But it will come soon.

I think I can give you a good article on Hokusai; but that is for afterwards; *Fontainebleau* is first in hand.

By the way, my view is to give the *Penny Whistles* to Crane or Greenaway. But Crane, I think, is likeliest; he is a fellow who, at least, always does his best. Cassell, I suppose, went back on 'em?

Shall I ever have money enough to write a play? O dire necessity!

A word in your ear: I don't like trying to support myself. I hate the strain and the anxiety; and when unexpected expenses are foisted on me, I feel the world is playing with false dice.—Now I must Tush, adieu,

AN ACHING, FEVERED, PENNY-JOURNALIST.

A lytle Jape of TUSHERIE, by A. Tusher.

The pleasant river gushes
Among the meadows green;
At home the author tushes;
For him it flows unseen.

The Birds among the Büshes
May wanton on the spray;
But vain for him who tushes
The brightness of the day!

The frog among the rushes
Sits singing in the blue,
By'r la'kin! but these tushes
Are wearisome to do!

The task entirely crushes
The spirit of the bard:
God pity him who tushes—
His task is very hard.

The filthy gutter slushes,
The clouds are full of rain,
But doomed is he who tushes
To tush and tush again.

At morn with his hair-brushes,
Still "tush" he says, and weeps;
At night again he tushes
And tushes till he sleeps.

And when at length he püshes
Beyond the river dark—
'Las, to the man who tushes,
"Tush" shall be God's remark!

HYÈRES, 1883.

DEAR LAD,—Snatches in return for yours; for this little once, I'm well to windward of you.

Seventeen chapters of *Otto* are now drafted, and finding I was working through my voice and getting screechy, I have turned back again to rewrite the earlier part. It has, I do believe, some merit: of what order of course, I am the last to know; and triumph of triumphs, my wife—my wife who hates and loathes and slates my women—admits a great part of my Countess to be on the spot.

Yes, I could borrow, but it is the joy of being before the public, for once. Really, £100 is a sight more than *Treasure Island* is worth.

The reason of my *dêche*? Well, if you begin one house, have to desert it, begin another, and are eight months without doing any work, you will be in a *dêche* too. I am not in a *dêche*, however; *distinguo*—I would fain distinguish; I am rather a swell, but *not solvent*. At a touch the edifice, *œdificium*, might collapse. If my creditors began to babble around me, I would sink with a slow strain of music into the crimson west. The difficulty in my elegant villa is to find oil, *oleum*, for the dam axles. But I've paid my rent until September; and beyond the chemist, the grocer, the baker, the doctor, the gardener, Lloyd's teacher, and the great chief creditor Death, I can snap my fingers at all men. Why will people spring bills on you? I try to make 'em charge me at the moment; they won't, the money goes, the debt remains.

The Required Play is in the *Merry Men*—Q. E. F. I thus render honor to your *flair*; it came on me of a clap; I do not see it yet beyond a kind of sunset glory. But it's there: passion, romance, the picturesque, involved: startling, simple, horrid: a sea-pink in sea-froth! *S'agit de la désenterrer*. "Help!" cries a buried masterpiece.

Once I see my way to the year's end, clear, I turn to plays; till then I grind at letters; finish *Otto*; write, say a couple of my *Traveller's Tales*; and then, if all my ships come home, I will attack the drama in earnest. I cannot mix the skeins. Thus, though I'm morally sure there is a play in *Otto*, I dare not look for it: I shoot straight at the story.

As a story, a comedy, I think *Otto* very well constructed; the echoes are very good, all the sentiments change round, and the points of view are continually and, I think (if you please), happily contrasted. None of it is exactly funny, but some of it is smiling.

R. L. S.

[The following letter to his father was written soon after receiving the news of the death of his friend Mr. J. W. Ferrier, and refers incidentally to the work of advice on conduct and the problems of a young man's life, which he at various times took up and laid by under the titles, "Lay Morals," "Reflections and Remarks on Human Life," etc.]

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS,
VAR, October 12, 1883.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have just lunched; the day is exquisite, the air comes through the open window rich with odor, and I am by no means spiritually minded. Your letter, however, was very much valued, and has been read oftener than once. What you say about yourself I was glad to hear; a little decent resignation is not only becoming a Christian, but is likely to be excellent for the health of a Stevenson. To fret and fume is undignified, suicidally foolish, and theologically unpardonable; we are here not to make, but to tread predestined, pathways; we are the foam of a wave, and to preserve a proper equanimity is not merely the first part of submission to God, but the chief of possible kindnesses to those about us. I am lecturing myself, but you also. To do our best is one part, but to wash our hands smilingly of the consequence is the next part, of any sensible virtue. And no one but an atheist has the right to wrangle over anything but his own conscious sins.

I have come, for the moment, to a pause in my moral works; for I have many irons in the fire, and I wish to finish something to bring coin before I can afford to go on with what I think doubtfully to be a duty. It is a most difficult work; a touch of the parson will drive off those I hope to influence; a touch of overstrained laxity, besides disgusting like a grimace, may do harm. Nothing that I have ever seen yet speaks directly and efficaciously to young men; and I do hope I may find the art and wisdom to fill up a gap. The great point, as I see it, is to ask as little as possible, and meet, if it may be, every view or absence of view; and it should be, must be, easy. Honesty is the one desideratum; but think how hard a one to meet. I think all the time of Ferrier and myself; these are the pair that I address. Poor Ferrier, so much a better man than I, and such a temporal wreck. But the thing of which we must divest our minds is to look partially upon others; *all* is to be viewed; and the creature judged, as he must be by his Creator, not dissected through a prism of morals, but in the unrefracted ray. So seen, and in relation to the almost omnipotent surround-

ings, who is to distinguish between F. and such a man as Dr. Candlish, or between such a man as David Hume and such an one as Robert Burns? To compare my poor and good Walter with myself is to make me start; he, upon all grounds above the merely expedient, was the nobler being. Yet wrecked utterly; health, money, self-respect, all squandered ere the full age of manhood; and the last skirmishes so well fought, so humanly useless, so pathetically brave, only the leaps of an expiring lamp. All this is a very pointed instance. It shuts the mouth. I have learned more, in some ways, from him than from any other soul I ever met; and he, strange to think, was the best gentleman, in all kinder senses, that I ever knew.—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR.
[1883.]

MY DEAR LOW,— . . . Some day or other, in Cassell's *Magazine of Art*, you will see a paper which will interest you and where your name appears. It is called, "Fontainebleau: Village Communities of Artists," and the signature of R. L. Stevenson will be found annexed.

Please tell the editor of *Manhattan* the following secrets for me: 1st, that I am a beast; 2nd, that I owe him a letter; 3rd, that I have lost his, and cannot recall either his name or address; 4th, that I am very deep in engagements, which my absurd health makes it hard for me to overtake; but 5th, that I will bear him in mind; 6th and last, that I am a brute.

My address is still the same, and I live in a most sweet corner of the universe, sea and fine hills before me, and a rich variegated plain; and at my back a craggy hill, loaded with vast feudal ruins. I am very quiet; a person passing by my door half startles me; but I enjoy the most aromatic airs, and at night the most wonderful view into a moonlit garden. By day this garden fades into nothing, overpowered by its surroundings and the luminous distance; but at night and when the moon is out, that garden, the arbor, the flight of stairs that mount the artificial hillock, the plumed blue gum-trees that hang trembling, become the very skirts of Paradise. Angels I know frequent it; and

it thrills all night with the flutes of silence. Damn that garden;—and by day it is gone.

Continue to testify boldly against realism. Down with Dagon, the fish god! All art swings down towards imitation, in these days, fatally. But the man who loves art with wisdom sees the joke; it is the lustful that tremble and respect her ladyship; but the honest and romantic lovers of the muse can see a joke and sit down to laugh with Apollo.

The prospect of your return to Europe is very agreeable; and I was pleased by what you said about your parents. One of my oldest friends died recently; and this has given me new thoughts of death. Up to now I had rather thought of him as a mere personal enemy of my own; but now that I see him hunting after my friends, he looks altogether darker. My own father is not well; and Henley, of whom you must have heard me speak, is in a questionable state of health. These things are very solemn, and take some of the color out of life. It is a great thing after all to be a man of reasonable honor and kindness. Do you remember once consulting me in Paris, whether you had not better sacrifice honesty to art; and how, after much confabulation, we agreed that your art would suffer if you did? We decided better than we knew. In this strange welter where we live, all hangs together by a million filaments; and to do reasonably well by others, is the first pre-requisite of art. Art is a virtue; and if I were the man I should be, my art would rise in the proportion of my life.

If you were privileged to give some happiness to your parents, I know your art will gain by it. *By God, it will!*
Sic subscribitur, R. L. S.

[October 23, 1883.]
CHALET DE LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES,
VAR, FRANCE.

MY DEAR LOW,—*C'est d'un bon camarade*; and I am much obliged to you for your two letters and the inclosure. Times are a litle changed with all of us, since the ever memorable days of Lavenue: hallowed be his name? Hallowed his old Fleury, of which you did not see—I think—as I did—the glorious apotheosis: advanced on a Tuesday to three francs,

on the Thursday to six, and on Friday swept off, holus bolus, for the proprietor's private consumption. Well, we had the start of that proprietor. Many a good bottle came our way, and was, I think, worthily made welcome.

I am pleased that Mr. Gilder should like my literature; and I ask you particularly to thank Mr. Bunner (have I the name right?) for his notice, which was of that friendly, headlong sort that really pleases an author like what the French call a "shake-hands." It pleases me the more coming from the States, where I have met not much recognition, save from the buccaneers, and above all from pirates who misspell my name. I saw my book advertised in a number of the *Critic* as the work of one R. L. Stephenson; and, I own, I boiled. It is so easy to know the name of the man whose book you have stolen; for there it is, at full length, on the title-page of your booty. But no, damn him, not he! He calls me Stephenson. These woes I only refer to by the way, as they set a higher value on the *Century* notice.

I am now a person with an established ill-health—a wife—a dog possessed with an evil, a Gadarean spirit—a chalet on a hill, looking out over the Mediterranean—a certain reputation—and very obscure finances. Otherwise, very much the same, I guess; and were a bottle of Fleury a thing to be obtained, capable of developing theories along with a fit spirit even as of yore. Yet I now draw near to the middle ages; nearly three years ago, that fatal Thirty struck; and yet the great work is not yet done—not yet even conceived. But so, as one goes on, the wood seems to thicken, the footpath to narrow, and the House Beautiful on the hill's summit to draw further and further away. We learn, indeed, to use our means; but only to learn, along with it, the paralyzing knowledge that these means are only applicable to two or three poor commonplace motives. Eight years ago, if I could have slung ink as I can now, I should have thought myself well on the road after Shakespeare; and now—I find I have only got a pair of walking-shoes and not yet begun to travel. And art is still away there on the mountain summit. But I need not continue; for of course this is

your story just as much as it is mine; and, strange to think, it was Shakespeare's too, and Beethoven's, and Phidias's. It is a blessed thing that, in this forest of art, we can pursue our woodlice and sparrows, *and not catch them*, with almost the same fervor of exhilaration as that with which Sophocles hunted and brought down the Mastodon.

Tell me something of your work, and your wife.—My dear fellow, I am yours ever,
R. L. STEVENSON.

My wife begs to be remembered to both of you; I cannot say as much for my dog, who has never seen you, but he would like, on general principles, to bite you.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR.
November, 1883.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—I have been bad, but as you were worse, I feel no shame. I raise a blooming countenance, not the evidence of a self-righteous spirit.

I continue my uphill fight with the twin spirits of bankruptcy and indigestion. Lloyd is down again—bush cholera, I think: a very clammy boy, and that knocks us a little down. Duns rage about my portal, at least to fancy's ear.

I suppose you heard of Ferrier's death: my oldest friend except Bob. It has much upset me. I did not fancy how much. I am strangely concerned about it.

My house is the loveliest spot in the universe; the moonlight nights we have are incredible: love, poetry, and music, and the Arabian Nights, inhabit just my corner of the world—nest there like mavis.

Here lies the carcass
of
Robert Louis Stevenson,
An active, austere and not inelegant
writer,
who,
at the termination of a long career,
wealthy, wise, benevolent, and honored by
the attention of two hemispheres,
yet owned it to have been his crowning favor
TO INHABIT
LA SOLITUDE

(with the consent of the intelligent edility of Hyères, he has been interred, below this frugal stone, in the garden which he honored for so long with his poetic presence).

I must write more solemn letters.
Adieu. Write. R. L. S.

Why don't you send me the *Fontaine-bleau*? That is downright mean; you should help a friend in his work, my boy.

Be well and you will be happy, be well and happy and you will be virtuous, be well, happy and virtuous and you will probably become acquainted with a debtor's jail.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES, November, 1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You must not blame me too much for my silence; I am over head and ears in work, and do not know what to do first. I have been hard at *Otto*, hard at *Silverado* proofs, which I have worked over again to a tremendous extent; cutting, adding, rewriting, until some of the worst chapters of the original are now, to my mind, as good as any. I was the more bound to make it good, as I had such liberal terms; it's not for want of trying if I have failed.

I got your letter on my birthday; indeed that was how I found it out, about three in the afternoon, when postie comes. Thank you for all you said. As for my wife, that was the best investment ever made by man; but "in our branch of the family" we seem to marry well. She is still out of sorts; but V—I, whom I had to call in, pretends to understand her ailment, and, for the nonce, convinces us. I, considering my piles of work, am wonderfully well; I have not been so busy for I know not how long. I hope you will send me the money I asked however, as I am not only penniless, but shall remain so in all human probability for some considerable time. I have got in the mass of my expectations; and the £100 which is to float us on the new year can not come due till *Silverado* is all ready; I am delaying it myself for the moment; then will follow the binders and the travellers and an infinity of other nuisances; and only at the last, the jingling-tingling.

Do you know that *Treasure Island* has appeared? In the November number of Henley's Magazine, a capital number anyway, there is a funny publisher's puff of it for your book; also a bad article by me. Lang dotes on *Treasure Island*: "Except *Tom Sawyer* and the *Odyssey*," he writes, "I never liked any romance so much." I will enclose the letter though. The P.'s have made us a present of some English

bacon: very good. The Bogue is angelic, although very dirty. It has rained—at last! It was jolly cold when the rain came.

I was overjoyed to hear such good news of my father. Let him go on at that!—
Ever your affectionate, R. L. S.

LA SOLITUDE, December 20, 1883.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I do not know which of us is to blame; I suspect it is you this time. The last accounts of you were pretty good, I was pleased to see; I am, on the whole, very well—suffering a little still from my fever and liver complications, but better.

I have just finished reading a book, which I counsel you above all things *not* to read, as it has made me very ill, and would make you worse—Lockhart's *Scott*. It is worth reading, as all things are from time to time that keep us nose to nose with fact; though I think such reading may be abused, and that a great deal of life is better spent in reading of a light and yet chivalrous strain. Thus, no Waverley novel approaches in power, blackness, bitterness, and moral elevation to the diary and Lockhart's narrative of the end; and yet the Waverley novels are better reading for every day than the life. You may take a tonic daily, but not phlebotomy.

The great double danger of taking life too easily, and taking it too hard, how difficult it is to balance that! But we are all too little inclined to faith; we are all, in our serious moments, too much inclined to forget that all are sinners, and fall justly by their faults, and therefore that we have no more to do with that than with the thunder-cloud; only to trust, and do our best, and wear as smiling a face as may be for others and ourselves. But there is no royal road among this complicated business. Hegel, the German, got the best word of all philosophy with his antinomies: the contrary of everything is its postulate. That is, of course grossly expressed, but gives a hint of the idea, which contains a great deal of the mysteries of religion, and a vast amount of the practical wisdom of life. For your part, there is no doubt as to your duty—to take things easy and be as happy as you can, for your sake, and my mother's, and that of many besides. Excuse this sermon.—Ever your loving son, R. L. S.

LA SOLITUDE, December 25, 1883.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—This it is supposed will reach you about Christmas, and I believe I should include Lloyd in the greeting. But I want to lecture my father; he is not grateful enough; he is like Fanny; his resignation is not the “true blue.” A man who has gained a stone; whose son is better, and, after so many fears to the contrary, I dare to say a credit to him; whose business is arranged; whose marriage is a picture—what I should call resignation in such a case as his would be to “take down his fiddle and play as loud as ever he could.” That and nought else. And now, you dear old pious ingrate, on this Christmas morning, think what your mercies have been; and do not walk too far before your breakfast—as far as to the top of India Street, then to the top of Dundas Street, and then to your ain stair-heid; and do not forget that even as *laborare, so joculari, est orare*; and to be happy the first step to being pious.

Has Lloyd a rag to his back? I fear it greatly.

I have as good as finished my novel, and a hard job it has been—but now practically over, *laus deo*! My financial prospects better than ever before; my excellent wife a touch dolorous, like Mr. Tommy; my Bogue quite converted, and myself in good spirits. O, send Curry Powder per Baxter. R. L. S.

[“Smeoroch” mentioned in the following was a favorite Scotch terrier.]

Last Sunday of '83.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I give my father up. I give him a parable: that the Waverley novels are better reading for every day than the tragic Life. And he takes it backside foremost, and shakes his head, and is gloomier than ever. Tell him that I give him up. I don't want no such a parent. This is not the man for my money. I do not call that by the name of religion which fills a man with bile—and, I may add, stupidity. I write him a whole letter, bidding him beware of extremes, and telling him that his gloom is gallows-worthy; and I get back an answer—Perish the thought of it.

Here am I on the threshold of another

year, when, according to all human foresight, I should long ago have been resolved into my elements; here am I, who you were persuaded was born to disgrace you—and, I will do you the justice to add, on no such insufficient grounds—no very burning discredit when all is done; here am I married, and the marriage recognised to be a blessing of the first order, *AI* at Lloyd's. There is he, at his not first youth, able to take more exercise than I at thirty-three, and gaining a stone's weight, a thing of which I am incapable. There are you; has the man no gratitude? There is Smeoroch: is he blind? Tell him from me that all this is

NOT THE TRUE BLUE!

I will think more of his prayers when I see in him a spirit of *praise*. Piety is a more childlike and happy attitude than he admits. Martha, Martha, do you hear the knocking at the door? But Mary was happy. Even the Shorter Catechism, not the merriest epitome of religion, and a work exactly as pious although not quite so true as the multiplication table—even that dry-as-dust epitome begins with a heroic note. What is man's chief end? Let him study that; and ask himself if to refuse to enjoy God's kindest gifts is in the spirit indicated. Up, Dullard! It is better service to enjoy a novel than to mump.

I have been most unjust to the Shorter Catechism, I perceive. I wish to say that I keenly admire its merits as a performance; and that all that was in my mind was its peculiarly unreligious and unmoral texture; from which defect it can never, of course, exercise the least influence on the minds of children. But they learn fine style and some austere thinking unconsciously.—Ever your loving son,

R. L. S.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR,
January 1 [1884].

MY DEAR PEOPLE,—A Good New Year to you. The year closes, leaving me with £50 in the bank, owing no man anything, £100 more due to me in a week or so, and £150 more in the course of the month; and I can look back on a total receipt of £465, os. 6d. for the last twelve months!

And yet I am not happy!

Yet I beg! Here is my beggary:—

1. Sellar's *Trial*.
2. George Borrow's *Book about Wales*.
3. My Grandfather's *Trip to Holland*.
4. And (but this is, I fear, impossible) the *Bell Rock Book*.

When I think of how last year began, after four months of sickness and idleness, all my plans gone to water, myself starting alone a kind of spectre for Nice—should I not be grateful? Come, let us sing unto the Lord!

Nor should I forget the expected visit, but I will not believe in that till it befall; I am no cultivator of disappointments, 'tis a herb that does not grow in my garden; but I get some good crops both of remorse and gratitude. The last I can recommend to all gardeners; it grows best in shiny weather, but once well grown, is very hardy; it does not require much labor; only that the husbandman should smoke his pipe about the flower-pots and admire God's pleasant wonders. Winter-green (otherwise known as Resignation, or the "false gratitude plant") springs in much the same soil; is little hardier, if at all; and requires to be so dug about and dunged, that there is little margin left for profit. The variety known as the Black Winter-green (H. V. Stevensoniana) is neither for ornament nor profit.

"John, do you see that bed of Resignation?"—"It's doin' bravely, sir."—"John, I will not have it in my garden; it flatters not the eye and comforts not the stomach; root it out."—"Sir, I ha'e seen o' them that rase as high as nettles; gran' plants!"—"What then? Were they as tall as alps, if still unsavory and bleak, what matters it? Out with it, then; and in its place put Laughter and a Good Conceit (that capital home evergreen), and a bush of Flowering Piety—but see it be the flowering sort—the other species is no ornament to any gentleman's Back Garden."

JNO. BUNYAN.

[The following replies to an account by Mr. Gosse of an official room he was then occupying—an Old-World apartment of a kind not common in London public offices—in the roof overlooking an inner court at the Board of Trade, in Whitehall Place.]

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS,
VAR, 17th 3rd 84.

MY DEAR GOSSE,—Your office—office is profanely said—your bower upon the leads is divine. Have you, like Pepys, "the right to fiddle" there? I see you mount the companion, barbiton in hand, and, fluttered about by city sparrows, pour forth your spirit in a voluntary. Now when the spring begins, you must lay in your flowers: how do you say about a potted hawthorn? Would it bloom? Wallflower is a choice pot-herb; lily-of-the-valley, too, and carnation, and Indian cress trailed about the window, is not only beautiful by color, but the leaves are good to eat. I recommend thyme and rosemary for the aroma, which should not be left upon one side; they are good quiet growths.

On one of your tables keep a great map spread out; a chart is still better—it takes one further—the havens with their little anchors, the rocks, banks, and soundings, are adorably marine; and such furniture will suit your ship-shape habitation. I wish I could see those cabins; they smile upon me with the most intimate charm. From your leads do you behold St. Paul's? I always like to see the Fools-cap; it is London *per se*, and no spot from which it is visible is without romance. Then it is good company for the man of letters, whose veritable nursing Pater-Noster is so near at hand.

I am all at a standstill; as idle as a painted ship, but not so pretty. My romance, which has so nearly butchered me in the writing, not even finished; though so near, thank God, that a few days of tolerable strength will see the roof upon that structure. I have worked very hard at it, and so do not expect any great public favor. *In moments of effort, one learns to do the easy things that people like.* There is the golden maxim; thus one should strain and then play, strain again and play again. The strain is for us, it educates; the play is for the reader, and pleases. Do you not feel so? We are ever threatened by two contrary faults: both deadly. To sink into what my forefathers would have called "rank conformity," and to pour forth cheap replicas upon the one hand; upon the other, and still more insidiously present, to forget that

art is a diversion and a decoration, that no triumph or effort is of value, nor anything worth reaching except charm.—
Yours affectionately, R. L. S.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS,
VAR, March 9, 1884.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—You will already have received a not very sane note from me; so your patience was rewarded—may I say, your patient silence? However, now comes a letter, which on receipt, I thus acknowledge.

I have already expressed myself as to the political aspect. About Grahame, I feel happier: it does seem to have been really a good, neat, honest piece of work. We do not seem to be so badly off for commanders: Wolseley and Roberts, and this pile of Woods, Stewarts, Alisons, Grahames, and the like. Had we but ONE statesman on any side of the house!

Two chapters of *Otto* do remain: one to rewrite, one to create; and I am not yet able to tackle them. For me, it is my chief o' works; hence probably not so for others: since it only means that I have here attacked the greatest difficulties. But some chapters towards the end: three in particular—I do think come off. I find them stirring, dramatic, and not unpoetical. We shall see, however, as like as not, the effort will be more obvious than the success. For, of course, I strung myself hard to carry it out. The next will come easier, and possibly be more popular. I believe in the covering of much paper: each time with a definite and not too difficult artistic purpose; and then, from time to time, drawing oneself up and trying, in a superior effort, to combine the facilities thus acquired or improved. Thus one progresses. But mind, it is very likely that the big effort, instead of being the masterpiece, may be the blotted copy, the gymnastic exercise. This no man can tell; only the brutal and licentious public, snouting in Mudie's wash-trough, can return a dubious answer.

I am to-day, thanks to a pure heaven and a beneficent, loud-talking, antiseptic mistral, on the high places as to health and spirits. Money holds out wonderfully. Fanny has gone for a drive to certain meadows which are now one sheet of jonquils: sea-bound meadows, the thought of

which may freshen you in Bloomsbury. "Ye have been fresh and fair, Ye have been filled with flowers"—I fear I misquote. Why do people babble? Surely Herrick, in his true vein, is superior to Martial himself: though Martial is a very pretty poet.

Did you ever read St. Augustine? The first chapters of the *Confessions* are marked by a commanding genius: Shakespearian in depth. I was struck dumb, but, alas! when you begin to wander into controversy, the poet drops out. His description of infancy is most seizing. And how is this: "Sed majorum nugae negotia vocantur; puerorum autem talia cum sint puniuntur a majoribus." Which is quite after the heart of R. L. S. See also his splendid passage about the "luminosus limen amicitiae" and the "nebulæ de limosa concupiscentia carnis"; going on "*Utrumque* in confuso aestuabat et rapiebat imbecillam aetatem per abrupta cupiditatum." That is damned knowing for a Father of the Kirk. That "*Utrumque*" is a real contribution to life's science. Lust *alone* is but a pigmy; but it never, or rarely, attacks us single-handed.

Do you ever read (to go miles off, indeed) the incredible Barbey d'Aurevilly? A psychological Poe—to be for a moment Henley. I own with pleasure I prefer him with all his folly, rot, sentiment, and mixed metaphors, to the whole modern school in France. It makes me laugh, when it's nonsense; and when he gets an effect (though it's still nonsense and mere Poëry, not poesy) it wakens me. *Ce qui ne meurt pas* nearly killed me with laughing, and left me—well, it left me very nearly admiring the old ass. At least it's the kind of thing one feels one couldn't do. The dreadful moonlight, when they all three sit silent in the room—by George, sir, it's imagined—and the brief scene between husband and wife is all there. *Quant au fond*, the whole thing, of course, is a fever dream, and worthy of eternal laughter. Had the young man broken stones, and the two women been hard-working honest prostitutes, there had been an end of the whole immoral and baseless business: you could at least have respected them in that case.

I also read *Petronius Arbiter*; I tackled some Tacitus, too. I got them with a dreadful French crib on the same page with the

text, which helps me along and drives me mad. The French do not even try to translate. They try to be much more classical than the classics, with astounding results of barrenness and tedium. Tacitus, I fear, was too solid for me. I liked the war part; but the dreary intriguing at Rome was too much. R. L. S.

HYÈRES [Spring 1884].

MY DEAR HENLEY,—“Old Mortality” is out, and I am glad to say Coggie likes it. We like her immensely.

I keep better, but no great shakes yet; cannot work—cannot: that is flat, not even verses: as for prose, that more active place is shut on me long since.

My view of life is essentially the comic; and the romantically comic. *As you like It* is to me the most bird-haunted spot in letters; *Tempest* and *Twelfth Night* follow. These are what I mean by poetry and nature. I make an effort of my mind to be quite one with Molière, except upon the stage, where his inimitable *jeux de scène* beggar belief; but you will observe they are stage-plays—things *ad hoc*; not great Olympian debauches of the heart and fancy; hence more perfect, and not so great. Then I come, after great wanderings, to *Carmosine* and to *Fantasio*; to one part of *La Dernière Aldini* (which, by the by, we might dramatise in a week); to the notes that Meredith has found, Evan and the postillion, Evan and Rose, Harry in Germany. And to me these things are the good; beauty, touched

with sex and laughter; beauty with God's earth for the background. Tragedy does not seem to me to come off; and when it does, it does so by the heroic illusion; the anti-masque has been omitted; laughter, which attends on all our steps in life, and sits by the deathbed, and certainly redacts the epitaph, laughter has been lost from these great-hearted lies. But the comedy which keeps the beauty and touches the terrors of our life (laughter and tragedy-in-a-good-humor having kissed), that is the last word of moved representation; embracing the greatest number of elements of fate and character; and telling its story, not with the one eye of pity, but with the two of pity and mirth.

F., having read thus far, says: “All this is your sight of life, not Henley's. He sees tragedy. That is the trouble in collaboration.”

“Triumph!” I cry, “it is an ideal conjunction.”

“Yes,” she says, “if you will understand and respect each other's ground.”

Let us understand and respect. I am no melodramatist, but a Skelt-drunken boy; I am, I know it, the man who went out to find the Eldorado of romantic comedy, and who means to come in sight of it. If we do possess these opposite gifts, we must un-nail the scaffolding: the trim reticule of the French play will hardly hold the pair of us; some liberty, Aristophanic or Shakespearian, some pursuit of nightingales, is necessary. But this would be to look forward to our ripeness.

R. L. S.

(To be continued.)

THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION

By William James



I PROPOSE in the following informal pages to take certain psychological doctrines and show their practical applications to mental hygiene—to the hygiene of our American life more particularly. Our people, especially our teachers, are turning toward psychology nowadays with hopes of guidance, and if psychology is to

justify the hopes, it must be by showing fruits in the pedagogic and therapeutic lines.

The reader may possibly have heard of a peculiar theory of the emotions, commonly referred to in psychological literature as the Lange-James theory. According to this theory our emotions are mainly due to those organic stirrings that are aroused in us in a reflex way by the stimu-

lus of the exciting object or situation. An emotion of fear, for example, or surprise, is not a direct effect of the object's presence on the mind, but an effect of that still earlier effect, the bodily commotion which the object suddenly excites; so that, were this bodily commotion suppressed, we should not so much *feel* fear as call the situation fearful; we should not feel surprise, but coldly recognize that the object was indeed astonishing. One enthusiast has even gone so far as to say that when we feel sorry it is because we weep, when we feel afraid it is because we run away, and not conversely. The reader may possibly be acquainted with the paradoxical formula. Now, whatever exaggeration may possibly lurk in this account of our emotions (and I doubt myself whether the exaggeration be very great), it is certain that the main core of it is true, and that the mere giving way to tears, for example, or to the outward expression of an anger-fit, will result for the moment in making the inner grief or anger more acutely felt. There is, accordingly, no better known or more generally useful precept in the moral training of youth, or in one's personal self-discipline, than that which bids us pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not to care too much for what we feel. If we only check a cowardly impulse in time, for example; or if we only *don't* strike the blow or rip out with the complaining or insulting word that we shall regret as long as we live, our feelings themselves will presently be the calmer and better, with no particular guidance from us on their own account. Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together; and by regulating the action, which is under the more direct control of the will, we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not.

Thus the sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look round cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct doesn't make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else on that occasion can. So to feel brave, act as if we *were* brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage-fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the

only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries, and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into a closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it still fastened in the mind, whereas if we act as if from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds its tent like an Arab and silently steals away.

The best manuals of religious devotion accordingly reiterate the maxim that we must let our feelings go and pay no regard to them whatever. In an admirable and widely successful little book called "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," by Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, I find this lesson on almost every page. *Act* faithfully, and you really have faith, no matter how cold and even how dubious you may feel. "It is your purpose God looks at," writes Mrs. Smith, "not your feelings about that purpose; and your purpose, or will, is therefore the only thing you need attend to. . . . Let your emotions come or let them go, just as God pleases, and make no account of them either way. . . . They really have nothing to do with the matter. They are not the indicators of your spiritual state, but are merely the indicators of your temperament, or of your present physical condition."

But the reader knows these facts already, so I need no longer press them on his attention. From our acts and from our attitudes ceaseless inpouring currents of sensation come, which help to determine from moment to moment what our inner states shall be—that is a fundamental law of psychology which I will therefore proceed to assume.

A Viennese neurologist of considerable reputation has recently written about the *Binnenleben*, as he terms it, or buried life of human beings. No doctor, this writer says, can get into really profitable relations with a nervous patient until he gets some sense of what the patient's *Binnenleben* is, of the sort of unuttered inner atmosphere in which his consciousness dwells alone with the secrets of its prison-house. This inner personal tone is what we can't communicate or describe articu-

lately to others, but the wraith and ghost of it, so to speak, is often what our friends and intimates feel as our most characteristic quality. In the unhealthy minded, apart from all sorts of old regrets, ambitions checked by shames and aspirations obstructed by timidities, it consists mainly of bodily discomforts not distinctly localized by the sufferer, but breeding a general self-mistrust and sense that things are not as they should be with him. Half the thirst for alcohol that exists in the world, exists simply because alcohol acts as a temporary anæsthetic and effacer to all these morbid feelings that never ought to be in a human being at all. In the healthy-minded, on the contrary, there are no fears or shames to discover, and the sensations that pour in from the organism only help to swell the general vital sense of security and readiness for anything that may turn up. Consider, for example, the effects of a well-toned *motor-apparatus*, nervous and muscular, on our general personal self-consciousness, the sense of elasticity and efficiency that results. They tell us that in Norway the life of the women has lately been entirely revolutionized by the new order of muscular feelings with which the use of the *ski*, or long snow-shoes, as a sport for both sexes has made the women acquainted. Fifteen years ago the Norwegian women were even more than the women of other lands votaries of the old-fashioned ideal of femininity, the "domestic *angel*," the "gentle and refining influence," sort of thing. Now these sedentary fireside tabby-cats of Norway have been trained, they say by the snow-shoes, into lithe and audacious creatures for whom no night is too dark or height too giddy; and who are not only saying good-by to the traditional feminine palor and delicacy of constitution, but actually taking the lead in every educational and social reform. I cannot but think that the tennis and tramping and skating habits and the "bicycle-craze" which are so rapidly extending among our dear sisters and daughters in this country are going also to lead to a sounder and heartier moral tone, which will send its tonic breath through all our American life.

I hope that here in America more and more the ideal of the well-trained and vig-

orous body will be maintained neck by neck with that of the well-trained and vigorous mind, as the two coequal halves of the higher education, for men and women alike. The strength of the British Empire lies in the strength of character of the individual Englishman, taken all alone by himself; and that strength, I am persuaded, is perennially nourished and kept up by nothing so much as by the national worship, in which all classes meet, of athletic out-door life and sport.

I remember, years ago, reading a certain work by an American doctor on hygiene and the laws of life and the type of future humanity. I have forgotten its author's name and its title, but I remember well an awful prophecy that it contained about the future of our muscular system. Human perfection, the writer said, means ability to cope with the environment; but the environment will more and more require mental power from us, and less and less will ask for bare brute strength. Wars will cease, machines will do all our heavy work, man will become more and more a mere director of nature's energies, and less and less an exorter of energy on his own account. So that if the *homo sapiens* of the future can only digest his food and think, what need will he have of well-developed muscles at all? And why, pursued this writer, should we not even now be satisfied with a more delicate and intellectual type of beauty than that which pleased our ancestors? Nay, I have heard a fanciful friend make a still further advance in this "new-man" direction. With our future food, he says, itself prepared in liquid form from the chemical elements of the atmosphere, pepsinated or half-digested in advance, and sucked up through a glass tube from a tin can, what need shall we have of teeth, or stomachs even? They may go, along with our muscles and our physical courage, whilst, challenging ever more and more our proper admiration, will grow the gigantic domes of our crania arching over our spectacled eyes, and animating our flexible little lips to those floods of learned and ingenious talks which will constitute our most congenial occupation.

I am sure that your flesh creeps at this apocalyptic vision. Mine certainly did so; and I cannot believe that our muscu-

lar vigor will ever be a superfluity. Even if the day ever dawns in which it will not be needed for fighting the old heavy battles against Nature, it will still always be needed to furnish the background of sanity, serenity, and cheerfulness to life, to give moral elasticity to our disposition, to round off the wiry edge of our fretfulness, and make us good-humored and easy of approach. Weakness is too apt to be what the doctors call irritable weakness. And that blessed internal peace and confidence, that *acquiescentia in seipso*, as Spinoza used to call it, that wells up from every part of the body of a muscularly well-trained human being, and soaks the indwelling soul of him with satisfaction, is, quite apart from every consideration of its mechanical utility, an element of spiritual hygiene of supreme significance.

And now let me go a step deeper into mental hygiene and try to enlist the reader's insight and sympathy in a cause which I believe is one of paramount patriotic importance to us Yankees. Many years ago a Scottish medical man, Dr. Clouston, a mad-doctor, as they called him there, or what we would call an asylum physician (the most eminent one in Scotland), visited this country and said something that has remained in my memory ever since. "You Americans," he said, "wear too much expression on your faces. You are living like an army with all its reserves engaged in action. The duller countenances of the British population betoken a better scheme of life. They suggest stores of reserved nervous force to fall back upon, if any occasion should arise that requires it. This inexcitability, this presence at all times of power not used, I regard," continued Dr. Clouston, "as the great safeguard of our English people. The other thing in you gives me a sense of insecurity, and you ought somehow to tone yourselves down. You really do carry too much expression, you take too intensely the trivial moments of life."

Now, Dr. Clouston is a trained reader of the secrets of the soul as expressed upon the countenance, and the observation of his which I quote seems to me to mean a great deal. And all Americans who stay in Europe long enough to get accustomed to the spirit that reigns and expresses itself there, so unexcitable as compared

with ours, make a similar observation when they return to their native shores. They find a wild-eyed look upon their compatriot's faces, either of too desperate eagerness and anxiety, or of too intense responsiveness and good-will. It is hard to say whether the men or the women show it most. It is true that we do not all feel about it as Dr. Clouston felt. Many of us, far from deploring it, admire it. We say, "What intelligence it shows! How different from the stolid cheeks, the cod-fish eyes, the slow, inanimate demeanor we have been seeing in the British Isles." Intensity, rapidity, vivacity of appearance are indeed with us something of a nationally accepted ideal, and the medical notion of "irritable weakness" is not the first thing suggested by them to our mind, as it was to Dr. Clouston's. In a weekly paper not very long ago I remember reading a story in which, after describing the beauty and interest of the heroine's personality, the author summed up her charms by saying that to all who looked upon her an impression as of "bottled lightning" was irresistibly conveyed.

Bottled lightning in truth is one of our American ideals, even of a young girl's character! Now it is most ungracious, and it may seem to some persons unpatriotic, to criticise in public the physical peculiarities of one's own people, of one's own family, so to speak. Besides, it may be said, and said with justice, that there are plenty of bottled-lightning temperaments in other countries, and plenty of phlegmatic temperaments here; and that when all is said and done the more or less of tension I am making a fuss about is a very small item in the sum-total of a nation's life, and not worth solemn treatment in a magazine in which agreeable rather than disagreeable things should be made prominent. Well, in one sense the more or less of tension in our faces and our unused muscles *is* a small thing. Not much mechanical work is done by these contractions. But it is not always the material size of a thing that measures its importance, often it is its place and function. One of the most philosophical remarks I ever heard made was by an unlettered workman who was doing some repairs at my house many years ago. "There is very little difference between

one man and another," he said, "when you go to the bottom of it. But what little there is is very important." And the remark certainly applies to this case. The general over-contraction may be small when estimated in foot-pounds, but its importance is immense on account of its *effects on the over-contracted person's spiritual life*. This follows as a necessary consequence from the theory of our emotions to which I made reference at the beginning of this article. For by the sensations that so incessantly pour in from the over-tense excited body, the over-tense and excited habit of mind is kept up, and the sultry, threatening, exhausting, thunderous inner atmosphere never quite clears away. If you never wholly give yourself up to the chair you sit in, but always keep your leg- and body-muscles half contracted for a rise; if you breathe eighteen or nineteen instead of sixteen times a minute, and never quite breathe out at that; what mental mood *can* you be in but one of inner panting and expectancy, and how can the future and its worries possibly forsake your mind? On the other hand, how can they gain admission to your mind if your brow be unruffled, your respiration calm and complete, and your muscles all relaxed?

Now, what is the cause of this absence of repose, this bottled-lightning quality, in us Americans? The explanation of it that is usually given is that it comes from the extreme dryness of our climate and the acrobatic performances of our thermometer, coupled with the extraordinary progressiveness of our life, the hard work, the railroad speed, the rapid success, and all the other things we know so well by heart. Well, our climate is certainly exciting, but hardly more so than that of many parts of Europe, where, nevertheless, no bottled-lightning girls are found. And the work done and the pace of life are as extreme in every great capital of Europe as they are here. To me both of these pretended causes are utterly insufficient to explain the facts.

To explain them we must go, not to physical geography, but to psychology and sociology. The latest chapter both in sociology and in psychology to be developed in a manner that approaches adequacy is the chapter on the imitative impulse. First Tarde in France, and later

Royce and Baldwin here, have shown that invention and imitation, taken together, form, one may say, the entire warp and woof of human life in so far as it is social. The American over-tension and jerkiness and breathlessness and intensity and agony of expression, are primarily social, and only secondarily physiological phenomena. They are bad habits, nothing more or less, bred of custom and example, born of the imitation of bad models and the cultivation of false personal ideals. How are idioms acquired, how do local peculiarities of phrase and accent come about? Through an accidental example set by someone, which struck the ears of others, and was quoted and copied till at last everyone in the locality chimed in. Just so it is with national tricks of vocalization or intonation, with national manners, fashions of movement and gesture, and habitual expressions of face. We, here in America through following a succession of pattern-setters whom it is now impossible to trace, and through influencing each other in a bad direction, have at last settled down collectively into what, for better or worse, is our own characteristic national type—a type with the production of which, so far as these habits go, the climate and conditions have had practically nothing at all to do.

This type, which we have thus reached by our imitativeness, we now have fixed upon us for better or worse. Now no type can be *wholly* disadvantageous; but so far as our type follows the bottled-lightning fashion, it cannot be wholly good. Dr. Clouston was certainly right in thinking that eagerness, breathlessness, and anxiety are not signs of strength; they are signs of weakness and of bad co-ordination. The even forehead, the slab-like cheek, the codfish eye, may be less interesting for the moment, but they are more promising signs than intense expression is of what we may expect of their possessor in the long run. Your dull, unhurried worker gets over a great deal of ground, because he never goes backward or breaks down. Your intense, convulsive worker breaks down and has bad moods so often that you never know where he may be when you most need his help—he may be having one of his "bad days." We say that so many of our fellow-countrymen collapse, and have

to be sent abroad to rest their nerves, because they work so hard. I suspect that this is an immense mistake. I suspect that neither the nature nor the amount of our work are accountable for the frequency and severity of our breakdowns, but that their cause lies rather in those absurd feelings of hurry and having no time, in that breathlessness and tension, that anxiety of feature, and that solicitude for results, that lack of inner harmony and ease, in short, by which with us the work is so apt to be accompanied, and from which a European who should do the same work would nine times out of ten be free. These perfectly wanton and unnecessary tricks of inner attitude and outer manner in us, caught from the social atmosphere, kept up by tradition, and idealized by many as the admirable way of life, are the last straws that break the American camel's back, the final overflows of our measure of wear and tear and fatigue.

The voice, for example, in a surprisingly large number of us has a tired and plaintive sound. Some of us are really tired (for I don't mean absolutely to deny that our climate has a tiring quality), but far more of us are not tired at all, or would not be tired at all unless we had got into a wretched trick of feeling tired by following the prevalent habits of vocalization and expression. And if talking high and tired, and living excitedly and hurriedly, would only enable us to *do* more by the way, even while breaking us down in the end, it would be different. There would be some compensation, some excuse for going on so. But the exact reverse is the case: It is your relaxed and easy worker, who is in no hurry, and quite thoughtless most of the while of consequences, who is your efficient worker; and tension and anxiety, and present and future, all mixed up together in our mind at once, are the surest drags upon steady progress and hindrances to our success. My colleague, Professor Münsterberg, an excellent observer, who came here recently, has written some notes on America to German papers. He says in substance that the appearance of unusual energy in America is superficial and illusory, being really due to nothing but the habits of jerkiness and bad co-ordination for which we have to thank the defective training of our people. I think myself

that it is high time for old legends and traditional opinions to be changed; and that if anyone should begin to write about Yankee inefficiency and feebleness, and inability to do anything with time except to waste it, he would have a very pretty paradoxical little thesis to sustain, with a great many facts to quote, and a great deal of experience to appeal to in its proof.

Well, if our dear American character is weakened by all this over-tension—and I think, whatever reserves you may make, gentle reader, that you will agree as to the main facts—where does the remedy lie? It lies, of course, where lay the origins of the disease. If a vicious fashion and taste are to blame for the thing, the fashion and taste must be changed. And though it is no small thing to inoculate seventy millions of people with new standards, yet, if there is to be any relief, that will have to be done. We must change ourselves from a race that admires jerk and snap for their own sakes, and looks down upon low voices and quiet ways as dull, to one that, on the contrary, has calm for its ideal, and for their own sakes loves harmony, dignity, and ease.

So we go back to the psychology of imitation again. There is only one way to improve ourselves, and that is by some of us setting an example which the others may pick up and imitate till the new fashion spreads from east to west. Some of us are in more favorable positions than others to set new fashions. Some are much more striking personally and imitable, so to speak. But no living person is sunk so low as not to be imitated by somebody. Thackeray somewhere says of the Irish nation, that there never was an Irishman so poor that he didn't have a still poorer Irishman living at his expense; and surely there is no human being whose example doesn't work contagiously in *some* particular. The very idiots at our public institutions imitate each others' peculiarities. And if you, dear reader, should individually achieve calmness and harmony in your own person, you may depend upon it that a wave of imitation will spread from you, as surely as the circles spread outward when a stone is dropped into a lake.

Fortunately, we shall not have to be absolute pioneers. Even now in New York they have formed a society for the im-

provement of our national vocalization, and one perceives its machinations already in the shape of various newspaper articles intended to stir up dissatisfaction with the awful thing that it is. And, better still than that, because more radical and general, is the gospel of relaxation, as one may call it, preached by Miss Annie Payson Call, of Boston, in her admirable little volume called "Power through Repose," a book that ought to be in the hands of every instructor of youth in America of either sex. You need only be followers, then, on a path already opened up by others. But of one thing be confident—others still will follow you.

And this brings me to one more application of psychology to practical life, to which I will call attention briefly, and then close. If one's example of easy and calm ways is to be effectively contagious, one feels by instinct that the less voluntarily one aims at getting imitated, the more unconscious one keeps in the matter, the more likely one is to succeed. *Become the imitable thing*, and you may then discharge your minds of all responsibility for the imitation—the laws of social nature will take care of that result. Now, the psychological principle on which this precept reposes is a law of very deep and widespread importance in the conduct of our lives, and at the same time a law which we Americans most grievously neglect. Stated technically, the law is this, that *strong feeling about one's self tends to arrest the free association of one's objective ideas and motor processes*. We get the extreme example of this in the mental disease called melancholia.

A melancholic patient is filled through and through with intensely painful emotion about himself. He is threatened; he is guilty; he is doomed; he is annihilated; he is lost. His mind is fixed as if in a cramp on this sense of his own situation; and in all the books on insanity you may read that the usual varied flow of his thoughts has ceased. His associative processes, to use the technical phrase, are inhibited, and his ideas stand stock still, shut up to their one monotonous function of reiterating inwardly the fact of the man's desperate estate. And this inhibitive influence is not due to the mere fact that his emotion is *painful*.

Joyous emotions about the self also stop the association of our ideas. A saint in ecstasy is as motionless and irresponsive and one-ideal as a melancholiac. And without going as far as ecstatic saints, we know how in everyone a great or sudden pleasure may paralyze the flow of thought. Ask young people returning from a party or a spectacle, and all excited about it, what it was. "Oh, it was *fine!* it was *fine!* it was *fine!*" is all the information you are likely to receive until the excitement has calmed down. Probably everyone of my readers has been made temporarily half-idiotic by some great success or piece of good fortune. "*Good! GOOD! GOOD!*" is all we can at such times say to ourselves, until we smile at our own very foolishness.

Now from all this we can draw an extremely practical conclusion. If, namely, we wish our trains of ideation and volition to be copious and varied and effective, we must form the habit of freeing them from the inhibitive influence of egoistic preoccupation about their results. Such a habit, like other habits, can be formed. Prudence and duty and self-regard, emotions of ambition and emotions of anxiety, have, of course, a needful part to play in our lives. But confine them as far as possible to the occasions when you are making your general resolutions and deciding on your plans of campaign, and keep them out of the details. When once a decision is reached and execution is the order of the day, dismiss absolutely all responsibility and care about the outcome. *Unclamp*, in a word, your intellectual and practical machinery and let it run free, and the service it will do you will be twice as good. Who are the scholars who get "rattled" in the recitation-room? Those who think of the possibilities of failure and feel the great importance of the act. Who are those who do recite well? Often those who are most indifferent. *Their* ideas reel themselves out of their memory of their own accord. Why do we hear the complaint so often that social life in New England is either less rich and expressive or more fatiguing than it is in some other parts of the world? To what is the fact, if fact it be, due, unless to the over-active conscience of the people, afraid of either saying something too trivial and

obvious, or something insincere, or something unworthy of one's interlocutor, or something in some way or other not adequate to the occasion? How can conversation possibly steer itself through such a sea of responsibilities and inhibitions as this? On the other hand, conversation does flourish and society is refreshing, and neither dull, on the one hand, nor exhausting from its effort on the other, wherever people forget their scruples and take the brakes off their hearts and let their tongues wag as automatically and irresponsibly as they will.

They talk much in pedagogic circles to-day about the duty of the teacher to prepare for every lesson in advance. To some extent this is useful. But we Yankees are assuredly not those to whom such a general doctrine should be preached. We are only too careful as it is. The advice I should give to most teachers would be in the words of one who is herself an admirable teacher. Prepare yourself in the *subject so well that it shall be always on tap*; then in the class-room trust your spontaneity and fling away all further care. My advice to students would be somewhat similar, especially at periods when there are many successive days of examination impending. One ounce of good nervous tone in an examination is worth many pounds of anxious study for it in advance. If you want really to do your best in an examination, fling away the book the day before, say to yourself, "I won't waste another minute on this miserable thing, and I don't care an iota whether I succeed or not." Say this sincerely, and feel it; and go out and play, or go to bed and sleep; and I am sure the results next day will encourage you to use the method permanently. I have heard this advice given to a student by Miss Call, whose book on muscular relaxation I quoted a moment ago. In her later book, entitled "As a Matter of Course," the gospel of moral relaxation, of dropping things from the mind, and not "caring," is preached with equal success. Not only our preachers, but our friends the theosophists and mind-curers of various religious sects are also harping on this string. And with the doctors, the Delsarteans, and such writers as Prentice Mulford, Mr. Dresser, and Mr. Trine

to help, and the whole band of school-teachers and magazine readers chiming in, it really looks as if a good start might be made in the direction of changing our American mental habit into something more indifferent and strong.

Worry means always and invariably inhibition of associations and loss of effective power. Of course, the sovereign cure for worry is religious faith, and this, of course, you also know. The turbulent billows of the fretful surface leave the deep parts of the ocean undisturbed, and to him who has a hold on vaster and more permanent realities the hourly vicissitudes of his personal destiny seem relatively insignificant things. The really religious person is accordingly unshakable and full of equanimity, and calmly ready for any duty that the day may bring forth. This is charmingly illustrated by a little work with which I recently became acquainted: "The Practice of the Presence of God the best Rule of a Holy Life, by Brother Lawrence, being Conversations and Letters of Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine, Translated from the French."* I extract a few passages, the conversations being given in indirect discourse. Brother Lawrence was a Carmelite friar, converted at Paris in 1666. "He said that he had been footman to M. Fieabert, the Treasurer, and that he was a great awkward fellow, who broke everything. That he had desired to be received into a monastery, thinking that he would there be made to smart for his awkwardness and the faults he should commit, and so he should sacrifice to God his life, with its pleasures; but that God had disappointed him, he having met with nothing but satisfaction in that state. . . .

"That he had long been troubled in mind from a certain belief that he should be damned; that all the men in the world could not have persuaded him to the contrary; but that he had thus reasoned with himself about it: *I engaged in a religious life only for the love of God, and I have endeavored to act only for Him; whatever becomes of me, whether I be lost or saved, I will always continue to act purely for the love of God. I shall have this good at least, that till death I shall have done all that is in me to love Him.* . . . That

* Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

since then he had passed his life in perfect liberty and continual joy.

"That when an occasion of practising some virtue offered, he addressed himself to God, saying, 'Lord, I cannot do this unless Thou enablest me;' and that then he received strength more than sufficient.

"That when he had failed in his duty, he only confessed his fault, saying to God, 'I shall never do otherwise, if You leave me to myself; it is You who must hinder my failing, and mend what is amiss.' That after this he gave himself no further uneasiness about it.

"That he had been lately sent into Burgundy to buy the provision of wine for the society, which was a very unwelcome task for him, because he had no turn for business, and because he was lame, and could not go about the boat but by rolling himself over the casks. That, however, he gave himself no uneasiness about it, nor about the purchase of the wine. That he said to God, 'It was His business he was about,' and that he afterward found it well performed. That he had been sent into Auvergne, the year before, upon the same account; that he could not tell how the matter passed, but that it proved very well.

"So, likewise, in his business in the kitchen (to which he had naturally a great aversion), having accustomed himself to do everything there for the love of God, and with prayer, upon all occasions, for His grace to do his work well, he had found everything easy during fifteen years that he had been employed there.

That he was very well pleased with the post he was now in; but that he was as ready to quit that as the former, since he was always pleasing himself in every con-

dition, by doing little things for the love of God.

That the goodness of God assured him He would not forsake him utterly, and that He would give him strength to bear whatever evil He permitted to happen to him; and therefore that he feared nothing, and had no occasion to consult with anybody about his state. That when he had attempted to do it, he had always come away more perplexed."

The simple-heartedness of the good Brother Lawrence, and the relaxation of all unnecessary solicitudes and anxieties in him, is a refreshing spectacle.

The need of feeling responsible all the livelong day has been preached long enough in our New England. Long enough exclusively, at any rate—and long enough to the female sex. (I might as well now confess that this article was originally written for the students of a woman's college, and afterward repeated to more than one similar audience.) What our girl-students and woman-teachers most need nowadays is not the exacerbation, but rather the toning-down of their moral tensions. Even now I fear that some one of my fair readers may be making an undying resolve to become strenuously relaxed, cost what it will, for the remainder of her life. It is needless to say that that is not the way to do it. The way to do it, paradoxical as it may seem, is genuinely not to care whether you are doing it or not. Then, possibly, by the grace of God, you may all at once find that you *are* doing it; and, having learned what the trick feels like, may (again by the grace of God) be enabled to go on.

And that something like this may be your happy experience, dear reader, after reading this article, is my most earnest wish.



THE POINT OF VIEW

THE Puritans, we know, had no doubt at all either about the existence or the intense activity of a personal devil. He was as much a factor of the life of the colony as the General Court, which body he somewhat resembled in the comprehensiveness of his functions. He was responsible, of course, for such ills as the eighty-two dangerous heresies springing from the teachings of Mistress Anne Hutchinson; but he was no less to blame for the inclination of the Puritan damsels toward "immoderate greate sleeves, slashed apparel, immoderate greate rayles," etc. He was at the bottom of every mishap, and the most intelligent did not hesitate to ascribe anything unexpected to his direct teachings. "The Indians near Aquidnec," casually remarks Winthrop, "being powwowing in this tempest, the devil came and fetched away five of them;" and the entirely incidental way in which the statement is made, without further comment or elaboration, shows how completely Satan was accepted as a concrete personality to be taken into account in all one's reckonings.

The Passing of
the Devil.

Any plunge into popular literature on social subjects—or into realistic fiction—shows not only that "Circumstance, environment, and heredity have replaced the world, the flesh, and the devil," but that we have substituted for the embodied spirit of evil of the old days, an abstraction, Society, which is responsible for nearly as wide a field of harmfulness as its predecessor. It does not, to be sure, snatch away Indians, preferring the less direct method of moving them onward to some reservation not as yet wanted by the whites; but otherwise it is as active as ever Satan was. Society determines environment, and environment determines character. Society is responsible for the tough on the streets of New York, and for the spiritless failures who drift dejectedly through some of our alleged pictures of Western life. Society is to blame for public corruption and private dishonesty, for drinking, for woman's wrongs, for the woes of the working man, for war, for unsound views on the currency or the tariff or the policy of expansion—for whatever, in fact, happens to be the particular *bête noire* of the particular speaker who holds the floor at a given

moment. Truly, there is no room left for the Prince of Darkness; his occupation is gone, and Society has triumphantly usurped his ancient domain.

Probably most of us feel with regard to the devil as Emerson did concerning the world—that we "can get on very well without him." Nevertheless it is a question whether this substitution of Society for Satan is an altogether fortunate step. For the old attitude presupposed a belief in the individual. Satan dealt with units, and if a man went astray it was because he himself yielded when he might have resisted, so that even in sinning he proclaimed his free will; but who teaches to-day that a man can resist Society, or how can he be held responsible for the results of his environment? In the old belief life was a battle-field, whereon each must wage his own individual conflict with the powers of darkness, at the peril of his own eternal loss; in the newer teaching it is a kind of infirmary, wherein moral invertebrates in mass helplessly accept whatever happens to be nearest at hand, complaining bitterly meanwhile because some power, not exactly defined, has failed to do something not precisely formulated, which would have made matters very different in some fashion not entirely comprehended.

The old doctrine was stern and terrible enough in principle, and trivial enough in some of its workings out; but it encouraged the idea that each man must bear his own burden and fight his own fight. It developed the martial virtues; it trained a race of men, austere and narrow, but so virile, so indomitable and forceful, that their impress is even yet stamped deep upon our national character. Will the new attitude do as much? The man who believes that he is tempted by a definite spirit of evil whom he may resist and ought to resist may yield, or even take sides with the tempter and sin with a high hand, and yet be of heroic mould; but what hope is there for the man who holds himself blameless because his course is shaped by a power too strong for resistance? Is there for him any possibility of brave living and genuine effort? "*Courage, tout le monde; le diable est mort!*" Is his disappearance an unmixed good?

THE FIELD OF ART

THE LIMITS OF THE THEATRE

HOW often the persons whom we call uneducated—the persons who know only one manner of using the mind, who are not accustomed to abstractions in general statement—how often such persons can teach us. The fact that they do not juggle with words obliges them to think with facts. Lately, when considering the essential difference between the work of Rodin and that of the pretty good French sculptors, whose statues look posed and fixed in comparison with his, my ideas seemed to be brought to a focus by some remarks of that human piece of furniture whom artists call the model. We were trying to fix the superiority of one gesture over a set of others. In establishing a preference, the young woman eliminated certain attitudes which reminded her of her other profession—the stage. She therefore carried in her own mind some line of demarcation between the gesture of the drama and the gesture of plastic art. This might seem curious, because the aim of both would seem to be the rendering of nature. And yet, on discussing the question more delicately with this unphilosophical mind, it was evident that to her the gesture and attitude of the theatre belonged to a world whose basis was a stage: that is to say, a fundamentally artificial one; while the gesture of plastic art moved in the open world of nature, unlimited and unrestrained. On the stage the gesture had to be fixed by the limited and artificial place, the limited and artificial light, the limited and artificial actions of other people, all prearranged and executed on a plan controlled by one mind; for otherwise they would clash.

So when Coquelin, the great actor, was playing with Jane Hading in *tragi-comedy*, he complained to me that her stage action, her gestures, her voice, her whole manner were keyed up to a tragic intensity which forced him out of what he thought the comedy side of the play: a play essentially ironical, essentially cynical, essentially un-tragic, except from its subject being the ferocity of human nature depicted in a degraded form.

Therefore the great actor's truth to nature was not only limited by being made to suit artificial light thrown from below his feet, the size of a given house, his wearing a given costume, but also by the artificial actions of other people, moving restrained within the set circle of a prearranged combination of movements, checked and counter-checked by the necessity of a form of scansion of the meaning, so as to produce a sequence of well-considered tableaux. And these little theatrical pictures had thus to be co-ordinated to suit the weaker part of the people undertaking to carry them out. Anything farther removed from a free representation of free life, such as happens under the law of what we call accident, could not be conceived. Therefore such gestures as implied careful co-ordination, and could be repeated exactly, so as to avoid entanglement with those of others, were least adapted to the representation of passion and of the abandonment of the body to the feelings of the soul.

After all, the movement of the theatre, as compared with that of the freer arts, is more akin to the movement of the regimentally trained soldier, or to the action of the workman who repeats a blow which is to-day more accurately carried out by machinery.

As a practical proof of the unnaturalness of theatrical gesture, this expert, who was herself working out the problem, showed me how unsatisfactory were photographs of actors and actresses represented in their most renowned gestures; and this seemed to be quite as true of the very best as of the poorest. These pictures certainly were not inspiring, did not imply continuance, were in fact the farthest removed from those great representations of life by plastic art which appeal to us as embodying the very forces of nature.

It seemed that the transitional gestures previous to the culminating one might have been more akin, both to real life and to the life of great works of art; while the final and definitive gesture belonged to a strictly professional crisis.

Could not such a discrimination, or man-

ner of classification, be suggested, if not established, in regard to works of plastic art? Has not the modern theatre influenced the sensitiveness of artists with regard to that truth of nature which they aim at feeling, however inadequate their representation may be? The works of some of the most distinguished modern painters (and I should extend modernity quite far back) have a certain fixed probability of arrangement and gesture which seems to separate them from the greater works of the past, as well as from the greater works of to-day. However important many of them are, and however capable their authors, there is a rigidity and setness of the movement which suggests that final climax necessary to the stage. The arrested movement does not imply that fluid continuation which we feel in nature. There is a reminder of the studio, and the pose there inflicted upon a model continually urged to *garder la pose*—keep fixed. Fixity of course is abhorred by life, which is fluid and continually in sequence. When I see a murderer strike down his victim, do I feel like applauding and saying: "O please stay there!"? I know that there will be a movement immediately afterward, let us say of retreat, as of shock or of fear, or a repetition of a blow, or something that carries out the necessities of life. The modern study of the studio turns entirely the other way, to the encouragement of what can be very definitely represented, to the movements that can be repeated, to attitudes which can be kept for a long time, so as to be copied, as it is supposed, accurately. The public also is trained by the theatre to enjoy this subordinate representation of the stage by painting and sculpture. We are all more or less tainted by it. The photograph again has accustomed us more and more to one definite moment perceived by the instrument, without relation to a previous or a consequent one. Therein the artist and the public have been equally trained, and are to some extent interchangeably responsible.

The stage naturally must affect the artist, who is necessarily more or less sensitive, and as he has to explain to the public, he has to explain in terms that the public are acquainted with.

The Japanese painters, for instance, during the last century and this, were enormously affected by theatrical representation. Many of the gestures, let us say, of Hokusai, one of

the greatest, are nothing but commemorations of stage effects in gesture. They are often representations of such and such a hero, as he is traditionally played on the stage. But even though these gestures fail by exaggeration and untruth to real passion, they do not fail as representations of nature—they remain fluid and continuous. The reason for this I take to be that they are actions and movements rendered from memory, so that the memory is charged to some extent with the recollection of a previous movement. But there seems to me no doubt—to me who am a passionate admirer of Hokusai—that the greater part of his representations is charged with theatrical motive. That, however, I am trying to make out as being different from theatrical rendering. A beautiful example of theatrical rendering which is typical of French tradition, continued through the school teaching of this date, is the famous picture of the "Oath of the Horatii," or the "Rape of the Sabine Women," by David—take whichever you may prefer. When David paints Pope Pius VII., he represents a mild and venerable ecclesiastic in the sequence of his life, with much behind him, and much to occur again. But there is nothing to tell us, when the Horatii stick out one leg and one arm in their famous attitude, how they will ever get back to real life.

This is the taint of French art, naturally grown into French artists from their great intelligence, their extreme sensitiveness to ridicule, their unwillingness to give themselves away, their fear of mystery, of sentiment, of want of clearness, as they say, and also of the increasing power of the commercial influence.

To come suddenly on Rodin's statue of St. John the Baptist, in the Luxembourg Gallery, makes the other statues around look like plaster casts. No wonder that he was accused, as he sadly told me, of having cast his statue from life; whereas, of course, its livingness came of his not doing so.

This is not saying that all the time a continuous stream of reaction has not been running; but it has required great effort, and often great moral courage, to flow on with it. Besides, reaction is not an artistic manner. There may be a wish to react, to oppose, to protest; but that can only be the cause, and is inartistic as a means. It is then only in a few cases of the present century that we can hope to find the persistence of such a stream of life.

If examples are needed, and we skip the men of the end of the last century, we might take the beautiful manner in which Corot's figures are placed within the landscape, so that any movement of theirs would change evidently our manner of seeing them. They live and move as the clouds and the water and the branches of his trees.

Let us think also of Delacroix and Millet, and even many times of Turner, when he places figures in other than his classical landscapes.

And let us not forget that Mr. Winslow Homer, though he sometimes errs the other way, can make his figures live with an open-air life as astonishingly true as the weight of his sea-waves. I am thinking of the marvelous picture exhibited with the Society of American Artists, in the exhibition of '97. It represented the call of "All Right!" of a sailor at the sounding of the ship's bell. No studio model, no posing of any one person could have given this heavy, cramped movement of accustomed habit in which the weather-beaten tar lifted his work-roughened hand to a face sculptured by rain and sun into something as near nature as that of the animal. It is not the portrait of a single man, nor the gesture of a single man. No English painter of sailors, or French realist of the studio or of out-of-doors could to-day put aside so entirely that terrible accuracy of the *copying* of the model.

But my purpose is far from selecting just now this artist or that one, or getting to anything further than the suggestion of the limitations of different artists, and the possibility of a classification by elimination of those artists who have not suffered from the methods of the stage.

JOHN LA FARGE.

It is pleasant to see an artist of the artists—an *artiste peintre* in every fibre of his nervous system—standing up for truth of conception, truth of pose, truth of gesture. And when the word truth is used here it means verisimilitude and not a more recondite, more psychological sort of truth which requires explanation as to the trueness of it. That Mr. La Farge has the instinctive feeling for such every-day truth and the love of it, those of us who know his art know already. It is not so very long since his window, presenting the scene of Christ and the disciples on the way to Emmaus, was exhibited in New York; and there, in a medium unfam-

iliar to the composer of action and incident, the human naturalness of attitude was worthy of attention. The Saviour was represented as turning toward one of his listeners with the familiar gesture of both hands emphasizing his words of exposition, while, for the moment, his back was turned to the other attendant of his journey, who still seems desirous of attracting his attention. This is only one of many instances which this artist's practice affords us of a realistic (we are not talking French but English, and realism is not *réalisme* by a great deal)—a realistic way of conceiving action, and it must be said again that painters are often too indifferent to this part of their artistic work.

The world is full of big and grandiose pictures, some of them good pictures, too, in which vigorous action is supposed to be going on while nothing of the sort appears in the actual pose of the figures as represented. The very worst instance which occurs to the mind is that of the Shnorr frescoes in the Munich Palace; the Nibelungen Lied pictures, in which everything that is ferocious and bloodthirsty is being carried forward in theory while, in reality—the reality of a work of art—the swords do not shatter, the spears do not pierce, the javelins are not flying, the raised arms are not coming down, the horses are not in movement, the men are frozen corpses or built-up dummies. In pictures immeasurably superior to these, the same peculiarity is to be observed. Mr. Blashfield has pointed out that even in the pictures of the able and powerful painter Jean-Paul Laurens, the same fault exists; and yet Mr. Laurens is a recorder of historical events recorded and unrecorded in the books, whose power of summoning up the conditions of the past is great and admirable. The present writer has been for more than thirty years a loving admirer of the work—which Mr. La Farge tells us now we all have a right to admire—the work of Winslow Homer, and the first picture, and the first water-color drawing, in which those virtues were seen which have been so much loved ever since, caught the eye of the tyro in art study by that same singular truthfulness of movement. Homer's figure subjects, too few, it must be said, possess that gift still. There is no first and no second manner in Winslow Homer in the matter of record of living and moving nature. He draws now as he drew in 1865, only with more complete and with more satisfac-

tory result. The Mower with his back toward you is seen to be mowing vigorously. The right arm goes down, and with the movement the point of the scythe comes round to the left with a whistling cut which is almost audible; the girl in the summer costume and broad straw hat throws up the right arm that the outstretched hand may press that hat down upon the head, as the summer breeze takes it. The negroes on the deck of the fishing-boat in New Providence harbor crouch on the gunwale in attitudes as expressive of their intent watchfulness as the attitudes of the moving men are of their intended action; and the attendants of the surf-bathing beach drag the half-drowned girls in from the shallow water with a movement which no other artist seems to know how to render. It need hardly be said that admirable art can exist without the exercise of this wonderful gift. But if this is true, it is also true that there are many kinds of fine art, and that one of them, and a noble one, has for its chief and central characteristic the rendering of attitude, whether long continued or instantaneous, with such truth that it would seem for the instant deceptive. It is after all nothing but the very best of good drawing. There is no spiritual meaning in it which is not perfectly conveyed by physical conditions. When a running man is so drawn that he seems to be running, his figure is rightly drawn, and that is all there is about it. The mystery is no greater than the mystery: How anybody can draw so well. No words can express the difference—the difference conveyed in the thickness of a line, or the intensifying, more or less, of the gradation which makes movement out of frozen stillness; and in like manner, no words can convey the secret of the look of repose. Explain in words why an Egyptian lion seems to be immovably quiet, and you may then find words to explain why a modern drawing is full of movement.

One of these numbers must really be devoted to the matter of book illustration. When the time comes to print that paper it will appear, in all probability, that about the

most important single thing in book illustration is naturalness of pose, carrying with it, as it does, realism of effect in the whole composition. It is largely that gift which gave George Cruikshank his great power, and still more was it the greatest gift which the gifted John Leech possessed. Book illustration is not what it is merely because its spaces are small, its medium generally black and white, and its framing a printed page or the white paper margin. Book illustration is simply the fine art of story-telling carried out in a way which appeals the most often to the student. It is rare that an important series of works of fine art, mainly descriptive and narrative, is published in any other way than in a book. The few exceptions that occur to one are mostly poor things; there is here and there a Manzel or a Gavarni, or a Forain, or a Leech ("The Children of the Mobility," "Young Troublesome," etc.), who gives the world descriptive and narrative art without more setting of words than a title. No doctrine of rebellion against convention or protest against tradition needs to be preached in connection with such art as this which we are considering. There is as much convention in Leech's Butcher-boy "overing" a post as there is in the Diadumenos. The only question is to trace it, for it will be found a little less easily traceable. On the other hand, this minor art, book-illustration, carries in itself a lesson for the graphic arts of grander form, and a corrective to the malign influence of the theatre.

R. S.

MR. ELMER E. GARNSEY writes to say that the ceiling decoration in the Library of Congress, the southeast pavilion, second story, was designed by him, and not as is stated in the list, given in the January number, under the name of Mr. R. L. Dodge.

Mr. Frank Fowler writes to say that, in the decoration of the west room of the Waldorf Hotel, the ceiling containing three large panels representing Music and the Dance was painted by him, and not as is stated in the list under the name of Mr. Armstrong.



Painted by F. H. Smith.

THE BOATS THAT SAIL UP AND DOWN.

—Between Showers in Dort, page 506

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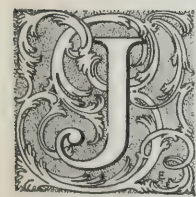


A Street in the Poor Quarter, Showing the Effect of Lack of Repairs for a Century.

SANTIAGO SINCE THE SURRENDER

BY MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

Military Governor of Santiago



JULY 20, 1898, I received an order to report to Major-General Shafter, U. S. V., at the palace in Santiago de Cuba. On reporting I was informed that I had been detailed to take command of the city, to maintain order, feed the poor, and do everything possible to facilitate the prompt re-establishment of business.

At this time it was estimated that of the

population of 50,000, 15,000 were sick. In addition to the inhabitants, we had in the city 2,000 sick Spanish soldiers and as many more in camps just outside. Our own army was encamped about the city, and had 5,000 sick. The inhabitants had just returned from the horrible pilgrimage to Caney, where 18,000 people, representing every class, had been herded in tents, buildings, brush shelters, and in little enclosures made of bed-sheets, old pieces of canvas, palm-boughs—in fact, anything to

protect the women from public gaze and to keep out the sun; as for the rain it poured through on an average twice a day, increasing greatly the misery of the situation. In the streets were piled decomposing heaps of refuse of all kinds, and with these surroundings, half buried in pestilential filth, the wretched people had spent long days of suffering. The food at Caney had been chiefly composed of green fruits and vegetables, and the drinking-water had been taken from a stream thoroughly polluted. Many of the very aged and very young died, and those who survived dragged themselves back to Santiago more dead than alive, bearing in their bodies the germs of disease soon to terminate their lives. All along the road between Caney and Santiago limp forms were stretched under the shade of friendly trees and bushes, some of them dead, and some of them with barely life enough to move.



Colonel Bartlett.

The man who issued the indigent rations.

About the latter were their unhappy families and friends striving to get them back alive to Santiago. Most of those who had fallen by the roadside were old, very old men and women, sometimes little children.

Of the Spanish soldiers thousands were sick from the deadly malaria and exposure in the trenches where, in common with our troops, they had been drenched and baked by turns, and lived in the freshly up-turned earth, deadly with the germs of malignant tropical malaria. The people of the city were exhausted from exposure and want of food. Long lines of wan, yellow, ghastly looking individ-

uals dragged themselves wearily up and down the filthy streets, avoiding the dead animals and heaps of decomposing refuse, or sank wearily in some friendly shade, seeking to recover strength in sleep. Frightful odors poured out of abandoned houses, speaking more strongly than words



Sewer Running through Marina Street.



One of the Most Unhealthy Streets in the Lower Part of Town.

of the dead within. The very air seemed laden with death. All about one passed and repassed funerals all day and all night. Men could not bury the dead fast enough, and they were burned in great heaps of eighty or ninety piled high on gratings of railroad iron and mixed with grass and sticks. Over all were turned thousands of gallons of kerosene and the whole frightful heap reduced to ashes. It was the only thing to be done, for the dead threatened the living and a plague was at hand.

Men did not want to work, yet work had to be done. At first they were gathered up by soldiers in groups of one hundred, and put to cleaning out the frightful traces of death in the deserted houses. Horrible deadly work it was, but at last it was finished. At the same time numbers of

men were working night and day in the streets removing the dead animals and other disease-producing materials. Others were engaged in distributing food to the hospitals, prisons, asylums, and convents—in fact to everybody, for all were starving. What food there was, and it was considerable, had been kept under the protection of the Spanish army to be used as rations. Some of the far-seeing and prudent had stored up food and prepared for the situation in advance, but these were few. All of our army transportation was engaged in getting to our own men the tents, medicines, and the thousand and one other things required by our camps, and as this had to be done through seas of mud it was slow work. We could expect no help from this source in our



The Spanish Military Hospital

distribution of rations to the destitute population, so we seized all the carts and wagons we could find in the streets, rounded up drivers and laborers with the aid of the police, and worked them under guard, willing or unwilling, but paying well for what they did. At first we had to work them far into the night. Everything on wheels in the city was at work. Men who refused and held back soon learned that there were things far more unpleasant than cheerful obedience, and turned to work with as much grace as they could command. All were paid a fair amount for their services, partly in money, partly in rations, but all worked; some in removing the waste refuse from the city, others in distributing food. Much of the refuse in the streets was burned where collected, and much was burned outside at points designated as crematories. Everything was put through the flames. In the Spanish military hospital the number of sick rapidly increased. From 2,000, when we came in, the number soon ran up to 3,100 in hospital, besides many more in their camps. Most of the sick were suffering

from malaria, but among them were some cases of yellow fever. Poor devils, they all looked as though hope had fled, and, as they stood in groups along the water-front, eagerly watching the entrance to the harbor, it required very little imagination to see that their thoughts were of another country across the sea, and that the days of waiting for the transports were long days for them.

Among our own men a disease had developed which the best experts declared to be yellow fever of a mild type, but sure to be followed by a severe form. Brigades could hardly muster enough men for guard duty, and, although quartermasters, teamsters, packers, and soldiers were working their hearts out and themselves into the grave to get rations out to the troops, it was difficult to do it. The fresh beef was landed as a rule in good condition, but the rain and sun made sad work of it in the long hours required to haul it out to camp. Such was the general situation, and over us all like a cloud hung the dreaded yellow fever. When would it catch us? Like a ghost it stalked among

the men and through the town, visible, but as yet hardly tangible. No wonder men's spirits were low and that old men died. Life was to them worse than death. Men and women were engaged in a struggle for life; all else passed for naught. Orders were issued making it a crime to conceal the presence of contagious disease or to fail to report a death promptly. Every nerve was strained to clean the city streets, yards, vaults and all infected places. All who could work were compelled to do so. Food was issued to all the institutions, and stations were established in every ward, where food was issued from 7 A.M. to 4 P.M. Doctors were assigned to each ward to make house-to-house visits, leaving orders for food and giving such medicines as were at hand. Meat was furnished the diet kitchen established by Mr. Michael-

sen, German Vice-Consul, which fed 5,000 per day, and rations were issued to from 18,000 to 20,000 people. One day the issue ran up to 51,000, though the average was about 18,000. Every effort was made to improve the physical condition of the people who were perishing from anæmia and fevers, in order that they might be capable of resisting the after-effects of the starvation period. Hospitals were established on the water-front in the Cuban Boat Club and in every suitable building.

A yellow fever hospital was established on an island in the harbor. A small detention hospital for suspected cases was established on the outskirts of the city. All cases of yellow fever were taken from there to the island hospital in a small launch, without any unnecessary delay or



General Wood.

Main Entrance to the Palace.



Macadam Street on Water Front and a Portion of the New Sanitary Department.

Showing wagons of Cuban make which were in use at first.

exposure. Our troops garrisoning the city were placed in the best possible camp in the suburbs, and the closest watch kept on the situation. Soon the death-rate began to drop, and with the improvement in the sanitary condition of the city came improvement in the health and spirits of all classes of people. Water was very scarce. In fact it was the most needed article in Santiago, and during all of the sickly season we were much hampered for want of it. We had no end of work in getting the old broken-down system of water-supply, built in 1839, in anything like working order. Thousands of leaks existed which had to be constantly patched up, and frequently the main was injured by disorderly bands outside of the city. In fact, life was one great struggle to get even with the situation. Gradually the water-system was put in such condition that the regular supply could be counted on, and by dividing the city into sections and turning the full flow into one section at a time for a certain number of hours we managed to sup-

ply every one with the water absolutely necessary. The old system of cisterns found in all Spanish towns was of great service, and the water collected in these helped out the rather scanty supply from the pipes. Food was scarce and, incredible as it may seem, many of the merchants were profiting by the situation and holding up prices far above what was necessary, thus forcing the starving to purchase at exorbitant figures. As soon as their position was appreciated orders were issued regulating the price of food-stuffs. This was a matter of the greatest importance, for in the city where we were issuing food there was enough to eat, and, could it have been purchased at a fair valuation, much needless suffering and many lives would have been saved. Meat was in great demand and much needed, as the people had been living upon vegetables and fruits, and had become weak and anæmic. The physical improvement in the appearance of the people was very noticeable shortly after the reduction in

the price of food-stuffs, and the complete reorganization of our relief stations for the distribution of food and medicines. A more cheerful spirit came over them; workmen worked better and were more cheerful at their work; women and children were seen in the "plazas," showing improvement in health and spirits. When we first opened the ration stations for the distribution of food the sights presented were, indeed, pathetic. Long struggling lines of human beings, tattered and starving, some barely able to stand, others still strong, but all fierce with hunger, swayed and pushed and fought fiercely for their places in the line. All classes and all ages were repre-

sented, and the issue force worked from early in the morning until after dark, issuing and issuing, with no time to weigh things or bother about the exact amounts authorized or required. Women spread out their shawls or stripped off their skirts, and somehow managed to get a place in which to store away, in separate packages, the bacon, sugar, hard-tack and rice, which constituted the bulk of their rations. Outside these stations the soldiers, with their rifles without bayonets and used only as bars, strove to push the crowd back, to keep order, and to protect the weak. After the rations had been issued the people passed by the doctor on the way out to receive such assistance as



Emile Bacardi y Moreau, First Cuban Mayor of Santiago.



Cleaning the Street in Front of the Mayor's Office.

Showing one of the wagons of American make on the left.

he could give. These were strange and very unusual sights for an American, and very unpleasant ones. Thousands of people dying with hunger and forgetful of everything else present a phase of human character not often seen on this side of the world.

The police system was re-established with native policemen. Orders were given

fortunate enough to secure the services of a thoroughly efficient man in Major Barbour, the present head of this department in Santiago. With his assistance, systematic work was at once commenced. The medical officers in charge of the different wards reported in writing all premises which required cleaning up—and they were legion. In addition to these reports



Major Barbour and Assistant Inspecting the Sanitary Department.

to shoot all persons resisting arrest or found robbing, and every effort made to establish a firm respect for the civil agents of the law. To be sure, the law at this time was practically military law, but even that I desired to administer as much as possible by civil agents and not have the uniformed troops of the United States chasing petty offenders through the streets. The troops were there to act when necessary, and at times they were called into service, rather to prevent than to quell disturbances; to uphold the civil authority, not to supplant it.

In the meantime a regular sanitary department had been organized, and I was

the sub-chiefs of the sanitary department were ordered to report every house, yard, court, and alley in their section which in their opinion needed action on the part of the sanitary department. Carts were rapidly built and others bought in the United States. The prisoners in the jail were put to making brooms for street-cleaning. In short, every effort was made to rush the work along. From this beginning it has gone on up to the present time. Today the city is clean, free from odors, and as healthy as any city of its size in the United States, excepting, perhaps, for the constant presence of malaria. Of course,



Rolling Down a New Macadam Street.



Rebuilding the Military Road Between Santiago and El Caney.

it is old, tumble-down, and in need of a vast amount of repair, but the work has been started and, what is more to the point, the people appreciate this fully and are interested in it. They have seen their city death-rate fall steadily as the season grew more unhealthy, and during the worst month, September, they saw it at a point below the normal for the month, despite the frightful hardships of the siege and its

going to their homes, in most instances to rebuild them. Generally speaking, good order obtains everywhere, and my officers go about all over the province without any other escort than a couple of mounted Cuban police. They are always kindly received and treated with respect. We are still sending food into the interior, and also medicines. Roads are being built, and telephone and telegraph lines constructed.



Portion of the Plaza in Front of the Old Cathedral.

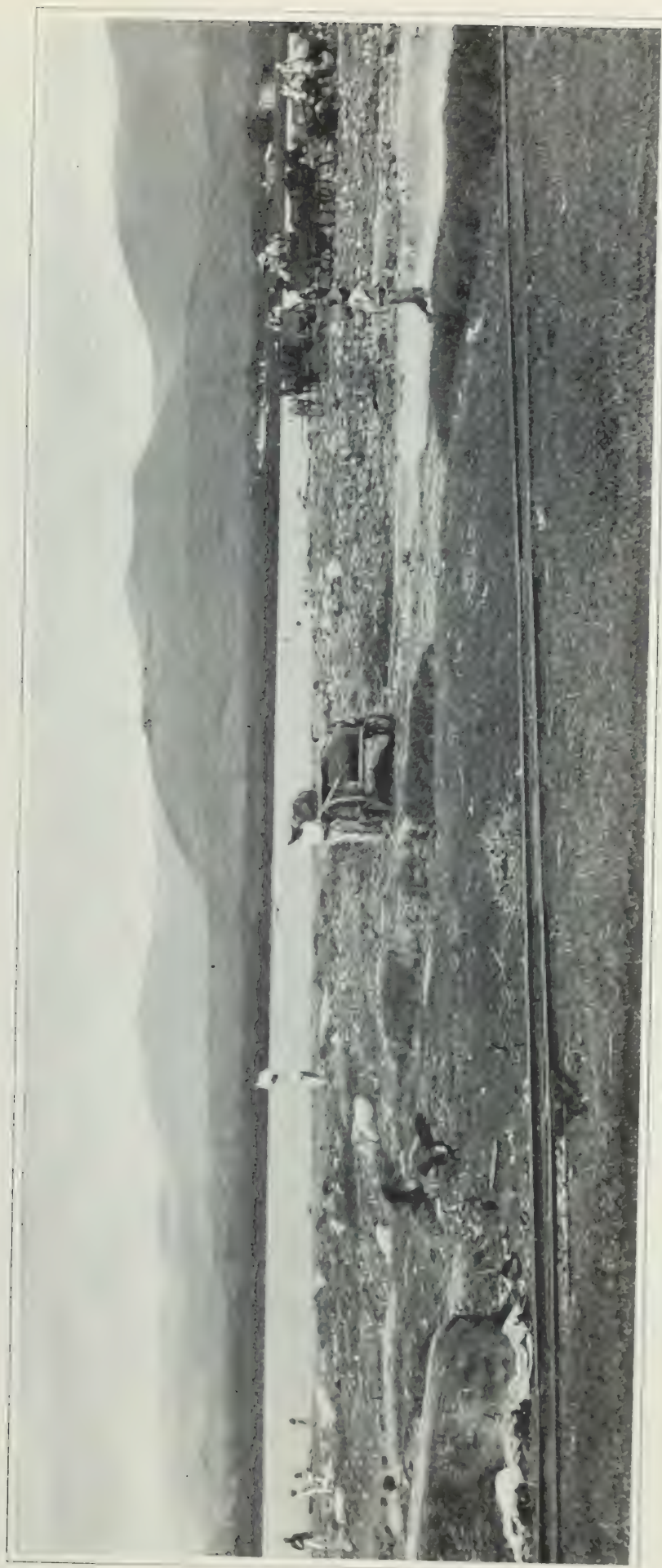
Military head-quarters in the building with the American flag.

prostrating effects. American surgeons, or Cuban surgeons in the pay of our army, were placed in charge of the different hospitals, and rations and medicines, together with such other supplies as we could obtain, were furnished them. In a similar manner, all the towns occupied by American troops were brought under wholesome regulations as well as those in which there were no garrison, and at present, the situation is very favorable. Of course there is a great deal of destitution in the province, and the people are still very poor.

The Cuban army in this province has practically disbanded, and the soldiers are

In Santiago the streets are being paved, a modern water-system is under consideration, and large additions to the present water-supply have been made. The Barber Asphalt Company is starting in to lay sanitary pavements, and a dredging company is about to commence work on the harbor to carry out, into deep water, the dangerous refuse which lines the water-front and underlies the harbor and which, I believe, is the source of whatever yellow fever we may have in Santiago.

The courts have been thoroughly organized and are performing their duty efficiently and to the great satisfaction of the



One of the Many Large Dumps About the City where Garbage is Burned.



View of the Water-front, with Sewerage Flats in the Foreground.

people of the city and province. Important modifications in the rules of civil and criminal procedure have been recommended with a view to insuring more prompt and more certain administration of justice. These suggested modifications meet the cordial approval of the judges, of the local lawyers, and of the intelligent people of the province. No attempt has been made to effect any radical changes in the municipal law of the land, which continues to be administered by the new courts to the general satisfaction of the people. Many schools have been established in all towns with income enough to support them as well as many in the smaller and poorer towns which have received direct assistance from the public revenues. Some thirty kindergartens for children under seven years of age have just been established in the city. The people are especially desirous to have a normal school for boys established here, and one for girls, for the purpose of properly educating natives for the duties of teachers. A general scheme for public education has been formulated which will harmonize the instruction throughout the province.

Since October of last year the province

has been practically self-supporting, and in addition to paying all the expenses for the improvements already mentioned it has been able to accumulate nearly a quarter of a million of dollars for sanitary work in the city and harbor. I find the Cubans willing to work, in fact anxious to do so, and ever since they have realized that they would all receive a regular salary for the work which they performed there have been many more workers than we have had work for.

The adaptability of our younger officers for this new work has been well exemplified by my aides, First Lieutenant E. C. Brooks, Sixth Cavalry, and Second Lieutenant Matthew E. Hanna, Second Cavalry, who have done most valuable work in all departments, and, what is best of all, have done it to the complete satisfaction of the people with whom they have come in contact. I have also been very fortunate in having with me Captains Mendoza and Mestre, Cuban gentlemen of broad intelligence.

As an example of some of the sanitary problems which have constantly confronted us in this province, I would cite the condition of the district of Holguin after

the evacuation by the Spaniards in November. Three thousand cases of the most horrible type of small-pox were left scattered through the city and the villages immediately adjacent. Thousands had died, and the streets were filled with filth, dead animals, and wrecked furniture. Refuse of all sorts had been thrown into the wells, and, in fact, the condition which confronted us in Holguin was one of the greatest difficulty, requiring immediate and most vigorous action. The district was put under the command of Colonel Duncan N. Hood, with instructions to establish a rigid military quarantine and to immediately isolate all cases, establishing the necessary hospitals to render such isolation possible. He had the assistance of a large corps of doctors and entire discretion as to the methods of procedure. His work has been wonderfully successful, and with the intelligent and energetic co-opera-

tion of Dr. Woodson of the army, assisted by many Cuban physicians, he was able to check the epidemic in less than a month. In two months the number of cases had been reduced to less than 1,200. All of the patients were in carefully isolated camps under medical supervision. The entire city of Holguin had to be cleaned and scraped from end to end. Thousands upon thousands of loads of infectious material had to be removed, house after house disinfected, and, in fact, the volume of work was simply enormous ; but it was accomplished quickly and effectively, and to-day the people are once more going back to their homes and business is resuming its normal condition. This is only an instance of what has been done and of what must be done in other provinces, if we are to make Cuba what it may be made, a comparatively healthy and attractive country to live in.



General Wood and Other Officials at the Review of the Street Cleaning Department on the Alameda.



A Monotype by Ernest Haskell.

TO CELESTINE IN BRAVE ARRAY

By E. S. Martin

SHIELDED and hid by such a panoply;
Garbed for defence; feathered to fortify
And add to stature;
Oh, but it seems a far, far cry
From thee to nature!

Bless thy capitulating eyes, whose ray
Out of this fort of raiment finds a way
To prove thee human,
By signals sure, that to my signal say,
This is a woman!

THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

VI

A COCK-FIGHT



FOOTPATH led Taffy past the church, and out at length upon a high road, in face of two tall granite pillars with an iron gate between. The gate was surmounted with a big iron lantern, and the lantern with a crest—two snakes' heads intertwined. The gate was shut, but the fence had been broken down on either side, and the gap, through which Taffy passed, was scored with wheel-ruts. He followed these down an ill-kept road bordered with furze whins, tamarisks, and clumps of bannel broom. By and by he came to a ragged plantation of stone pines, backed by a hedge of rhododendrons, behind which the hounds were baying in their kennels. It put him in mind of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He heard the stable clock strike three, and caught a glimpse, over the shrubberies, of its cupola and gilt weathercock. And then a turn of the road brought him under the gloomy northern face of the house, with its broad carriage sweep and sunless portico. Half the windows on this side had been blocked up and painted black, with white streaks down and across to represent frame-work.

He pulled at an iron bell-chain which dangled by the great door. The bell clanged far within and a dozen dogs took up the note, yelping in full peal. He heard footsteps coming; the door was opened, and the dogs poured out upon him—spaniels, terriers, lurchers, greyhounds, and a big Gordon setter—barking at him, leaping against him, sniffing his calves. Taffy kept them at bay as best he could and waved his letter at a wall-eyed man in a dirty yellow waistcoat, who looked down from the door-step but did not offer to call them off.

"Any answer?" asked the wall-eyed man.

Taffy could not say. The man took the letter and went to inquire, leaving him alone with the dogs.

It seemed an age before he reappeared, having in the interval slipped a dirty livery coat over his yellow waistcoat. "The Squire says you're to come in." Taffy and the dogs poured together into a high, stone-flagged hall; then through a larger hall and a long dark corridor. The footman's coat, for want of a loop, had been hitched on a peg by its collar, and stuck out behind his neck in the most ludicrous manner; but he shuffled ahead so fast that Taffy, tripping and stumbling among the dogs, had barely time to observe this before a door was flung open, and he stood blinking in a large room full of sunlight.

"Hallo! Here's the parson's bantam!"

The room had four high, bare windows through which the afternoon sunshine streamed on the carpet. The carpet had a pattern of pink peonies on a delicate buff ground, and was shamefully dirty. And the apartment, with its white paint and gilding and Italian sketches in water-color and statuettes under glass, might have been a lady's drawing-room. But paint and gilding were tarnished; the chintz chair-covers soiled and torn; the pictures hung askew; and a smell of dog filled the air.

Squire Moyle sat huddled in a deep chair, beside the fire-place, facing the middle of the room, where a handsome, high-complexioned gentleman, somewhat past middle age, lounged on a settee and dangled a gold-mounted riding crop. A handsome boy knelt at the back of the settee and leaned over the handsome gentleman's shoulder. On the floor, between the two men, lay a canvas bag; and something moved inside it. At the end of the room, by the farthest window, Honoria

knelt over a big portfolio. She wore the gray frock and pink sash which Taffy had seen in church that morning, and she tossed her dark hair back from her eyes as she looked up.

The Squire crumpled up the letter in his hand.

"Put the bag away," he said to the handsome gentleman. "'Tis Sunday, I tell 'ee, and Parson will be here in an hour. This is young six-foot I was telling about." He turned to Taffy.

"Boy, go and shake hands with Sir Harry Vyell."

Taffy did as he was told. "This is my son George," said Sir Harry; and Taffy shook hands with him, too, and liked his face.

"Put the bag away, Harry," said the Squire.

"Just to comfort 'ee, now!"

"I tell 'ee I won't look at 'em."

Sir Harry untied the neck of the bag, and drew out a smaller one; untied this, and out strutted a gamecock.

The old Squire eyed it. "H'm, he don't seem flourishing."

"Don't abuse a bird that's come twelve miles in a bag, on purpose to cheer you up. He's a match for anything you can bring."

"Tuts, man, he's dull—no color nor condition. Get along with 'ee; I wouldn't ask a bird o' mine to break the Sabbath for a wastrel like that."

Sir Harry drew out a shagreen-covered case and opened it. Within, on a lining of pale blue velvet, lay two small sharp instruments of steel, very highly polished. He lifted one, felt its point, replaced it, set down the case on the carpet, and fell to toying with the ears of the Gordon setter, which had come sniffing out of curiosity.

"You're a very obstinate man," said Squire Moyle. After a long pause he added, "I suppose you're wanting odds?"

"Evens will do," said Sir Harry.

The old man turned and rang the bell.

"Tell Jem to fetch in the red cock," he shouted to the wall-eyed footman—who must have been waiting in the corridor, so promptly he appeared.

"And Jim won't be long about it either," whispered Honoria. She had come forward quietly, and stood at Taffy's elbow.

Sir Harry shook a finger at her and laid it on his lips. But the old Squire did not hear. He sat glum, pulling a whisker and keeping a sour eye on the bird, which was strutting about in rather foolish bewilderment at the pink peonies on the carpet.

"I'm giving you every chance," he grumbled at length.

"Oh, as for that," Sir Harry replied, equably, "have it out in the yard, if you please, on your own dunghill."

"No. Indoors is bad enough."

Jim appeared just then, and turned out to be Taffy's old enemy, the Whip, bearing the Squire's game-cock in a basket. He took it out; a very handsome bird, with a hackle in which gold purple and the richest browns shone and were blended.

Sir Harry had picked up his bird and was heeling it with the long steel spurs; a very delicate process, to judge by the time occupied and the pucker on his good-tempered brow.

"Ready?" he asked at length.

Jim, who had been heeling the Squire's bird, nodded, and the pair were set down. They ruffled and flew at each other without an instant's hesitation. The visitor, which five minutes before had been staring at the carpet so foolishly, was prompt enough now. For a moment they paused, beak to beak, eye to eye, furious, with necks outstretched and hackles stiff with the rage of battle. Then they began to rise and fall like two feathers tossing in the air, very quietly. But for the soft whir of wings there was no sound in the room. Taffy could scarcely believe they were fighting in earnest. For a moment they seemed to touch—to touch and no more, and for a moment only—but in that moment the stroke was given. The home champion fluttered down, stood on his legs for a moment, as if nothing had happened, then toppled over and lay twitching, as his conqueror strutted over him and lifted his throat to crow.

Squire Moyle rose, clutching the corner of his chair. His mouth opened and shut, but no words came. Sir Harry caught up his bird, whipped off his spurs, and thrust him back into the bag. The old man dropped back, letting his chin sink on his high stock-collar.

"It serves me right. Who shall deliver me from the wrath to come?"

"Oh! as for that——" Sir Harry finished tying the neck of the bag, and lazily fell to fingering the setter's ear.

The old man was muttering to himself. Taffy looked at the dead bird, then at Honoria. She was gazing at it too, with untroubled eyes.

"But I *will* be saved! I tell you, Harry, I *will*! Take those birds away. Honoria, hand me my Bible. It's all here," — he tapped the heavy book— "miracles, redemption, justification by faith—I *will* have faith. I *will* believe, every d——d word of it!"

Sir Harry broke in with a peal of laughter. Taffy had never heard a laugh so musical.

The old man was adjusting his spectacles; but he took them off and laid them down, his hands shaking with rage.

"You came here to taunt me"—his voice shook as his hand—"me, an old man, with no son to my house. You think there's no fight left in us or in the parish. I tell you what; make that boy of yours strip and stand up, and I'll back the Parson's youngster for doubles or quits. Off with your coat, my son, and stand up to him!"

Taffy turned round in a daze. He did not understand. His eyes met Honoria's, and they were fastened on him curiously. He was white in the face; the sight of the murdered game-cock had sickened him.

"He doesn't look flourishing." Sir Harry mimicked the Squire's recent manner.

Taffy turned with the look of a hunted animal. He did not want to fight. He hated this house and its inhabitants. The other boy was stripping off his jacket with a good-humored smile.

"I—I don't want——" Taffy began fumbling with a button. "Please——"

"Off with your coat, boy! You were game enough t'other day. If you lick en, I'll put a new roof on your father's church."

Taffy was still fumbling with his jacket-button when a bell sounded, clanging through the house.

"The Parson!"

Squire Moyle clutched at his Bible like a child who has been caught playing in school. Sir Harry stepped to the window and flung up the sash. "Out you tumble,

youngsters—you too, Miss, if you like. Pick up your coat, George—cut and run to the stables; I'll be round in a minute—quick, out you go!"

The children scrambled over the sill and dropped on to the stone terrace. As his father closed the sash behind him, George Vyell laughed out. Then Taffy began to laugh; he laughed all the way as they ran. When they reached the stables he was swaying with laughter. There was a hepping-stock by the stable-wall, and he flung himself on to the slate steps. He could not stop laughing. The two others stared at him. They thought he had gone mad.

"Here comes Dad!" cried George Vyell.

This sobered Taffy. He sat up and brushed his eyes. Sir Harry whistled for Jim, and told him to saddle the horses.

George and Honoria stood by the stable-door and watched the saddling. The horses were led out; Sir Harry's, a tall gray, George's, a roan cob.

"Look, here!" Sir Harry said to Jim; "you take my bird, and comfort your master with him. I don't want him any more."

The two rode out of the yard and away up the avenue. Honoria planted herself in front of Taffy.

"Would you have fought just now?" she asked.

"I—I don't know. That's my father calling."

"But, would you have fought?"

"I must go to him." He would not look her in the face.

"Tell me."

"Don't bother! I don't know."

He ran out of the yard.

VII

GEORGE



T appeared that Honoria and Taffy were to do lessons together, and Mr. Raymond was to teach them. This had been the meaning of his visit to Tredinnis House. They began the very next day, in the library at Tredinnis—a deserted room

carpeted with badgers' skins, and lined with undusted books—works on farriery, veterinary surgery, and sporting subjects, long rows of the *Annual Register*, the *Arminian Magazine*.

Taffy began by counting the badgers' skins. There were eighteen, and the moths had got into them, so that the draught under the door puffed little drifts of hair over the polished boards. Then he settled down to the first Latin declension—*Musa*, a muse: vocative, *Musa*, O muse!: genitive, *Musæ*, of a muse. Honoria began upon the A B C.

Mr. Raymond brought a pile of his own books, and worked at them, scribbling notes in the margin or on long slips of paper, while the children learnt. A servant came in with a message from Squire Moyle, and he left them for awhile.

"I call this nonsense," said Honoria. "How am I to get these silly letters into my head?"

Taffy was glad of the chance to show off. "Oh, that's easy. You make up a tale about them. See here. A is the end of a house; it's just like one with a beam across. B is a cat with his tail curled under him—watch me drawing it. C is an old woman, stooping; and D is another cat, only his back is more rounded. Once upon a time, there lived in a cottage an old woman who went about with two cats, one on each side of her—that's how you go on."

"But I can't go on. You must do it for me."

"Well, each of these cats had a comb, and was combed every Saturday night. One was a good cat, and kept his comb properly—like E, you see. But the other had broken a tooth out of his—that's F——"

"I expect he was a fulmart," said Honoria.

Taffy agreed. He didn't know what a fulmart was, but he was not going to confess it. So he went on hurriedly, and Honoria thought him a wonder. They came to W.

"So they got into a ship (I'll show you how to make one out of paper, exactly like W), and sailed up into the sky, for the ship was a Ship of Stars—you make X's for stars; but that's a witch-ship; so it stuck fast in Y, which is a cleft ash-

stick, and then came a stroke of lightning, Z, and burnt them all up!" He stopped, out of breath.

"I don't understand the ending at all," said Honoria. "What is a Ship of Stars?"

"Haven't you ever seen one?"

"No."

"I have. There's a story about it——"

"Tell me about it?"

"I'll tell you lots of stories afterwards; about the Frog-king and Aladdin and Man Friday and The Girl who trod on a Loaf."

"And the Ship of Stars?"

"N—no." Taffy felt himself blushing.

"That's one of the stories that won't come—and they're the loveliest of all," he added, in a burst of confidence.

Honoria thought for a moment, but did not understand in the least. All she said was, "What funny words you use!" She went back to her alphabet—A, house; B, cat. It came more easily now.

After lessons she made him tell her a story; and Taffy, who wished to be amusing, told her about the "Valiant Tailor who killed Seven at a Blow." To his disgust, it scarcely made her smile. But after this, she was always asking for stories, and always listened solemnly, with her dark eyes fixed on his face. She never seemed to admire him at all for his gift, but treated it with a kind of indulgent wonder, as if he were some queer animal with uncommon tricks. This dashed Taffy a bit, for he liked to be thought a fine fellow. But he went on telling his stories, and sometimes invented new ones for her. George Vyell was much more appreciative. Sir Harry had heard of the lessons, and wrote to beg that his son might join the class. So George rode over three times a week to learn Latin, which he did with uncommon slowness. But he thought Taffy's stories stunning, and admired him without a shade of envy. The two boys liked each other; and when they were alone Taffy stood an inch or two higher in self-conceit than when Honoria happened to be by. But he took more pains with his stories if she was listening. As for her lessons, Honoria got through them by honest plodding. She never quite saw the use of them, but she liked Mr. Raymond. She learnt more steadily than either of the boys.

One day George rode over with two pairs of boxing-gloves dangling from his saddle. After lessons he and Taffy had a try with them, in a clearing behind the shrubberies where the gardener had heaped his sweepings of dry leaves to rot down for manure.

"But, look here," said George, after the first round; "you'll never learn if you hit so wild as that. You must keep your head up, and watch my eyes and feint."

Taffy couldn't help it. As soon as ever he struck out, he forgot that it was not real fighting. And he felt ashamed to look George straight in the face, for his own eyes were full of tears of excitement. At the end of the bout, when George said, "Now we must shake hands; it's the proper thing to do," he looked bewildered for a moment. It made George laugh in his easy way, and then Taffy laughed too.

After this they had a bout almost every day; and he was soon able to hold his own and treat it as sport. But somehow he always felt a passion behind it, whispering to him to put some nastiness into his blows, especially when Honoria came to look on. And yet he liked George far better than he liked Honoria. Indeed he adored George, and the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings when George appeared were the bright spots in his week. Lessons were over at twelve o'clock; by one o'clock Taffy had to be home for dinner. Loneliness filled the afternoons, but the child peopled them with extravagant fancies. He and George were crusaders sworn to defend the Holy Sepulchre, and bound by an oath of brotherhood, though George was a Red Cross Knight and he a plain squire; and after the most surprising adventures Taffy received the barbed and poisoned arrow intended for his master, and died most impressively, with George and Honoria, and Richard Cœur de Lion, and most of the characters from "Ivanhoe," sobbing round his bed. There was a Blondel variant too, with George imprisoned in a high tower; and a monstrous conglomerate tale in which most of the heroes of history and romance played second fiddle to George, whose pre-eminence, though occasionally challenged by Achilles, Sir Lancelot, or the Black Prince, was regularly vindicated by Taffy's timely help.

This tale, with endless variations, actually lasted him for two good years. The scene of it never lay among the towans, but round about his old home or the well-remembered meadow at Tewkesbury. That was his Plain of Troy, his Field of Cressy, his lists of Ashby de la Zouche. The high road at the back of the towans crossed a stream, by a ford and a foot-bridge; and the travelling postman, if he had any letters for the Parsonage, would stop by the foot-bridge and blow a horn. He little guessed what challenges it sounded to the small boy who came running for the post.

The postman came by, as a rule, at two o'clock, or thereabouts. One afternoon in early spring Mr. Raymond happened to be starting for a walk when the horn was blown, and he and Taffy went to meet the post together. There were three or four letters, which the Vicar opened; and one for Humility, which he put in his pocket. In the midst of his reading, he looked up, smiled over his spectacles, and said:

"Oxford has won the boat-race."

Taffy had been deep in the Fifth Æneid for some weeks, and boat-racing ran much in his mind.

"Who is Oxford?" he asked.

Mr. Raymond took off his spectacles and wiped them. It came on him suddenly that his child, whom he loved, was shut out from many of his dearest thoughts.

"Oxford is a place," he answered; and added, "the most beautiful place in the world."

"Shall I ever go there?" Taffy asked.

Mr. Raymond walked off without seeming to hear the question. But that evening after supper he told the most wonderful tales of Oxford while Taffy listened and hoped his mother would forget his bed-time; and Humility listened too, bending over her *gossip*. The love with which he looked back to Oxford was the second passion of Samuel Raymond's life; and Humility was proud of it, not jealous at all. He forgot all the struggle, all the slights, all the grip of poverty. To him those years had become an heroic age, and men Homeric men. And so he made them appear to Taffy, to whom it was wonderful that his father should have moved among such giants.

"And shall I go there too?"

Humility glanced up quickly, and met her husband's eyes.

"Some day, please God!" she said. Mr. Raymond stared at the embers of wreck-wood on the hearth.

From that night Oxford became the main scene of Taffy's imaginings; a wholly fictitious Oxford, pieced together of odds and ends from picture-books, and peopled with all the old heroes. And so, with contests on the models of the Fifth Æneid, the story went forward gallantly for many months.

But the afternoons were long; and at times the interminable sand-hills and everlasting roar of the sea oppressed the child with a sense of loneliness beyond words. The rabbits and gulls would not make friends with him, and he ached for companionship. Of that ache was born his half-crazy adoration of George Vyell. There were hours when he lay in some nook of the towans, peering into the ground, seeing pictures in the sand—pictures of men and regiments and battles, shifting with the restless drift; until, unable to bear it, he flung out his hands to efface them, and hid his face in the sand, sobbing, "George! George!"

At night he would creep out of bed to watch the light-house winking away in the northeast. George lived somewhere beyond. And again it would be "George! George!"

And when the happy mornings came, and George with them, Taffy was as shy as a lover. So George never guessed. It might have surprised that very careless young gentleman, when he looked up from his verbs which govern the dative, and caught Taffy's eye, could he have seen himself in his halo there.

VIII

THE SQUIRE'S SOUL



TWO years passed, and a third winter. The church was now well on its way to restoration. The roof had been repaired, the defective timbers removed and sound ones inserted, the south wall strengthened with three buttresses, the foundations on

that side examined and shored up. The old Squire did not halt here. Furniture arrived for the interior; a handsome altar cloth, a small gilt cross, a dozen hanging lamps, an oaken lectern, cushions, hymn-books, a big new Bible with purple book-markers. He promised to take out the east window—which was just a patch-work of common glass, like a cucumber frame—and replace it with sound mullions and stained glass, in memory of his only daughter, Honoria's mother. She had run away from Tredinnis House, and married a penniless captain; and Honoria's surname was Callastair, though nobody uttered it in the old man's hearing. Husband and wife had died in India, of cholera, within three years of their marriage; and the old man had sent for the child. Having relented so far, he went on to do it thoroughly, in his own fashion. He neglected Honoria; but she might have anything she wanted for the asking. It seemed, though, that she wanted very little.

He allowed Mr. Raymond to choose the design for this window. He only stipulated that the subject should be Jonah and the whale. "There's no story 'll compare with it for trying a man's faith."

When the window came and was erected he complained that it left out most of the whale, of which the jaws and one wicked little red eye were all that appeared. "It looks half-hearted. Why didn't they swim en all in? 'Tis neck or nothin' wi' that story; but they've made it neck *and* nothin'. An' after coloring en violet too!"

In return the Vicar had hunted up some county histories and heraldic works in the library at Tredinnis, and was now busy re-emblazoning with his own hand the devices carved on the Moyle pew.

Little by little, too, the congregation had grown. The people came shyly at first. They mistrusted the Established Church. But they treated the Vicar with politeness when he visited them. And seeing him so awkward, and how with all his book-learning he listened to their opinions and blushed when he offered any small service, they grew to like him, being shy themselves. They pitied him too, knowing the old Squire better than he did. So from Sunday to Sunday Taffy, pulling at his rope in the belfry, counted the new-

comers, and Humility talked about them on the way home and at dinner. They were fisher folk for the most part; the men in blue guernseys and corduroy trousers, and some with curled black beards and rings in their ears; the women, in gayer colors than you see in an up-country church; a southern-seeming race, with southern-sounding names—Santo, Jose, Hugo, Bennet, Cara. They belonged—so Mr. Raymond often told himself—to the class from which Christ called His Apostles. Sometimes, scanning an olive-colored face, he would be minded of the Sea of Gennesareth; and, a minute later, the sight of the gray coast-line with its whirled spray would chill the fancy.

The congregation always lingered outside the porch after service; and then one would say to another: "Wall, there's more in the man than you'd think. See you up to meetin' this evenin', I s'pose? So long!"

But having come once, they came again. And the family at the Parsonage were full of hope, though Taffy longed sometimes for a play-fellow, and sometimes for he knew not what, and Humility bent over her lace-pillow and thought of green lanes and of Beer Village and women at work by sunshiny doorways; and wondered if their faces had changed.

O, that I were where I would be!
Then would I be where I am not;
But where I am, there I must be,
And where I would be, I cannot.

She never told a soul of her home thoughts. Her husband never guessed them. But Taffy (without knowing why), whenever this verse from his old play-book came into his head, connected it with his mother.

But the old Squire was getting impatient. He took quite a feudal view of the saving of his soul, and would have dragged the whole parish to church by main force, had it been possible.

Late one afternoon, Taffy was lying in one of his favorite nooks in the lee of the towans, when he heard voices and looked. And there sat the old gentleman looking down on him from horseback, with Bill Udy at his side. The Squire was in hunting dress.

"What be doin' down there?" he asked. "Praying?"

"No, sir."

"I wish you would. I wish you'd pray for me. I've heerd that a child'll do good sometimes when grown folk can't. I doubt your father isn't goin' to do the good I looked for from en. He don't believe in sudden conversion. Here, Bill, take the mare and lead her home."

He dismounted, and seated himself with a groan on the edge of the sand-pit.

"Look here; I've got convictions of sin, but I can't get no forrader. What's to be done?"

"I don't know, sir," Taffy stammered, with his eyes on the Squire's spurs.

"You can pray for me, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do it. Do it to-night. I've got convictions, boy; but my heart's like a stone. I've had a wisht day of it. If the weather holds back, we'll kill a May fox this year. But where's the comfort? All the time to-day 'twas '*Lippety-lop, no peace for the wicked!* '*Lippety-lop, no peace for the wicked!*' I couldn't stand it; I came away. You'll do it, won't 'ee?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your father at home? I'll call an' speak to en. He does me good; but he can't melt what I carry here."

He tapped his breast and, rising, without another word, strode off across the sand-hills, with his head down and hands clasped beneath his coat-tails, which flapped in the wind as he went.

Taffy ran and overtook Bill Udy and the mare.

"He's in a wisht poor state, id'n a'?" said Bill Udy, who was parish clerk. "Bless 'ee, tidn' no manner of use. His father before en was took in just the same way. Turned religious late in life. What d'ee think he did? Got his men together one Sunday mornin', marched em up to meetin' house, up to Four Turnin's; slipped his ridin' crop through the haps o' the door, an' "Now, my Billies," says he, through the key-hole. 'Not a man or woman of 'ee leaves the place till you've said that Amazin' Creed. Come along,' he says, '*Whosoever will be saved,*' an' the sooner 'tis over, the sooner you gets home to dinner.' A fine talk there was! Squire, he's just such another. Funny

things he've a-done. Married a poor soul from Roseland way—a Miss Trevanion—quite a bettermost lady. When Miss Sussannah was born—that's Miss Honoria's mother—she went to be churched. What must he do, to show he's annoyance that 'twasn't a boy, but drive a she-ass into church? Very stiff behavior. He drove the beast right fore an' into the big pew. The Moyles, you see, 've got a mule for their shield of arms. He've had his own way too much; that's of it.

"One day he dropped into church just before sarmon-time. There was a rabbit squattin' outside 'pon his father's tombstone. Squire crep' up an' clapped his Sunday hat 'pon top of en. Took en into church. One o' the curate chaps was preachin'—a timorous little fellah. By 'n' by Squire slips out his rabbit. 'Wirroo, boys! Coorse en, coorse en—we'll have en for dinner!' Aw, a pretty dido! The curate fellah ran out to door an' the rabbit after en. Folks did say the rabbit was the old Squire's soul, an' that he'd turned black inside the young Squire's hat. Very stiff behavior.

"He've had his own way too much; that's what it is. When he was pricked for sheriff, he hired a ramshackle po'shay, painted a mule 'pon the panel, an' stuffed the footmen's stockings with bran till it looked a case of dropsy. He was annoyed at bein' put to the expense. The judge lost his temper at bein' met in such a way, an' pitched into en in open court, specially about the mule. He didn' know 'twas the Squire's shield of arms. Squire stood it for some time; but at last he ups an' says, 'If you was an old woman of *mine*, I'd dress 'ee different; an' if you was an old woman of mine an' kep scolding like that, I'd have 'ee in the duckin'-stool for your sauce!' He almost went to gaol for that. But they put it on the ground the judge had insulted his shield-of-arms, an' so he got off.

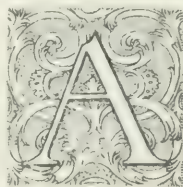
"Well, wish—'ee—well! Don't you trouble about *he*. He've had his own way too much, but he won't get it this time."

That night Taffy dreamed that he met Squire Moyle walking along the shore, but the sand clogged him, and his spurs sank in it and his riding-boots. When he was ankle deep he began to call out, "Pray for me!" Then Taffy saw a black

rabbit running on the firm sand to the breakers; and the Squire cried "Pray for me! I must catch en! 'Tis my father's soul running off!" and put his hand into his breast and drew out a stone and flung it. But the stone, as soon as it touched the sand, turned into another rabbit, and the pair ran off together along the shore. The old man tried to follow, but the sand held him; and the tide was rising.

IX

ENTER THE KING'S POSTMAN



FAINT south wind murmured beneath the eaves. It died away, and for an hour there was peace on the towans. Then the sands began to trickle again, and the rushes to whisper and bend away from the sea, toward the high moors over which the gulls had flown yesterday and disappeared. By and by a spit or two of rain came flying out of the black north-west. The drops fell in the path of the sand, but the sand drove over and covered them, racing faster and faster.

Day rose, and Taffy awoke. The house walls were shaking. With each blow the wind ran up a scale of notes and ended with a howl. He looked out. Sea and sky had melted into one; only now and then the white surf line heaved into sight, and melted back into gray. After breakfast he and his father started to battle their way to Tredinnis House, while Humility barricaded the door behind them. Taffy wore a suit of oilers, of which he was mightily proud.

They made their way under the lee of the towans to escape the stinging sand. Within Tredinnis Gates they found a couple of pine-trees blown down across the road, and scrambled over their trunks. Before lessons, Taffy boasted a lot of his journey, to Honoria, and almost forgot to be sorry that George did not appear, though it was Wednesday.

They had no trouble in reaching home. The gale hurled them along. Taffy, leaning his back against it, could scarcely feel his feet touching ground. Humility unfastened the door, looking white and

anxious. Before they could close it again, the wind swept a big dish off the dresser with a crash.

Taffy slept soundly that night. He did not hear a knocking which sounded on the house-door, soon after eleven o'clock. The man who knocked came from Tressedder, one of the moor-farms. "Oh, sir! did 'ee see the rockets go up over Innis? There'll be dead men down 'pon the Island rocks."

Taffy slept on. When he came downstairs, next morning, there was a stranger in the kitchen—a little old man, huddled in a blanket before the great fire-place, where a line of clothes hung drying. Humility was stooping to wedge a sand-bag under the door. She looked up at Taffy with a wan little smile.

"There has been a wreck," she said.

"Glory be!" exclaimed the stranger from the fireplace.

Taffy glanced at him, but could see little more than the back of a bald head above the blankets.

"Where's the ship?" he asked.

"Gone," answered the Vicar, coming at that moment from the inner room where his books were. "She must have broken up in less than ten minutes after she struck the Island—parted and gone down in six fathoms of water."

"And the men? Was father there?" It bewildered Taffy that all this should have happened while he was sleeping.

"There was no time to fix the rocket apparatus. She was late in making her distress signals. But I doubt if anything could have been done. She went down too quickly."

"But——" Taffy's gaze wandered to the bald head.

"He was washed clean over the ridge where she struck, and swept into Innis Pool—one big wave carried him into safety—one man out of six."

"Hallelujah!" cried the rescued man facing round in his chair. "Might ha' been scat like an eggshell, and here I be shoutin' praises!" Taffy saw that he was a clean-shaven little fellow, with puckered cheeks and two wisps of gray hair curling forward from his ears.

Mr. Raymond frowned. "I am sure," said he, "you ought not to be talking so much."

"I will sing and give praise, sir, beggin' your pardon, with the best member that I have. Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not? Hallelujah! A-men!"

He took his basin of bread and milk from Humility's hand, and ate by the fire. She had wrung his clothes through fresh water, and as soon as they were thoroughly dry he retired upstairs to change. He came back to his seat by the fire.

"Now, I be like 'Possel Paul," he said, rubbing his hands, and stretching them out to the blaze. "After his shipwreck, you know, when the folks 'pon the island showed en kindness. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Not fearing nor doubting,
With Christ by my side,
I hopes to die shouting,
The Lord will provide."

Humility thought that for certain the shipwreck had turned his head.

"But where do you come from?" she asked.

"They call me Jacky Pascoe, ma'am; but I calls myself the King's Postman—

Jacky Pascoe is my name,
Wendron is my nation,
Nowhere is my dwelling place,
For Christ is my salvation.—

"I was brought to a miner, over to Wheal Jewel, in Illogan Parish; but got conversion fifteen years since, an' now I go about praising the Name. I've been miner, cafender, cooper, mason, seaman, scissor-grinder, umbrella-mender, holli-bubber, all by turns. I sticks my hands in my pockets, an' waits on the Lord; an' what He tells me to do, I do. This day week I was up to Fowey, working on the tip.* There was a little schooner there, the Garibaldi, of Newport, discharging coal. The Lord said to me, 'Arise, go in that there schooner!' I sought out the skipper, and said, 'Where be bound for next? Back to Newport,' says he. 'That'll suit me,' I says, an' persuaded en to take me. But the Lord knew where she were bound, better'n the skipper; and here I be!"

It seemed to his hearers that this man

* Loading vessels from the jetties.

took little thought of his drowned ship-mates. Mr. Raymond looked up as he strapped his books together.

"You weren't the only man in that schooner," he said, rather severely.

"Glory be! Who be I, to question the Lord's ways? One day I picked up a map an' seed a place on it called 'Little Sins.' 'Little Sins wants great Deliverance,' says I, an' I started clane off an' walked to the place, though I'd never so much as heard of it till then. 'Twas harvest-time there, an' I danced into the field, shouting 'Glory, glory! The harvest is plenty, but the laborers be few!' The farmer was moved to give me a job 'pon the spot. I bided there two year, an' built them a chapel an' preached the Word in it. They offered me money to stop an' preach; and I laid it before the Lord. But He said, 'You're the King's Postman. Keep moving, keep on moving! I've built two more chapels since then.'"

Late that afternoon, three bodies were recovered from the sea—the captain, the mate, and a boy of about sixteen; and were buried in the church-yard next day, as soon as the inquest was over. Pascoe followed the coffins, and pointed the service at the grave-side with interjections of his own. "Glory be!" "A-men!" "Hallelujah!" "Great Redemption!" To the Vicar's surprise, the small crowd, after a minute, began to follow the man's lead, until at length he could scarcely read for these interruptions.

At supper that night Pascoe sprang a question on the Vicar.

"Be you converted?" he asked, looking up, with his mouth full of bread and cheese.

"I hope so."

"Aw, you *hopes!* 'Tis a bad case with 'ee, then. When a man's converted, he *knows*. Seemin' to me, you baint. You don't show enough of the bright side. Now, as I go along, my very toes keep ticking salvation. Down goes one foot, 'Glory be!' Down goes the other, 'A-men.' Aw! I must dance for joy!"

He got up and danced around the kitchen.

"I wish the man would go," Humility thought to herself.

His very next words answered her wish.

"I'll be leavin' to-morrow, friends. I've got a room down to the village, an' I've borreyed a razor. I'm goin' to tramp round the mines at the back here, an' shave the miners at a ha'penny a chin. That'll pay my way. There's a new preacher planned to the Bible Christians, down to Innis, an' I'm goin' to help 'he. My dears, don't 'ee tell me the Lord didn' know what He was about when He cast the Garibaldi ashore!"

He left the Parsonage next day. "Ma'am," he said to Humility, on leaving, "I salute this here house. Peace be on this here house, for it is worthy. He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward."

Two mornings later, Taffy, looking out from his bed-room window soon after day-break, saw the prophet trudging along the road. He had a clean white bag slung across his shoulder; it carried his soap and razors, no doubt. And every now and then he waved his walking-stick and skipped as he went.

X

A HAPPY DAY



AVOLLEY of sand darkened and shook the pane. Taffy, sponging himself in his tub and singing between his gasps, looked up hastily, then flung a big towel about him and ran to the window.

Honoria was standing below, and Comedy, her gray pony, with a creel and a couple of fishing-rods strapped to his canvas girth.

"Wake up! I've come to take you fishing."

Mr. Raymond had started off at day-break to walk to Truro on business; so there would be no lessons that morning, and Taffy had been looking forward to a lonely whole holiday.

"I've brought two pasties," said Honoria, "and a bottle of milk. We'll go over to George's country and catch trout. He is to meet us at Vellingey Bridge. We arranged it all yesterday, only I kept it for a surprise."

Taffy could have leapt for joy. "Go in and speak to mother," he said, "she's in the kitchen."

Honoriam hitched Comedy's bridle over the gate, walked up the barren little garden, and knocked at the door. When Mrs. Raymond opened it she held out a hand politely.

"How do you do?" she said, "I have come to ask if Taffy may go fishing with me."

Except in church, and outside the porch for a formal word or two, Humility and Honoriam had never met. This was Honoriam's first visit to the parsonage, and the sight of the clean kitchen and shining pots and pans filled her with wonder. Humility shook hands and made a silent note of the child's frock, which was torn and wanted brushing.

"He may go, and thank you. It's lonely for him here, very often."

"I suppose," said Honoriam, gravely, "I ought to have called before. I wish——" She was about to say that she wished Humility would come to Tredinnis House. But her eyes wandered to the orderly dresser and the scalding-pans by the fire-place.

"I mean—if Taffy had a sister it would be different."

Humility bent to lift a kettle off the fire. When she faced round again, her eyes were smiling, though her lip trembled a little.

"How bright you keep everything here!" said Honoriam.

"There's a plenty of sand to scour with; it's bad for the garden though."

"Don't you grow any flowers?"

"I planted a few pansies the first year; they came from my home up in Devonshire. But the sand covered them. It covers everything." She smiled, and asked suddenly, "May I kiss you?"

"Of course you may," said Honoriam. But she blushed as Humility did it, and they both laughed shyly.

"Hullo!" cried Taffy from the foot of the stairs. Honoriam moved to the window. She heard the boy and his mother laughing and making pretence to quarrel, while he chose the brownest of the hot cakes from the wood-ashes. She stared out upon Humility's buried pansies. It was strange—a minute back she had felt quite happy.

Humility set them off and watched them till they disappeared in the first dip of the towans; and then sat down in the empty kitchen and wept a little before carrying up her mother's breakfast.

Honoriam rode in silence for the first mile; but Taffy sang and whistled by turns as he skipped alongside. The whole world flashed and glittered around the boy and girl; the white gulls fishing, the swallows chasing one another across the dunes, the lighthouse on the distant spit, the whitewashed mine-chimneys on the ridge beside the shore. Away on the rises of the moor one hill-farm laughed to another in a steady flame of furze blossom—laughed with a tinkle of singing larks. And beyond the last rise lay the land of wonders, George's country. "Hark!" Honoriam reined up. "Isn't that the cuckoo?" Taffy listened. Yes, somewhere among the hillocks seaward its note was dinning.

"Count!"

Cuckoo, cherry-tree,
Be a good bird and tell to me
How many years before I die?

"Ninety-six!" Taffy announced.

"Ninety-two," said Honoriam, "but we won't quarrel about it. Happy month to you!"

"Eh?"

"It is the first of May. Come along; perhaps we shall meet the Mayers, though we're too late, I expect. Hullo! there's a miner—let's ask him."

The miner came upon them suddenly—footsteps make no sound among the towans; a young man in a suit stained orange-tawny, with a tallow candle stuck with a lump of clay in the brim of his hat, and a striped tulip stuck in another lump of clay at the back and nodding.

"Good-morning, miss. You've come a day behind the fair."

"Is the Maying over?" Honoriam asked.

"Iss, fay. I've just been home to shift myself."

He walked along with them and told them all about it in the friendliest manner. It had been a grand Maying—all the boys and girls in the parish—with the hal-an-tow, of course—such dancing! Fine

and tired some of the maids must be—he wouldn't give much for the work they'd do to-day. Two May mornings in one year would make a grass-captain mad, as the saying was. But there—'twas a poor spirit that never rejoiced.

"Which do you belong to?" Taffy nodded toward the mine-chimneys on the sky-line high on their left, which hid the sea, though it lay less than half a mile away and the roar of it was in their ears—just such a roar as the train makes when rushing through a tunnel.

"Bless you, I'm a tinner. I belong to Wheal Gooniver, up the valley. Wheal Vlo there, 'pon the cliff, he's lead. And the next to him, Wheal Penhale, he's iron. I came a bit out of my way with you for company."

Soon after parting from him they crossed the valley-stream (Taffy had to wade it), and here they happened on a dozen tall girls at work "spalling" the tin-ore, but not busy. The most of them leaned on their hammers, or stood with hands on hips, their laughter drowning the *thud, thud*, of the engine-house and the rattle of the stamps up the valley. And the cause of it all seemed to be a smaller girl who stood by with a basket in her arms.

"Here you be, Lizzie!" cried one. "Here's a young lady and gentleman coming with money in their pockets."

Lizzie turned. She was a child of fourteen, perhaps; brown skinned, with shy, wild eyes. Her stockings were torn, her ragged clothes decorated with limp bunches of bluebells, and her neck and wrists with twisted daisy chains. She skipped up to Honoria and held out a basket. Within it, in a bed of fern, lay a May-doll among a few birds' eggs—a poor wooden thing in a single garment of pink calico.

"Give me something for my doll, miss!" she begged.

"Aw, that's too tame," one of the girls called out, and pitched her voice to the true beggar's whine: "Spare a copper! My only child, dear kind lady, and its only father broke his tender neck in a blazin' accident, and left me twelve to maintain!"

All the girls began laughing again. Honoria did not laugh. She was feeling in her pocket.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Lizzie Pezzack. My father tends the light-house. Give me something for my doll, miss!"

Honoria held out a half-crown piece. "Hand it to me."

The child did not understand. "Give me something—" she began again in her dull, level voice.

Honoria stamped her foot. "Give it to me!" She snatched up the doll and thrust it into the fishing creel, tossed the coin into Lizzie's basket, and, taking Comedy by the bridle, moved up the path.

"She've adopted en!" They laughed and called out to Lizzie that she was in luck's way. But Taffy saw the child's face as she stared into the empty basket, and that it was perplexed and forlorn.

"Why did you do that?" he asked, as he caught up with Honoria. She did not answer.

And now they turned away from the sea, and struck a high road which took them between up-land farms and across the ridge of cultivated land to a valley full of trees. A narrow path led inland up this valley. They followed it under pale-green shadows, in Indian file, the pony at Honoria's heels, and Taffy behind, and stepped out into sunlight again upon a heathery moor, where a trout stream chattered and sparkled. And there by a granite bridge they found George fishing, with three small trout shining on the turf beside him.

This was a day which Taffy remembered all his life, and yet most confusedly. Indeed there was little to remember it by—little to be told—except that all the while the stream talked, the larks sang, and in the hollow of the hills three children were happy. George landed half a dozen trout before lunch-time: but Taffy caught none, partly because he knew nothing about fishing, partly because the chatter of the stream set him telling tales to himself, and he forgot the rod in his hand. And Honoria, after hooking a tiny fish and throwing it back into the water, wandered off in search of larks' nests. She came slowly back when George blew a whistle announcing lunch.

"Hullo! What's this?" he asked, as he dived a hand into her creel. "Ugh!

a doll! I say, Taffy, let's float her down the river. What humbug, Honoria!"

But she had snatched the doll and crammed it back roughly into the creel. A minute later, when they were not looking, she lifted the lid again and disposed the poor thing more gently.

"Why don't you talk, one of you?" George demanded, with his mouth full.

Taffy shook himself out of his waking dream—"I was wondering where it goes to," he said, and nodded toward the running water.

"It goes down to Langona," said George, "and that's just a creek full of sand, with a church right above it in a big grass meadow—the queerest small church you ever saw. But I've heard my father tell that hundreds of years back a big city stood there, with seven fine churches, and quays, and deep water alongside and above, so that ships could sail right up to the ford. They came from all parts of the world for tin and lead, and the people down in the city had nothing to do but sit still and grow rich."

"Somebody must have worked," interrupted Honoria; "on the buildings and all that."

"The building was done by convicts. The story is that convicts were transported here from all over the kingdom."

"Did they live in the city?"

"No; they had a kind of camp across the creek. They dug out the harbor too, and kept it clear of sand. You can still see the marks of their pick-axes along the cliffs; I'll show them to you, some day. My father knows all about it, because his great-great-great-great-grandfather (and a heap more 'greats,' I don't know how many) was the only one saved when the city was buried."

"Was he from the city, or one of the convicts?" asked Honoria, who had not forgiven George's assault upon her doll.

"He was a baby at the time, and couldn't remember," George answered, with composure. "They say he was found high up the creek, just where you cross it by the foot-bridge. The bridge is covered at high water; and if you try to cross below, especially when the tide is flowing, just you look out! Twice a day the sands become quick there. They've swallowed scores. I'll tell you another

thing; there's a bird builds somewhere in the cliffs there—a crake, the people call it—and they say that whenever he goes crying about the sands, it means that a man will be drowned there."

"Rubbish! I don't believe in your city."

"Very well, then, I'll tell you something else. The fishermen have seen it—five or six of them. You know the kind of haze that gets up sometimes on hot days, when the sun's drawing water? They say that if you're a mile or two out and this happens between you and Langona Creek, you can see the city quite plain above the shore, with the seven churches and all.

"I can see it!" Taffy blurted this out almost without knowing that he spoke; and blushed furiously when George laughed. "I mean—I'm sure——" he began to explain.

"If you can see it," said Honoria, "you had better describe George's property for him." She yawned. "He can't tell the story himself—not one little bit."

"Right you are, miss," George agreed. "Fire ahead, Taffy!"

Taffy thought for a minute, and then, still with a red face, began. "It is all true, as George says. A fine city lies there, covered with the sands; and this was what happened. The King of Langona had a son, a handsome young Prince, who lived at home until he was eighteen, and then went on his travels. That was the custom, you know. The Prince took only his foster-brother, whose name was John, and they travelled for three years. On their way back, as they came to Langona Creek, they saw the convicts at work, and in one of the fields was a girl digging alone. She had a ring round her ankle, like the rest, with a chain and iron weight, but she was the most beautiful girl the Prince had ever seen. So he pulled up his horse and asked her who she was and how she came to be wearing the chain. She told him she was no convict, but the daughter of a convict, and it was the law for the convict's children to wear these things. "Tonight," said the Prince, "you shall wear a ring of gold and be a Princess," and he commanded John to file away the ring and take her upon his horse. They rode across the creek and came to the palace; and the Prince, after kissing his father and

mother, said, "I have brought you all kinds of presents from abroad ; but best of all I have brought home a bride." His parents, who wondered at her beauty and never doubted but that she must be a King's daughter, were full of joy and set the bells ringing in all the seven churches. So for a year everybody was happy, and at the end of time a son was born."

"You're making it up," said Honoria. Taffy's *own* stories always puzzled her, with hints and echoes from other stories she half-remembered, but could seldom trace home. He had too cunning a gift.

George said, "Do be quiet ! Of course he's making it up, but who wants to know *that* ?"

"Two days afterward," Taffy went on, "the Prince was out hunting with his foster-brother. The Princess in her bed at home complained to her mother-in-law, 'Mother, my feet are cold. Bring me another rug to wrap them in.' The Queen did so, but as she covered the Princess's feet she saw the red mark left by the ankle ring, and knew that her son's wife was no true Princess, but a convict's daughter. And full of rage and shame she went away and mixed two cups. The first she gave to the Princess to drink ; and when it had killed her (for it was poison) she dipped a finger into the dregs and rubbed it inside the child's lips, and very soon he was dead too. Then she sent for two ankle-chains and weights—one larger and one very small—and fitted them on the two bodies and had them flung into the creek. When the Prince came home he asked after his wife. 'She is sleeping,' said the Queen, 'and you must be thirsty with hunting ?' She held out the second cup and the Prince drank and passed it to John, who drank also. Now in this cup was a drug which took away all memory. And at once the Prince forgot all about his wife and child ; and John forgot too.

"For weeks after this the Prince complained that he felt unwell. He told the doctors that there was an empty place in his head, and they advised him to fill it by travelling. So he set out again, and John went with him as before. On their journey they stayed for a week with the King of Spain, and there the Prince fell in love with the King of Spain's daughter,

and married her and brought her home at the end of a year, during which she too had brought him a son.

"The night after their return, when the Prince and his second wife slept, John kept watch outside the door. About midnight he heard the noise of a chair dragging, but very softly, and up the stairs came a lady in white with a child in her arms. John knew his former mistress at once, and all his memory came back to him, but she put a finger to her lips and went past him into the bed-chamber. She went to the bed, laid a hand on her husband's pillow, and whispered :

Wife and babe below the river ;
Twice will I come and then come never.

Without another word she turned and went slowly past John and down the stairs."

"I know *that*, anyhow," Honoria interrupted. "That's 'East of the Sun and West of the Moon,' or else it's the Princess whose brother was changed into a Roebuck, or else——" But George flicked a pebble at her, and Taffy went on, warming more and more to the story.

"In the morning, when the Prince woke, his second wife saw his pillow on the side farthest from her, and it was wet. 'Husband,' she said, 'you have been weeping to-night.' 'Well,' said he, 'that is queer, for I haven't wept since I was a boy. It's true, though, that I had a miserable dream.' But when he tried to remember it, he could not.

"The same thing happened on the second night, only the dead wife said :

Wife and babe below the river,
Once will I come and then come never.

And again in the morning there was a mark on the pillow where her wet hand had rested. But the Prince in the morning could remember nothing. On the third night she came and said :

Wife and babe below the river,
Now I am gone and gone forever,

and went down the stairs with such a reproachful look at John that his heart melted and he ran after her. But at the

outer door a flash of lightning met him and such a storm broke over the palace and city as had never been before and never will be again.

"John heard screams, and the noise of doors banging and feet running throughout the palace; he turned back and met the Prince, his master, coming down-stairs with his child in his arms. The lightning flash had killed his second wife where she lay. John followed him out into the streets, where the people were running to and fro, and through the whirling sand to the ford which crossed the creek a mile above the city. And there, as they stepped into the water, a woman rose before John, with a child in her arms, and said: 'Carry us.' The Prince, who was leading, did not see. John took them on his back, but they were heavy because of the iron chains and weights on their ankles, and the sands sank under him. Then, by and by, the Princess put her child into John's arms, and said, 'Save him,' and slipped off his back into the water. 'What sound was that?' asked the Prince. 'That was my heart cracking,' said John. So they went on till the sands rose halfway to their knees. Then the Prince stopped and put his child into John's arms. 'Save him,' he said, and fell forward on his face; and John's heart cracked again. But he went forward in the darkness until the water rose to his waist, and the sand to his knees. He was close to the farther shore now, but could not reach it unless he dropped one of the children; and this he would not do. He bent forward, holding out one in each arm, and could just manage to push them up the bank and prop them there with his open hands; and while he bent, the tide rose and his heart cracked for the third time. Though he was dead, his stiff arms kept the children propped

against the bank. But just at the turning of the tide the one with the ankle-weight slipped and was drowned. The other was found next morning by the inland people, high and dry. And some *do* say," Taffy wound up, "that his brother was not really drowned, but turned into a bird, and that, though no one has seen him, it is his voice that gives the '*crake*,' imitating the sound made by John's heart when it burst; but others say it comes from John himself, down there below the sands."

There was silence for a minute. Even Honoria had grown excited toward the end.

"But it was unfair!" she broke out. "It ought to have been the convict-child that was saved."

"If so, I shouldn't be here," said George; "and it's not very nice of you to say it."

"I don't care. It was unfair; and anyone but a boy"—with scorn—"would see it." She turned upon the staring Taffy—"I hate your tale; it was horrid."

She repeated it, that evening, as they turned their faces homeward across the heathery moor. Taffy had halted on the top of a hillock to wave good-night to George. For years he remembered the scene—the brown hollow of the hills; the clear evening sky, with the faint purple arch, which is the shadow of the world, climbing higher and higher upon it; and his own shadow stretching back with his heart toward George, who stood fronting the level rays and waved his glittering catch of fish.

"What was that you said?" he asked, when at length he tore himself away and caught up with Honoria.

"That was a horrid story you told. It spoiled my afternoon, and I'll trouble you not to tell any more of the sort."

(To be continued.)

THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

By Joel Chandler Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

HOW SHE WENT INTO BUSINESS



AUNT MINERVY'S account of how she ran away from home and then ran back again* was sufficiently amusing to whet my appetite for more of her picturesque reminiscences. The county fair, which was the occasion of my visit to Halcyondale, was still dragging its slow length along, but it had lost its interest for me. The displays in the various departments were as attractive as ever to those who saw them for the first time, but it seemed to me that all my old acquaintances, or their wives and daughters, had something on exhibition, and nothing must do but I must go around and admire it. A little of this goes far, and, as I had been through the various departments a dozen times over, I concluded that it would be more comfortable to remain away from the grounds altogether, making more room for those who desired to see the judges deliver the prizes, or who were anxious to witness the trotting matches and running races.

Therefore, when Major Tumlin Perdue (whose guest I was) and his daughter, Mrs. Conant, made an early start for the fair grounds, on the fourth day, I excused myself on the plea of having some letters to write. The excuse was readily accepted, especially by Major Perdue, who expressed a very strong hope that I would do the fair justice in the Atlanta newspapers.

"If you can put in a word about Paul Conant, I'd be glad if you'd do it," the Major added. "He's come mighty near working himself down to get the blamed thing a-going. If it wasn't on account of Paul, me and Valentine wouldn't go any closer to the fair grounds than we are right now. But we think maybe we can help Paul, and if we can't do that, we hope to keep him from running his legs

off. He ain't well a bit. Vallie says he didn't sleep more than two hours last night for the pains in his shoulder."

"It seems to be an old trouble," I suggested.

"Yes, it's an old trouble," replied the Major. Then he looked over the tree-tops and sighed.

Here was the same air of mystery that I had observed when I first came, and I remembered that Aunt Minervy Ann had begun to tell me about it when she became entangled in her reminiscences. Therefore, when they were all gone, and Aunt Minervy Ann had cleaned up the house and coaxed the Conant baby to sleep (which was no hard thing to do, he was such a fat and good-humored little rascal), I ventured to remind the old negro that she had neglected to tell me why the Major and his daughter were so mysteriously solicitous about Paul Conant's shoulder.

"Well, de goodness knows!" Aunt Minervy Ann exclaimed, with well-affected surprise; "ain't I done tell you 'bout dat? I sho' wuz dreamin', den, be-kaze I had it right on de tip-eend er my tongue. I dunno what got de matter wid me deze days, less'n I'm gittin' ol' an' light-headed. Well, suh! an' I ain't tol' you 'bout dat!"

She paused as if reflecting, but continued to rock the baby's cradle gently, moving it slower and slower, until, finally, she ceased to move it altogether. The baby merely gave a self-satisfied sigh, and settled into the profound and healthy sleep of infancy. Then Aunt Minervy Ann went out on the back porch, and seated herself on the top step. I followed, and found the rocking-chair I had occupied on a former occasion.

"I'll set here, suh, twel Hamp gits back wid de carriage, an' den I'll see 'bout gittin' dinner, an' he better make

* See SCHENCK'S MAGAZINE for February, 1899.



"Oh, my shoulder!"

'as'e, too, bekaze I ain't got no time ter set here an' lis'n at dat baby, whiles he projickin' out dar at dem groun's. I kin wait, suh, but I can't wait all day."

"Major Perdue said that Mr. Conant's shoulder was very painful last night," I suggested.

"Dat what Miss Vallie say, suh. She say dey wuz up an' down wid 'im mighty nigh all night long. I don't blame um, suh, but, dey ain't no use talkin', grown folks kin be waited on twel dey er sp'iled same ez chilluns. I'd cut my tongue out, suh, 'fo' I'd say it ter anybody else, but I done got ter b'lievin' dat Marse Paul Conant grunts an' groans many a time des bekaze he wants somebody fer ter worry wid 'im an' honey 'im up. I may be doin' 'im wrong, suh, but I done got a sneakin' notion dat he's one er deze yer kinder men-folks what likes to be much'd an' petted. An' dey'll do it, suh—dey'll much 'im night er day, hot er col'. Des let 'im say, 'Oh, my shoulder!' an' bofe un um'll try ter outdo de udder in takin' keer un 'im.

"Marse Tumlin is got mo' ways like a 'oman dan any man I ever is laid eyes on. It's de Lord's trufe. He ain't fussy like de common run er wimmen, but his han' is des ez light an' his heart des ez saft ez any 'oman dat ever breave de breff er life, let er breave whence an' whar she mought. I look at 'im sometimes, an' I des nat'ally tease myse'f ter know how dat man kin stan' up an' shoot anybody like I done see 'im do. Hit's de same way wid Marse Bolivar Blasengame—you know him, I spec. Dey married sisters, suh, an' dey allers been monstus thick. Dem two wuz big dogs 'roun' here, suh, 'fo' de war. Ef you ain't never seed um in dem days, you never is ter know how folks looked up to um an' give 'way to um.

"But dey ain't put on no airs, suh. Dey des do like de quality all do. 'Tain't money dat makes de quality; hit's dat ar kinder breedin' what'll make de finest folks stop an' shake han's wid a nigger des ez quick ez dey would wid de king er Rooshy—ef dey got any king dar. Long 'fo' de turmoil, suh, endurin' er de farmin'



"Marse Tumlin never did pass a nigger on de road."

days, 'twuz des dat-a-way. When he 'uz at his richest, Marse Tumlin never did pass a nigger on de road, no matter how lonesome an' ragged he look, widout stoppin' an' axin' who he b'long ter, an' what he name, an' how he gittin' on. An' he allers gi' um sump'n, maybe a piece er terbarker, er maybe a thrip. I know, suh; I done hear my color talk, an' dey talks it down ter dis ve'y day. Dey ain't never been a time in dat man's life when he ain't think mo' er somebody else dan

what he think er hisse'f. Dat's what I call de quality, suh. 'Tain't money; 'tain't land; 'tain't fine duds; 'tain't nothin' 'tall like dat. I tell you, suh, dem what want ter be de quality is got ter have a long line er big graveyards behime um, an' dem graveyards is got ter be full er folks what use ter know how ter treat yuther folks. Well, suh, Marse Tumlin is got um behime him, an' dey retch fum here ter Ferginny an' further. An' on dat account, he ain't 'shame' to show nobody dat he

love um, an' he ain't afeard ter tell nobody dat he hate um.

"I bet you right now, suh, ef you wuz ter ax Miss Vallie ef she ever see 'er pa mad, she'd look at you like she ain't know what you talkin' 'bout. Fum de time she been born, suh, down ter dis ve'y day, she ain't never hear a cross word come fum his mouf. She's seed 'im frownin' an' she's seed 'im frettin', but she ain't never hear no cross word. An' dat what make I say what I does. 'Tain't nobody but de quality dat kin show der breedin' right in der own fambly."

"Why, I've heard that the Major has something of a temper," I remarked.

"Temper!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann, holding up both hands; "temper, I hear you say! Well, suh, dat ain't no name fer it. I done seed bad men, but Marse Tumlin is de wuss man when he git his dander up dat I yever come 'cross in all my born days. De fust time I seed 'im mad, suh, wuz right atter de folks come

home fum der fightin' and battlin'. It make me open my eyes. I been livin' wid 'im all dem years, an' I never is know how servigrous dat man is.

"An' de funny part wuz, suh, dat he got mad 'bout a ole nigger 'oman." Aunt Minervy Ann paused to indulge in a very hearty laugh. "Yasser, all 'bout a ole nigger 'oman. In dem times we all had ter scuffle 'roun' right smart fer ter git vittles ter eat, let 'lone cloze ter w'ar. Miss Vallie was w'arin' a frock what her mammy had when she wuz a gal. An' de clof wuz right good an' look' mighty well on 'er. Ez fer me, I dunner whedder I had on any frock—ef I did 'twuz 'bout ter drap off'n me. 'Long 'bout dat time, court-week wuz comin' on, de fust court-week we had sence de folks come home fum battlin'. Dey wuz a great miration 'bout it, bekaze dey say ev'ybody gwine ter come an' see de lawyers rastle.

"Well, suh, it come 'cross my min' dat ef I kin bake some ginger-cakes an' make



"We made twelve pies ef we made one."—Page 148.

some chicken-pies, maybe I kin pick up a little money. De dime an' thrip species had all done gone, but dey wuz oodles er shin-plasters floatin' 'roun' ef you had sump'n fer ter git um wid. I dunner whar in de worl' we got nuff flour an' 'lasses fer ter make de cakes. I know I got one chicken, an' Hamp he went off one night and borried two mo'. I ain't ax 'im whar he borry um, suh, bekaze 'twan't none er my business. We made de cakes, an' den we made de pies. Ef you ain't know how ter make um, suh, you'd be 'stonished ter know how fur dem ar chickens went. We made twelve pies ef we made one. Yasser! ez sho' ez I'm settin' here. We strung um out—a wing here, a piece er de back dar', an' a neck yonner. Twelve pies, suh, an' nuff chicken lef' over fer ter

gi' Miss Vallie a right smart bait ; an' de Lord knows she need it, an' need it bad.

"Well, suh, I make de ginger-cakes de week 'fo' court, bekaze it he'ps a ginger-cake ef you bake 'im an' den shet 'im up in a tight box whar he kin sweat, an' Monday we sot in ter bake de pies. I make de dough wid my own han's, an' I lef' Miss Vallie fer ter bake um, wid Hamp ter keep de fire gwine. De word wuz dat 'bout half-pas' ten Hamp wuz ter fetch me all de pies dey had ready, an' den go back fer de yuthers.

"I ain't say nothin' 'bout de balance er de cakes, bekaze I 'low'd ter myse'f dat I had nuff. I had many ez I kin tote wid-out gittin' tired, an' I ain't no baby when it comes ter totin' cakes. Well, suh, I been livin' a mighty long time, but I ain't





"Ef here ain't ol' Minervy Ann wid pies!"—Page 551.

never see folks wid such a cravin' fer ginger-cakes. Fum de word go dey wuz greedy fer 'm. Hit mought er been 'kaze dey wuz des natchally hongry, en den ag'in hit mought er been bekaze de cakes call up ol' times; but no matter 'bout dat, suh, dey des showered de shinplasters down on me. 'Twa'n't de country folks doin' de most er de buyin' at fust. It 'uz de town boys an' de clerks in de stores; an' mos' 'fo' I know'd it de cakes wuz all gone, an' Hamp ain't come wid de pies.

"I would 'a' waited, suh, but dey kep' callin' fer cakes so ravenous dat bimeby I crumpled my shinplasters up in a wad an' tuck my basket an' went polin' home fer ter hurry Hamp up. He wuz des gittin' ready ter start when I got dar. I gi' Miss Vallie de money—you kin count it up yourse'f, suh; 'twuz fer fo' dozen ginger-cakes at a thrip a-piece—an' tol' her ter sen' Hamp atter some mo' flour an' 'lasses 'fo' night, 'kaze de ginger-cakes

half-gone an' court-week ain't skacely open up. Hamp, he tuck de pies an' de cakes, an' I got me one er de low cheers out'n de kitchen, kaze I done tired er settin' on de een' uv a box.

"I speck you know right whar I sot at, suh; 'twuz dar by dat big chany-tree front er Sanford's sto'. Hit sho' wuz a mighty tree. De win' done blow'd up an' blew'd it down, but de stump stan'in' dar sproutin' right now. Well, suh, right under de shadder er dat tree, on de outer aidge er de sidewalk, I tuck my stan', an' I ain't been dar long 'fo' de folks 'gun ter swarm atter my cakes, an' den when dey seed my pies—well! hit look like dey fair dribble at de mouf.

"I sol' um all 'cep' one, an' ef I'd 'a' sol' dat un, I don't speck dey'd a been any trouble; but you know what a fool a nigger kin be, suh, speshually a nigger 'oman. I tuck a notion in my min' dat I done done so pow'ful well, I'd save dat



"You see dat nigger 'oman?"—Page 553.

pie fer Marse Tumlin an' Miss Vallie. So ev'y time somebody'd come 'long an' want ter buy de pie, I'd up an' say it done sold.

"Bimeby, who should come 'long but dat ar Salem Birch! He dead now, but I speck you done hear talk un 'im, bekaze he made matters mighty hot in deze parts twel—twel—well, suh, twel he 'gun ter hone atter dat pie, ez you may say." Aunt Minervy Ann paused and rubbed her hands together, as if reflecting. Then she shook her head and laughed somewhat doubtfully.

"What dey want ter name 'im Salem fer, I'll never tell you. Hit's a Bible name, an' mo' dan dat. hit's a church name. You know it yo'self, suh, bekaze dey's a Salem church not mo'n sev'm mile fum whar we settin' at right now. *Salem Birch!* Hit bangs my time how some folks kin go on—an' I ain't nothin' but a nigger. Dey's mo' chillun ruint by der names, suh, dan any udder way. I done

notice it. Name one un um a Bible name, an' look like he bleedze ter go wrong. Name one un um atter some high an' mighty man, an' dey grows up wid des 'bout much sense ez a gate-post. I done watch um, suh.

"I speck dish yer Salem Birch would 'a' been a right good man but fer dat ar Bible name. Dat ruint 'im. I don't b'lieve dey's a man in de worl' what kin walk straight under dat name less'n he done been called fer ter be a preacher, an' Salem Birch ain't had no sech call up ter dat time. Dat much I know.

"Well, suh, dar sot de pie, an' dar wuz de ginger-cakes, ol' timers, big ter look at, but light ter handle. Eve'ybody want de pie, but my min' done made up. Some bought cakes stidder de pie, an' some des wipe der mouf an' go on. But, bimeby, here come Salem Birch, six feet high, an' his hat sot on de side er his haid like he done bought de whole town. I know'd

de minnit I laid eyes on 'im dat he had dram in 'im, an' dat he wuz up ter some devilment. Him an' his bre'r, Bill-Tom, suh, had tarryfied de whole county. Dey wuz constant a-fightin', an' ef dey couldn't git nobody else ter fight, dey'd fight 'mongst deyse'f. Yassir ! dem ar Birches had done whip der own daddy.

"An' yit, suh, dish yer Salem wa'n't no bad-lookin' man. He had long curly ha'r, an' he wuz constant a-laughin'. Ef de fac' troof wuz ter come out, I speck he had more devilment in 'im dan downright meanness; an' he wuz mean nuff, de Lord knows. But, be sech as it mought, bimeby here he come, sorter half tip-toein', like some folks do when dey feel der dram an' dunner how ter show it. He stop right front er me, suh, an' time his eye fell on me he sung out :

"*'Whoopie ! Ef here ain't ol' Minervy Ann ! Wid pies ! An' cakes ! Come on, boys ! Have some pies ! An' cakes !'*

"Well, suh, you mought er heer'd 'im a mile. He holler des like de She'ff do when he stick his haid out'n de court-house winder an' call somebody in ter court—des dat ve'y way. He say, 'How much you take fer yo' chicken-pie ?' I low, 'Hit done sol', suh.' He say, 'I'll gi' you a quarter fer dat pie.' I low, 'De pie done sol', suh.' By dat time dey wuz a right smart clump er folks come up fer see what Salem Birch wuz hollin' 'bout, an' you know yo'se'f, suh, how a half-drunk man'll do when dey's a crowd lis'nin' at him.

"He say, 'Who done bought dat pie ?' I low, 'Marse Tumlin Perdue.' He sorter draw'd hisse'f up, he did, an' say, 'Ain't



"An' he sot dar, suh, wid his haid 'twix' his han's fer I dunner how long."—Page 555.

I des ez good ez 'Tumlin Perdue?' I 'low, 'I ain't know nothin' ter de contrary, suh, but ef you is you got ter be a monstus good man.' He say, 'I is! I'm de bes' man in de county.' I 'low, 'Dat may be, suh; I ain't 'sputin' it.' By dat time I 'gun ter feel de Ol' Boy kinder ranklin' in my gizzard. He say, 'Why can't I git dat pie?' I 'low, 'Bekaze it done sol', suh.' He say, 'Fer cash?' I 'low, 'No suh; but Marse Tumlin's word is lots better'n some folks' money.'

"Well, suh, I know'd 'fo' I open my mouf dat I ought'n ter say dat, but I could'n he'p it fer ter save my neck. He say, 'Well, blast yo' black hide, my money's better'n anybody's money!' Wid dat he flung down a shinplaster quarter an' retch fer de pie. By de time he grabbed it, I grabbed it, an' he pulled an'

I pulled. I dunner whedder 'twuz de strenk in me er de dram in 'im, but in de pullin,' de box what de pie wuz on turnt over, an' my cheer turnt over, an' down come Salem Birch right spang on top er me.

"I tell you now, suh, dis skeer'd me. 'Twuz mo' dan I bargain fer. Right at de minnit, I had de idee dat de man had jumped on me an' wuz gwine ter kill me—you know how some folks is 'bout niggers. So I des give one squall——

"*Marse Tumlin! Run here, Marse Tumlin! He killin' me! Oh, Marse Tumlin!*"

"Well, suh, dey tell me dat squall wuz so inhuman it made de country hosses break loose fum de racks. One white lady at de tavern hear it, an' *she* had ter be put ter bed. Bless yo' soul, honey!



don't never say you done hear anybody blate twel you hear ol' Minervy Ann—an' de Lord knows I hope you won't never hear me.

"Dey ain't no usetalkin', suh, hit 'larmed de town. Eve'ybody broke an' run to'rds de place whar de fuss come fum. Salem Birch got up des ez quick ez he kin, an' I wuz up des ez quick ez he wuz, an' by dat time my temper done run my skeer off, an' I des blazed out at him. What I say I'll never tell you, bekaze I wuz so mad I ain't never hear myse'f talk. Some say I called 'im dis an' some say I called 'im dat, but whatsomever 'twuz, hit wa'n't no nice name—I kin promise you dat.

"'Twuz nuff ter rise his dander, an' he draw'd back his arm fer ter hit me, but des 'bout dat time Marse Tumlin shoved 'im back. Marse Tumlin 'low, 'You dirty dog! You sneakin', nasty houn'! is dis de way you does yo' fightin'?' "

"Well, suh, dis kinder skeer me ag'in, kaze I hear talk dat Salem Birch went 'bout wid dirks an' pistols on 'im, ready fer ter use um. He look at Marse Tumlin, an' his face got whiter an' whiter, an' he draw'd his breff, deep an' long.

"Marse Tumlin 'low, 'You see dat nigger 'oman? Well, ef she wuz blacker dan de hinges er hell—he say dem ve'y words, suh—'ef she wuz blacker dan de hinges er hell, she'd be whiter dan you er any er yo' thievin' gang.' An' den, suh—I 'clar' I'm mos' shame ter tell you—Marse Tumlin rise up on his tip-toes an' spit in de man's face. Yasser! Right spang in his face. You may well look 'stonish'd, suh. But ef you'd 'a' seed de way Marse Tumlin looked you'd know why Salem Birch ain't raise his han' 'cep' ter wipe his face. Ef dey ever wuz blood an' killin' in anybody's eyes, hit wuz in Marse Tumlin's right dat minnit. He stan' dar while you kin count ten, an' den he snap his thumb an' turn on his heel, an' dat ar Salem Birch tuck'n walk 'cross de public squar' an' sot down on de courthouse steps, an' he sot dar, suh, wid his haid 'twix' his han's fer I dunner how long.

"Well, suh, I know in reason dat de een' er dat business ain't come. You know how our white folks is; you kin spit in one man's face an' he not take it up, but some er his kinnery er his frien's is sho

ter take it up. So I say ter myse'f, 'Look here, nigger 'oman, you better keep yo' mouf shot an' bofe eyes open, kaze dey gwine ter be hot times in deze diggin's.' When I come ter look at um, suh, my ginger-cakes wa'n't hurt, an' de chicken-pie wuz safe an' soun' 'cept dat er little er de gravy had sorter run out. When I git thoo brushin' an' cleanin' um, I look up, I did, an' dar wuz Marse Bolivar Blasen-game walkin' up an' down right close at me. You oughter know 'im, suh, him an' Marse Tumlin married sisters, an' dey wuz ez thick ez two peas in a pod. So I 'low, 'Won't you have a ginger-cake, Marse Bolivar? I'd offer you de pie, but I'm savin' dat fer Miss Vallie.' He say he don't b'lieve his appetite run ter cakes an' pies right dat minnit. Dat make me eye 'im, suh, an' he look like he mighty glum 'bout sump'n. He des walk up an' down, up an' down, wid his han's in his pockets. It come back ter me atterwards, but I ain't pay no 'tention den, dat de folks all 'roun' town wuz kinder 'spectin' anudder fuss. Dey wuz all standin' in clumps here an' dar, some in de middle er de street, an' some on de sidewalks, but dey wa'n't nobody close ter me 'cep' Marse Bolivar. Look like dey wuz givin' us elbow room.

"De bigges' clump er folks, suh, wuz down at de public well, at de fur side er de squar', an' I notice dey kep' movin', now dis way, an' now dat, sorter swayin' like some un wuz shovin' um 'bout an' pushin' 'em 'roun'. An' dat des de way it wuz, kaze 'twan't long 'fo' somebody broke loose fum um an' come runnin' to'rds whar I wuz settin' at.

"I know'd in a minnit, suh, dat wuz Bill-Tom Birch. He wuz holdin' his han' on his wes'cut pocket fer ter keep his watch fum fallin' out. He come runnin' up, suh, an' he wuz so mad he wuz cryin'. His face wuz workin' des like it hurted 'im. He holler at me. 'Is you de——?' I won't name de name what he call me, suh. But I know ef he'd a been a nigger I'd 'a' got up fum dar an' brained 'im. I ain't say nothin'. I des sot dar an' look at 'im.

"Well, suh, he jerk a cowhide fum under his cloze—he had it run down his britches leg, an' say, 'I'll show you how you *refuse* ter sell pies when a gemman

want ter buy um.' I dunner what I'd a done, suh, ef he'd a hit me, but he ain't hit me. Marse Bolivar walk right 'twix' us an' 'low, 'You'll settle dis wid me, right here an' now.' Wid dat Bill-Tom Birch step back an' say, 'Colonel, does you take it up?' Marse Bolivar 'low, 'Dat's what I'm here fer.' Bill-Tom Birch step back a little funder and make as ef ter draw his pistol, but his han' ain't got ter his pocket 'fo' *bang!* went Marse Bolivar's gun, an' down went Bill-Tom Birch, des like somebody tripped 'im up.

"I know mighty well, suh, dat I ain't no hard-hearted nigger—anybody what know me will tell you dat—but when dat man drapt, I ain't keer no mo' dan ef he'd a been a mad dog. Dat's de Lord's trufe, ef I ever tol' it. I ain't know wharbouts de ball hit 'im, an' I wa'n't keerin'. Marse Bolivar ain't move out'n he tracks. He stood dar, he did, an' bresh de cap off'n de bairl what shot, an' fix it fer ter shoot ag'in. 'Twuz one er deze yer ervolvers, suh, what move up a notch er two when you pull de trigger.

"Well, suh, time de pistol went off, folks come runnin' fum eve'ywhars. Salem Birch, he come runnin' 'cross de public squar', bekaze he had de idee dat sump'n done happen. Marse Bolivar, he see Salem Birch a-comin', an' he walk out fum de crowd ter meet 'im. Dat make me feel sorter quare, kaze hit look like he wuz gwine ter shoot de man down. But Salem Birch seed 'im, an' he stop an' say, 'Colonel, what de name er God is de matter? Marse Bolivar make answer, 'Salem, I had ter shoot yo' bre'r.' Salem

Birch say, 'Is he dead?' Marse Bolivar 'spon', 'He ain't nigh dead. I put de ball 'twix' de hip an' de knee-j'int. He'll be up in a week.' Salem Birch say, 'Colonel, I thank you fer dat. Will you shake han's?' Marse Bolivar say dey ain't nothin' suit 'im better, bekaze he ain't got a thing ag'in de Birches.

"An' 'twuz des like Marse Bolivar say. Bill-Tom Birch wuz wuss skeer'd dan hurt, an' 'twa'n't long 'fo' he wuz well. Salem Birch, he went off ter Texas, an' dem what been dar an' come back, say dat he's one er deze yer ervival preachers, gwine 'bout doin' good an' takin' up big collections. Dat what dey say, an' I hope it's des dat away. I don't begrudge nobody de money dey makes preachin' ter sinners, bekaze hit's des nachally w'arin' ter de flesh."

At this juncture Aunt Minervy Ann called to Hamp and informed him, in autocratic tones, that it was time to cut wood with which to cook dinner. "I don't keer ef you is been ter de legislatur'," she added, "you better cut dat wood, an' cut it quick."

I suggested that she had started to tell me about Paul Conant's shoulder, but had neglected to do so.

"Ain't I tell you 'bout dat? Well, ef dat don't bang my time! Hamp, you hear dat? You better go an' make 'rangements fer ter have me put in de as'lum, bekaze I sho' is gittin' light-headed. Well, suh, dat beats all! But I'll tell you 'bout it 'fo' you go back."

Then Aunt Minervy Ann went to see about dinner.



SOME POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

By George F. Hoar

Senator from Massachusetts



HARLES SUMNER always treated me with the greatest kindness and confidence and expressed repeatedly his wish that I might be his successor.

But I cannot relate much of him which will add to the interest of the full and admirable biography by the lamented Edward L. Pierce. Mr. Pierce was not able to find any evidence that there was a religious service at Mr. Sumner's house on the day of his funeral. But my own memory and that of my wife are quite distinct in the matter. I give here a statement of Mrs. Hoar's put in writing some eight or ten years ago :

MRS. HOAR'S STATEMENT

"JUDGE HOAR came to our room, being evidently much moved by what he had seen, and stated to Mr. Hoar that Mr. Sumner had died at three o'clock, I believe, in the afternoon. As I entered the room the Judge turned and, with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'Our great Senator is dead.'

"Then, later, I went to see whom of the ladies of the Massachusetts delegation could be found in the city to arrange for us to make some gift of flowers for the funeral. I only found one, Miss Williams, at home, and we went together and ordered some flowers as a gift from the ladies of the Massachusetts delegation. We ordered a very handsome wreath of white flowers and some long palms, which we wanted to have lie on the coffin, and which were all which lay on the coffin at the house.

"On the morning of the funeral, all the Massachusetts delegation, and such of the ladies as were in the city, went to Mr. Sumner's house for a brief service before the body was taken to the Capitol. His body lay in the parlor of his house where he lived so many years, which is now a part of the Arlington Hotel, at the corner of H

Street and Vermont Avenue. The service was early—I think at half-past eight—consisting of a short prayer. There were there only a very few of the particular friends and the members of the Massachusetts delegation present. Just as the coffin was lifted, there was a soft chime which came from the clock that stood in the hall. It struck nine, and chimed ; it was a touching, sweet sound.

"The body lay in the rotunda of the Capitol for an hour before the funeral, for the general public to view. The ladies of the Massachusetts delegation sat on the floor of the Senate Chamber as mourners. It was said this was the first instance in which ladies had been admitted to the floor on such an occasion.

"It was a very cold, bleak day, and from the Capitol I hurried back to our room to get a heavy travelling rug for Mr. Hoar, who went to Boston with the delegation, as I feared he would suffer from the cold. As the procession left the Capitol, however, a great crowd was gathered about and in front of the Capitol. It was most touching to note in the crowd the large number of poor colored people—men, women, and children—who were standing there in the cold, and who followed the procession down to the railroad station, waited until the train started, and then followed the train for a long way out of the station."

My recollection, in regard to Mr. Sumner's funeral, accords with Mrs. Hoar's in all respects. I was myself notified very early in the morning of Mr. Sumner's illness. I think the message probably came from Mr. Ben. Perley Poore ; that, however, I cannot affirm. At any rate, immediately after my own breakfast, I went to Mr. Sumner's house, in consequence of a message from some person that he was very sick. I found there two or three of his friends. Surgeon-General Barnes was there, and another physician, Dr. Lincoln, was there, or came in very soon. James

Wormeley was there also, and I have no doubt Mr. Johnson, the secretary. I looked into Mr. Sumner's bed-chamber. He was lying on his side with his face turned away from the door where I entered. I went in from the large room, where he used to receive his friends and do his work. I did not go round to his bedside, so as to attract his attention. But I stood looking in at the door for a little while, and then returned to the outer room. I remained there for an hour or two, seeing a few people who came in and went out. I cannot say who these persons were. But many of them were members of the Massachusetts delegation, and, unquestionably, Mr. Henry L. Pierce was one. He was probably there before I arrived; further than this, I cannot affirm from a distinct memory.

During my stay there in the morning I was sitting alone in the outer room, when the two physicians, the Surgeon-General and Dr. Lincoln, came into the room where I was sitting. There was then no other member of the delegation in the House, and no person who sustained any relation to Mr. Sumner, that would warrant giving a direction. The doctors said they had just received a telegram from Dr. Brown-Séquard saying that he was on his way to Washington and should arrive in the afternoon, and directing that Mr. Sumner be given an electric bath. The physicians said that, in their opinion, an electric bath would do Mr. Sumner no good and would cause him great agony. They seemed, however, to think that Dr. Brown-Séquard's relations to the patient were such as to cause great embarrassment to them. They asked me to say what they ought to do. I answered that in such a case the opinion of the physicians who were present with the patient, and had seen him, ought to be followed. I considered myself as assuming a certain responsibility, as a member of the delegation, and as the person then in the house nearer to Mr. Sumner than any other. Soon after this occurrence I went to the Capitol in search of my brother, who was attending a meeting of the Committee on Foreign Relations. I called him out of the Committee-room and told him of Mr. Sumner's illness. He went back with me to the house. He went into the bed-chamber and remained with Mr. Sum-

ner until his death. I stayed at the house till after twelve o'clock, when I went to the Capitol. After the adjournment of the House, I returned to Mr. Sumner's house and remained there until some time in the afternoon, although I went away before his death. I looked into his chamber more than once. But I did not speak to him, or go to the side of the bed where he could see me, thinking that there were enough attending upon him, whose right to be there was better than mine, and that it would only disturb him to increase the number of persons in his room. I left the house before Mr. Sumner died. My brother came around after his death, to my room, and brought the news, as has been said by Mrs. Hoar.

There was a meeting of the delegation in the evening. Mr. Hooper was not present at that meeting. I have a very confident recollection that he was out of town, and that some matters relating to the funeral were left undecided until he should return. He was the member of the delegation in the House most intimate, personally, with Mr. Sumner—with the exception of Mr. Henry L. Pierce and Judge Hoar. This fact seems very clear and distinct in my memory, although, of course, like other impressions of the kind, I should yield it to a trustworthy contemporary record.

There was a religious service at the house early in the morning of the day of the funeral. After it ended, as stated above by Mrs. Hoar, the solemn silence was broken by the ringing out of the clear, sweet chime of the clock. The profound impression of that moment will never be effaced from my memory, and is as fresh as when it happened.

I myself suggested, as there were no relatives of Mr. Sumner in Washington, and no women who were closely related to him by family ties, that the wives or other ladies of the households of the members of the Massachusetts delegation should attend the funeral as mourners. That arrangement was made, after a little resistance, which came chiefly from Mr. Roscoe Conkling.

The Massachusetts delegation attended the body to Massachusetts. Mr. Sunderland, the Chaplain of the Senate, went in the funeral train as far as New York.

Mr. Hinckley, clergyman of the Unitarian Church in Washington, also accompanied the body in the special train. I suppose it was he who conducted the religious service at the house, although of that I will not be sure.

Mr. Rainey, a very eminent and excellent colored Representative from South Carolina, was one of the Committee who accompanied the body to Massachusetts. This Committee stayed over-night at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. Some of the persons employed at that hotel attempted to prevent Mr. Rainey from entering the breakfast-room with the other members of the Committee, but speedily desisted in consequence of the indignant remonstrance of his associates. Senator Beck of Kentucky, greatly to his credit, was one of the persons who interposed and insisted that Mr. Rainey should be treated with the same respect as his colleagues.

Large crowds assembled at the railroad stations in the large cities through which the funeral train passed, especially at Worcester. The most touching incident of the journey took place between Springfield and Worcester—I think in Brookfield or, possibly, Warren or Palmer. As the special train, bearing the body of the great statesman and liberator, was passing through a tract of country where there was no house in sight, at the rate, probably, of fully forty miles an hour, I saw from the car-window an elderly colored man neatly dressed in black, as he would have been for church on Sunday, with his wife and children, making a group of a half-dozen in all, standing with bared and bowed heads in the field near the railroad. He had evidently taken this method of paying his respect to the great liberator of his race, and to get a glimpse of the car which was bearing him to his grave. If a sculptor could preserve in bronze or marble that simple group as I saw it, there could be no more appropriate memorial to Charles Sumner, nor one that he would have liked better.

One thing was very noticeable about him during the last winter of his life. That was the gentleness with which he spoke of other men, even of those with whom he had had serious and angry conflicts. After his estrangement from Grant, he was

for a good while in the habit of speaking of him in private, as he did in public, with great severity. But during this last winter, he changed the subject or was silent if anybody spoke unkindly of Grant in his presence. The last time I saw him alive, except on his death-bed, was about a week before his fatal attack. I went to his house on some business errand in the evening. I found him entirely alone. After disposing of what I had to say, I rose to depart. He took hold of my arm and forced me down into a chair and said, "Pray stay." He seemed lonesome and yearning for companionship. I sat down and remained an hour or two. He was in a most confidential mood and poured out his heart about many matters in his life. He told me his own theory of his disease. He thought the concussion of the spine, caused by Brooks's blows upon his head, had occasioned an effusion of a watery substance, holding bony particles in solution at the joint in the spine from which issues the system of nerves connected with the chest. In time this matter, being deposited, hardened into a bony substance which pressed upon the nerves at their origin in the spine, impaired their vital power, and caused the disease known as angina pectoris. He said that during his last attack, which had lasted some hours, he expected to die, and calculated in his mind how long it was possible his life could endure the intense agony which he was suffering.

He was always eagerly desirous of sympathy, although, as everybody knows, he said and did what seemed to him right, no matter who might differ from him. If he had made a speech in the Senate he liked to call my attention to it. If he saw me he would say, "Read me in the *Globe* to-morrow morning," or "Have you seen our debate in the Senate yesterday." He was especially gratified that, in an humble way, I stood by him in the matter of San Domingo. I have so frequently expressed my love and reverence for Sumner in writing and public speech that I ought not to dwell upon him here. But certainly he will ever be one of the most striking figures in the history of America and in the history of liberty. His was, as Bishop Huntington so beautifully said, "A good image and a superb life." Is there any-

thing in the annals of eloquence more sublime than the sentences with which he begins his first speech, when he resumed his seat in the Senate after a long illness, which the crime of a ruffian had caused him?

Sumner loved his friends and associates ardently. The loss of a friendship to him was a deep wound. So much more is it to his honor that he never wavered, faltered, or flinched.

He was always a moralist. He valued a work of art for the moral lesson it conveyed. He had none of that immoral and pernicious quality of taste or intellect which values a saying because it is well phrased, or an orator because of his success as an artist, without regard to the truth of the sentiment or the justice of the cause.

It has been said that Mr. Pierce edited Sumner as if he were a constitution. He was right. If the rules of civil conduct which Charles Sumner wrote down and obeyed and exemplified were to be taken by his successors who are called to share in the government, as an inexorable and inflexible code, with an authority no more to be disputed than that of the Constitution itself, we should rise instantly into

An ampler ether, a diviner air.

It has been said that Charles Sumner was not practical. He was the most practical of modern statesmen. Everything he did ought to have been done; everything he tried to do and failed to do ought to have been done. The progress of the cause of the negro in this country stopped when he died. The progress of the cause of equal rights and equal suffrage was arrested at his death. What has been called sometimes the failure of the reconstruction policy, what has been called sometimes the error of the Republican Party in giving the negro suffrage, was due to the fact that the condition which he demanded of securing complete education by national authority was not accomplished because of the blindness or the treachery of some Republican leaders.

But he almost always succeeded. The experience of his life did not shake, but confirmed, the opinions which he formed in youth. He ever

Through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

His principles as to peace are no exception to this statement. His doctrine did not exclude self-defence and did not exclude a just national authority. His doctrine has made great advances, as witnessed by our patient endurance of the aggravation of Canada, which we would not forty years ago have borne for a single year. Witness also the treaty with England of 1871 and the Bering Sea arbitration.

I was in Europe in the summer of 1871. I expected to remain abroad until about the time of the November election. But one evening I was invited in London to dine with Mr. Smalley, the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who had been a student in my office. Among the guests were General Walker and the late Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*. They had just come from home and told me that General Butler was pressing his candidacy with great earnestness for the Republican nomination for Governor, and that he was quite likely to succeed. His opponents were divided among half a dozen candidates, including Dr. Loring, Mr. Alexander H. Rice, Mr. Harvey Jewell, and two or three others. My first thought was that I was well out of a disagreeable scrape. But I instantly saw how destructive to honest administration and to the Republican Party would be the election of General Butler as a Republican Governor in Massachusetts, and I felt I could not honestly keep out of the canvass. I remained talking the matter over with General Walker and Mr. Bowles until a late hour in the evening, giving up another social engagement which I had made. When I went back to my room, I sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. W. W. Rice of Worcester, stating to him that, in my opinion, William B. Washburn was the only candidate on whom the opponents of General Butler could successfully unite, and urging that he should at once set about promoting his candidacy. Mr. Rice was a cousin of Governor Washburn, and a man of great influence in Worcester County. I went down to the office of the Cunard steamers early the next morning, and engaged my passage home for the first boat on which I could get a berth. I got home in August, and entered at once into the campaign. I wrote a letter,

which was printed, stating my reasons for preferring Mr. Washburn. His friends went into the convention with Worcester County almost united in his support, and a large force from the western part of the State, and as many Middlesex delegates as were within the special influence of my brother, Judge Hoar, who also took a very earnest part in the campaign. The night before the convention, a committee of the friends of Washburn, of whom Mr. E. R. Hoar was chairman, met a committee of the friends of each of the other candidates opposed to Butler, and asked them to say who, in their judgment, would be the best candidate next to their own favorite. To which all replied, "Mr. Washburn." It then became easy to secure the withdrawal of the other candidates and the union upon Washburn. I was chosen to preside over the convention. It sat steadily from eleven o'clock in the morning until about three o'clock the next morning. It was the most difficult and anxious duty which I ever had to perform, as a presiding officer, except that of presiding over the National Convention of 1880, when Garfield was nominated over Grant and Blaine, after a strife which threatened to rend the Republican Party in twain. I supposed, when I went down to the hall in the morning, that the chances were about even that I should go home at night in considerable disgrace. Butler's scheme was, if he could not carry the convention, to split it in two on some pretext, which would enable him to insist that his partisans were the regular Republican Party, and to retain his influence with the Administration at Washington as a dispenser of patronage. Our problem was to unite the supporters of the various opponents to Butler, keep them in hand, control the convention, and so conduct it as to give Butler no pretext for a secession. This we successfully accomplished.

It is not quite time to make public the inner history of the great Chicago Convention of 1880, farther than I have given it in a preceding article. I think these two imposed probably the most difficult tasks upon the presiding officer in the history of like bodies in this country.

The most important public events in which I have taken a very considerable

part were those which grew out of the dispute as to the presidential election of 1876. It is to be hoped that our institutions may never again be put to so severe a strain. When the votes in that election were counted, it appeared that Hayes and Wheeler, the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President, had received 185 votes, and their competitors, Tilden and Hendricks, had received 184 votes. So if the vote of one of the electors claimed by the Republicans to have been duly chosen should be held invalid, there would be no choice of President, and the election must be made by the House of Representatives voting by States, the result of which would have been to elect Mr. Tilden; and if more than one of the Republican votes were held invalid, the result would be a majority for Tilden in the Electoral College. It is not necessary to recall the political history of the period preceding this great controversy. But it may be worth while to state briefly the legal and constitutional history of that angry and dangerous contest.

The white Democrats of the South never submitted in good faith to the constitutional provisions giving suffrage to the blacks. The colored vote was unanimously Republican. With a fair election, without intimidation at the polls or fraud in counting, there would have been a large Republican majority in several States, including Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee, and probably North Carolina. The Democrats, however, had regained, one after another, by the processes to which I have referred, before 1876, the control of the election officers in all these States except Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana. In that way they were able to make the South solid for the Democratic Party, without regard to the will of the majority. It is not pleasant to revive this odious history, which is to be found in the reports of numberless committees of investigation appointed by one or the other House of Congress. It is one of the most disgraceful chapters, not only in the history of this country, but in the history of mankind.

In 1876 Mr. Tilden's supporters expected to carry New York, Indiana, Connecticut, and New Jersey, which, with the solid

South, which they also expected to carry, would give him a majority in the Electoral Colleges. The Democrats were successful in these four States. But it appeared, when the votes were counted, that the Republican electors were chosen in the three States of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Each of these States, like all the other States of the Union, had a board of officers whose duty it was to ascertain the result of the election and to give the certificate of their election to the persons chosen. They were authorized by the laws of their respective States to inquire into any allegations of illegality in any local precinct, and to determine finally the true title of the persons claimed to be elected. The Democratic Party, especially Mr. Tilden, were not disposed to submit calmly to their defeat. If they could strike one from the column of the Republican electors they could throw the election into the House, and if they could strike off two Mr. Tilden would be chosen by a majority of the Electoral Colleges. They made their attack on South Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida. In South Carolina and Louisiana there was a large majority of colored men who were unanimously Republicans, besides a considerable number of white Republicans. In Florida the two races were about equal, but there was a large number of white settlers from the North. So, upon an honest vote, there was no question in the mind of any reasonable man that the Republicans were in the majority.

The Democrats directed their attack upon the action of the election boards in each of these three States, and undertook to show that the decision had been wrong in instances enough to change the result. There was a large Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, and a Republican majority in the Senate. Two questions came up. First : Who was entitled to count the electoral vote under the Constitution? One party claimed that this power was vested in the President of the Senate, and that the two Houses were present only as spectators. Others claimed that the power to count the vote was lodged in the two Houses of Congress. The Republicans were divided upon this proposition. The Democrats were united in claiming the power for the two Houses, with, I believe, the single exception of Mr. White,

Senator from Maryland and grandson and namesake of the famous orator and statesman, William Pinckney.

Second : The parties were divided as to the extent of the right of the persons clothed with the power of counting the votes. The Democrats claimed that they might go behind the decision of the State tribunals, and might declare the truth of the election contrary to that adjudication. The Republicans claimed that the Constitution gave to the State the exclusive power of appointing electors without any interference from national authority, and that the final determination who was lawfully appointed was also vested in the State without any interference from any other authority whatever ; and that the duty of counting the vote, whether exercised by the President of the Senate or by the two Houses, was simply the duty of adding together the votes returned by the certificates from the States. Nobody had any suggestion as to what should be done if the two Houses, as was not unlikely, should differ in their opinion, except that some persons, who claimed the authority for the Senate and the House, thought that if they disagreed the President of the Senate must, from the necessity of the case, declare the vote according to his own opinion.

The situation was full of danger. But for the fact that our terrible civil war was so recent, it does not now seem to me that we should have found a peaceful solution. When I went to Washington in the beginning of the December session in 1876, I could see no outcome but civil war. I thought we should find some method to escape it ; but I did not then see what that method would be. A committee was appointed by each House to confer with a like committee appointed by the other to prepare and report such a measure, either legislative or constitutional, as might, in their judgment, be best calculated to solve the difficulty. The resolve for that purpose was introduced in the House by Mr. McCrary, of Iowa. He introduced it at the suggestion and instigation of Mr. Blaine, who was very earnest indeed in urging upon his Republican associates the necessity for some such step. The proposition to raise the committee was adopted with entire unanimity. The joint committee consisted of the following members :

Senators Edmunds, of Vermont ; Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey ; Conkling, of New York ; Morton, of Indiana ; Thurman, of Ohio ; Bayard, of Delaware ; Ransom, of North Carolina. Representatives Paine, of Ohio ; Hunton, of Virginia ; Hewitt, of New York ; Springer, of Illinois ; McCrary, of Iowa ; Hoar, of Massachusetts ; Willard, of Michigan.

After many sessions, sometimes protracted far into the night, the committee devised the scheme known as the Electoral Commission. The other members contributed many important and valuable suggestions and criticisms ; but the two persons who had, I think, most to do with perfecting the measure were Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, and Mr. McCrary, of Iowa. There was never a more perfect piece of legislative machinery. When it started, it must go through and accomplish its work with the inevitable precision and certainty of a clock. There was one slight exception to this statement, which, however, occasioned no difficulty in fact. The scheme in substance was that, on the day fixed for counting the electoral votes, the two Houses should meet for that purpose of convention. If an objection were made, signed by at least one senator and one member of the House of Representatives, the Senate should withdraw, the objection be submitted to the Senate, and the objection in like manner be submitted to the House of Representatives. No electoral vote from any State from which but one return had been received could be rejected except by the affirmative vote of the two Houses. In case of more than one return, the returns were to be submitted to a commission constituted of five representatives, five senators, and five justices of the Supreme Court. The four justices of the Supreme Court then longest in commission were designated in the act, and they were to select a fifth in such manner as a majority of them should deem fit. To this commission the returns were to be submitted. They were to determine what was the true and lawful vote of the State in dispute, their decision to prevail in the count unless the two Houses of Congress should concur to reject it. The statute provided carefully for the limitation of debate and against the possibility of delaying action by filibustering.

The bill passed the Senate, where the Republicans were in a majority, by a decisive vote. But when it came up in the House the Republicans became frightened. They saw that it was quite likely that Mr. David Davis would be chosen by the judges the fifth member from the Court. He had been formerly a Republican and was a zealous friend of Lincoln, in whose nomination he had taken an important part, and who had appointed him to the Supreme Court. But Mr. Davis, like some other men who had been loyal to the country during the war, was understood to have an eager desire for political office and to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Blaine, who had been consulted at every step, and who had personally urged upon me the importance of the legislation needed to get the country out of this difficulty, became afraid that the election which we had so clearly won would be thrown away, and that we should go home to encounter the reproach from Republicans there that the fruits of the victory they had achieved had been lost through our timidity. He concluded that it was better to defeat the bill and trust to the presiding officer of the Senate to carry us through. He was followed by the large majority of the Republicans in the House. I myself supported the bill and had the pleasure of being sustained by my Republican colleagues from Massachusetts as well as by Mr. McCrary, who had had so large a share in framing it.

The consideration which alarmed the Republicans tended to make the Democrats, both in the House and Senate, solid for the measure. But after the bill had passed, an unexpected event disturbed the Democratic calculation. Judge Davis was chosen Senator by the Legislature of Illinois on January 25th, the day before the final vote in the House, but after the Democratic leaders were thoroughly committed. Judge Davis himself saw the great impropriety of taking a place on the commission under such circumstances, and Mr. Justice Bradley, a Republican, was chosen in his stead.

This result was not accomplished, however, without a long struggle in the House. It so happened that the statute, perfect and admirable in all other respects, had

omitted to make any provision for the assembling of the commission. I myself discovered this defect and drew up a paper and carried it to all the members of the commission for signature, agreeing to meet at eleven o'clock on the morning of January 31st. I called at Judge Clifford's room about nine o'clock in the evening the night before, to present the paper to him. There were some guests present. He took me aside and told me, apparently with much emotion, that the judges had been in session all day, and had been unable to agree upon the fifth member of the court to sit upon the commission, and that he very much feared they would be unable to agree, and that the whole matter would fall through. I was, as may be well believed, much distressed. But I went to the Supreme Court room, the place of meeting, a few minutes before eleven o'clock the next morning, and there saw Mr. Justice Bradley alone in the room without his overcoat and hat. I saw at once that he had been elected as the fifth member of the commission. That instant was one of the supreme moments which sometimes come in life, upon which great historic events hang. It assured me that the danger of civil war was over, and that we were to have a tribunal who could be trusted to declare the result according to law. I can think of no instant of my life in which so much supreme pleasure was concentrated, unless it were the time when, sitting in the chair of the great convention of 1880, at Chicago, I saw one State after another wheel into line to the support of the nomination of Garfield, and knew that the danger that that great historic party would be rent in twain had passed by.

The doctrine affirmed by that commission is very simple. I suppose no considerable number of intelligent men of any party could be found to question it now. It seems strange that it could ever have been questioned. It is

1. That the electors are State officers, and that the State, which has power to choose them, must also determine for itself whom it has chosen; and that the function of the national authority appointed to count the vote is merely to count the votes of persons so determined by the State itself to have been duly elected.

This principle disposed of the contested questions in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Another question came up in the case of Oregon. There the official board whose duty it was to count the votes declared three Republicans to have been duly chosen. It appeared to the commission that the Secretary of State of Oregon was the officer to whom the State had intrusted the duty of determining what persons were duly chosen electors. The Secretary accordingly found these three persons duly chosen. One of them was a Mr. Watts. The question having arisen as to Mr. Watts's eligibility, he resigned, and the other two electors, according to law, chose a person in his place, and the three members of the college so made up cast their votes for Hayes and Wheeler. The Governor of the State, however, who had the duty of certifying to the election—not of deciding who was elected, but only of certifying to the fact as it should appear by the record—held that Watts was ineligible, that the votes cast for him were without effect, and accordingly that his Democratic competitor was chosen. The commission held that, while the decision of the State authority as to who was chosen was conclusive, the mere certificate of the certifying officer of the State was not conclusive; that we could go behind the Governor's certificate and find the truth, not of the election, but of the determination of the election by the competent authority. It was as if the executive of the State, who, under the constitution and laws, has the power of certifying to the election of a senator, were to disregard the truth and certify to the election of a person not duly chosen. The Senate would go behind the certificate and find the fact. Accordingly, it being undisputed that the proper authority had found Watts duly elected, we accepted that decision as final, notwithstanding the erroneous certificate of the Governor to the contrary.

I have in recent years conversed with numerous Democrats of great distinction from all parts of the country. Without an exception they have assured me that they are now satisfied with the correctness of the decision of the electoral commission, and that any other result would, in all probability, have led to the overthrow of our institutions. Indeed, it seems to

me that no intelligent man can question, in the light of the history of the action of Congress in both houses upon election cases, that the committing to Congress the power to determine who is chosen President by inquiring into the elections in all the States, going behind the decision of the State authorities and taking evidence as to the conduct of the election, the counting of the votes, and the title to vote of individual voters, would lead in nearly every instance of a close or doubtful struggle to declaring the result of the election according to the partisan feeling of the two Houses.

Indeed, the exercise of such a power is substantially impossible. The short time after the election before the new President is to be inaugurated would make it impossible to complete such inquiries. When the State to be investigated is near the seat of government and the inquiry relates to a few election precincts only, it might be possible that Congress should act intelligently. But it would be impossible as to the great States on the Pacific Coast or as to a State like New York if the question were raised as to twenty or one hundred election districts instead of one.

One very singular fact I ought to state. It is well known that Senators Bayard and Thurman, Democratic members of the Electoral Commission, had, in debate in the Senate the year before, very earnestly combated the notion that any such power could exist in Congress. I visited Boston shortly after the decision of the Electoral Commission and dined with a law club at the house of Mr. Gray, then Chief Justice of Massachusetts. The gentlemen who were present told me that, at the meeting of the club the year before, the question of the right of Congress to go behind the decision of the State, to which the public attention had been drawn by a bill then pending in Congress, was raised. Judge Abbott, also a Democratic member of the commission, was a member of the club. He made a very earnest argument against the power of Congress and in favor of the conclusiveness of the State adjudication. Judge Thomas, also a member of the club, expressed dissent from Mr. Abbott's conclusion. Mr. Abbott was interrupted in his very earnest argument by Judge

Dwight Foster, who was putting some question to him, when William G. Russell laid his hand on Foster's shoulder and said, "Let him alone, let him alone. He was never doing better in his life." On my return to Washington, Mr. Kernan, who had taken Judge Thurman's place on the commission in consequence of Thurman's sickness, sat next to me in the parlor car. I related to him this anecdote and called his attention to the fact of the speeches of Messrs. Bayard and Thurman. Kernan replied, "You will never hear me question the soundness of the principle on which the commission acted." So four of the eight Democratic members had at some time in their lives agreed in opinion with the eight Republicans.

If anything were wanting to vindicate the Electoral Commission, it will be found in the fact that Congress has since, with substantial unanimity, enacted a law which affirms precisely the principle on which the commission proceeded, and would be totally unconstitutional if that principle were wrong. Under it every presidential count since has taken place.

I wish to put on record here what I have said heretofore in public, and what has been stated also by others on my authority. Mr. Justice Clifford was probably as much disappointed by the action of the commission as any man in the United States. He was to the end of his life a very ardent partisan. But it became his duty, as president of the commission, to certify to the one or the other House the action in the various cases. It was my duty to prepare the communications to the Speaker or the President of the Senate, to be signed by Judge Clifford, president of the commission. Mr. Edmunds, to whom that duty would naturally have fallen, was quite ill during nearly the whole session of the commission from a malarial disorder contracted, I believe, in Italy. We got our work done just in time. The final action of the two Houses on the report of the commission was had early in the morning of Sunday, the 4th of March, just as the day was breaking. On two or three occasions, by delaying action for ten or fifteen minutes, which the Judge might easily have done without anybody having the right to impute to him an unreasonable procrastination, he could have made

a motion to take a day's recess in the House in order, and so have prevented the accomplishment of the proceeding in time. But he was as conscientious, prompt, and in all respects anxious to do his duty as the certifying officer as if the decision had been in accordance with his own opinion and in favor of his own party.

I got very little sleep during all the weeks while the commission was in session. I had to be in the House of Representatives when their reports were considered. The commission sat to a late hour in the night, frequently till past midnight. When I got to my room I found there newspaper correspondents with stories of the arrival of ruffians and of large numbers of Democrats from the South and West, for the purpose of violent interference with the proceedings. Watterson of the *Louisville Journal*, a well-known Democratic editor, announced his purpose to come to Washington with 100,000 men to overawe Congress. The disabling of a single Republican member of the commission would have thrown the choice of another member into the Democratic House, where it was quite probable a successor of a different way of thinking would have been chosen. The members of the commission were guarded carefully by detectives on their way to and from the Capitol. I did not then think and do not now think there was any danger. I walked alone to the Capitol in the morning, although late at night General Garfield and I used to ride home together in a carriage accompanied by one or two of the officers of the House. I used to go to bed, and, after sleeping a few minutes, wake up and lie restless almost the whole of the night. The only good night's sleep I got was one Saturday night when we adjourned early and I attended an exhibition of marionettes in the evening, which made my sides sore with laughing. Hearty laughter is the best cure for insomnia which I ever discovered.

Considering the intense excitement, the Democratic Party submitted to their disappointment in a manner which was, on the whole, quite creditable to them. This was due very largely to the influence of Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, and, I suppose, to that of Mr. Bayard, of Delaware. There was an attempt in the House of Repre-

sentatives in the next Congress, led by Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, to reopen the question. A committee was appointed. The Republicans were exceedingly alarmed.

Shortly after Mr. Potter's committee was appointed, it was expected that a report would be made denying the validity of President Hayes's title, and that the Democratic House of Representatives would be advised to refuse to acknowledge him as President. This would have thrown the government into great confusion and would have made a square issue. A caucus of Republican senators was held and a committee raised with directions to report what action, if any, ought to be taken by the Senate in the matter. I was a member of that committee and was requested by my associates to prepare an address to the people, to be signed by the Republican senators, arraigning the Democratic leaders for their unjustifiable and revolutionary course, and pointing out the public danger. The committee had a second meeting. I read them the address which I had prepared, which I still have in my possession. They had pretty much agreed to it when Mr. Conkling, a member of the committee who had not attended the previous meeting, came in late. The document was read to him. He opposed the whole plan with great earnestness and indignation, spoke with great severity of President Hayes, and said that he hoped it would be the last time that any man in the United States would attempt to steal the Presidency. Mr. Conkling's influence in the Senate and in the country was then quite powerful. It was thought best not to issue the appeal unless it were to have the unanimous support of the Republicans. But the discovery of some cipher dispatches implicating some well-known persons in an attempt to bribe the canvassing boards in the South and to purchase some Republican electors in the South and one in Oregon, tended to make the leading members of that party sick of the whole matter. President Hayes served out his term peacefully and handed over the executive power, not only to a Republican successor, but to a member of the majority of the electoral commission. So it seems clear that the bulk of the American people had little sympathy with the complaints.



Rough Riders in the Trenches.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

IN THE TRENCHES



The Mascot "Josephine."

WHEN the shrapnel burst among us on the hill-side we made up our minds that we had better settle down to solid siege work. All of the men who were not in the trenches I took off to the right, back of the Gatling guns, where there was a valley, and dispersed them by troops in sheltered parts. It took us an hour or two's experimenting to find out exactly what spots

were free from danger, because some of the Spanish sharp-shooters were in trees in our front, where we could not possibly place them from the trenches; and these were able to reach little hollows and depressions where the men were entirely safe from the Spanish artillery and from their trench-fire. Moreover, in one hollow, which we thought safe, the Spaniards succeeded in dropping a shell, a fragment of which went through the head of one of my men, who, astonishing to say, lived, although unconscious, for two hours afterward. Finally, I got all eight troops settled, and the men promptly proceeded to

make themselves as much at home as possible. For the next twenty-four hours, however, the amount of comfort was small, as in the way of protection and covering we only had what blankets, rain-coats, and hammocks we took from the dead Spaniards. Ammunition, which was, of course, the most vital need, was brought up in abundance; but very little food reached us. That afternoon we had just enough to allow each man for his supper two hardtacks, and one hardtack extra for every four men.

During the first night we had dug trenches sufficient in length and depth to shelter our men and insure safety against

ing-line. Under the intense heat, crowded down in cramped attitudes in the rank, newly dug, poisonous soil of the trenches, the men needed to be relieved every six hours or so. Accordingly, in the late morning, and again in the afternoon, I arranged for their release. On each occasion I waited until there was a lull in the firing and then started a sudden rush by the relieving party, who tumbled into the trenches every which way. The movement resulted on each occasion in a terrific outburst of fire from the Spanish lines, which proved quite harmless; and as it gradually died away the men who had been relieved got out as best they could. Fortunately, by the next day I was able to abandon this primitive, though thrilling and wholly novel, military method of relief.

When the hardtack came up that afternoon I felt much sympathy for the hungry unfortunates in the trenches and hated to condemn them to six hours more without food; but I did not know how to get food into them. Little McGinty, the bronco-buster, volunteered to make the attempt, and I gave him permission.



One of Lieutenant Parker's Gatlings.

attack, but we had not put in any traverses or approaches, nor had we arranged the trenches at all points in the best places for offensive work; for we were working at night on ground which we had but partially explored. Later on an engineer officer stated that he did not think our work had been scientific; and I assured him that I did not doubt that he was right, for I had never before seen a trench, excepting those we captured from the Spaniards, or heard of a traverse, save as I vaguely remembered reading about them in books. For such work as we were engaged in, however, the problem of intrenchment was comparatively simple, and the work we did proved entirely adequate. No man in my regiment was ever hit in the trenches or going in or out of them.

But on the first day there was plenty of excitement connected with relieving the fir-

He simply took a case of hardtack in his arms and darted toward the trenches. The distance was but short, and though there was an outburst of fire, he was actually missed. One bullet, however, passed through the case of hardtack just before he disappeared with it into the trench. A trooper named Shanafelt repeated the feat, later, with a pail of coffee. Another trooper, George King, spent a leisure hour in the rear making soup out of some rice and other stuff he found in a Spanish house; he brought some of it to General Wood, Jack Greenway, and myself, and nothing could have tasted more delicious.

At this time our army in the trenches numbered about 11,000 men; and the Spaniards in Santiago about 9,000, their reinforcements having just arrived. Nobody on the firing-line, whatever was the case in the rear, felt the slightest uneasiness as



Bomb proofs Behind the Main Trenches Before Santiago.
(The position taken by the Rough Riders in their second charge on July 18.)

to the Spaniards being able to break out ; but there were plenty who doubted the advisability of trying to rush the heavy earthworks and wire defences in our front.

All day long the firing continued—musketry and cannon. Our artillery gave up the attempt to fight on the firing-line, and was withdrawn well to the rear out of range of the Spanish rifles ; so far as we could see, it accomplished very little. The dynamite gun was brought up to the right of the regimental line. It was more effective than the regular artillery because it was fired with smokeless powder, and as it was used like a mortar from behind the hill, it did not betray its presence, and those firing it suffered no loss. Every few shots it got out of order, and the Rough Rider machinists and those furnished by Lieutenant Parker—whom we by this time began to consider as an exceedingly valuable member of our own regiment—would spend an hour or two in setting it right. Sergeant Borrowe had charge of it and handled it well. With him was Sergeant Guitillas, a gallant old fellow, a veteran of the Civil War, whose duties were properly those of standard-bearer, he having charge of the yellow cavalry standard of the regiment ;

but in the Cuban campaign he was given the more active work of helping run the dynamite gun. The shots from the dynamite gun made a terrific explosion, but they did not seem to go accurately. Once one of them struck a Spanish trench and wrecked part of it. On another occasion one struck a big building, from which there promptly swarmed both Spanish cavalry and infantry, on whom the Colt automatic guns played with good effect, during the minute that elapsed before they could get other cover.

These Colt auto-

matic guns were not, on the whole, very successful. The gun detail was under the charge of Sergeant (afterward Lieutenant) Tiffany, assisted by some of our best men, like Stephens, Crowninshield, Bradley, Smith, and Herrig. The guns were mounted on tripods. They were too heavy for men to carry any distance, and we could not always get mules. They would have been more effective if mounted on wheels, as the Gatlings were. Moreover, they proved more delicate than the Gatlings, and very readily got out of order. A further and serious disadvantage was that they did not use the Krag ammunition, as the Gatlings did, but the Mauser ammunition. The Spanish cartridges which we captured came in quite handily for this reason. Parker took the same fatherly interest in these two Colts that he did in the dynamite gun, and finally I put all three and their men under his immediate care, so that he had a battery of seven guns.

In fact, I think Parker deserved rather more credit than any other one man in the entire campaign. I do not allude especially to his courage and energy, great though they were, for there were hundreds of his fellow-officers of the cavalry and infantry who possessed as much of the former quality, and scores who possessed as much of the latter ; but he had the rare good judgment and foresight to see the possibilities of the machine-guns, and, thanks to the aid of General Shafter, he was able to organize his battery. He then, by his own exertions, got it to the front and proved that it could do invaluable work on the field of battle, as much in attack as in defence. Parker's Gatlings were our inseparable companions throughout the siege. After our trenches were put in final shape, he took off the wheels of a couple and placed them with our own two Colts in the trenches. His gunners slept beside the Rough Riders in the bomb-proofs, and the men shared with one another when either side got a supply of beans or of coffee and sugar ; for Parker was as wide-awake and energetic in getting food for his men as we prided ourselves upon being in getting food for ours. Besides, he got oil, and let our men have plenty for their rifles. At no hour of the day or night was Parker anywhere but



Sergeant Guitillas, a Veteran of the Civil War.

The standard-bearer of the Rough Riders, and attached to the dynamite gun.



The Dynamite Gun on the Right of the Regimental Line.

where we wished him to be in the event of an attack. If I was ordered to send a troop of Rough Riders to guard some road or some break in the lines, we usually got Parker to send a Gatling along, and whether the change was made by day or by night, the Gatling went, over any ground and in any weather. He never exposed the Gatlings needlessly or unless there was some object to be gained, but if serious fighting broke out, he always took a hand. Sometimes this fighting would be the result of an effort on our part to quell the fire from the Spanish trenches; sometimes the Spaniards took the initiative; but at whatever hour of the twenty-four serious fighting began, the drumming of the Gatlings was soon heard through the cracking of our own carbines.

I have spoken thus of Parker's Gatling detachment. How can I speak highly enough of the regular cavalry with whom it was our good fortune to serve? I do not believe that in any army of the world could be found a more gallant and soldierly body of fighters than the officers and men of the First, Third, Sixth, Ninth, and

Tenth United States Cavalry, beside whom we marched to blood-bought victory under the tropic skies of Santiago. The American regular sets the standard of excellence. When we wish to give the utmost possible praise to a volunteer organization, we say that it is as good as the regulars. I was exceedingly proud of the fact that the regulars treated my regiment as on a complete equality with themselves, and were as ready to see it in a post of danger and responsibility as to see any of their own battalions. Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst, a man from whom praise meant a good deal, christened us "the Eleventh United States Horse," and we endeavored, I think I may say successfully, to show that we deserved the title by our conduct, not only in fighting and in marching, but in guarding the trenches and in policing camp. In less than sixty days the regiment had been raised, organized, armed, equipped, drilled, mounted, dismounted, kept for a fortnight on transports, and put through two victorious aggressive fights in very difficult country, the loss in killed and wounded amounting to a quarter of those engaged. This

is a record which it is not easy to match in the history of volunteer organizations. The loss was but small compared to that which befell hundreds of regiments in some of the great battles of the later years of the Civil War; but it may be doubted whether there was any regiment which made such a record during the first months of any of our wars.

After the battle of San Juan my men had really become veterans; they and I under-

their spirit of ready soldierly obedience to make up for any deficiencies in the technique of the trade which they had temporarily adopted. It must be remembered that they were already good individual fighters, skilled in the use of the horse and the rifle, so that there was no need of putting them through the kind of training in which the ordinary raw recruit must spend his first year or two.

On July 2d, as the day wore on, the



A Dismounted Gatling in the Trenches.

stood each other perfectly, and trusted each other implicitly; they knew I would share every hardship and danger with them, would do everything in my power to see that they were fed, and so far as might be, sheltered and spared; and in return I knew that they would endure every kind of hardship and fatigue without a murmur, and face every danger with entire fearlessness. I felt utter confidence in them, and would have been more than willing to put them to any task which any crack regiment of the world, at home or abroad, could perform. They were natural fighters, men of great intelligence, great courage, great hardihood, and physical prowess; and I could draw on these qualities and upon

fight, though raging fitfully at intervals, gradually died away. The Spanish guerrillas were causing us much trouble. They showed great courage, exactly as did their soldiers who were defending the trenches. In fact, the Spaniards throughout showed precisely the qualities they did early in the century, when, as every student will remember, their fleets were a helpless prey to the English war-ships, and their armies utterly unable to stand in the open against those of Napoleon's marshals, while on the other hand their guerillas performed marvellous feats, and their defence of intrenchments and walled towns, as at Saragossa and Gerona, were the wonder of the civilized world.



Colonel Roosevelt and Rough Riders at the Point where they Charged Over the Hill at San Juan

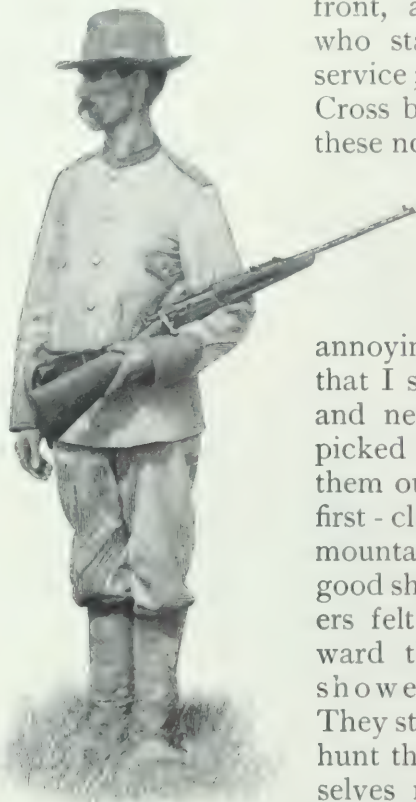
In our front their sharp-shooters crept up before dawn and either lay in the thick jungle or climbed into some tree with dense foliage. In these places it proved almost impossible to place them, as they kept cover very carefully, and their smokeless powder betrayed not the slightest sign of their whereabouts. They caused us a great deal of annoyance and some little loss, and though our own sharp-shooters were continually taking shots at the places where they supposed them to be, and though occasionally we would play a Gatling or a Colt all through the top of a suspicious tree, I but twice saw Spaniards brought down out of their perches from in front of our lines—on each occasion the fall of the Spaniard being hailed with loud cheers by our men.

These sharp-shooters in our front did perfectly legitimate work, and were entitled to all credit for their courage and skill. It was different with the guerillas in our rear. Quite a number of these had been posted in trees at the time of the San Juan fight. They were using, not Mausers, but Remingtons, which shot smokeless powder and a brass-coated bullet. It was one of these bullets which had hit Winslow Clark by my side on Kettle Hill; and though for long-range fighting the Remingtons were, of course, nothing like as good as the Mausers, they were equally serviceable for short-range bush work, as they used smokeless powder. When our troops advanced and the Spaniards in the trenches and in reserve behind the hill fled, the guerillas in the trees had no time to get away and in consequence were left in the rear of our lines. As we found out from the prisoners we took, the Spanish officers had been careful to instil into the minds of their soldiers the belief that the Americans never granted quarter, and I suppose it was in consequence of this that the guerillas did not surrender; for we found that the Spaniards were anxious enough to surrender as soon as they be-

came convinced that we would treat them mercifully. At any rate, these guerillas kept up in their trees and showed not only courage but wanton cruelty and barbarity. At times they fired upon armed men in bodies, but they much preferred for their victims the unarmed attendants, the doctors, the chaplains, the hospital stewards. They fired at the men who were bearing off the wounded in litters; they fired at the

doctors who came to the front, and at the chaplains who started to hold burial service; the conspicuous Red Cross brassard worn by all of these non-combatants, instead of serving as a protection, seemed to make them the special objects of the guerilla fire. So

annoying did they become that I sent out that afternoon and next morning a detail of picked sharp-shooters to hunt them out, choosing, of course, first-class woodsmen and mountain men who were also good shots. My sharp-shooters felt very vindictively toward these guerillas and showed them no quarter. They started systematically to hunt them, and showed themselves much superior at the guerillas' own game, killing eleven, while not one of my men was scratched. Two of



Trooper Morrison, formerly
a Baptist Minister.

the men who did conspicuously good service in this work were Troopers Goodwin and Proffit, both of Arizona, but one by birth a Californian and the other a North Carolinian. Goodwin was a natural shot, not only with the rifle and revolver, but with the sling. Proffit might have stood as a type of the mountaineers described by John Fox and Miss Murfree. He was a tall, sinewy, handsome man of remarkable strength, an excellent shot and a thoroughly good soldier. His father had been a Confederate officer, rising from the ranks, and if the war had lasted long enough the son would have risen in the same manner. As it was, I should have been glad to have given him a commission, exactly as I should have been glad to have

Gen. Wheeler. Col. Roosevelt.



Gen. Wood.
A Consultation at General Wheeler's Head-quarters.

given a number of others in the regiment commissions, if I had only had them. Proffit was a saturnine, reserved man, who afterward fell very sick with the fever, and who, as a reward for his soldierly good conduct, was often granted unusual privi-

from without—for we were ignorant that the reinforcements had already reached the city, the Cubans being quite unable to prevent the Spanish regulars from marching wherever they wished. While we were thus pondering over the watch-

fires and attributing them to Spanish machinations of some sort, it appears that the Spaniards, equally puzzled, were setting them down as an attempt at communication between the insurgents and our army. Both sides were accordingly on the alert, and the Spaniards must have strengthened their outlying parties in the jungle ahead of us, for they suddenly attacked one of our pickets, wounding Crockett seriously. He was brought in by the other troopers. Evidently the Spanish lines felt a little nervous, for this sputter of shooting was immediately followed by a tremendous fire of great guns and rifles from their trenches and batteries. Our men in the trenches responded heavily, and word was sent back, not only to me, but to the commanders in the rear of the regiments along our line, that the Spaniards were attacking. It was imperative to see what was really going on, so I ran up to the trenches and looked



General Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst.

leges; but he took the fever and the privileges with the same iron indifference, never grumbling and never expressing satisfaction.

The sharp-shooters returned by night-fall. Soon afterward I established my pickets and outposts well to the front in the jungle, so as to prevent all possibility of surprise. After dark, fires suddenly shot up on the mountain-passes far to our right. They all rose together and we could make nothing of them. After a good deal of consultation, we decided they must be some signals to the Spaniards in Santiago, from the troops marching to reinforce them

out. At night it was far easier to place the Spanish lines than by day, because the flame spurts shone in the darkness. I could soon tell that there were bodies of Spanish pickets or skirmishers in the jungle-covered valley, between their lines and ours, but that the bulk of the fire came from their trenches and showed not the slightest symptom of advancing; moreover, as is generally the case at night, the fire was almost all high, passing well overhead, with an occasional bullet near by.

I came to the conclusion that there was no use in our firing back under such circumstances; and I could tell that the same



One of the Picturesque Points on the Extreme Right of the Left Wing of the Army.

conclusion had been reached by Captain Ayres of the Tenth Cavalry on the right of my line, for even above the cracking of the carbines rose the Captain's voice as with varied and picturesque language he bade his black troopers cease firing. The Captain was as absolutely fearless as a man can be. He had command of his regimental trenches that night, and, having run up at the first alarm, had speedily satisfied himself that no particular purpose was served by blazing away in the dark, when the enormous majority of the Spaniards were simply shooting at random from their own trenches, and, if they ever had thought of advancing, had certainly given up the idea. His troopers were devoted to him, would follow him anywhere, and would do anything he said; but when men get firing at night it is rather difficult to stop them, especially when the fire of the enemy in front continues unabated. When he first reached the trenches it was impossible to say whether or not there was an actual night attack impending, and he had been instructing his men, as I instructed mine, to fire low, cutting the grass in front. As

soon as he became convinced that there was no night attack, he ran up and down the line adjuring and commanding the troopers to cease shooting, with words and phrases which were doubtless not wholly unlike those which the Old Guard really did use at Waterloo. As I ran down my own line, I could see him coming up his, and he saved me all trouble in stopping the fire at the right, where the lines met, for my men there all dropped everything to listen to him and cheer and laugh. Soon we got the troopers in hand, and made them cease firing; then, after awhile, the Spanish fire died down. At the time, we spoke of this as a night attack by the Spaniards, but it really was not an attack at all. Ever after my men had a great regard for Ayres, and would have followed him anywhere. I shall never forget the way in which he scolded his huge, devoted black troopers, generally ending with "I'm ashamed of you, ashamed of you! I wouldn't have believed it! Firing; when I told you to stop! I'm ashamed of you!"

That night we spent in perfecting the trenches and arranging entrances to them,

doing about as much work as we had the preceding night. Greenway and Goodrich, from their energy, eagerness to do every duty, and great physical strength, were peculiarly useful in this work ; as, indeed, they were in all work. They had been up practically the entire preceding night, but they were too good men for me to spare them, nor did they wish to be spared ; and I kept them up all this night too. Goodrich had also been on guard as officer of the day the night we were at El Poso, so that it turned out that he spent nearly four days and three nights with practically hardly any sleep at all.

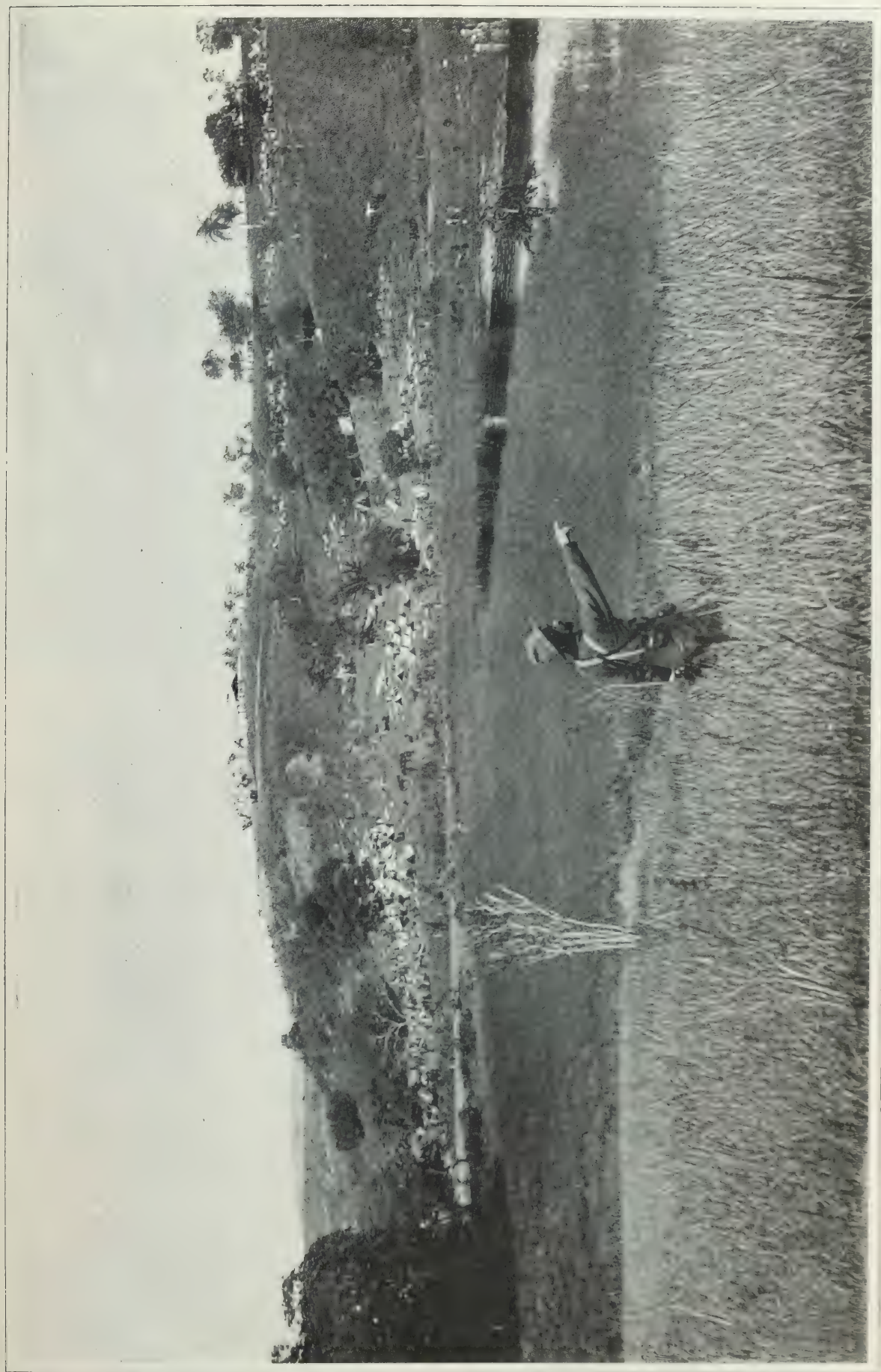
Next morning, at daybreak, the firing began again. This day, the 3d, we suffered nothing save having one man wounded by a sharp-shooter, and, thanks to the approaches to the trenches, we were able to relieve the guards without any difficulty. The Spanish sharp-shooters in the trees and jungle nearby, however, annoyed us very much and I made preparations to fix them next day. With this end in view I chose out some twenty first-class men, in many instances the same that I had sent after the guerillas, and arranged that each should take his canteen and a little food. They were to slip into the jungle between us and the Spanish lines before dawn next morning, and there to spend the day, getting as close to the Spanish lines as possible, moving about with great stealth, and picking off any hostile sharp-shooter, as well as any soldier who exposed himself in the trenches. I had plenty of men who possessed a training in wood-craft that fitted them for this work ; and as soon as the rumor got abroad what I was planning, volunteers thronged to me. Daniels and Love were two of the men always to the front in any enterprise of this nature ; so were Wadsworth, the two Bulls, Fortescue, and Cowdin. But I could not begin to name all the troopers who so eagerly craved the chance to win honor out of hazard and danger.

Among them was good, solemn Fred Herrig, the Alsatian. I knew Fred's patience and skill as a hunter from the trips we had taken together after deer and mountain-sheep through the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. He still spoke English with what might be called Alsatian variations—he always spoke of the gun de-

tail as the "gondêtle" with the accent on the first syllable—and he expressed a wish to be allowed "a holiday from the gondetle to go after dem gorrillas." I told him he could have the holiday, but to his great disappointment the truce came first, and then Fred asked that, inasmuch as the "gorrillas" were now forbidden game, he might be allowed to go after guinea-hens instead.

Even after the truce, however, some of my sharp-shooters had occupation, for two guerillas in our rear took occasional shots at the men who were bathing in a pond, until one of our men spied them, when they were both speedily brought down. One of my riflemen who did best at this kind of work, by the way, got into trouble because of it. He was much inflated by my commendation of him, and when he went back to his troop he declined to obey the first Sergeant's orders on the ground that he was "the Colonel's sharp-shooter." The Lieutenant in command, being somewhat puzzled, brought him to me, and I had to explain that if the offence, disobedience of orders in face of the enemy, was repeated he might incur the death penalty ; whereat he looked very crestfallen. That afternoon he got permission, like Fred Herrig, to go after guinea-hens, which were found wild in some numbers round about ; and he sent me the only one he got as a peace offering. The few guinea-hens thus procured were all used for the sick.

Dr. Church had established a little field hospital under the shoulder of the hill in our rear. He was himself very sick and had almost nothing in the way of medicine or supplies or apparatus of any kind, but the condition of the wounded in the big field hospitals in the rear was so horrible, from the lack of attendants as well as of medicines, that we kept all the men we possibly could at the front. Some of them had now begun to come down with fever. They were all very patient, but it was pitiful to see the sick and wounded soldiers lying on their blankets, if they had any, and if not then simply in the mud, with nothing to eat but hardtack and pork, which of course they could not touch when their fever got high, and with no chance to get more than the rudest attention. Among the very sick here was gallant Captain Llewellyn. I feared he was going



View of San Juan Hill and Block house, showing the Camp of the United States Forces.



Troops in the Trenches Cheering at the News of the Surrender of Santiago.

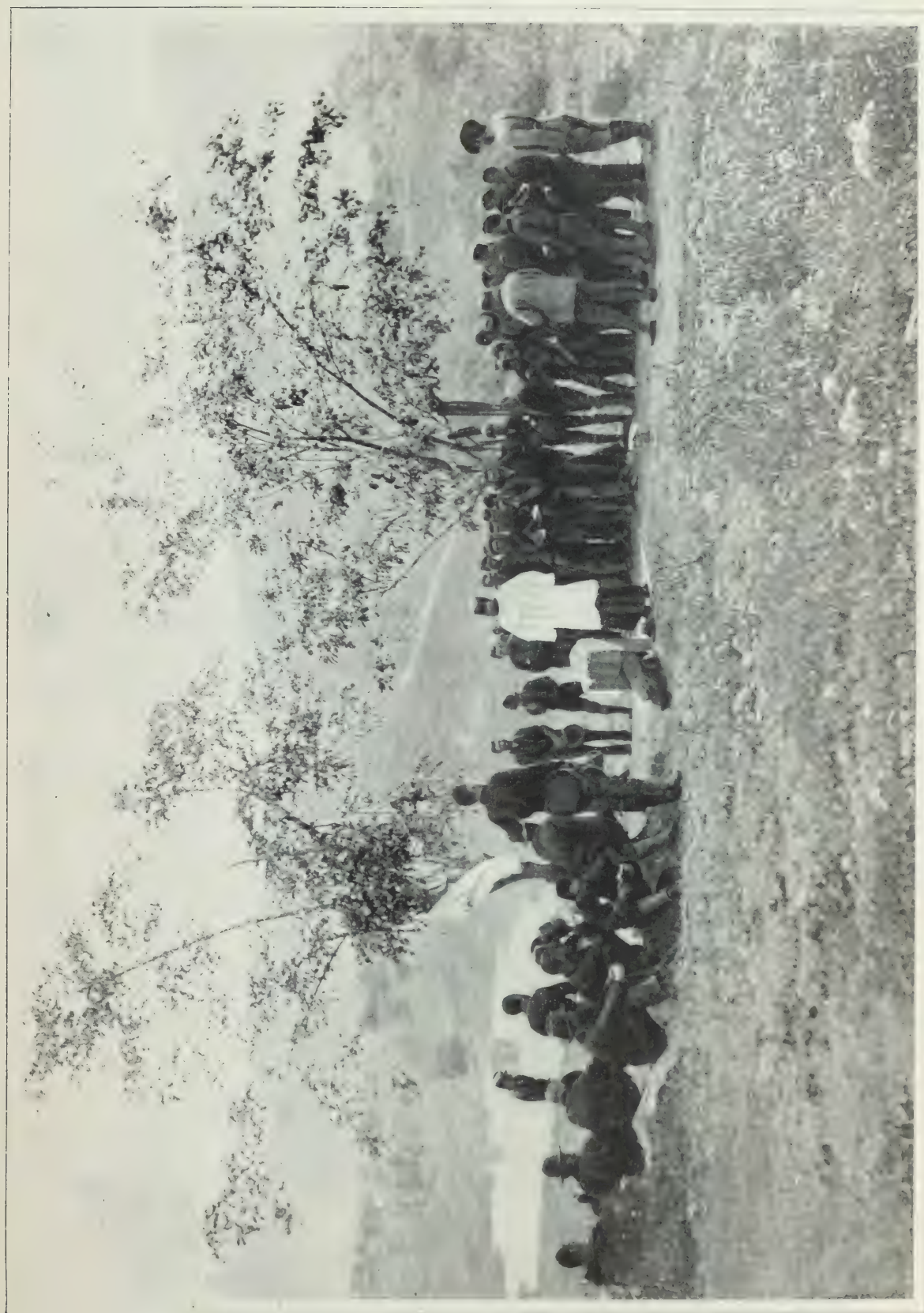
to die. We finally had to send him to one of the big hospitals in the rear. Doctors Brewer and Fuller of the Tenth had been unwearied in attending to the wounded, including many of those of my regiment.

At twelve o'clock we were notified to stop firing, and a flag of truce was sent in to demand the surrender of the city. The negotiations gave us a breathing spell.

That afternoon I arranged to get our baggage up, sending back strong details of men to carry up their own goods, and, as usual, impressing into the service a kind of improvised pack-train consisting of the officers' horses, of two or three captured Spanish cavalry horses, two or three mules which had been shot and abandoned and which our men had taken and cured, and two or three Cuban ponies. Hitherto we had simply been sleeping by the trenches or immediately in their rear, with nothing in the way of shelter and only one blanket to every three or four men. Fortunately there had been little rain. We now got up the shelter tents of the men and some flies

for the hospital and for the officers; and my personal baggage appeared. I celebrated its advent by a thorough wash and shave.

Later, I twice snatched a few hours to go to the rear and visit such of my men as I could find in the hospitals. Their patience was extraordinary. Kenneth Robinson, a gallant young trooper, though himself severely (I supposed at the time mortally) wounded, was noteworthy for the way in which he tended those among the wounded who were even more helpless, and the cheery courage with which he kept up their spirits. Gievers, who was shot through the hips, rejoined us at the front in a fortnight. Captain Day was hardly longer away. Jack Hammer, who, with poor Race Smith, a gallant Texas lad who was mortally hurt beside me on the summit of the hill, had been or kitchen detail, was wounded and sent to the rear: he was ordered to go to the United States, but he heard that we were to assault Santiago, so he struggled out to rejoin us, and there-



Religious Service held on San Juan Hill.

At the conclusion of the service General Wheeler said, "I am pleased to say there will be no more fighting, the enemy has surrendered."



Drawn from photograph

Refugees from Santiago on the Road to El Caney.

after stayed at the front. Cosby, badly wounded, made his way down to the sea-coast in three days, unassisted.

With all volunteer troops, and I am inclined to think with regulars too, in time of trial, the best work can be got out of the men only if the officers endure the same hardships and face the same risks. In my regiment, as in the whole cavalry division, the proportion of loss in killed and wounded was considerably greater among the officers than among the troopers, and this was exactly as it should be. Moreover, when we got down to hard pan, we all, officers and men, fared exactly alike as regards both shelter and food. This prevented any grumbling. When the troopers saw that the officers had nothing but hardtack, there was not a man in the regiment who would not have been ashamed to grumble at faring no worse, and when all alike slept out in the open, in the rear of the trenches,

and when the men always saw the field officers up at night, during the digging of the trenches, and going the rounds of the outposts, they would not tolerate, in any of their number, either complaint or shirking work. When things got easier I put up my tent and lived a little apart, for it is a mistake for an officer ever to grow too familiar with his men, no matter how good they are; and it is of course the greatest possible mistake to seek popularity either by showing weakness or by mollicoddling the men. They will never respect a commander who does not enforce discipline, who does not know his duty, and who is not willing both himself to encounter and to make them encounter every species of danger and hardship when necessary. The soldiers who do not feel this way are not worthy of the name and should be handled with iron severity until they become fighting men and not shams. In return the

officer should carefully look after his men, should see that they are well fed and well sheltered, and that, no matter how much they may grumble, they keep the camp thoroughly policed.

After the cessation of the three days' fighting we began to get our rations regularly and had plenty of hardtack and salt pork, and usually about half the ordinary amount of sugar and coffee. It was not a very good ration for the tropics, however, and was of very little use indeed to the sick and half sick. On two or three occasions during the siege I got my improvised pack-train together and either took or sent it down to the sea-coast for beans, canned tomatoes, and the like. We got these either from the transports which were still landing stores on the beach or from the Red Cross. If I did not go myself I sent some man who had shown that he was a driving, energetic, tactful fellow, who would somehow get what we wanted. Chaplain Brown developed great capacity in this line, and so did one of the troopers named Knoblauch, he who had dived after the rifles that had sunk off the pier at Daiquiri. The supplies of food we got in this way had a very beneficial effect, not only upon the men's health, but upon their spirits. To the Red Cross we owe a great deal. We also owed much to Colonel Weston of the Commissary Department, who always helped us and never let himself be hindered by red tape; thus he always let me violate the absurd regulation which forbade me, even in war-time, to purchase food for my men from the stores, although letting me purchase for the officers. I, of course, paid no heed to the regulation when by violating it I could get beans, canned tomatoes, or tobacco. Sometimes I used my own money, sometimes what was given me by Woody Kane, or what was sent me by my brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, or by the other Red Cross people in New York. My regiment did not fare very well; but I think it fared better than any other. Of course no one would have minded in the least such hardships as we endured had there been any need of enduring them; but there was none. System and sufficiency of transportation were all that were needed.

On one occasion a foreign military attaché visited my head-quarters together

with a foreign correspondent who had been through the Turco-Greek war. They were both most friendly critics, and as they knew I was aware of this, the correspondent finally ventured the remark, that he thought our soldiers fought even better than the Turks, but that on the whole our system of military administration seemed rather worse than that of the Greeks. As a nation we had prided ourselves on our business ability and adroitness in the arts of peace, while outsiders, at any rate, did not credit us with any especial warlike prowess; and it was curious that when war came we should have broken down precisely on the business and administrative side, while the fighting edge of the troops certainly left little to be desired.

I was very much touched by the devotion my men showed to me. After they had once become convinced that I would share their hardships, they made it a point that I should not suffer any hardships at all; and I really had an extremely easy time. Whether I had any food or not myself made no difference, as there were sure to be certain troopers, and, indeed, certain troop messes, on the lookout for me. If they had any beans they would send me over a cupful, or I would suddenly receive a present of doughnuts from some ex-roundup cook who had succeeded in obtaining a little flour and sugar, and if a man shot a guinea-hen it was all I could do to make him keep half of it for himself. Wright, the color sergeant, and Henry Bardshar, my orderly, always pitched and struck my tent and built me a bunk of bamboo poles, whenever we changed camp. So I personally endured very little discomfort; for, of course, no one minded the two or three days preceding or following each fight, when we all had to get along as best we could. Indeed, as long as we were under fire or in the immediate presence of the enemy, and I had plenty to do, there was nothing of which I could legitimately complain; and what I really did regard as hardships, my men did not object to—for later on, when we had some leisure, I would have given much for complete solitude and some good books.

Whether there was a truce, or whether, as sometimes happened, we were notified that there was no truce but merely a further cessation of hostilities by tacit agree-

ment, or whether the fight was on, we kept equally vigilant watch, especially at night. In the trenches every fourth man kept awake, the others sleeping beside or behind him on their rifles; and the cossack posts and pickets were pushed out in advance beyond the edge of the jungle. At least once a night at some irregular hour I tried to visit every part of our line, especially if it was dark and rainy, although sometimes, when the lines were in charge of some officer like Wilcox or Kane, Greenway or Goodrich, I became lazy, took off my boots, and slept all night through. Sometimes at night I went not only along the lines of our own brigade, but of the brigades adjoining. It was a matter of pride, not only with me, but with all our men, that the lines occupied by the Rough Riders should be at least as vigilantly guarded as the lines of any regular regiment.

Sometimes at night, when I met other officers inspecting their lines, we would sit and talk over matters, and wonder what shape the outcome of the siege would take. We knew we would capture Santiago, but exactly how we would do it we could not tell. The failure to establish any depot for provisions on the fighting-line, where there was hardly ever more than twenty-four hours' food ahead, made the risk very serious. If a hurricane had struck the transports, scattering them to the four winds, or if three days of heavy rain had completely broken up our communication, as they assuredly would have done, we would have been at starvation point on the front; and while, of course, we would have lived through it somehow and would have taken the city, it would only have been after very disagreeable experiences. As soon as I was able I accumulated for my own regiment about forty-eight hours' hardtack and salt pork, which I kept so far as possible intact to provide against any emergency.

If the city could be taken without direct assault on the intrenchments and wire entanglements, we earnestly hoped it would be, for such an assault meant, as we knew by past experience, the loss of a quarter of the attacking regiments (and we were bound that the Rough Riders should be one of these attacking regiments, if the attack had to be made). There was, of course, nobody who would not rather have

assaulted than have run the risk of failure; but we hoped the city would fall without need arising for us to suffer the great loss of life which a further assault would have entailed.

Naturally, the colonels and captains had nothing to say in the peace negotiations which dragged along for the week following the sending in the flag of truce. Each day we expected either to see the city surrender, or to be told to begin fighting again, and toward the end it grew so irksome that we would have welcomed even an assault in preference to further inaction. I used to discuss matters with the officers of my own regiment now and then, and with a few of the officers of the neighboring regiments with whom I had struck up a friendship—Parker, Stevens, Beck, Ayres, Morton, and Boughton. I also saw a good deal of the excellent officers on the staffs of Generals Wheeler and Sumner, especially Colonel Dorst, Colonel Garlington, Captain Howze, Captain Steele, Lieutenant Andrews, and Captain Astor Chanler, who, like myself, was a volunteer. Chanler was an old friend and a fellow big-game hunter, who had done some good exploring work in Africa. I always wished I could have had him in my regiment. As for Dorst, he was peculiarly fitted to command a regiment. Although Howze and Andrews were not in my brigade, I saw a great deal of them, especially of Howze, who would have made a nearly ideal regimental commander. They were both natural cavalry-men and of most enterprising natures, ever desirous of pushing to the front and of taking the boldest course. The view Howze always took of every emergency (a view which found prompt expression in his actions when the opportunity offered) made me feel like an elderly conservative.

The week of non-fighting was not all a period of truce; part of the time was passed under a kind of nondescript arrangement, when we were told not to attack ourselves, but to be ready at any moment to repulse an attack and to make preparations for meeting it. During these times I busied myself in putting our trenches into first-rate shape and in building bomb-proofs and traverses. One night I got a detail of sixty men from the First, Ninth, and Tenth, whose officers always helped us in

every way, and with these, and with sixty of my own men, I dug a long, zigzag trench in advance of the salient of my line out to a knoll well in front, from which we could command the Spanish trenches and block-houses immediately ahead of us. On this knoll we made a kind of bastion consisting of a deep, semi-circular trench with sand-bags arranged along the edge so as to constitute a wall with loop-holes. Of course, when I came to dig this trench, I kept both Greenway and Goodrich supervising the work all night, and equally of course I got Parker and Stevens to help me. By employing as many men as we did we were able to get the work so far advanced as to provide against interruption before the moon rose, which was about midnight. Our pickets were thrown far out in the jungle, to keep back the Spanish pickets and prevent any interference with the diggers. The men seemed to think the work rather good fun than otherwise, the possibility of a brush with the Spaniards lending a zest that prevented its growing monotonous.

Parker had taken two of his Gatlings, removed the wheels, and mounted them in the trenches; also mounting the two automatic Colts where he deemed they could do best service. With the completion of the trenches, bomb-proofs, and traverses, and the mounting of these guns, the fortifications of the hill assumed quite a respectable character, and the Gatling men christened it Fort Roosevelt, by which name it afterward went.*

During the truce various military attachés and foreign officers came out to visit us. Two or three of the newspaper men, including Richard Harding Davis, Caspar Whitney, and John Fox, had already been out to see us, and had been in the trenches during the firing. Among the others were Captains Lee and Paget of the British army and navy, fine fellows, who really seemed to take as much pride in the feats of our men as if we had been bound together by the ties of a common nationality instead of the ties of race and speech kinship. Another English visitor was Sir Bryan Leighton, a thrice-welcome guest, for he most thoughtfully brought to me half a dozen little jars of devilled ham and potted fruit, which enabled me to summon

various officers down to my tent and hold a feast. Count von Götzen, and a Norwegian attaché, Gedde, very good fellows both, were also out. One day we were visited by a travelling Russian, Prince X., a large, blond man, smooth and impenetrable. I introduced him to one of the regular army officers, a capital fighter and excellent fellow, who, however, viewed foreign international politics from a strictly trans-Mississippi standpoint. He hailed the Russian with frank kindness and took him off to show him around the trenches, chatting volubly, and calling him "Prince," much as Kentuckians call one another "Colonel." As I returned I heard him remarking: "You see, Prince, the great result of this war is that it has united the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon people; and now that they are together they can whip the world, Prince! they can whip the world!"—being evidently filled with the pleasing belief that the Russian would cordially sympathize with this view.

Shortly after midday on the 10th, fighting began again, but it soon became evident that the Spaniards did not have much heart in it. The American field artillery was now under the command of General Randolph, and he fought it effectively. A mortar battery had also been established, though with an utterly inadequate supply of ammunition, and this rendered some service. Almost the only Rough Riders who had a chance to do much firing were the men with the Colt's automatic guns, and the twenty picked sharpshooters, who were placed in the newly dug little fort out at the extreme front. Parker had a splendid time with the Gatlings and the Colts. With these machine guns he completely silenced the battery in front of us. This battery had caused us a good deal of trouble at first, as we could not place it. It was immediately in front of the hospital, from which many Red Cross flags were flying, one of them floating just above this battery, from where we looked at it. In consequence, for some time, we did not know it was a hostile battery at all, as, like all the other Spanish batteries, it was using smokeless powder. It was only by the aid of powerful glasses that we finally discovered its real nature. The Gatlings and Colts then actually put it out of action, silencing the big guns and

* See Parker's "With the Gatlings at Santiago."

the two field-pieces. Furthermore the machine guns and our sharp-shooters together did good work in supplementing the effects of the dynamite gun; for when a shell from the latter struck near a Spanish trench, or a building in which there were Spanish troops, the shock was seemingly so great that the Spaniards almost always showed themselves, and gave our men a chance to do some execution.

As the evening of the 10th came on, the men began to make their coffee in sheltered places. By this time they knew how to take care of themselves so well that not a man was touched by the Spaniards during the second bombardment. While I was lying with the officers just outside one of the bomb-proofs I saw a New Mexican trooper named Morrison making his coffee under the protection of a traverse high up on the hill. Morrison was originally a Baptist preacher who had joined the regiment purely from a sense of duty, leaving his wife and children, and had shown himself to be an excellent soldier. He had evidently exactly calculated the danger zone, and found that by getting close to the traverse he could sit up erect and make ready his supper without being cramped. I watched him solemnly pounding the coffee with the butt end of his revolver, and then boiling the water and frying his bacon, just as if he had been in the lee of the roundup wagon somewhere out on the plains.

By noon of next day, the 11th, my regiment with one of the Gatlings was shifted over to the right to guard the Caney road. We did no fighting in our new position, for the last straggling shot had been fired by the time we got there. That evening there came up the worst storm we had had, and by midnight my tent blew over. I had for the first time in a fortnight undressed myself completely, and I felt fully punished for my love of luxury when I jumped out into the driving downpour of tropic rain, and groped blindly in the darkness for my clothes as they lay in the liquid mud. It was Kane's night on guard, and I knew the wretched Woody would be out along the line and taking care of the pickets, no matter what the storm might be; and so I basely made my way to the kitchen tent, where good Holderman, the Cherokee, wrapped me in

dry blankets, and put me to sleep on a table which he had just procured from an abandoned Spanish house.

On the 17th the city formally surrendered and our regiment, like the rest of the army, was drawn up on the trenches. When the American flag was hoisted the trumpets blared and the men cheered, and we knew that the fighting part of our work was over.

Shortly after we took our new position the First Illinois Volunteers came up on our right. The next day, as a result of the storm and of further rain, the rivers were up and the roads quagmires, so that hardly any food reached the front. My regiment was all right, as we had provided for just such an emergency; but the Illinois new-comers had of course not done so, and they were literally without anything to eat. They were fine fellows and we could not see them suffer. I furnished them some beans and coffee for the elder officers and two or three cases of hard-tack for the men, and then mounted my horse and rode down to head-quarters, half fording, half swimming the streams; and late in the evening I succeeded in getting half a mule-train of provisions for them.

On the morning of the 3d the Spaniards had sent out of Santiago many thousands of women, children, and other non-combatants, most of them belonging to the poorer classes, but among them not a few of the best families. These wretched creatures took very little with them. They came through our lines and for the most part went to El Caney in our rear, where we had to feed them and protect them from the Cubans. As we had barely enough food for our own men the rations of the refugees were scanty indeed and their sufferings great. Long before the surrender they had begun to come to our lines to ask for provisions, and my men gave them a good deal out of their own scanty stores, until I had positively to forbid it and to insist that the refugees should go to head-quarters; as, however hard and merciless it seemed, I was in duty bound to keep my own regiment at the highest pitch of fighting efficiency.

As soon as the surrender was assured the refugees came streaming back in an endless squalid procession down the Ca-

ney Road to Santiago. My troopers, for all their roughness and their ferocity in fight, were rather tender-hearted than otherwise, and they helped the poor creatures, especially the women and children, in every way, giving them food and even carrying the children and the burdens borne by the women. I saw one man, Happy Jack, spend the entire day in walking to and fro for about a quarter of a mile on both sides of our lines along the road, carrying the bundles for a series of poor old women, or else carrying young

children. Finally the doctor warned us that we must not touch the bundles of the refugees for fear of infection, as disease had broken out and was rife among them. Accordingly I had to put a stop to these acts of kindness on the part of my men; against which action Happy Jack respectfully but strongly protested upon the unexpected ground that "The Almighty would never let a man catch a disease while he was doing a good action." I did not venture to take so advanced a theological stand.

(To be concluded in June.)

BETWEEN SHOWERS IN DORT

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR



HERE be inns in Holland—not hotels, not pensions, nor stopping-places—just inns. The "Bellevue" at Dort is one, and the "Holland Arms" is another, and the—no, there are no others. Dort only boasts these two, and Dort to me is Holland.

The rivalry between these two inns has been going on for years, and it still continues. The "Bellevue," fighting for place, elbowed its way years ago to the water-line, and took its stand on the river-front, where the windows and porticos could overlook the Maas dotted with boats. The "Arms," discouraged, shrank back into its corner, and made up in low windows, smoking-rooms and private bath-room—one for the whole house—what was lacking in porticos and sea view. Then followed a slight skirmish in paint; red for the "Arms" and yellow-white for the "Bellevue," and a flank movement of shades and curtains; linen for the "Arms" and lace for the "Bellevue." Scouting parties were next ordered out of porters in caps, banded with silk ribbons, bearing the names of their respective hostelries. Yacob of the "Arms" was to attack weary travellers on alighting from the train, and acquaint them with the delights of the down-stairs bath, and the

dark-room for the kodakers, all free of charge. And Johan of the "Bellevue" was to give minute descriptions of the boats landing in front of the dining-room windows and of the superb view of the river.

It is always summer when I arrive in Dordrecht. I don't know what happens in winter, and I don't care. The ground-hog knows enough to go into his hole when the snow begins to fly, and to stay there until the sun thaws him out again. Some tourists could profit by following his example.

It is summer then, and the train has rolled into the station at Dordrecht, or beside it, and the traps have been thrown out, and Peter, my boatman—he of the "Red Tub," a craft with an outline like a Dutch vrou, quite as much beam as length (we go a-sketching in this boat)—Peter, I say, who has come to the train to meet me, has swung my belongings over his shoulder, and Johan, the porter of the "Bellevue," with a triumphant glance at Yacob of the "Arms," has stowed the trunk on the rear platform of the street tram—no cabs or trucks, if you please, in this town—and the one-horse car has jerked its way around short curves and up through streets embowered in trees and paved with cobble-stones scrubbed as clean as china plates, and over quaint

bridges with glimpses of sluggish canals and queer houses, and so on to my lodgings.

And mine host, Heer Boudier, waiting on the steps, takes me by the hand and says the same room is ready and has been for a week.

Inside these two inns, the only inns in Dort, the same rivalry exists. But my parallels must cease. Mine own inn is the "Bellevue," and my old friend of fifteen years, Heer Boudier, is host, and so loyalty compels me to omit mention of any luxuries but those to which I am accustomed in his hostelry.

Its interior has peculiar charms for me. Scrupulously clean, simple in its appointments and equipment, it is comfort itself. Tyne is responsible for its cleanliness—or rather, that particular portion of Tyne which she bares above her elbows. Nobody ever saw such a pair of sledge-hammer arms as Tyne's, on any girl outside of Holland. She is eighteen; short, square-built, solid as a Dutch cheese, fresh and rosy as an English milkmaid; moon-faced, mild-eyed as an Alderney heifer, and as strong as a three-year-old. Her back and sides are as straight as a plank; the front side is straight too. The main joint in her body is at the hips. This is so flexible that, wash-cloth in hand, she can lean over the floor without bending her knees and scrub every board in it till it shines like a Sunday dresser. She wears a snow-white cap as dainty as the finest lady's in the land; an apron that never seems to lose the crease of the iron, and a blue print dress bunched up behind to keep it from the slop. Her sturdy little legs are covered by gray yarn stockings which she knits herself; the feet thrust into wooden sabots. These clatter over the cobbles as she scurries about with a crab-like movement, sousing, dousing, and scrubbing as she goes; for Tyne attacks the sidewalk outside with as much gusto as she does the hall and floors.

Johan the porter moves the chairs out of Tyne's way when she begins work, and, lately, I have caught him lifting her bucket up the front steps—a wholly unnecessary proceeding when Tyne's muscular developments are considered. Johan and I had a confidential talk one night, when he brought the mail to my room—the room

on the second floor overlooking the Maas—in which certain personal statements were made. When I spoke to Tyne about them the next day, she looked at me with her big blue eyes, and then broke into a laugh, opening her mouth so wide that every tooth in her head flashed white (they always reminded me somehow of peeled almonds). With a little bristling twist of her head she answered that—but, of course, this was a strictly confidential communication, and of so entirely private a nature that no gentleman under the circumstances would permit a single word of it to—

Johan is taller than Tyne, but not so thick through. When he meets you at the station, with his cap and band in his hand, his red hair trimmed behind as square as the end of a whisk-broom; his thin, parenthesis legs and Vienna guardsman waist—each detail the very opposite you will note from Tyne's—you recall immediately one of George Boughton's typical Dutchmen. The only thing lacking is his pipe; he is too busy for that.

When he dons his dress-suit for dinner, and bending over your shoulder asks, in his best English: "Mynheer, don't it now de feesh you haf?" you lose sight of Boughton's Dutchman and see only the cosmopolitan. The transformation is due entirely to continental influences—Dort being one of the main highways between London and Paris—influences so strong that even in this water-logged town on the Maas, bonnets are beginning to replace caps, and French shoes sabots.

The guests that Johan serves at this inn of my good friend Boudier are as odd looking as its interior. They line both sides and the two ends of the long table. Stout Germans in horrible clothes, with stouter wives in worse; Dutchmen from up-country in brown coats and green waistcoats; clerks off on a vacation with kodaks and Cook's tickets; bicyclists in knickerbockers; painters, with large kits and small handbags, who talk all the time and to everybody; gray-whiskered, red-faced Englishmen, with absolutely no conversation at all, who prove to be distinguished persons attended by their own valets, and on their way to Aix or the Engadine, now that the salmon-fishing in

Norway is over; school-teachers from America, just arrived from Antwerp or Rotterdam, or from across the channel by way of Harwich, their first stopping-place really since they left home—one travelling-dress and a black silk in the bag; all the kinds and conditions and sorts of people who seek out precious little places like Dort, either because they are cheap or comfortable, or because they are known to be picturesque.

I sought out Dort years ago because it was untouched by the hurry that makes life miserable, and the shams that make it vulgar, and I go back to it now every year of my life, in spite of other foreign influences.

And there is no real change in fifteen years. Its old trees still nod over the sleepy canals in the same sleepy way they have done, no doubt, for a century. The rooks—the same rooks, they never die—still swoop in and out of the weather-stained arches high up in the great tower of the Groote Kerk, the old twelfth century church, the tallest in all Holland; the big-waisted Dutch luggers with rudders painted arsenic green—what would painters do without this green?—doze under the trees, their mooring lines tied to the trunks; the girls and boys, with arms locked, a dozen together, clatter over the cobbles, singing as they walk; the steam-boats land and hurry on—"Fop Smit's boats" the signs read—it is pretty close, but I am not part owner in the line; the gossips lean in the doorways or under the windows banked with geraniums and nasturtiums; the cumbersome state carriages with the big ungainly horses with untrimmed manes and tails—there are only five of these carriages in all Dordrecht—wait in front of the great houses eighty feet wide and four stories high, some dating as far back as 1512, and still occupied by descendants of the same families; the old women dress in ivory black, with dabs of Chinese white for sabots and caps, and push the same carts loaded with Hooker's green vegetables from door to door; the town crier rings his bell; the watchman calls the hour.

Over all bends the ever-changing sky, one hour close-drawn, gray-lined with slanting slashes of blinding rain, the next piled high with great domes of silver-

white clouds inlaid with turquoise blue or hemmed in by low-lying ranges of purple peaks capped with gold.

I confess that an acute sense of disappointment came over me when I first looked down these gray canals, rain-varnished streets, and rows of green trees. I saw at a glance that it was not my Holland; not the Holland of my dreams; not the Holland of Mesdag nor Poggenbeck nor Kever. It was a fresher, sweeter, more wholesome land, and with a more breathable air. These Dutch painters had taught me to look for dull, dirty skies, soggy wharves, and dismal perspectives of endless dykes. They had shown me countless windmills, scattered along stretches of wind-swept moors backed by lowering skies, cold gray streets, quaint, leanover houses, and smudgy, grimy interiors. They had enveloped all this in the stifling, murky atmosphere of a western city slowly strangling in clouds of coal-smoke.

These Dutch artists were, perhaps, not alone in this falsification. It is one of the peculiarities of modern art, that many of its masters cater to the taste of a public who want something that *is not* in preference to something that *is*. Ziem, for instance, had, up to the time of my enlightenment, taught me to love an equally untrue and impossible Venice—a Venice all red and yellow and deep ultra-marine blue—a Venice of unbuildable palaces and blazing red walls.

I do not care to say so aloud, where I can be heard over the way, but if you will please come inside my quarters, and shut the door and putty up the key-hole, and draw down the blinds, I will whisper in your ear that my own private opinion is that even Turner himself would have been an infinitely greater artist had he built his pictures on Venice instead of building them on Turner. I will also be courageous enough to assert that the beauty and dignity of Venetian architecture—an architecture which has delighted many appreciative souls for centuries—finds no place in his canvases, either in detail or in mass. The details may be unimportant, for the soft vapor of the lagoons oftentimes conceals them, but the correct outline of the mass—that is, for instance, the true

proportion of the dome of the Salute, that incomparable, incandescent pearl, or the vertical line of the Campanile compared to the roofs of the connecting palaces—should never be ignored, for they are as much a part of Venice, the part that makes for beauty, as the shimmering light of the morning or the glory of its sunsets. So it is that when most of us for the first time reach the water-gates of Venice, the most beautiful of all cities by the sea, we feel a certain shock and must begin to fall in love with a new sweetheart on the spot.

So with many painters of the Holland school—not the old Dutch school of landscape-painters, but the more modern group of men who paint their native skies with zinc-white toned with London fog, or mummy dust and bitumen. It is all very artistic and full of “tone,” but it is not Holland.

There is Clays for instance. Of all modern painters Clays has charmed and wooed us best with certain phases of Holland life, particularly the burly brown boats lying at anchor, their red and white sails reflected in the water. I love these boats of Clays. They are superbly drawn, strong in color, and admirably painted; the water treatment, too, is beyond criticism. But where are they in Holland? I know Holland from the Zuyder Zee to Rotterdam, but I have never yet seen one of Clays’s boats in the original wood.

Thus by reason of these smeary, up and down fairy-tales in paint have we gradually become convinced that vague trees, and black houses with staring patches of whitewash, and Vandyke brown roofs are thoroughly characteristic of Holland, and that the blessed sun never shines in this land of sabots.

But doesn’t it rain? Yes, about half the time, perhaps three-quarters of the time. Well, now that I think of it, about all the time. But not continuously; only in intermittent downpours, floods, gushes of water—not once a day but every half hour. Then comes the quick drawing of a gray curtain from a wide expanse of blue, framing ranges of snow-capped cumuli; streets swimming in great pools; drenched leaves quivering in dazzling sunlight, and millions of raindrops flashing like diamonds.

II

BUT Peter, my boatman, is waiting on the cobbles outside the inn door, cap in hand. He has served me these many years. He is a wiry, thin, pinch-faced Dutchman, of perhaps sixty, who spent his early life at sea as man-o’-war’s-man, common sailor, and then mate, and his later years at home in Dort, picking up odd jobs of ferriage or stevedoring, or making early gardens. While on duty he wears an old white travelling-cap pulled over his eyes, and a flannel shirt without collar or tie, and sail-maker’s trousers. These trousers are caught at his hips by a leather strap supporting a sheath which holds his knife. He cuts everything with this knife, from apples and navy plug to ship’s cables and telegraph wire. His clothes are water-proof; they must be, for no matter how hard it rains, Peter is always dry. The water may pour in rivulets from off his cap, and run down his forehead and from the end of his gargoyle of a nose, but no drop ever seems to wet his skin. When it rains the fiercest, I, of course, retreat under the poke-bonnet awning made of cotton duck stretched over barrel hoops that protects the stern of my boat, but Peter never moves. This Dutch rain does not in any way affect him. It is like the Jersey mosquito—it always spares the natives.

Peter speaks two languages, both Dutch. He says that one is English, but he cannot prove it—nobody can. When he opens his mouth you know all about his pretensions. He says—“Mynheer, dot manus ist er blowdy rock.” He has learned this expression from the English sailors unloading coal at the big docks opposite Pappendrecht, and he has incorporated this much of their slang into his own nut-cracking dialect. He means of course “that man is a bloody rogue.” He has a dozen other phrases equally obscure.

Peter’s mission this first morning after my arrival is to report that the Red Tub is now lying in the harbor fully equipped for active service. That her aft awning has been hauled taut over its hoops; that her lockers of empty cigar-boxes (receptacles for brushes) have been clewed up; the cocoa-matting rolled out



The gossips lean in the doorways.—Page 587.

the whole length of her keel, and finally that the water-bucket and wooden-chair (I use a chair instead of an easel) have been properly stowed.

Before the next raincloud spills over its edges, we must loosen the painter from the iron ring rusted tight in the square stone in the wharf, man the oars and creep under the little bridge that binds Boudier's landing to the sidewalk over the way, and so set our course for the open Maas. For I am in search of Dutch boats to-day, as near like Clays's as I can find, and as I round the point above the old India warehouses I catch sight of the

topmasts of two old luggers anchored in midstream, their long red pennants flattened against the gray sky. The wind is fresh from the east, filling the sails of the big windmills blown tight against their whirling arms. The fishing-smacks lean over like dipping gulls; the yellow water of the Maas is flecked with wavy lines of beer foam.

The good ship Red Tub is not adapted to out-door sketching under these conditions. The poke-bonnet awning acts as a wind-drag that no amount of hard pulling can overcome. So I at once convene the Board of Strategy. Lieutenant-

Commander Peter Jansen, Red Tub Navy, in the chair. That distinguished naval expert rises from his water-soaked seat on the cocoa-matting outside, the poke-bonnet, sweeps his eye around the horizon and remarks sententiously :

"It no tam goot day. Blow all dime ; we go ba'd-hoose," and he turns the boat toward a low-lying building anchored out from the main shore by huge chains secured to floating buoys.

In some harbors sea-faring men are warned not to "anchor over the water-pipes." In others particular directions are given to avoid "submarine cables planted here." In Dort, where none of these modern conveniences exist, you are notified as follows : "No boats must land at this Bath."

If Peter knew of this rule he said not one word to me as I sat back out of the wet, hived under the poke-bonnet, squeezing color-tubes and assorting my brushes. He rowed our craft toward the bath-house with the skill of a man-o'-war's-man, twisted the painter around a short post and unloaded my paraphernalia on a narrow ledge or plank walk some three feet wide, and which ran around the edge of the floating bath-house.

It never takes me long to get to work, once my subject is selected. I sprang from the boat while Peter handed me the chair, stool, and portfolio containing my stock of gray papers of different tones ; opened my sketch frame, caught a sheet of paper tight between its cleets ; spread palettes and brushes on the floor at my side ; placed the water-bucket within reach of my hand, and in five minutes I was absorbed in my sketch.

Immediately the customary thing happened. The big bank of gray cloud that hung over the river split into feathery masses of white framed in blue, and out blazed the glorious sun.

Meantime, Peter had squatted close beside me, sheltered under the lee of the side wall of the bath-house, protected equally from the slant of the driving rain and the glare of the blinding sun. Safe too from the watchful eye of the High Pan-Jam who managed the bath, and who at the moment was entirely oblivious of the fact that only two inches of pine board separated him from an enthusiastic painter working like mad, and an equally alert marine assistant who supplied him with fresh water and charcoal points, both at the moment defying the law of the land, one in ignorance and the other in a spirit of sheer bravado. For Peter must have known the code and the penalty.

The world is an easy place for a painter to live and breathe in when he is sitting far from the madding crowd—of boys—pro-

tected from the wind and sun, watching a sky piled up in mountains of snow and inhaling ozone that is a tonic to his lungs ; when the outline of his sketch is complete and the colors flow and blend, and the heart is on fire ; when the bare paper begins to lose itself in purple distances and long stretches of tumbling water, and the pictured boats take definite shape and the lines of the rigging begin to tell ; when little by little, with a pat here and a dab there, there comes from out this flat space a something that thrilled him when he first determined to paint the thing that caught his eye ; not the thing itself, but the spirit, the soul, the feeling, and meaning of the



Lieutenant-Commander Peter Jansen, Red Tub Navy.—Page 589.



Through streets embowered in trees.—Page 585.

color-poem unrolled before him. When a painter feels a thrill like this, all the fleets of Spain might bombard him, and his eye would never waver nor his touch hesitate.

I felt it to-day.

Peter didn't. If he had he would have kept still and passed me fresh water and rags and new tubes and whatever I wanted—and I wanted something every minute—instead of disporting himself in an entirely idiotic and disastrous way. Disastrous, because you might have seen this same sketch reproduced in these pages had the Lieutenant-Commander, R. T. N., only carried out the orders of the Lord High Admiral commanding the fleet.

A sunbeam began it. It peeped over the edge of the side wall—the wall really was but little higher than Peter's head when he stood erect—and started in to creep down my half-finished sketch. Peter rose in his wrath, reached for my white umbrella and at once opened it and screwed together the jointed handle. Then he began searching for some convenient sup-

porting hook on which to hang his shield of defence. Next a brilliant, intellectual dynamite-bomb of a thought split his cranium. He would hoist the umbrella *above* the top of the thin wall of the bath-house, resting one-half upon its upper edge, drive the iron spike into the plank under our feet, and secure the handle by placing his back against it. No sunbeam should pass him!

The effect can be imagined on the High Pan-Jam inside the bath-house—an amphibious guardian, oblivious naturally to sun and rain—when his eye fell upon this flag of defiance thrust up above his ramparts. You can imagine, too, the consternation of the peaceful inmates of the open pools, whose laughter had now and then risen above the sough of the wind and splash of the water. Almost immediately I heard the sound of hurrying footsteps from a point where no sound had come before, and there followed the scraping of a pair of toes on the planking behind me—as if someone was drawing himself up.



My old friend, Heer Boudier.
—Page 586.

I looked around and up and saw eight fingers clutching the top of the planking, and a moment later the round face of an astonished Dutchman. I haven't the faintest idea what he said. I didn't know then and I don't know now. I only remember that his dialect sounded like the traditional crackling of thorns under a pot, including the spluttering, and suggesting the equally heated temperature. When his fingers gave out he would drop out of sight, only to rise again and continue the attack.

Here Peter, I must say, did credit to his Dutch ancestors. He did not temporize. He did not argue. He ignored diplomacy at the start, and blazed out that we were out of everybody's way and on the lee side of the structure; that there was no sign up on that side; that I was a most distinguished personage of blameless life and character, and that, rules or no rules, he was going to stay where he was and so was I.

"You tam blowdy rock. It's s'welve o'clock now—no rule aft' s'welve o'clock, —nopody ba'd now—" this in Dutch, but it meant that, then turning to me—"You stay—you no go—I brek tam head him——"

None of this interested me. I had heard Peter explode before. I was trying to match the tone of an opalescent cloud inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the shadow side all purplish gray. Its warm highlights came all right, but I was half out of my head trying to get its shadow-tones true with Payne's gray and cobalt. The cloud itself had already cast its moorings and was fast drifting over the English Channel. It would be out of sight in five minutes.

"Peter — *Peter!*" I cried. "Don't talk so much. Here, give him half a gulden and tell him to dry up. Hand me that sky brush—quick now!"

The High Pan-Jam dropped with a thud to his feet. His swinging footsteps could

be heard growing fainter, but no stiver of my silver had lined his pocket.

I worked on. The tea-rose cloud had disappeared entirely, only its poor counterfeit remained. The boats were nearly finished; another wash over their sails would bring them all right—then the tramp as of armed men came from the in-shore side of the bath-house. Peter stood up and craned his neck around the edge of the planking, and said, in an undertone:

"Tam b'lice, he come now; nev' mind, you stay 'ere—no go. Tam blowdy rock no mak' you go."

Behind me stood the High Pan-Jam who had scraped his toes on the fence, and an officer of police!

Peter was now stamping his feet, swearing in Dutch, English, and polyglot, and threatening to sponge the Dutch Government from the face of the universe.

My experience has told me that it is never safe to monkey with a gendarme. He is generally a perfectly cool, self-poised, unimpressible individual, with no animosity whatever toward you or anybody else, but who intends to be obeyed, not because it pleases him,

but because the power behind him compels it. I instantly rose from my stool, touched my hat in respectful military salute, and opened my cigarette-case. The gendarme selected a cigarette with perfect coolness and good-humor, and began politely to unfold to me his duties in connection with the municipal laws of Dordrecht. The manager of the bath, he said, had invoked his services. I might not be aware that it was against the law to land on this side of the bath-house, etc.

But the blood of the Jansens was up. Some old Koop or De Witt or Von Somebody was stirring Peter.

"No ba'd aft' s'welve o'clock"—this to me, both fists in the air, one perilously near the officer's face. The original invective was in his native tongue, hurled at Pan-Jam and the officer alike.



Tyne.—Page 586.



Over sluggish canals.—Page 585.

“What difference does it make, your Excellency,” I asked, “whether I sit in my boat and paint or sit here where there is less motion?”

“None, honored sir—” and he took a fresh cigarette (Peter was now interpreting)—“except for the fact that you have taken up your position on the *woman’s* side of the bath-house. They bathe from twelve o’clock till four. When the ladies saw the umbrella they were greatly disturbed. They are now waiting for you to go away!”

III

My room at Heer Boudier’s commands a full view of the Maas, with all its varied shipping. Its interior fittings are so scrupulously clean that one feels almost uncomfortable lest some of the dainty appointments might be soiled in the using. The bed is the most remarkable of all its comforts. It is more of a box than a bed, and so high at head and foot, and so solid at its sides, that it only needs a lid to



With glimpses of queer houses.—Page 586.

make the comparison complete. There is always at its foot an inflated eider-down quilt puffed up like a French soufflé potato. And there are always at its head two little oval pillows solid as hard-boiled eggs, surmounting a bolster that slopes off to an edge. I have never yet found out what this bolster is stuffed with. The bed itself would be bottomless but for the slats. When you first fall overboard into this slough you begin to sink through its layers of feathers and instinctively throw out your hands, catching at the side boards as a drowning man would clutch at the gunwales of a suddenly capsized boat.

The second night after my arrival, I, in accordance with my annual custom, deposited the contents of this bed in a huge pile outside my door, making a bottom layer of the feathers, then the bolster, and last the soufflé with the hard-boiled eggs on top.

Then I rang for Tyne.

She had forgotten all about the way I liked my sleeping arrangements until she saw the pile of bedding. Tyne held her sides with laughter, and the tears streamed down her red cheeks. Of course, the Heer should have a mattress and big English pillows, and no bouncy-bounce, speaking the words not with her lips, but with a gesture of her hand. Then she called Johan to help. I never can see why Tyne always calls Johan to help when there is anything to be done about my room out of the usual order of things—the sweeping, dusting, etc.—but she does. I know full well that if she so pleased she could tuck the whole pile of bedding under her chin, pick up the bureau in one hand and the bed in the other, and walk down-stairs without even mussing her cap-strings.

When Johan returns with a hair mattress and English pillows—you can get anything you want at Boudier's—he asks me if I have heard the news about Peter. Johan, by the way, speaks very good English—for Johan. The Burgomaster, he

says, has that day served Peter with a writ. If I had looked out of the window an hour ago I could have seen the Lieutenant-Commander of the Red Tub under charge of an officer of the law on his way to the Town Hall. Peter, he added, had just returned and was at the present moment engaged in scrubbing out the R. T. for active service in the morning.

I at once sent for Peter.

He came up, hat in hand.

But there was no sign of weakening. The blood of the Jansens was still in his eye.

"What did they arrest you for, Peter?"

"For make jaw wid de tam bolice. He say I mos' pay two gulden or one tay in jail. Oh, it is notting; I no pay. Dot bolice lie ven he say vimmen ba'd. Nopoty ba'd in de hoose aft' s'welve 'clock."

Later, Heer Boudier tells me that because of Peter's action in resisting the officer in the discharge of his duty, he is under arrest, and that he has but *five days in which to make up his mind* as to whether he will live on bread and water for a day and night in the town jail, or whether he will deplete his

slender savings in favor of the state to the extent of two gulden.

"But don't they lock him up, meanwhile?" I asked.

Boudier laughed. "Where would he run to, and for what? To save two gulden?"

My heart was touched. I could not possibly have allowed Peter to spend five minutes in jail on my account. I could not have slept one wink that night even in my luxurious bed-box with English pillows, knowing that the Lieutenant-Commander was stretched out on a cold floor with a cobble-stone under his cheek. I knew, too, how slender was his store, and what a godsend my annual visit had been to his butcher and baker. The Commander of the Red Tub might be impetu-



Johan.—Page 585.



Quant canal and ram-washed streets. Page 506.

ous, even aggressive, but by no possible stretch of the imagination could he be considered criminal.

That night I added these two gulden (about eighty cents) to Peter's wages. He thanked me with a pleased twinkle in his eye, and a wrinkling of the leathery skin around his nose and mouth. Then he put on his cap and disappeared up the street.

But the inns, quaint canals, and rain-washed streets are not Dort's only distinctions. There is an ancient Groote Kerk, overlaid with colors that are rarely found outside of Holland. It is built of

come over it since its cathedral days—the days of its pomp and circumstance.

All its old-time color is gone. When you enter its portals only staring white walls and rigid, naked columns remain; only dull-gray stone floors and hard, stiff-backed benches. I have often sat upon these same boards in the gloom of a fast-fading twilight and looked about me, bemoaning the bareness, and wondering what its *ensemble* must have been in the days of its magnificence. There is nothing left of it now but its architectural lines. The walls have been stripped of their costly velvets, tapestries, and banners



Streets swimming in great pools.—Page 588.

brick, with a huge square tower that rises above the great elms pressing close about it, and which is visible for miles. The moist climate not only encrusts its twelfth-century porch with lichen brown-and-green patches over the red tones, but dims the great stained-glass windows with films of mould, and covers with streaks of cinnabar the shadow sides of the long sloping roofs. Even the brick pavements about it are carpeted with strips of green, as fresh in color as if no passing foot had touched them. And few feet ever do touch them, for it is but a small group of worshippers that gather weekly within the old kerk's whitewashed walls. These faithful few do not find the rich interior of the olden time, for many changes have

of silk and gold. The uplifted cross is gone. The haze of swinging censers no longer blurs the vistas, nor the soft light of many tapers illumines their gloom.

I have always believed that duty and beauty should ever go hand and hand in our churches. To me there is nothing too rich in tone, too luxurious in color, too exquisite in line for the House of God. Nothing that the brush of the painter can make glorious, the chisel of the sculptor beautify, or the T-square of the architect ennoble, can never be out of place in the one building of all others that we dedicate to the Creator of all beauty. I have always thanked Him for His goodness in giving as much thought to the flowers that cover the hill-sides as He did to the dull



Drenched leaves quivering.—Page 588.

earth that lies beneath ; as much care to the matchings of purples and gold in the sunsets as to the blue-black crags that are outlined against them. With these feelings in my heart I have never understood that form of worship which contents itself with a bare barn filled with seats of pine, a square box of a pulpit, a lone pitcher of ice-water, and a popular edition of the hymns. But then, I am not a Dutchman.

Besides this town of Dort, filled with queer warehouses, odd buildings, and cobbled streets, and dominated by this majestic cathedral, there is across the river—just a little way (Peter rows me over in ten minutes)—the Noah's Ark town of Pap-

pendrecht, surrounded by great stretches of green meadow, dotted with black and white cows, and acres and acres of cabbages and garden-truck and tiny farm-houses and absurdly big barns; and back of these, and in order to keep all these dry, is a big dyke that goes on forever and is lost in the perspective. On both sides of this dyke (its top is a road) are built the toy houses facing each other ; each one cleaner and better scrubbed than its neighbor, their big windows gay with geraniums.

Farther down is another 'recht — I cannot for the life of me remember the first part of its name—where there is a ship-yard and big windlasses and a horse



There is an ancient Groote Kerk.—Page 506.

hitched to a sweep, which winds up water-soaked luggers on to rude ways, and great pots of boiling tar, the yellow smoke drifting away toward the sea.

And between these towns of Dort, Pappendrecht, and the other 'recht moves a constant procession of water-craft; a never-ceasing string of low, rakish barges that bear the commerce of Germany out to the sea, each in charge of a powerful tug puffing eagerly in its hurry to reach tide-water, besides all the other boats and luggers that sail and steam up and down the forked Maas in front of Boudier's Inn—for Dort is really on an island, the water of the Rhine being divided here. You would never think, were you to watch these ungainly boats, that they could ever arrive anywhere. They look as if they were built to go sideways, endways, or both ways; and yet they mind their helms and dodge in and out and swoop past the long points of land ending in the waving marsh-grass, and all with the ease of a steam-yacht.

These and a hundred other things make me love this quaint old town on the Maas. There is everything within its borders for the painter who loves form and color—boats, queer houses, streets, canals, odd, picturesque interiors, figures, brass milk-cans, white-capped girls, and stretches of marsh. If there were not other places on the earth I love equally as well—Venice, for instance—I would be content never to

leave its shower-drenched streets. But I know that my gondola, gay in its new *tenta* and polished brasses, is waiting for me in the little canal next the bridge, and I must be off.

Tyne has already packed my trunk and Johan is ready to take it down the stairs. Tyne sent for him. I did not.

When Johan, like an overloaded burro, stumbling down the narrow defile of the staircase, my trunk on his back, disappears through the lower door, Tyne re-enters my room, closes the door softly, and tells me that Johan's wages have been raised and that before I return next summer she and——

But this is another strictly confidential communication. Under no possible circumstances could a man of honor permit one word—certainly not.

Peter, to my surprise, is not in his customary place when I reach the outer street-door. Johan, at my inquiring gesture, grins the width of his face, but has no information to impart regarding Peter's unusual absence.

Heer Boudier is more explicit.

"Where's Peter?" I cry with some impatience.

My host shrugs his shoulders with a helpless movement, and opens wide the fingers of both hands.

"Mynheer, the five days are up. Peter has gone to jail."

"What for?" I ask in astonishment.

"To save two gulden."



These ungainly boats.

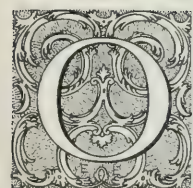


Monterey Square.
Showing on the left the old Simoneau restaurant building as remodelled.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

MONTEREY AND SAN FRANCISCO: 1879-1880



OUR last two groups of letters were both dated, as readers will remember, from the Mediterranean coast of France, the one from Mentone in the winter of 1873-74, and the other from Hyères between March, 1883, and May, 1884. In the nine years' interval Stevenson had been much of a wanderer, partly from choice and partly from compulsion. Outside his native Scotland, his chief places of sojourn had been successively the forest of Fontainebleau, the Pacific coast of California, and the winter health-resort of Davos in eastern Switzerland. The Fontainebleau visits had taken place at frequent intervals between the spring of 1875 and the winter of 1878. But this was the time when Stevenson truly earned among his friends the name of a bad correspondent, writing more rarely and scrappily than at any other period of his life: partly, no doubt, because he saw us oftener, staying in London as he passed backwards and forwards on his way between France and Scotland; partly because of his increasing absorption in the interests of his life and literary work. At any rate, impressions of Fontainebleau scenery and society are to be sought much less in his private letters than in his printed writings—particularly the essays called "Forest Notes" and "Village Communities of Painters," and the stories "Providence and the Guitar" and the "Treasure of Franchard." For the present purpose, accordingly, I shall pass over the correspondence of the Fontainebleau period altogether, and go straight to the emigrant journey of 1879 and the subsequent nine months' stay on the Pacific coast.

In the artist haunts of the forest, as is well known, Stevenson had met the American lady who was afterward to become to him so devoted a wife and helpmate. She had returned with her children to California in the autumn of 1878. Absence and ill news of her health brought home to him the conviction that his life was indissolubly

bound to hers, and in July, 1879, he determined to follow. For what must seem so wild an errand he would ask for no supplies from home, but resolved, as a part of the adventure, to test his power of supporting himself, and eventually others, by his own labors in literature. Accordingly he made the journey in the steerage, and afterward in the emigrant train. To the prime motive of economy was added a second—that of learning for himself the pinch of life as it is felt by the unprivileged and the poor (he had long ago disclaimed for himself the character of a “consistent first-class passenger in life”)—and, it should be added a third, that of turning his experiences to literary account. On board ship he took daily notes with this intent, and wrote, moreover, “The Story of a Lie” for an English magazine. Arrived at his destination, he found his health, as was natural, badly shaken by the hardships of the journey; tried his favorite open-air cure for a short while at an Angora goat-ranch; and then lived from mid-August to December at the old Californian town of Monterey, under the conditions set forth in the earlier of the following letters, and under a heavy combined strain of personal anxiety and literary effort. At the end of the year he moved to San Francisco, where he lived for four months in a workman’s lodging, leading a



“The Plaza” (Portsmouth Square).

The monument to Robert Louis Stevenson in San Francisco, with the memorial to him designed by Bruce Porter and Willis Polk.



Giradine House, Monterey.

Here Robert Louis Stevenson lived while he boarded with Simoneau. With this house he was most intimately associated.

life of frugality amounting, it will be seen, to self-imposed penury, and working all ways with the same intensity of application, until his health utterly broke down. From this illness he was tended into life again by the joint ministrations of his future wife and the physician to whom his letter of thanks will be found below. His marriage ensued in May; immediately afterward, to try and consolidate his recovery, he moved to a deserted mining camp in the Californian coast range; and has recorded the aspects and humors of his life there with a master's touch in the "Silverado Squatters." The following letters, chosen from among those written during the period in question, depict his way of life, and reflect at once the anxiety of his friends and the strain of the time upon himself.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

CROSSING INDIANA [August, 1879].

DEAR COLVIN,—I am in the cars between Pittsburgh and Chicago, just now bowling through Ohio. I am taking charge of a kid, whose mother is asleep, with one eye, while I write you this with the other. I reached New York Sunday night; and by five o'clock Monday was under way for the West. It is now about ten on Wednesday morning, so I have already been about forty hours in the cars. It is impossible to lie down in them, which must end by being very wearying.

I had no idea how easy it was to commit suicide. There seems nothing left of me; I died a while ago; I do not know who it is that is travelling.

Of where or how, I nothing know;

And why, I do not care;

Enough if, even so,

My travelling eyes, my travelling mind can go

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By flood and field and hill, by wood and meadow fair,

Beside the Susquehannah and along the Delaware.

I think, I hope, I dream no more

The dreams of elsewhere,

The cherished thoughts of yore;

I have been changed from what I was before;

And drunk too deep perchance the lotus of the air

Beside the Susquehannah and along the Delaware.

Unweary God me yet shall bring

To lands of brighter air,

Where I, now halt a king,

Shall with enfranchised spirit loudlier sing,

And wear a bolder front than that which now

I wear

Beside the Susquehannah and along the Delaware.

Exit Muse, hurried by child's games.

Have at you again, being now well through Indiana. In America you eat better than anywhere else: fact. The food is heavenly.

No man is any use until he has dared everything; I feel just now as if I had, and so might become a man. "If ye have faith like a grain of mustard seed." That is so true! Just now I have faith as big as a cigar-case; I will not say die, and do not fear man or fortune.

R. L. S.

CROSSING NEBRASKA [August, 1879]

MY DEAR HENLEY,—I am sitting on the top of the cars with a mill party from Missouri going west for his health. Desolate flat prairie upon all hands. Here and there a herd of cattle, a yellow butterfly or two, a patch of wild sunflowers, a wooden house or two; then a wooden church alone in miles of waste; then a windmill to pump water. When we stop, which we do often, for emigrants and freight travel together, the kine first, the men after, the whole plain is heard singing with cicadas. This is a pause, as you may see from the writing. What happened to the old pedestrian emigrants, what was the tedium suffered by the Indians and trappers of our youth, the imagination trembles to conceive. This is now Saturday, 23d, and I have been steadily travelling since I parted from you at St. Pancras. It is a strange vicissitude from the Savile Club to this; I sleep with a man from Pennsylvania who has been in the States navy, and mess with him and the Missouri bird already alluded to. We have a tin wash-bowl among four. I wear nothing but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and never button my shirt. When I land for a meal, I pass my coat and feel dressed. This life is to last till Friday, Saturday, or Sunday next. It is a strange affair to be an emigrant, as I hope you shall see in a future work. I wonder if this will be legible; my present station on the wagon roof, though airy compared to the cars, is both dirty and insecure. I can see the track straight before and straight behind me to either horizon. Peace of mind I enjoy with extreme serenity; I am doing right; I know no one will think so; and don't care. My body, however, is all to whistles; I don't eat;

my blood has broken out into a kind of blister, blain, and blight business, which is more distressing than you might fancy; but, man, I can sleep. The car in front of mine is chock full of Chinese.

Monday.

What it is to be ill in an emigrant train let those declare who know. I slept none till late in the morning, overcome with laudanum, of which I had luckily a little bottle. All to-day I have eaten nothing, and only drunk two cups of tea, for each of which, on the pretext that the one was breakfast, and the other dinner, I was charged fifty cents. Our journey is through ghostly deserts, sage-brush and alkali and rocks without form or color, a sad corner of the world. I confess I am not jolly, but mighty calm, in my distresses. My illness is a subject of great mirth to some of my fellow-travellers, and I smile rather sickly at their jests.

We are going along Bitter Creek just now, a place infamous in the history of emigration, a place I shall remember myself among the blackest. I hope I may get this posted at Ogden, Utah. You might give my news to Sidney Colvin.

[August, 1879.]

MY DEAR COLVIN,—Here is another curious start in my life. I am living at an Angora goat-ranche, in the Coast-Line Mountains, eighteen miles from Monterey. I was camping out, but got so sick that the two rancheros took me in and tended me. One is an old bear-hunter, seventy-two years old, and a captain from the Mexican war; the other, a pilgrim, and one who was out with the bear flag and under Fremont when California was taken by the States. They are both true frontiersmen, and most kind and pleasant. Captain Smith, the bear-hunter, is my physician, and I obey him like an oracle.

The business of my life stands pretty nigh still. I work at my notes of the voyage. It will not be very like a book of mine; but perhaps none the less successful for that. I will not deny that I feel lonely to-day; but I do not fear to go on, for I am doing right. I have not yet had a word from England, partly, I suppose, because I have not yet written for my letters to New York; do not blame me

for this neglect; if you knew all I have been through, you would wonder I had done so much as I have. I teach the ranche children reading in the morning, for the mother is from home sick.—Ever your affectionate friend,
R. L. S.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO.,
CALIFORNIA, August or September, 1879.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—I received your letter with delight; it was the first word that reached me from the old country. I am in good health now; I have been pretty seedy, for I was exhausted by the journey and anxiety below even my point of keeping up; I am still a little weak, but that is all; I begin to ingrease, it seems, already. My book is about half-drafted: the *Amateur Emigrant*, that is. Can you find a better name? I believe it will be more popular than any of my others; the canvas is so much more popular and larger too. Fancy, it is my fourth. That voluminous writer. I was vexed to hear about the last chapter of *the Lie*, and pleased to hear about the rest; It would have been odd if it had no birthmark, born where and how it was. It should by rights have been called the *Devonia*, for that is the habit with all children born in a steerage.

I write to you, hoping for more. Pour out the Perth office writing ink—let it flow. Give me news of all who concern me, near or far, or big or little. Here, sir, in Cal., you have a willing hearer.

Monterey is a place where there is no summer or winter, and pines and sand and distant hills and a bay all filled with real water from the Pacific. You will perceive that no expense has been spared. I now live with a little French doctor; I take one of my meals in a little French restaurant; for the other two, I sponge. The population of Monterey is about that of a dissenting chapel on a wet Sunday in a strong church neighborhood. They are mostly Mexican and Indian—mixed.—Ever yours,
R. L. S.

[With reference to the following letter and others similarly addressed—Weg or Wegg, it should be stated, was a nickname fastened by Stevenson on Mr. Gosse, while that gentleman was suffering from a transient fit of lameness. It alludes, of course,

to Silas Wegg, the immortal literary gentleman “*with a wooden leg*” of “Our Mutual Friend.”]

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO.,
CALIFORNIA, October 8, 1879.

MY DEAR WEG,—I know I am a rogue and the son of a dog. Yet let me tell you, when I came here I had a week's misery and a fortnight's illness, and since then I have been more or less busy in being content. This is a kind of excuse for my laziness. I hope you will not excuse yourself. My plans are still very uncertain, and it is not likely that anything will happen before Christmas. In the meanwhile, I believe I shall live on here “between the sandhills and the sea,” as I think Mr. Swinburne hath it. I was pretty nearly slain; my spirit lay down and kicked for three days; I was up at an Angora goat-ranche in the Santa Lucia Mountains, nursed by an old frontiersman, a mighty hunter of bears, and I scarcely slept, or ate, or thought for four days. Two nights I lay out under a tree in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat-bells ringing and the tree-frogs singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad. Then the bear-hunter came round, pronounced me “real sick,” and ordered me up to the ranche.

It was an odd, miserable piece of my life; and according to all rule, it should have been my death; but after awhile my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success.

My new book, *The Amateur Emigrant*, is about half-drafted. I don't know that it will be good, but I think it ought to sell in spite of the de'il and the publishers; for it tells an odd enough experience, and one I think never yet told before. Look for my “Burns” in the *Coruhill*, and for my “Story of a Lie” in Paul's withered babe, the *New Quarterly*. You may have seen the latter ere this reaches you: tell me if it has any interest, like a good boy, and remember that it was written at sea in great anxiety of mind. What is your news? Send me your works, like an angel, *au fur et à mesure* of their apparition, for I am

naturally short of literature, and I do not wish to rust.

I fear this can hardly be called a letter. To say truth, I feel already a difficulty of approach; I do not know if I am the same man I was in Europe, perhaps I can hardly claim acquaintance with you. My head went round and looks another way now; for when I found myself over here in a new land, and all the past uprooted in the one tug, and I neither feeling glad nor sorry, I got my last lesson about mankind; I mean my latest lesson, for of course I do not know what surprises there are yet in store for me. But that I could have so felt astonished me beyond description. There is a wonderful callousness in human nature which enables us to live. I had no feeling one way or another, from New York to California, until, at Dutch Flat, a mining camp in the Sierra, I heard a cock crowing with a home voice; and then I fell to hope and regret both in the same moment.

Is there a boy or a girl? and how is your wife? I thought of you more than once, to put it mildly.

I live here comfortably enough; but I shall soon be left all alone, perhaps till Christmas. Then you may hope for correspondence—and may not I?—Your friend,

R. L. S.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO., CAL.
[Autumn], 1879.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Many thanks for your good letter, which is the best way to forgive you for your previous silence. I hope Colvin or somebody has sent me the *Cornhill* and the *New Quarterly*, though I am trying to get them in San Francisco. I think you might have sent me (1) some of your articles in the *P. M. G.*, (2) a paper with the announcement of second edition, and (3) the announcement of the essays in *Athenæum*. This to prick you in the future. Again, choose, in your head, the best volume of Labiche there is, and post it to Jules Simoneau, Monterey, Monterey Co., California: do this at once, as he is my restaurant man, a most pleasant old boy, with whom I discuss the universe and play chess daily. He has been out of France for thirty-five years, and never heard of Labiche. I have eighty-three pages written of a story about

as bad as Ouida, and not so good, called a *Vendetta in the West*, and about sixty pages of the first draft of the *Amateur Emigrant*. They should each cover from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty pages when done. (If you have not coin for the Labiche, Colvin can advance you some of mine that I told him to take for such expenses.) That is all my literary news. Do keep me posted, won't you? Your letter and Bob's made the fifth and sixth I have had from Europe in three months.

At times I get terribly frightened about my work, which seems to advance too slowly. I hope soon to have a greater burthen to support, and must make money a great deal quicker than I used. I may get nothing for the *Vendetta*; I may only get some forty quid for the *Emigrant*; I cannot hope to have them both done much before the end of November. That would make £40 in three months, or about £12 a month; and I spend, as it is, nearly ten, and shall likely spend a little more in the future. That looks grave; I must avert my thoughts.

Oh, and look here; why did you not send me the *Spectator* which slanged me? Rogues and rascals, is that all you are worth?

Yesterday I set fire to the forest, for which, had I been caught, I should have been hung out of hand to the nearest tree, Judge Lynch being an active person here-away. You should have seen my retreat (which was entirely for strategical purposes). I ran like hell. It was a fine sight. At night I went out again to see it; it was a good fire, though I say it that should not. I also had a near escape for my life with a revolver: I fired six charges, and the six bullets all remained in the barrel, which was choked from end to end, from muzzle to breach, with solid lead; it took a man three hours to drill them out. Another shot, and I'd have gone to kingdom come.

This is a lovely place, which I am growing to love. The Pacific licks all other oceans out of hand; there is no place but the Pacific Coast to hear eternal roaring surf. When I get to the top of the woods behind Monterey, I can hear the seas breaking all round over ten or twelve miles of coast, from near Carmel on my

left, out to Point Pinas in front, and away to the right along the sands of Monterey to Castroville and the mouth of the Salinas. I was wishing yesterday that the world could get—no, what I mean was that you should be kept in suspense like Mahomet's coffin until the world had made half a revolution, then dropped here at the station as though you had stepped from the cars; you would then comfortably enter Walter's waggon (the sun has just gone down, the moon beginning to throw shadows, you hear the surf rolling, and smell the sea and the pines). The waggon shall deposit you at The Bohemian saloon, where we take a drink; you are introduced to Bronson, the local editor ("I have no brain music," he says; "I'm a mechanic you see;" but he's a nice fellow); to Adolpho Sanchez, who is delightful, although no brain-musician either; meantime I go to the P. O. for my mail; thence we walk up Alvarado Street together, you now floundering in the sand, now merrily stumping on the wooden sidewalks; I call at Hadsell's for my paper; at length behold us installed in Simoneau's little whitewashed back-room, round a dirty table-cloth, with François the baker, perhaps an Italian fisherman, perhaps Augustin Dutra, and Simoneau himself. Simoneau, François, and I are the three sure cards; the others mere waifs. Then home to my great airy rooms, with five windows opening on a balcony; I sleep on the floor in my camp blankets; you install yourself abed; in the morning, coffee with the little doctor and his little wife; we hire a waggon, and make a day of it; and by night I should let you up again into the air, to be returned to Mrs. Henley in the forenoon following. By God, you would enjoy yourself. So should I. I have tales enough to keep you going till five in the morning, and then they would not be at an end. Will you remember me most affectionately to your wife, the celebrated lady of the castle. Shake hands with Anthony from me; and God bless your mother.—Ever your affectionate friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY COUNTY,
CALIFORNIA, [Autumn, 1879].

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Herewith the *Pavillion on the Links*, grand carpentry story

in nine chapters, and I should hesitate to say how many tableaux. Where is it to go? God knows. It is the dibbs that are wanted. It is not bad, though I say it; carpentry, of course, but not bad at that; and who else can carpenter in England, now that Wilkie Collins is played out? It might be broken for magazine purposes at the end of Chapter IV. I send it to you, as I daresay Payn may help, if all else fails. Dibbs and speed are my mottoes.

Do acknowledge the *Pavillion* by return. I shall be so nervous till I hear, as of course I have no copy except of one or two places where the vein would not run. God prosper it, poor *Pavillion*! May it bring me money for myself and my sick one, who may read it, I do not know how soon.

Love to your wife, Anthony and all. I shall write to Colvin to-day or to-morrow.
—Yours ever, R. L. S.

[MONTEREY, Autumn, 1879.]

To-day, my dear Colvin, I send you the first part of the *Amateur Emigrant*, 71 pp.: by far the longest and the best of the whole. It is not a monument of eloquence; indeed, I have sought to be prosaic in view of the nature of the subject; but I almost think it is interesting.

Whatever is done about any book publication, two things remember: I must keep a royalty; and second, I must have all my books advertised, in the French manner, on the leaf opposite the title. I know from my own experience how much good this does an author with book buyers.

The entire *A. E.* will be a little longer than the two others, but not very much. Here and there I fancy you will laugh as you read it; but it seems to me rather a clever book, than anything else: the book of a man, that is, who has paid a great deal of attention to contemporary life, and not through the newspapers.

I have never seen my *Burns*! the darling of my heart!

This is all business; but some had to be done some time. I await your promised letter. Papers, magazines, articles by friends; reviews of myself, all would be very welcome. I am reporter for the *Monterey Californian*, at a salary of 2 dollars a week! *Comment trouver cela?*

I am also in a conspiracy with the American editor, a French restaurant man, and an Italian fisherman against the Padre. The enclosed poster is my last literary appearance. It was put up to the number of 200 exemplaries at the witching hour; and they were almost all destroyed by eight in the morning. But I think the nickname will stick. *Dos Reales*; *deux réaux*; two bits; twenty-five cents; about a shilling; but in practice it is worth from ninepence to threepence: thus two glasses of beer would cost two bits. The Italian fisherman, an old Garibaldian, is a splendid fellow.

R. L. S.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO.,
CALIFORNIA, November 15, 1879.

MY DEAR GOSSE,—Your letter was to me such a bright spot that I answer it right away to the prejudice of other correspondents or -dants (don't know how to spell it) who have prior claims. . . . Your letter was like a warm shake of the hands in the midst of all these concerns. You may believe me, I should be as sorry to see the last of you as ever you could be to see the last of me, and your kind letter, coming when it did, was an act of friendship of far greater importance than you could have dreamed when you wrote. It is the history of our kindnesses that alone makes this world tolerable. If it were not for that, for the effect of kind words, kind look, kind letters, multiplying, spreading, making one happy through another and bringing forth benefits, some thirty, some fifty, some a thousandfold, I should be tempted to think our life a practical jest in the worst possible spirit. So your four pages have confirmed my philosophy as well as consoled my heart in these ill hours.

Yes, you are right; Monterey is a pleasant place; but I see I can write no more to-night. I am tired and sad, and being already in bed, have no more to do but turn out the light.—Your affectionate friend,

R. L. S.

I try it again by daylight. Once more in bed however; for to-day it is *mucho piro*, as we Spaniards say; and I had no other means of keeping warm for my work. I have done a good spell, 9½ foolscap pages; at least 8 of *Cornhill*; ah, if I

thought that I could get 8 guineas for it. My trouble is that I am all too ambitious just now. A book whereof 70 out of 120 are scrolled. A novel whereof 85 out of, say, 140 are pretty well-nigh done. A short story of 50 pp., which shall be finished to-morrow, or I'll know the reason why. This may bring in a lot of money: but I dread to think that it is all on three chances. If the three were to fail, I am in a bog. The novel is called *A Vendetta in the West*; it is about as bad as Ouida, but not quite, for it is not so eloquent. I see I am in a grasping, dismal humor, and should, as we Americans put it, quit writing. In truth, I am so haunted by anxieties that one or other is sure to come up in all that I write.

I will send you herewith a Monterey paper where the works of R. L. S. appear, nor only that, but all my life, on studying the advertisements will become clear. I lodge with Dr. Heintz; take my meals with Simoneau; have been only two days ago shaved by the tonsorial artist Michaels; drink daily at the Bohemia saloon; get my daily paper from Hadsel's; was stood a drink to-day by Albano Rodriguez; in short, there is scarce a person advertised in that paper but I know him, and I may add scarce a person in Monterey but is there advertised. The paper is the marrow of the place. Its bones—pooh, I am tired of writing so sillily.

R. L. S.

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO.,
CALIFORNIA, December 8, 1879.

MY DEAR WEG,—I received your book last night as I lay abed with a pleurisy, the result, I fear, of overwork, gradual decline of appetite, etc. You know what a wooden-hearted curmudgeon I am about contemporary verse. I like none of it, except some of my own. (I look back on that sentence with pleasure; it comes from an honest heart.) Hence you will be kind enough to take this from me in a kindly spirit; the piece *To my Daughter* is delicious. And yet even here I am going to pick holes. I am a *beastly* curmudgeon. It is the last verse. "Newly budded" is off the venue; and haven't you gone ahead to make a poetry day-break instead of sticking to your muttons, and comparing with the mysterious light

of stars the plain, friendly, perspicuous, human day? But this is to be a beast. The little poem is eminently pleasant, human, and original.

I have read nearly the whole volume, and shall read it nearly all over again; you have no rivals!

Bancroft's *History of the United States*, even in a centenary edition, is essentially heavy fare; a little goes a long way; I respect Bancroft, but I do not love him; he has moments when he feels himself inspired to open up his improvisations upon universal history and the designs of God; but I flatter myself I am more nearly acquainted with the latter than Mr. Bancroft. A man, in the words of my Plymouth Brother, "who knows the Lord," must needs, from time to time, write less emphatically. It is a fetter dance to the music of minute guns—not at sea, but in a region not a thousand miles from the Sahara. Still, I am half-way through volume three, and shall count myself unworthy of the name of an Englishman if I do not see the back of volume six. The countryman of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Drake, Cook, etc.!

I have been sweated not only out of my pleuritic fever, but out of all my eating cares, and the better part of my brains (strange coincidence!), by aconite. I have that peculiar and delicious sense of being born again in an expurgated edition which belongs to convalescence. It will not be for long; I hear the breakers roar; I shall be steering head first for another rapid before many days; *nitor aquis*, said a certain Eton boy, translating for his sins a part of the *Inland Voyage* into Latin elegiacs; and from the hour I saw it, or rather a friend of mine, the admirable Jenkin, saw and recognised its absurd appropriateness, I took it for my device in life. I am going for thirty now; and unless I can snatch a little rest before long, I have, I may tell you in confidence, no hope of seeing thirty-one. My health began to break last winter, and has given me but fitful times since then. This pleurisy, though but a slight affair in itself, was a huge disappointment to me, and marked an epoch. To start a pleurisy about nothing, while leading a dull, regular life in a mild climate, was not my habit in past days; and it is six years, all but a

few months, since I was obliged to spend twenty-four hours in bed. I may be wrong, but if the niting is to continue, I believe I must go. It is a pity in one sense, for I believe the class of work I *might* yet give out is better and more real and solid than people fancy. But death is no bad friend; a few aches and gasps, and we are done; like the truant child, I am beginning to grow weary and timid in this big jostling city, and could run to my nurse, even although she should have to whip me before putting me to bed.

Will you kiss your little daughter from me, and tell her that her father has written a delightful poem about her? Remember me, please, to Mrs. Gosse, to Middlemore, to whom some of these days I will write, to —, to —, yes, to —, and to —. I know you will gnash your teeth at some of these; wicked, grim, catlike old poet. If I were God, I would sort you—as we say in Scotland.

R. L. S.

"Too young to be our child:" blooming good.

[The following refers to Mr. Hamerton's candidature (which was not successful) for the professorship of Fine Art at Edinburgh University.]

MONTEREY, MONTEREY CO.,
CALIFORNIA [1879].

MY DEAR MR. HAMERTON.—Your letter to my father was forwarded me by mistake, and by mistake I opened it. The letter to myself has not yet reached me. This must explain my own and my father's silence. I shall write by this or next post to the only friends I have who, I think, would have an influence, as they are both professors. I regret exceedingly that I am not in Edinburgh, as I could perhaps have done more, and I need not tell you that what I might do for you in the matter of the election is neither from friendship nor gratitude, but because you are the only man (I beg your pardon) worth a damn. I shall write to a third friend, now I think of it, whose father will have great influence.

I find here (of all places in the world) your *Essays on Art*, which I have read with signal interest. I believe I shall dig an essay of my own out of one of them.

for it set me thinking; if mine could only produce yet another in reply, we could have the marrow cut between us.

I hope, my dear sir, you will not think badly of me for my long silence. My head has scarce been on my shoulders. I had scarce recovered from a long fit of useless ill-health than I was whirled over here double-quick time and by cheapest conveyance.

I have been since pretty ill, but pick up, though still somewhat of a mossy ruin. If you would view my countenance aright, come—view it by the pale moonlight. But that is on the mend. I believe I have now a distant claim to tan.

A letter will be more than welcome in this distant clime, where I have a box at the post-office—generally, I regret to say, empty. Could your recommendation introduce me to an American publisher? My next book I should really try to get hold of here, as its interest is international, and the more I am in this country the more I understand the weight of your influence. It is pleasant to be thus most at home abroad, above all when the prophet is still not without honour in his own land.

R. L. S.

[The remaining letters are dated from San Francisco, whither Stevenson had moved in the last days of 1879.]

Postmark 18 1 80.—608 BUSH STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—This is a circular letter to tell my estate fully. You have no right to it, being the worst of correspondents; but I wish to efface the impression of my last, so to you it goes.

Any time between eight and half-past nine in the morning a slender gentleman in an ulster, with a volume buttoned into the breast of it, may be observed leaving No. 608 Bush and descending Powell with an active step. The gentleman is R. L. S.; the volume relates to Benjamin Franklin, on whom he meditates one of his charming essays. He descends Powell, crosses Market, and descends in Sixth on a branch of the original Pine Street Coffee House, no less; I believe he would be capable of going to the original itself, if he could only find it. In the branch he seats himself at a table covered with wax-cloth, and

a pampered menial, of High-Dutch extraction and indeed as yet only partially extracted, lays before him a cup of coffee, a roll and a pat of butter, all, to quote the deity, very good. A while ago, and R. L. S. used to find the supply of butter insufficient; but he has now learned the art to exactitude, and butter and roll expire at the same moment. For this refection he pays ten cents or five pence sterling (£0. 0s. 5d.).

Half an hour later, the inhabitants of Bush Street observe the same slender gentlemen armed, like George Washington, with his little hatchet, splitting kindling, and breaking coal for his fire. He does this quasi-publicly upon the window-sill; but this is not to be attributed to any love of notoriety, though he is indeed vain of his prowess with the hatchet (which he persists in calling an axe) and daily surprised at the perpetuation of his fingers. The reason is this: that the sill is a strong supporting beam, and that blows of the same emphasis in other parts of his room might knock the entire shanty into hell. Thenceforth for from three to four hours, he is engaged darkly with an ink-bottle. Yet he is not blacking his boots, for the only pair that he possesses are innocent of lustre and wear the natural hue of the material turned up with caked and venerable slush. The youngest child of his landlady remarks several times a day as this strange occupant enters or quits the house, "Dere's de author." Can it be that this bright-haired innocent has found the true clue to the mystery? The being in question is, at least, poor enough to belong to that honorable craft.

His next appearance is at the restaurant of one Donadieu, in Bush Street, between Dupont and Kearney, where a copious meal, half a bottle of wine, coffee and brandy may be procured for the sum of four bits, alias fifty cents, £0 2s. 2d. sterling. The wine is put down in a whole bottleful, and it is strange and painful to observe the greed with which the gentleman in question seeks to secure the last drop of his allotted half, and the scrupulousness with which he seeks to avoid taking the first drop of the other. This is partly explained by the fact that if he were to go over the mark—bang would go to a tenpence. He is again armed with

a book, but his best friends will learn with pain that he seems at this hour to have deserted the more serious studies of the morning. When last observed, he was studying with apparent zest the exploits of one Rocambole by the late Vicomte Ponson du Terrail. This work, originally of prodigious dimensions, he has had cut into liths or thicknesses, apparently for convenience of carriage.

Then the being walks, where is not certain. But by about half-past four, a light beams from the windows of 608 Bush ; and he may be observed sometimes engaged in correspondence, sometimes once again plunged in the mysterious rites of the forenoon. About six he returns to the Branch Original, where he once more imbues himself to the worth of fivepence in coffee and roll. The evening is devoted to writing and reading, and by eleven or half-past darkness closes over this weird and truculent existence.

As for coin, you see I don't spend much, only you and Henley both seem to think my work rather bosh now-a-days, and I do want to make as much as I was making, that is £200, if I can do that, I can swim ; last year with my ill health I touched only £109, that would not do, I could not fight it through on that ; but on £200, as I say, I am good for the world and can even in this quiet way save a little, and that I must do. The worst is my health ; it is suspected I had an ague chill yesterday, I shall know by to-morrow, and you know if I am to be laid down with ague the game is pretty well lost. But I don't know ; I managed to write a good deal down in Monterey, when I was pretty sickly most of the time, and, by God, I'll try, ague and all. I have to ask you frankly when you write, to give me any good news you can, and chat a little, but *just in the meantime*, give me no bad. If I could get *Thoreau*, *Emigrant* and *Vendetta* all finished and out of my hand, I should feel like a man who had made half a year's income in a half year ; but until the two last are *finished*, you see, they don't fairly count.

I am afraid I bore you sadly with this perpetual talk about my affairs, I will try and stow it ; but you see, it touches me nearly ; I'm the miser in earnest now ; last night when I felt so ill, the supposed

ague chill, it seemed strange not to be able to afford a drink. I would have walked half a mile, tired as I felt, for a brandy and soda.
R. L. S.

[With reference to the following, it must be explained that the first draught of the first part of the *Amateur Emigrant*, when it reached me about Christmas, had seemed to me, compared to his previous travel papers, but a spiritless record of squalid experiences, little likely to advance his still only half-established reputation ; and I had written him to that effect, inopportunately enough, with a fuller measure even than usual of the frankness which always marked our intercourse.]

608 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA [January, 1886]

MY DEAR COLVIN,—I received this morning your long letter from Paris. Well, God's will be done ; if it's dull, it's dull ; it was a fair fight, and it's lost, and there's an end. But fortunately dulness is not a fault the public hates ; perhaps they may like this vein of dulness. If they don't, damn them, we'll try them with another. I sat down on the back of your letter, and wrote twelve *Cornhill* pages this day as ever was of that same despised *Emigrant* ; so you see my moral courage has not gone down with my intellect. Only, frankly, Colvin, do you think it a good plan to be so eminently descriptive, and even eloquent in dispraise ? You rolled such a lot of polysyllables over me that a better man than I might have been disheartened.—However, I was not, as you see, and am not. The *Emigrant* shall be finished and leave in the course of next week. And then, I'll stick to stories. I am not frightened. I know my mind is changing ; I have been telling you so for long ; and I suppose I am fumbling for the new vein. Well, I'll find it.

The *Vendetta* you will not much like, I daresay : and that must be finished next ; but I'll knock you with *The Forest State : A Romance*.

I'm vexed about my letters : I know it is painful to get these unsatisfactory things. But at least I have written often enough. And not one soul ever gives me *any news*, about people or things ; everybody writes me sermons ; it's good for me, but hardly

the food necessary for a man who lives all alone on forty-five cents a day, and sometimes less, with quantities of hard work and many heavy thoughts. If one of you could write me a letter with a jest in it, a letter like what is written to real people in this world—I am still flesh and blood—I should enjoy it. Simpson did, the other day, and it did me as much good as a bottle of wine. A lonely man gets to feel like a pariah after awhile; or no, not that, but like a saint and martyr, or a kind of macerated clergyman with pebbles in his boots, a pillared Simeon, I'm damned if I know what, but, man[^] alive, I want gossip.

My health is better, my spirits steadier, I am not the least cast down. If the *Emigrant* was a failure, the *Pavilion*, by your leave, was not; it was a story quite adequately and rightly done, I contend; and when I find Stephen, for whom certainly I did not mean it, taking it in, I am better pleased with it than before. I know I shall do better work than ever I have done before; but, mind you, it will not be like it. My sympathies and interests are changed. There shall be no more books of travel for me. I care for nothing but the moral and the dramatic, not a jot for the picturesque, or the beautiful, other than about people. It bored me hellishly to write the *Emigrant*; well, it's going to bore others to read it; that's only fair.

I should also write to others; but indeed I am jack-tired, and must go to bed to a French novel to compose myself for slumber.—Ever your affectionate friend,

R. L. S.

608 BUSH STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1880.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Before my work or anything I sit down to answer your long and kind letter.

I am well, cheerful, busy, hopeful; I cannot be knocked down; I do not mind about the *Emigrant*. I never thought it a masterpiece. It was written to sell, and I believe it will sell; and if it does not, the next will. You need not be uneasy about my work; I am only beginning to see my true method.

(1) As to *Studies*. There are two more already gone to Stephen. *Yoshida Toraziro*, which I think temperate and ade-

quate; and *Thoreau*, which will want a really Balzacian effort over the proofs. But I want *Benj. Franklin and the Art of Virtue* to follow; and perhaps also *William Penn*, but this last may be perhaps delayed for another volume—I think not though. The *Studies* will be an intelligent volume; and in their latter numbers more like what I mean to be my style, or I mean what my style means to be, for I am passive. (2) The *Essays*. Good news indeed. I think *Ordered South* must be thrown in. It always swells the volume, and it will never find a more appropriate place. It was May, 1874, Macmillan I believe. (3) *Plays*. I did not understand you meant to try the draught. I shall make you a full scenario as soon as the *Emigrant* is done. (4) *Emigrant*. He shall be sent off next week. (5) *Stories*. You need not be alarmed that I am going to imitate Meredith. You knew I was a story-teller in grain; did not that reassure you? The *Vendetta*, which falls next to be finished, is not entirely pleasant. But it has points. *The Forest State* or *The Greenwood State: A Romance*, is another pair of shoes. It is my old *Semiramis*, our half-seen Duke and Duchess, which suddenly sprang into sunshine clearness as a story the other day. The kind, happy *dénouement* is unfortunately absolutely undramatic, which will be our only trouble in quarrying out the play. I mean we shall quarry from it. *Characters*—Otto Frederick John, hereditary Prince of Grünwald; Amelia Seraphina, Princess; Conrad, Baron Gondremarck, Prime Minister; Cancellarius Greisengesang; Killian Gottesacker, Steward of the River Farm; Ottilie, his daughter; the Countess von Rosen. Seven in all. A brave story, I swear; and a brave play too, if we can find the trick to make the end. The play, I fear, will have to end darkly, and that spoils the quality as I now see it of a kind of crockery, eighteenth century, high-life-below-stairs life, breaking up like ice in spring before the nature and the certain modicum of manhood of my poor, clever, feather-headed Prince, whom I love already. I see Seraphina too. Gondremarck is not quite so clear. The Countess von Rosen, I have; I'll never tell you who she is; it's a secret; but I have known the countess; well, I will tell you; it's

my old Russian friend, Madame Z. Certain scenes are, in conception, the best I have ever made, except for *Hester Noble*. Those at the end, Von Rosen and the Princess, the Prince and Princess, and the Princess and Gondremarck, as I now see them from here, should be nuts, Henley, nuts. It irks me not to go to them straight. But the *Emigrant* stops the way ; then a reassured scenario for *Hester* ; then the *Vendetta* ; then two (or three) Essays—*B. Franklin, Thoughts on Literature as an Art, Dialogue on Character and Destiny between two Puppets, The Human Compromise* ; and then, at length—come to me, my Prince. O Lord, it's going to be courtly ! And there is not an ugly person nor an ugly scene in it. The *Slate* both Fanny and I have damned utterly ; it is too morbid, ugly, and unkind ; better starvation.

R. L. S.

[Between the date of this letter and the next, Stevenson had lain for many weeks at death's door from a complication of lung and other troubles, and had been bravely pulled through by the care of Dr. Bamford and Mrs. Osbourne, and with the help of his own invincible courage.]

S. FRANCISCO [Spring, 1880].

MY DEAR COLVIN,—You must be sick indeed of my demand for books, for you have seemingly not yet sent me one. Still I live on promises ; waiting for *Penn*, for H. James's *Hawthorne*, for my *Burns*, etc. ; and now, to make matters worse, pending your *Centuries*, etc., I do earnestly desire the best book about mythology (if it be German, so much the worse, send a buncionary along with it and pray for me). This is why. If I recover, I feel called on to write a volume of gods and demi-gods in exile ; Pan, Jove, Cybele, Venus, Charon, etc. ; and though I should like to take them very free, I should like to know a little about 'em to begin with. For two days, till last night, I had no night-sweats, and my cough is almost gone, and I digest well ; so all looks hopeful. However, I was near the other side of Jordan. I send the proof of *Thoreau* to you, so that you may correct and fill up the quotation from Goethe. It is a pity I was ill, as, for matter, I think I prefer that to any of my essays except

Burns ; but the style, though quite manly, never attains any melody or lenity. So much for consumption : I begin to appreciate what the *Emigrant* must be. As soon as I have done the last few pages of the *Emigrant* shall go to you. But when will that be ? I know not quite yet—I have to be so careful.—Ever yours,

R. L. S.

POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
April 16 [1880].

MY DEAR GOSSE,—You have not answered my last ; and I know you will repent when you hear how near I have been to another world. For about six weeks I have been in utter doubt ; it was a toss up for life or death all that time ; but I won the toss, sir, and Hades went off once more discomfited. This is not the first time, nor will it be the last, that I have a friendly game with that gentleman ; I know he will end by cleaning me out ; but the rogue is insidious, and the habit of that sort of gambling seems to be a part of my nature ; it was, I suspect, too much indulged in youth ; break your children of this tendency, my dear GOSSE, from the first. It is, when once formed, a habit more fatal than opium—I speak, as St. Paul says, like a fool. I have been very very sick ; on the verge of a galloping consumption, cold sweats, prostrating attacks of cough, sinking fits in which I lost the power of speech, fever, and all the ugliest circumstances of the disease ; and I have cause to bless God, my wife that is to be, and one Dr. Bamford (a name the Muse repels), that I have come out of all this, and got my feet once more upon a little hilltop, with a fair prospect of life and some new desire of living. Yet I did not wish to die, neither ; only I felt unable to go on farther with that rough horse-play of human life ; a man must be pretty well to take the business in good part. Yet I felt all the time that I had done nothing to entitle me to an honorable discharge ; that I had taken up many obligations and begun many friendships which I had no right to put away from me : and that for me to die was to play the cur and slinking sybarite, and desert the colors on the eve of the decisive fight. Of course I have done no work for I do not know how long ; and here you can triumph. I have

been reduced to writing verses for amusement. A fact. The whirligig of time brings in its revenges, after all. But I'll have them buried with me, I think, for I have not the heart to burn them while I live. Do write. I shall go to the mountains as soon as the weather clears; on the way thither, I marry myself; then I set up my family altar among the pinewoods, 3,000 feet, sir, from the disputatious sea.—I am, dear Weg, most truly yours,

R. L. S.

P. O., S. F., CALA. [Spring, 1880.]

MY DEAR COLVIN,—My dear people telegraphed me in these words: "Count on 250 pounds annually." You may imagine what a blessed business this was. And so now, please recover the sheets of the *Emigrant*, and post them registered to me. And give me all your venom against it; say your worst, and most incisively, for now it will be a help, and I'll make it right or perish in the attempt. Now, do you understand why I protested against your depressing eloquence on the subject? When I *had* to go on anyway, for dear life, I thought it a kind of pity and not much good to discourage me. Now all's changed. God only knows how much courage and suffering is buried in that MS. The second part was written in a circle of hell unknown to Dante; that of the penniless and dying author. For dying I was, although now saved. Another week, the doctor said, and I should have been past salvation. I think I shall always think of it as my best work. There is one page in part 2, about having got to shore and sich, which must have cost me altogether six hours of work as miserable as ever I went through. I feel sick even to think of it.—Ever your friend,

R. L. S.

BROOKLYN, CAL., April, 1880.

W. BAMFORD, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you let me offer you this little book? If I had anything better, it should be yours. May you not dislike it, for it will be your own handiwork if there are other fruits from the same tree! But for your kindness and skill, this would have been my last book, and now I am in hopes that it will be neither my last nor my best.

You doctors have a serious responsibility. You recall a man from the gates of death, you give him health and strength once more to use or to abuse. I hope I shall feel your responsibility added to my own, and seek in the future to make a better profit of the life you have renewed to me.—I am, my dear sir, gratefully yours,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[SAN FRANCISCO, Spring, 1880.]

MY DEAR COLVIN—It is a long while since I have heard from you; nearly a month, I believe; and I begin to grow very uneasy. At first I was tempted to suppose that I had been myself to blame in some way; but now I have grown to fear lest some sickness or trouble among those whom you love may be the impediment. I believe I shall soon hear; so I wait as best I can. I am, beyond a doubt, greatly stronger, and yet still useless for any work, and, I may say, for any pleasure. My teeth and the bad weather still keep me here unmarried; but not, I earnestly hope, for long. Whenever I get into the mountain, I trust I shall rapidly pick up. Until I get away from these sea-fogs and my imprisonment in the house, I do not hope to do much more than keep from active harm. My doctor took a desponding fit about me, and scared Fanny into blue fits; but I have talked her over again. It is the change I want, and the blessed sun, and a gentle air in which I can sit out and see the trees and running water; these mere defensive hygienics cannot advance one, though they may prevent evil. I do nothing now; but try to possess my soul in peace, and continue to possess my body on any terms.

CALISTOGA, NAPA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

All of which is a fortnight old, and not much to the point nowadays. Here we are, Fanny and I, and a certain hound, in a lovely valley under Mount Saint Helena, looking around or rather wondering when we shall begin to look around for a house of our own. I have received the first sheets; not yet the second batch, as announced. It is a pretty heavy emphatic piece of pedantry; but I don't care; the public I verily believe will like it. I have excised all you proposed, and more on my own movement. But I have not yet been

able to re-write the two special pieces which, as you said, so badly wanted it ; it is hard work to re-write passages in proof ; and the easiest work is still hard to me. But I am certainly recovering fast ; a married and convalescent being.

Received James's *Hawthorne*, on which I meditate a blast ; Miss Bird, Dixon's *Penn*, a *wrong Cornhill* (like my luck), and *Coquelin* ; for all which, and especially the last, I tender my best thanks. I have opened only James ; it is very clever, very well written, and out of sight the most inside-out thing in the world ; I have dug up the hatchet ; a scalp shall flutter at my belt ere long. I think my new book should be good ; it will contain our adventures for the summer, so far as these are worth narrating ; and I have already a few pages of diary which should make up bright. I am going to repeat my old experiment, after buckling-to awhile to write more correctly, lie down and have a wallow. Whether I shall get any of my novels done this summer I do not know ; I wish to finish the *Vendetta* first, for

it really could not come after *Prince Otto*. Lewis Campbell has made some noble work in that *Agamemnon* ; it surprised me. We hope to get a house at Silverado, a deserted mining-camp, eight miles up the mountain, now solely inhabited by a mighty hunter, answering to the name of Rufe Hansome, who slew last year a hundred and fifty deer. This is the motto I propose for the new volume. "*Vixerunt nonnulli in agris, delectati re sua familiari. Hic idem propositum fuit quod regibus, ut ne quo re egerent, ne cui parerent, liberate uterentur ; cujus proprium est sic vivere ut velis.*" I always have a terror lest the wish should have been father to the translation, when I come to quote ; but that seems too plain-sailing. I should put *regibus* in capitals for the pleasantry's sake. We are in the Coast Range, that being so much cheaper to reach ; the family, I hope, will soon follow.

I enclose a letter to Morley, having lost his address ; pray forward it. Love to all.
—Ever yours,

R. L. S.

(To be continued.)

THE INSTALLATION OF LORD CURZON AS VICEROY OF INDIA

By G. W. Steevens

Author of "With Kitchener to Khartum," etc.



IT must be a very elastic-spirited Viceroy who can approach India with feelings other than a very sober sense of responsibility. Yet if anything could cast out the heavy thoughts of plague and famine, of the cost of war and the necessity for defense, of a currency question and a revenue question impossible of any solution that could satisfy everybody—it would be the Viceroy's first sight of the land he is to rule. He who has never enjoyed it must

be enamoured of his new country at a look ; he who, like Lord Curzon of Kedleston, sees it once again after an interval can only feel it bind faster shackles on his imagination.

By six in the morning of December 30th the liner *Arabia* of the P. & O. Company was at anchor opposite the Apollo Bunder, where the new Viceroy was to land. The silver of dying moonlight mixed shyly with the gray of dawn. The lights of ships and shore were golden through the morning haze ; across the ink-black water you could

see the ghostly white of war-ships, and behind them one or two shapeless buildings ; that was all visible of Bombay. But to starboard, where the mainland of India humped itself in round hills, a more and more lustrous crimson climbed up the sky. It lit down to the black water and awoke it into life, and spangled it with flakes of tinsel. The white war-ships began to reflect the growing light ; you could distinguish each plainly now ; the heavy-hulled trooper, low-turret guardships with awnings from stem to stern like turtle decks, smart cruisers and sharp-lined torpedo gun-boats and slips of torpedo-boats. All shone spotlessly, picked with flags from masthead to bulwarks. Higher up the stream lay the black and red target-boats ; lower down, white-winged yachts. The crimson in the sky waned to carmine, the carmine to scarlet ; then all fused to gold. The sun stepped up over a round-shouldered hill, and Bombay, flooded with light, was instantly awake to greet its new lord.

Sunrise is not much before seven at that time of the year in Bombay ; but the magnates of city and province and garrison had been streaming to the landing-place for a full hour. Opposite the steps of the Apollo Bunder, between the red tower gables and verandas of the yacht club and the pier, where chanting coolies were already bringing ashore the Arabia's mails, was spread a great pavilion of white and yellow. Richly carpeted with crimson along its broad central gangway, edged with a fringe of rich green shrubs, it was a fitting antechamber to the opulence of color that was to follow. Into this pavilion were marshalled all the dignitaries of this side of British India. Naval officers in gold-braided cocked hats and dark blue coats, soldiers all in white except for the gold of their accoutrements, the bishop in his scarlet doctor's robes, the Jesuit archbishop in his broad hat and dark gown touched with purple, secretaries to government in black gold-braided court dress, the Postmaster, and the Coroner, even the Superintendent of Vaccination, fell each into his due place. These made hardly more than half the assembly ; the rest were natives. The British ladies were content with white gowns and straw hats, but the wives of rich Parsees and Hindus em-

broidered the white with blue and purple and vermillion. You must go to India to see such dyes. They are the very children of the sun and seem to shine with an unreflected radiance of their own. In the western world they would be discordant ; here you must tune your eye to a heroic jangle of colors. There were three women together, jewels in their noses, arms and ankles cased in a mail of tinkling gold and silver, coral and pearl, swathed tightly, one in blue drapery, the next in violet, the third in emerald green. Each color was alive and quivering passionately, like the tropical sky at midday ; yet in this glaring land they hardly jarred—were merely splendid. The Parsi ladies sought more delicate harmonies than the Hindu—pale pink or lemon-yellow gowns with a pea-green crimson-edged shawl passed over the head. The Parsi himself eschews vanity ; the best European dress is good enough for him, or if not the best, what he conceives to be the best imitation. Only in his hat does he preserve the traditions of his race and faith. His head may be adorned with a plum-colored pile like one fez upside down on top of another ; or with a glazed black structure higher in front than behind like a mitre or miniature grenadier helmet ; or with a cloth hat that looks like a bowler which has lost all its stiffness and whose rim has turned up too much and stuck to the crown, or with a flat velvet smoking-cap embroidered in green and red and yellow, and anything he chooses. But one of these he must wear, or he is no good Parsi. Beside him the Hindu is a fire-fly with his gilt edge muslins, with emeralds in his ears, and on his half-shaven head the two peaked turbans of cutch shape, suggesting a pack-saddle, but of a flaming scarlet, crusted with a golden wing at one side. If he stood up you would see that he wears old elastic-sided boots with frayed tabs sticking out and no socks ; but while he sits he shines untarnished.

Such a company has an eclectic flavor which you would hardly find elsewhere in the world. The civil servant, the soldier, the bishop, the Parsi millionaire from his attar factory, and the Hindu chief from one of the tiny village states of Kattywar—each in his degree was a picked man, each a ruler of men. Each carried the fate of human beings in his hand, this one

a score, that a hundred, the other a thousand. There were a million people outside the white-uniformed, white-helmeted line of the guard of honor; but they neither had anything to say to Lord Curzon of Kedleston, nor desired to say anything. The men to speak were the rulers, inside the cordons. After the first moment it was not the outward symbols, the gold braid and the jewels, that impressed you; it was the inner significance of concentrated authority, of conscious undisputed power. They came together in a spirit of due respect, not merely to the Viceroy, but also to themselves.

The boom of a gun broke on the rustle of talk and movement. His Excellency was leaving the Arabia; everything quivered to attention. The little group of more notable notables who had no seats, but stood at the seaward end of the pavilion, began to shift, half eager, half dignified, toward a tower over an arch. It bore the legend, "Lord Curzon, Welcome." Eyes strayed across the parapet; a couple of launches shot shoreward, breaking up the sheen of the water. Before the passengers could be recognized against the sun, one of them had drawn up to the foot of the steps; the notables drew together an instant, then divided out; the first gun thundered from the saluting battery ashore, the first notes of "God Save the Queen" from a military band, and the Viceroy and Vicereine had stepped into India.

The rising assembly saw a tall, erect, full-chested man in a gray frock-coat on which, alone, shone the Star of India. Forty years, more than half of them filled with strenuous work toward high ends, have printed their mark on a broad, lofty brow, have stamped it with reflectiveness, but kept its serenity. The rest of the face might be owned by a country lad of twenty—clean shaven, smooth, rosy, as if its owner had never had a care, never lost a night's sleep or a day's enjoyment. Beside him walked the incoming Vicereine, tall and stately as a statue, light and graceful as a picture, lissome and expressive as a beautiful, gracious woman. Under a hat that drooped with lace and flowers appeared a profile and bound black hair of Grecian simplicity. When she turned the mobile lines of the complete face fired

the classical beauty with the keen and nervous vitality of the modern West. But the mature freshness of the man's aspect, the alert repose of the woman's, were secondary to their perfect entrance as Viceroy and Vicereine. Both wore a dignified calm, equally distant from nervousness and from unconcern. They looked fully conscious of their greatness, but also fully equal to it. The Viceroy moved forward along the aisle of recognitions and presentations, neither hurrying nor lingering; the Vicereine fell back a pace meanwhile, neither forcing nor losing dignity. They were like a pair of perfect players, familiar with their parts, inured to triumph in them.

So much was seen and appreciated; then the blue-and-gold suite closed in upon them and they passed to the centre of the aisle. From the dead silence that ensued it was inferred that the president of the Bombay municipality was reading an address. But as soon as the Viceroy Designate raised his voice to reply almost everybody in the pavilion could hear. The voice, not powerful, was icily clear, studiously managed; the delivery was declamatory without becoming monotonous; the language was a shade rhetorical, though not too much for the formality of the occasion; the matter was the usual matter of replies to declamations. A minute after the gray tall hat and the lace and flowers were bowing from a four-horsed landau. Before them went the blue and white uniforms of an escort of the Bombay Light Horse, the European volunteers of the city; behind came the strings of carriages with the suite and longscarlet tunics and red and white pennons of the Governor of Bombay's Sikh body-guard. A cheer—a rattle—a clatter sent them off through Bombay.

There could hardly be a better introduction to India, to its splendor, its shabbiness, its beauty, its tameness, its civilization, superimposed on primitive barbarism, its violent contrast between the hurrying energy of the white man and the dead weight immobility of the brown. In the physical configuration and its consequences Bombay is not altogether unlike New York. It lies at the south end of a long narrow island; its older part, the fort, is almost at the southernmost extremity.

Here are the landing-piers, the public buildings, the newspapers, the principal business centres; next comes the native city, and the fashionable quarter for residence once lay northward where the Byculla Club, the best in Bombay, still makes its site. But flowing business, as in New York, has risen and surged over the city; it has washed the native city northward, and the club now stands an almost solitary landmark among cotton-mill chimneys and teeming native tenements. The Europeans with the ever-multiplying class of rich natives now live farther westward on the ridge or on Malabar Hill, which, turning south to face the old town, forms the western horn of Back Bay. From the narrowness of the original city and the four miles' drive between it and the ridge, it follows, as in New York, that rents are high and land continually more valuable. And from that follows that the native town is not one-or-two-storied as elsewhere in India, but laid out in great tenement blocks which lend themselves to picturesqueness and to plague.

So that in the drive from the Apollo Bunder to the Governor's house at Malabar Point, the entering Viceroy sees an India unfolded in a panorama before him. First the business houses and the great buildings—the one the richest, the other the stateliest in India, and challenging comparison with almost any city in the world. To-day private houses and hotels, shops and offices, were all alike arrayed in flags—British for the most part, but here and there relieved—now by the blue and white and green over a cigarette merchant's from Cairo, now by the white and red star and crescent of a Mussulman, and especially often by Lady Curzon of Kedleston's native Stars and Stripes. Of the public buildings most flew the national flag: otherwise they were draped only in such naked beauty as their architects have bestowed upon them. Every variation of design is there, but they find a connecting link of uniformity in the red-brown colors common to most and the Oriental profusion of ornament. First came the Venetian Secretariat, then the Gothic University Library and the French University Hall; between them rising the great dark tower which peals forth hymn-tunes on Sunday and on week

days "God Save the Queen" and "Home, Sweet Home," to harrow or gladden the hearts of exiles. The white pinnacled law courts follow in early English, then the post and telegraph offices in miscellaneous Gothic; but the Jewel of Bombay is the Victoria Railway Station, a vast domed mass of stone laced with point and columns and statuary. Between them all you catch vistas of green mead and shrubbery, purple-belled creepers, red-starred shrubs. The whole has its feet in bowers of succulent green and its elbows on shining leaved banyan-trees. A proud and comely city, you say; the Briton feels himself a greater man for his first sight of Bombay.

Then suddenly the magician turns his ring and new has become old, plain is colored, solid is tumbled down, the West has been swallowed up utterly by the East. Cross but one street and you are plunged in the native town—a fairy-tale of cupolas and verandas, minarets, a tulip garden of turbans and shawls. The jutting houses closed in on the procession, the flags vanished away or turned to fluttering streamers of colored paper across the street; the decoration henceforth was the people. Sparse at first, they ended presently thicker and thicker; the windows were frames for women, the streets became wedges of men. Nothing is too bright for the wife of the Bombay dock coolie or cotton operative on a feast-day. Under the quaint wooden sun-hoods that push out over the serried windows of the lodging-houses, along the rickety paintless balconies and verandas, all over the tottering roofs flowered mauve or violet, vivid grass green, emerald, vermilion or cherry colors; only the shabbiness of the dust and dirty plaster relieved the gorgeousness; in the gilding sunlight the very arms and legs shown like bronze or amber, or the bloom on ripe damsons. In the street turbans were mostly scarlet or flame-colored or brilliant yellow; till presently mere gaudiness began to give way to the picturesqueness of strange costumes that meant strange races. The pony dealer from Kabul in his blue smock jostled his brother Mussulman and brother horse-breeder from Arabia in the long black mantle and red-and-white hood bound about with tufts of camel hair. To them it was only a show, for they are not of In-

dia; to the long-robed Persian and pig-tailed Chinese—and there were many of them—it was just a little more; for though not of Bombay, many of them live in it. And of the natives of India alone there were nationalities on nationalities, castes on castes, religions on religions. The sable-peaked turban of Cutch and the white bowl-like turban of the Multani mark nationalities a great deal more divided than English or French; the Hindu, with a red parallelogram smeared on his forehead, will not touch the Hindu with a yellow dot; the white-clad Mussulman would gladly cut the white-robed Brahmin's throat. Into this four-mile drive to Malabar Point was compressed well nigh all space and time—the buildings, a history of civilization; the clothes, a prism of color; the races, a compendium of a continent.

The day ended with a reception at Government House once more summarizing Bombay, but our new Viceroy is still not a Viceroy. In his formal installation he must go fourteen hundred miles to Calcutta. Till the Royal Warrant, entitling him to perform his functions, has been publicly read, his predecessor is Viceroy. The Warrant read, the outcoming Viceroy departs. Only, to quote the careful document's own words, "From the death, resignation, or coming away of Victor Alexander Bruce, Lord of Elgin and Kincardine, Governor-General of India, whichever of these events shall first happen," does "Our Right Trusty and Well Beloved Councillor George Nathaniel, Baron Curzon of Kedleston, in the County of Derby, in the Peerage of Ireland" enter upon the period of his rule.

On the evening of the 31st, therefore, the party—Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston, private secretary, military secretary, and four aides-de-camp—left for the capital. There was more guard of honor, more crowd, more national anthem, and the morning but one after a salute of thirty-one guns. Salutes in India, you must know, are given on a liberal scale, and are a matter of very grave public moment. The Empress, if present in person, would receive the tribute of a hundred and one guns. Members of the Royal Family or the Viceroy get thirty-one; the Portuguese Governor-General of Goa with a standing army of three hun-

dred men is received with seventeen guns. Native princes range from twenty-one to nine, and nothing causes them more lively concern than the relation of their own salute to that of their followers. When personal disposition and the counsels of British residents are powerless to inspire good government, the prospect of an extra couple of guns is a never-failing argument on the side of virtue. Only lest the tale should run up too fast and one good ruler insure a rich salute for generations of bad ones, the Indian Government has hit on a device of adding guns as a personal compliment not heritable. Thus the official salute of the Maharaja of Jaipur is seventeen; but H. H. Sawai, Sir Madho Singh Bahadur, the present chief, has earned an additional four for himself by reason of exemplary enlightenment. After this it will not surprise you to hear that when a Viceroy Designate leaves Bombay on Saturday evening his salute cannot be fired that day, nor yet on the succeeding Sunday, so a conscientious government works it up on Monday morning, when the recipient is hundreds of miles away.

A Viceroy, even though he be but designate, travels more luxuriously than other folks. Lord Curzon of Kedleston's train stopped, not only for the night and for meals, but also twice a day for dressing; consequently it was not until half past four of January 3d, that the special steamed into the Howrah Station at Calcutta. Strictly the station is not in the capital city at all; it is on the right bank of the Hughli River, while Calcutta is on the left. For three months there had been no rain; but at daybreak on the third, as the soldiers and native sight-seers began to trip into the city, a heavy shower laid the dust and cooled the air. At the Viceroy Designate's entrance the sun was out again, shining with the chastened heat of winter out of a sky most intensely blue, like that of Italy, but palely luminous from horizon to horizon. The trees and grass were clean, and the dead white and yellow towers and domes shone their brightest.

The city of Calcutta is less imposing than that of Bombay. The public buildings are closer and less displayed; the native crowd is less variegated. The entire town consists of miles and square

miles of broken hovels, backing away off the Viceregal route. The tumble-down hovels, the dark, tiny shops floored with half naked operatives, the bare limbs stretched out on wood and cord bedsteads, across narrow noisome alleys, are not less picturesque and not less disgraceful to the entire municipality than the swarming tenements of Bombay, but these the procession did not pass: no procession other than a hand-borne funeral would have space to pass them. Yet the first view of Calcutta is worthy to compare with that perhaps of any other city in the world. To enter it you must cross the Hughli bridge. Like most things in Calcutta, it is imposing rather from its size, its importance and the multitude that uses it, than from any intrinsic beauty. The approach to Calcutta shows it at what it is—a city of business. The long bridge, resting on pontoons, stretches across a vast swift running river which will bear the strongest ocean steamers. If you look behind you, the smoke of factory-stacks banks itself along the west. In front the shore is fringed with masts and spars and funnels; between the banks light launches flit, and wonderful square-nosed barges, thatched, fenced, floating shanties, glide lazily down stream, or pull as lazily up with a dozen oars. Beyond the houses of Calcutta—a few chimneys, a few spires, a dome or two, but for the rest just houses, brick and wood, new and old, clean and dirty, houses, houses, houses, crawling all over with black humanity.

For this day at least the houses did literally crawl with people. Oriental domestic architecture offers generous facilities for seeing sights and displaying the sight-seers. Even when no procession is afoot you will pass, look up and see brown limbs curled comfortably on sills and ledges, or social gatherings grouped on roof. At the Viceroy's arrival, you will hardly see the house or houses for the people. Artificial decorations were plenty, at every turn the city was red, white, and blue with Union Jack and Stars and Stripes. At the approaches to the Hughli bridge triumphant arches cry, "Welcome to Calcutta." The foliage wherein Calcutta is here and there deficient was supplemented by abundant bowers of evergreen and flowers; the bridge was a lane

of leaves, an umbrageous avenue of creepers; scores of native houses were metamorphosed with arbors of trailing plants and velvety blossoms, but the chief of the decoration remained human. Usually, the Bengali crowd wears white and little else; to-day everybody flaunted his very brightest. Sometimes you saw complete rainbows—blue, violet, red, orange, yellow, green, and indigo—accidentally composed together; more of the colors blended at haphazard or jangled with the discords only bearable east of Suez. Look where you would the kaleidoscope shifted, broke, set again, broke again. It was always changing, always equally dazzling, till the hot eye almost ached for a gray or a brown.

In a four-horse carriage, with royal scarlet postilions and outriders, with the towering scarlet and golden Sikhs of the Viceroy's body-guard before and behind, with the Calcutta light-horse behind that, and the carriages of the suite behind that, the Designate-Viceroy and Vicereine drove through swelling cheers to their home. The public buildings of Calcutta, as has been said, are neither few nor mean, but they hardly do themselves justice, being either hidden behind trees or stepping forward onto your toes so that you must risk your neck to look at them. Government House is in the fashion; from the high rails and sentries you infer that something important is within, but unless you chance to turn your head in the right direction from the Maidan—Calcutta's two-miles stretch of park—you might live in the place for weeks and never see what it was. But when you see it, it is plainly a King's Palace. Designed, as everybody now knows, after Kedleston Hall, the home of the Curzons, which Adams built, Government House stands in a garden full of lawns and tall trees. From the central building, which is crowned by a truncated dome, radiate galleries connecting with four wings; so that the impression of the house from either side is of a light buff semicircle with Ionic columns and a porch in the centre and similar columns outlining the wings. To the porch of the main entrance you go, a couchant sphinx on either side, up a double flight of steps, imperially wide; the impression of solidity combined with

lightness is distantly suggestive of the Capitol. Left and right of this staircase shoot two tufted palms with ivy clinging round their trunks—England and India intertwining. Left and right and in front, are antique cannon on pale blue carriages; that in the middle rests between the wings of a dragon.

It is a royal dwelling, and on this day it was royally attended. The strip of scarlet carpet up the steps was lined by the Viceregal body-guard troopers almost as tall as their grounded lances—and behind them stood rajahs, soldiers, clergy, statesmen, diplomatists. The forms of black and gold and lace made no more than a foil for the peacock native princes. Among them were several of the most important in India. The Maharajah of Kashmir was there with his two brothers; above the scarlet and gold of a British general he wore the turban of his country. The Maharajah of Patiala—the patron of sport and cricket, who married his English trainer's daughter and entertains Ranjitsinhji and Hearne and Bucknill every winter—blazed in dark green and gold with a snow-white turban and plume rising from a diamond star. Purple and gold royally draped the chief of Jaipur, a Rajput of interminable pedigree, who, having built a museum and a school of art in his Capitol, spends the remainder of a blameless life in adding wives to wives and temples to temples. He is so rich and illustrious that his position demands that he should marry at least one daughter of each reigning house in Rajputana, and each new bride means a new temple. To these and others entered the new King and Queen, West to East. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal led them solemnly up the steps; Lord Elgin received them within.

Now nothing was left to the making of a Viceroy but the formal reading of the warrant and the farewell of his predecessor.

This came three days later, on the 6th. Once more the guards of honor, the bands and colors, the uniforms and the rajahs; by now they were beginning to cloy a little. The warrant was read in the Council Chamber at Government House, a large room furnished with two chairs untenanted; Lord Curzon of Kedleston, standing with the members of his Council for background, Lady Curzon a little to the right, already the cynosure of Calcutta. The Home Secretary read out the words, half dignity, half jargon, resonantly. "Now, know that we, reposing especial trust and confidence in the Fidelity, Prudence, Justice, and Circumspection of you the said George Nathaniel, Baron Curzon . . . do hereby give and grant unto you . . . the superintendence, direction, and control of the whole Civil and Military Government of all our said Territories and Provinces in India."

Lord Curzon bowed. It had taken five minutes. And now remained only "the coming away of Victor Alexander Bruce, Lord Elgin and Kincardine, Governor-General of India." Less than half an hour from the beginning of the warrant ceremony Lord Elgin and his family and suite were driving to the steamer that was to carry them away. Lord Curzon drove at Lord Elgin's side to Prinsep's Ghat, a yellow Ionic portico on the Hughli's bank. The grass-grown ramparts of Fort William showed crowds of cheering spectators, and all the ships flew farewell signals. Under an arch surmounted by a crown washed in silver, red and gold, the outgoing Viceroy stepped aboard his steamer. She cast off her moorings—"Auld Lang Syne"—one cheer more—she moved, and as she moved the vice-royalty fell from Lord Elgin's shoulders and draped itself on Lord Curzon's. He drove back through the cheers and salaams alone.

STANDING AND WAITING

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

They also serve who only stand and wait



It was the night we heard at Chickamauga the news from Santiago; as calm and sweet a night as one ever saw. Tattoo had just sounded, and down on the company streets we could hear the first sergeants sharply calling their rolls, the replies of the men in voices of differing pitch and many keys making a sort of vocal patchwork in the still night. Several of the officers were gathered under the broad fly of a hospital-tent used for the colonel's head-quarters, when an officer from division head-quarters, a surgeon I think, came stumbling into the lighted circle from the darkness outside.

"General Poland's compliments to Colonel Good, and he directs me to inform you that there has been a desperate battle at Santiago, with many casualties, but we have captured forts at San Juan and El Caney, and now command the town."

We sprang to our feet and cheered wildly as the officer continued:

"The general says you may pass the word among the men, and let them turn out. Yes, the band too," he added, in response to a query.

"Orderlies," said the Colonel, promptly, and the two men needed no other direction, but in an instant were running toward the company streets with the precious tidings. And then a cheer arose, which grew in volume as the news spread along the line, until the whole camp was one continuous roar. The men hesitated in front of their lines, and then broke away from the streets, and ran to the open space before the Colonel's tent, the band came hurrying out, playing, frantically, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "America," and everybody sang. Then, just as they were, half-dressed, in every sort of a combination from a jock strap to a poncho, headed by the band, they took up the line of march to the division head-quarters. By this time the whole division was in an uproar.

It was almost as exciting as a battle, and pathetic in its way. The men had been so eager to get to the front, they were so anxious for action, they entered so thoroughly into the joy of the victory, clustering about General Poland and General Rosser, with shouts of,

"Where do we come in?"

"Give us a chance."

"We'll show 'em."

"We'll follow you."

"Oh, for our turn," etc.

Finally, in their enthusiasm, they began picking up the different officers, crying one to another:

"What's the matter with——?"

"He's too good for this earth."

"Shoulder him then," and up he would go, the men holding him, actually leaping and dancing in time to the music, blowing itself hoarse between "Dixie" and "Marching through Georgia." I don't know which had the worst of it, the tossers or the tossed! It was long after the usual hour for taps when they finally marched back to our camp and settled down for the night. And that was life, the strong full life that beat and throbbed in the army and through the camp, before they were caught in the withering, blasting grasp of the fever.

The beginnings of the fever were present even then, however, and that night about two o'clock a message called me to the hospital. One of the boys was dying, the first one who died in our division, perhaps the first in the army corps, or at the camp, the first of a long line. He had had a long, slow fight with the fever, and the strength was gone out of him. He was lying on a canvas cot in one of the division hospital tents, covered with an army blanket. Nearly as close as they could be placed together were many other cots, each with its wretched occupant. A flaring, ill-smelling oil lantern threw a wavering, uncertain light over the scene. There was no one there but the doctor,

the hospital attendant, the dying man's brother, the other sick men, and myself. There was indeed a lack of woman's nursing and a dearth of woman's tears. We stood and watched him in silence. A head lifted a moment from a cot here and there, only to fall helplessly back after a wild glance toward the dying comrade, bespoke the deep, almost fearful personal interest of the other men. The sick man was unconscious, though, at long intervals, he would rouse himself and mutter a few words. As I bent to listen I heard him say, "I belong to the First Pennsylvania—I belong to the First Pennsylvania." He said it over and over again before he died. I saw many of them die; and, strange as it may seem, without exception, their thoughts in the delirium preceding death invariably turned, not toward home, or mother, or wife, or friends, but to the regiment, the First Pennsylvania. "Don't take me away from the regiment," "I want to go forward with the regiment," "I belong to the First Pennsylvania," invariably formed the burden of their thoughts.

This particular boy didn't make any fuss about dying—for the matter of that very few of them did. He just drifted away. There would be a short catching breath, and a long pause, another breath and a longer pause, and so on painfully and interminably; the gray dawn came stealing through the open tent, the cool soft breeze of morning, of breaking day, lifted gently the folds of canvas, and swept across the fevered brow, the long struggle was almost over, our vigil nearing its end, there was the same breath, but shorter, the same pause, but longer, and then we waited—and waited while the pause lengthened

and remained unbroken—that was all. Not amid the roar of battle, not in the wild excitement of the charge, but there in the camp, within the sickening walls of the field hospital, in the gray of the morning, a young soldier had laid down his life for love of his country. Dead in the line of duty—dead on the field of honor—what more? He took his rightful place among his brethren who fell on the grassy slopes of San Juan, nay among his elder brothers, the thousands who, years before, upon that self-same field, had given a new and deeper significance to the old Indian named "River of Death," the bloody Chickamauga. All that he had—his life—he had yielded up. What better or nobler could one give?

Coincident with the last breath of the first soldier, like "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing," from the hills above us where the head-quarters lay, came the first clear note of reveille. You know the rude rhyme of the soldiers. With what pathetic significance the words ran through our minds then:

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning.
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

Often and often had that silent soldier responded to that call, and even to-day it had a message for him. "Awake, oh soldier," it seemed to say, as the bugle corps of one regiment after another caught the refrain and sent the chorus ringing through the morning—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

And this, too, was life—but life eternal!



A POET'S MUSICAL IMPRESSIONS

From the Letters of Sidney Lanier

THE following letters, with the exception of the first one, were written by Mr. Lanier to his wife between April, 1869, and May, 1876, in his absences from home while at Baltimore, New York, and San Antonio. The selections have been made with the view of including practically all the correspondence which treats of musical subjects, and in pursuance of this idea a number of fragmentary extracts are presented. The opening letters represent Mr. Lanier's first impressions of really great orchestral music: there being no facilities at that time for hearing the best music in his native town. They show also something of the eager suspense which he was feeling at the time. His strongest impulse was always toward music, and his friends had assured him of his ability; but his formal instruction had been limited to a few piano lessons in early childhood, and he was now for the first time meeting with musicians of recognized standing, and, as it were, authoritatively placing himself. Until he received the opinion of those whom he knew to be competent to speak finally, he did not even feel sure that he had a right to follow the promptings of his music longings.

H. W. L.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., October, 1866.

She is right to cultivate music, to cling to it: it is the only *reality* left in the world for her, and many another like her. It will revolutionize the world, and that not long hence. Let her study it intensely, give herself to it, enter the very innermost temple and sanctuary of it. . . . The altar-steps are wide enough for all the world, and music inquires not if the worshipper be vestal or stained, nor looks to see what dust of other shrines is upon the knees that bend before her. She is utterly unconscious of aught but love, which pardons all things and receives all natures into the warmth of its bosom.

As for my organ-playing,* you would be wofully disappointed to hear me. It is all so new, the fingering and pedal-playing and bass-notes and stops, etc., etc., and I have so little time to practise, that I have as yet not acquired anything like such mastery over it as would enable me to render music in fit style for you to hear. I know, however, that you would like some of the little melodies which I improvise sometimes before service, because you would *understand*.

The poem sent me is nothing less than *delicious*. . . . A mellow radiance plays-and wavers through it, like the red spot in an opal.

* In the Presbyterian church of Dr. Petre, in Montgomery, Mr. Lanier had once taken the organist's place, in a sudden emergency, and was thereupon invited to retain it, which he consented to do after some demur.

The man who wrote that poem (a friend says it was James Russell Lowell, but *I* could have sworn some woman wrote it!) was of the enviable sort who *enjoy* music. Some of us would not "enjoy" such an organ-piece as is there described. Our souls would be like sails at sea: and the irresistible storm of music would *shred* them as a wind shreds canvas, whereof the fragments writhe and lash about in the blast which furiously sports with their agony.

Therefore I, except in some supremely happy moment, could never write a piece like this, wherein one finds nothing of that sorrow-tone, which forever winds like a black thread through the glittering brocade of music. . . .

NEW YORK, April 28, 1869.

I've just come from the "Tempest," at the Grand Opera House, corner Twenty-Third Street and Eighth Avenue, newly built; and my heart has been so full . . . that although they're about to shut off lights, I must scratch you a line, to carry my last thought to you before I sleep. In one interlude between the scenes we had a violin solo, Adagio, with soft accompaniment by orchestra. As the fair, tender notes came, they opened, . . . like flower-buds expanding into flowers under the sweet rain of the accompaniment: kind Heaven! My head fell on the seat in front, I was utterly

weighed down with great loves and great ideas and divine in-flowings and devout out-flowings, and as each note grew and budded and opened, and became a bud again and died into a fresh birth in the next bud-note, *I* also lived these flower-tone lives, and grew and expanded and folded back and died and was born again, and partook of the unfathomable mysteries of flowers and tones.

MACON, GA., March 3, 1870.

If the years were an orchestra, to-day would be the calm-passionate, even, intense, quiet, full, ineffable *flute* therein. In this sunshine one is penetrated with flute-tones.

The passion of the struggling births of a thousand spring-germs mingles itself with the peaceful smile of the heavens and with the tender agitations of the air. It is a mellow *sound*, with a shimmer of *light* trembling through it.

To-day is a prophecy of the new earth : as . . . music is a prophecy of another life. To-day floats down time, as one petal of a lily on the bosom of a swift stream. Silently it tells, at once, of the gap it has left in the full lily, and of the ocean whither it drifts to be engulfed, to die, and to live again in other forms.

To-day comes as a friend with some serene, great joy in his eyes. He whispers his sacred exultation : and will not speak it aloud, for its holiness. . . .

NEW YORK, August 15, 1870.

Ah, how they have belied Wagner ! I heard Theodore Thomas's orchestra play his overture to "Tannhäuser." The "Music of the Future" is surely thy music and my music. Each harmony was a chorus of pure aspirations. The sequences flowed along, one after another, as if all the great and noble deeds of time had formed a procession and marched in review before one's ears, instead of one's eyes. These "great and noble deeds" were not deeds of war and statesmanship, but majestic victories of inner struggles of a man. This unbroken march of beautiful-bodied triumphs irresistibly invites the soul of a man to create other processions like it. I would I might lead a so magnificent file of glories into heaven !

NEW YORK, August 15, 1870.

Flutes and horns and violins—celestial sighs and breaths slow-drawn, penetrated with that heavenly woe which the deep heart knoweth when it findeth not room in the world for its too-great love, and is worn with fastings for the Beloved : fine Purity, fiercely attacked by palpitating Fascinations, and bracing herself, and struggling and fighting therewith, till what is maidenly in a man is become all grimy and sweat-beaded, like a warrior : dear Love, shot by some small arrow and in pain with the wound thereof : divine lamentations, far-off blowings of great winds, flutterings of tree and flower leaves, and air troubled with wing-beats of birds or spirits, floatings hither and thither of strange incenses and odors and essences, warm floods of sunlight, cool gleams of moonlight, faint enchantments of twilight, delirious dances, noble marches, processional chants, hymns of joy and of grief. Ah, midst of all these lived I last night, in the first chair next to Theodore Thomas's orchestra.

NEW YORK, September 24, 1870.

. . . I went at one o'clock to-day to hear Nilsson. She sang in concert at Steinway Hall ; 'tother artists were Vieuxtemps, the violinist ; Wehli, pianist ; Brignoli, tenor, and Verger, baritone.

Mlle. Nilsson singeth as thou and I love. She openeth her sweet mouth, and turneth her head o' one side like a mocking-bird in the moonlight, and straightway cometh forth the purest silver tones that ever mortal voice made. Her pianissimo was like a dawn, which crescendo'd presently into a glorious noon of tone, which then did die away into a quiet gray twilight of clear, melodious whisper. She sang nothing mean, or light, or merely taking. Händel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," solo ; a duet with Brignoli, by Blangini, and a noble solo, a scena from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" (the insane song of Ophelia), with "Home, Sweet Home" for *encore*—these were all.

Vieuxtemps was unequal. He fired off innumerable crackers, and fired them very skilfully—but made no music save in the mere tone, in which he was very fine.

Wehli is entirely splendid, and played a very beautiful set of concert pieces. Brig-

noli was too fat, and Verger—too lean :
which also expresseth their music.

And to-night I come out of what might
have been heaven.

'Twas opening night of Theo. Thomas's orchestra, at Central Park Garden, and I could not resist the temptation to go and bathe in the sweet amber seas of the music of this fine orchestra, and so I went, and tugged me through a vast crowd, and, after standing some while, found a seat, and the *bâton* tapped and waved, and I plunged into the sea, and lay and floated. Ah! the dear flutes and oboes and horns drifted me hither and thither, and the great violins and small violins swayed me upon waves, and overflowed me with strong lavations, and sprinkled glistening foam in my face, and in among the clarinetti, as among waving water-lilies, with flexile stems, I pushed my easy way, and so, even lying in the music-waters, I floated and flowed, my soul utterly bent and prostrate.

NEW YORK, September 28, 1871.

I am just come from St. Paul's Church, where I went at 11, this morning, by invitation of Mr. John Cornell, to hear some music composed by him for the organ and trombone: not the old slide-in-and-out trombone, but a sort of baritone *cornet-à-piston*, of rare, mellow, yet majestic tone. This was played by one of Theo. Thomas's orchestra. The pieces were a funeral march, a religious air, and a concert piece. Hadst thou been with me to hear these horn-tones, so pure, so noble, so full of confident repose, striking forth the melody in midst of the thousandfold modulations (in which Cornell always runs riot), like a calm manhood asserting itself through a multitude of distractions and discouragements and miseries of life. Hadst thou been there, then how fair and how happy had been my day.

For I mostly have great pain when music, or any beauty, comes past my way, and thou art not by. Perhaps this is because music takes us out of prison, and I do not like to leave prison unless thou goest also.

For in the smile of love my life cometh to life, even as a flower under water gleameth only when the sun-ray striketh down thereon.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., January 30, 1873.

Last night at eight o'clock came Mr. Scheidemantel, a genuine lover of music and a fine pianist, to take me to the Maennerchor, which meets every Wednesday night for practice. Quickly we came to a hall, one end of which was occupied by a minute stage, with appurtenances, and a piano; and in the middle thereof a long table, at which each singer sat down as he came in. Presently, seventeen Germans were seated at the singing-table, long-necked bottles of Rhine-wine were opened and tasted, great pipes and cigars were all a-fire, the leader, Herr Thielepape—an old man with long, white beard and moustache, formerly mayor of the city—rapped his tuning-fork vigorously, gave the chords by rapid arpeggios of his voice (a wonderful, wild, high tenor, such as thou wouldst dream that the old Welsh harpers had, wherewith to sing songs that would cut against the fierce sea-blasts), and off they all swung into such a noble, noble old German, full-voiced *lied*, that imperious tears rushed into my eyes, and I could scarce restrain myself from running and kissing each one in turn and from howling dolefully the while. And so . . . I all the time worshipping . . . with these great chords . . . we drove through the evening until twelve o'clock, absorbing enormous quantities of Rhine-wine and beer, whereof I imbibed my full share. After the second song I was called on to play, and lifted my poor old flute in air with tumultuous, beating heart; for I had no confidence in that or in myself. But, du Himmel! Thou shouldst have heard mine old love warble herself forth. To my utter astonishment, I was perfect master of the instrument. Is not this most strange? Thou knowest I had never learned it: and thou rememberest what a poor muddle I made at Marietta in playing difficult passages; and I certainly have not practised; and yet there I commanded and the blessed notes obeyed me, and when I had finished, amid a storm of applause, Herr Thielepape arose and ran to me and grasped my hand, and declared that he hat never heert de flude accompany itself pefore! I played once more during the evening, and ended with even more rapturous bravos than before, Mr. Scheidemantel grasping my

hand this time, and thanking me very earnestly.

My heart, which was hurt greatly when I went into the music-room, came forth from the holy bath of concords greatly refreshed, strengthened, and quieted, and so remaineth to-day. I also feel better than in a long time before. Moreover, I am still master of the flute, and she hath given forth to me to-day such tones as I have never heard from a flute before.

For these things I humbly thank God.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, February 14, 1873.

. . . Last night I went to the party of Colonel W——. I found a very elegant-looking company of ladies and gentlemen—among the most so, General A—— and his daughters—already assembled.

First came some very good concerted pieces for violin and piano, then a piano solo, then a song. Then they called for the flute. I had not played three seconds before a profound silence reigned among the people, seeing which, and dreaming wildly, and feeling somehow in an eerie and elfish and half uncanny mood, I flew off into all manner of trills, and laments, and cadenza-monstrosities for a long time, but finally floated down into *La Mélancolie* (which, on the violin, ran everybody crazy some weeks ago, here, at a concert), which melted itself forth with such eloquent lamenting that it almost brought my tears—and, to make a long story short, when I allowed the last note to die, a simultaneous cry of pleasure broke forth from men and women that almost amounted to a shout, and I stood and received the congratulations that thereupon came in, so wrought up by my own playing with [hidden] thoughts, that I could but smile mechanically, and make stereotyped returns to the pleasant sayings, what time my heart worked falteringly, like a mouth that is about to cry.

I would there were some other chronicler to tell thee of this success—for I cannot but seem to blow mine own horn therein!—but I know it will give thee pleasure, and therefore, failing others, I tell it thee.

NEW YORK, September 24, 1873.

. . . On Monday [in Baltimore] my good friend Wysham had the great Mr.

Hamerik, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, at his house to meet me. . . . Hamerik is one of the first composers in the world . . . (Theodore Thomas has recently brought out his "Nordische Suite" with fine effect) and one of the most accomplished maestros also. So soon as he came, Wysham made me play "Blackbirds."* When I finished, Mr. Hamerik expressed himself in such approval as would have delighted thee beyond measure. He declared the composition to be that of an artist, and the playing to be almost perfect—with a grave and manifestly hearty manner which could not be mistaken—and concluded his applause by telling me that he was endeavoring to persuade the trustees of the Peabody Music Fund to authorize him to organize a full orchestra, in which he begged I would accept the position of first flute. Kind Heaven, how my heart throbbed with delight—for my first thought was of thine enjoyment, when I should at last be able to tell thee that I had received finally, and without any more peradventure, the hearty recognition and approval, both for my composition and for my playing, of one who is regarded as a composer just below the classic Beethoven and Mozart, whose compositions are played along with those of the great masters, and who has been accustomed to hear, and to conduct, the finest music in the world. After thus praising my work, Mr. Hamerik went into the library, and wrote me a beautiful letter to Theodore Thomas, not a letter of extravagance, but a few grave, sweet, courteous words; then, coming downstairs, he made me play again the three main movements of "Blackbirds," and testified anew, both while I was playing and when I had finished, his pleasure in the same.

It is, therefore, a *possibility* . . . that I may be first flute in the Peabody Orchestra, on a salary of \$120 a month, which, with five flute scholars, would grow to \$200 a month, and so . . . we might dwell in the beautiful city, among the great libraries, and midst of the music, the religion, and the art that we love—and

* In a letter from San Antonio, of February 28, 1873, Mr. Lanier says: "I have writ the most beautiful piece, 'Field-larks and Blackbirds,' wherein I have mirrored Mr. Field-lark's pretty eloquence so that I doubt he would know the difference betwixt the flute and his own voice."

I could write my books, and be the man
I wish to be.

I do thank God even for this dream.

NEW YORK, October 6, 1873.

Arriving in town this morning, I rushed over here, to Brooklyn, and went to Mr. M——'s, who took me, by previous arrangement, to play for Mr. S——, the musical critic of a leading New York paper. We arrived at Mr. S——'s in a fierce storm of wind and rain, got in, and met Mr. S——, a dapper little young man, supposed to possess supernatural knowledge in the matter of Italian opera, and rejoicing in all manner of souvenirs from the great artists, which he exhibited to us.

I played him Blackbirds and the Swamp Robin, whereat he was greatly stricken, expressing himself in fair terms, and allowing himself to be drawn into as much enthusiasm as was consistent with his Exalted Position. I am to go again, when he will have an entire afternoon; and meantime have left some music for his sister to practise on the piano. Before I commenced to play we had a triangular talk, in which my critic did me the honor to expound some very orthodox theories in regard to the flute, which I straightway proceeded to upset, with all the pleasure in the world, by practical arguments. He was exceedingly kind and polite, and I have to thank Mr. M—— very much for the meeting, which was arranged by Mr. M—— entirely without my knowledge.

BROOKLYN, October 10, 1873.

Three days ago I went to Badger's* on business, and found there a magnificent, great silver bass-flute, running down to F below the staff, and on putting it to my lips, drew forth the most ravishing notes I ever heard from any instrument; broad, noble tones, like my fine boy's eyes—whereupon I dilated upon a wind of inspiration, and did breathe out strains thereon in such fashion that the workmen gazed, and grew sympathetic, so that now when I go there they immediately bring me the bass-flute.

* A letter of this date, from Badger to an old customer, says: . . . "Lanier is astonishing. . . . But you ought to hear him play the bass-flute. You would then say, 'let me pass from the earth with the tones sounding in my ears.' If he could travel with a concert troupe, and play solos on the bass flute, I would get orders for fifty in a month."

BROOKLYN, October 15, 1873.

To-day I have been playing a few duos with Mr. Eben . . . then down town, to attend to some financial matters, in the course of which I was waylaid on Wall Street by Mr. ——, who informed me that Miss —— was to be here on Sunday, and that he was proposing to arrange for me to play before her. I don't anticipate much pleasure from the interview, for from all I can hear of Miss ——, she is fearfully puffed up with conceit, wonderfully wrong-notioned about music (she "doesn't like Wagner"—for instance—"there is nothing in his operas for the prima donna to do beyond the other singers;" and she "doesn't like Theodore Thomas's orchestra; they can't accompany a singer at all!" and other the like deliverances) and, more than all, despises the flute, having once given Mr. Eben a fearful rebuff, telling him that "she did not care to hear a man pumping wind into a tube!!" Yet, simply for the adventure of the thing, if they do arrange the meeting, I'll go.

Oh, how I can play, with a couple of months' practice! Thou wouldst not know my playing now for that which thou heardst in Marietta. The instrument begins to feel me, to grow lithe under my fingers, to get warmed to life by my kiss, like Pygmalion's Stone, and to respond with perfect enthusiasm to my calls.

It is like a soul made into silver. How can the people but respond if I have its exquisite inner-self speaking by my lips!

BROOKLYN, October 17, 1873.

. . . I went last night with ——, to hear *Die Zauberflöte*. That was a mere farce, as indeed was all of it, save the singing of the two *prime donne* and the chorus. Di Murska executed the most wonderful staccatos in the higher register (taking high F at a leap, without an effort), and Lucca made all that *could* be made out of that poor, bald, music of Mozart's. Why do we cling so to humbugs? Mozart's music is not to be compared with Schumann's, or Wagner's, or Chopin's, or Mendelssohn's, or Beethoven's. The "magic flute" in this opera made us laugh, and the sight of the animals (who are supposed to be charmed from their lairs by the tones of the "magic flute") capering about the stage to the poor, thin notes of the poor, thin music was too absurd.

BROOKLYN, October 26, 1873.

Yesterday I played duos—some lovely Kuhlau's—with —. He received me very cordially, and we played very well together, but we will never harmonize very intimately, for while he has taste enough to like the best music, yet there is a certain something—a flame, a sentiment, a spark kindled by the stroke of the soul against sorrow, as of steel against flint—which he hath *not*, and the want of which will forever keep him from penetrating into the deepest of music. He is warmly enthusiastic, and would have played the whole afternoon with me, but I was obliged to leave, to meet an engagement.

The orchestra is to be formed—but to last only four months—and each player to get only \$60 a month. Yet I am going, without hesitation; for, first, this will occupy but a little time, and second, I can largely supplement the poor pay in different ways, and third, it will give me a foothold, which I can likely step from to something better—for the Peabody is a literary as well as a musical institution. . . .

I have had some pleasant musical successes. I played on Wednesday night at a concert in Brooklyn, before some eight hundred people, and made some stir, particularly in the papers—*notices* whereof I send thee herein. Of course, the talk in these notices about a *début*, the *débutant*, etc., is simply absurd. . . . I only played for the fun of it, and by way of feeling the pulse of these audiences in a quiet way (for these little concerts are not ordinarily heard of at all in the newspapers), before venturing to prescribe for the big music-sick patient of New York. When I am ready to come out, which will be after I practise four months in Baltimore, I shall make my *début* under the auspices of the Philharmonic or of Theo. Thomas, or not at all. Meantime, these notices will amuse thee. They are considered wonderfully flattering; so many musicians here work for years and years, and are never heard of at all.

Perhaps the most complete triumph I have had was on last Sunday evening, when I played before an audience of a half-dozen or more of cultivated people. When I had given Blackbirds and the Swamp Robin, the house rose at me. Miss F——

declared . . . that I was not only the founder of a school of music, but the founder of American music; that hitherto all American compositions had been only German music done over, but that these were at once American, un-German, classic, passionate, poetic, and beautiful; that I belonged to the Advance Guard, which must expect to struggle, but which could not fail to succeed, with a hundred other things, finally closing with a fervent expression of good wishes, in which all the company joined with such unanimity and fervor, that I was in a state of embarrassment, which thou mayst imagine! I wrote her a note the next day, desiring to make some more articulate response than blushes to her recognition, and I have a lovely note from her in reply.

On Wednesday I played flute trios with Mr. P—— and Mr. Y——. We sat down to a bound volume of Kuhlau's trios at three o'clock, and played, without leaving our seats, until five. They gave me first flute. . . . I had taken Mr. —— there with me. He could scarcely contain himself—newspaper hack as he is!—as we breathed these miraculous harmonies, and unearthly, dainty melodies, and his great eyes got as deep as the sea, and nigh as moist. Think—Mr. Y——, who has been playing in New York for years, among the very best professional flutists, and who is certainly the best reader I ever saw, says *I* am the best *he* ever saw—I, who, surely as thou knowest, have scarcely read a half-dozen new pieces in any year of my musical life, before this last month or so! How splendid it is. I could never tell thee how I enjoy such things; for it is not I, but always one in whom, for thy sake, I have much interest.

BROOKLYN, November 17, 1873.

. . . Last night I played at another church concert in New York City, far up town, to a very pleasant audience, with very pleasant testimonials of success. My first piece, a concertino of Briccialdi's . . . brought down the house, in an enthusiastic *encore*, to which I responded with the inevitable "Blue Bells of Scotland." My last piece was the "Swamp Robin," which I only ventured as an experiment. 'Twas a curious, psychologic study to note how it puzzled most of the audience, and how

the few who *did* get into it, began, as it were, to look about them and to say—like a man who has suddenly ridden into a strange and unexpected road—heigh, heigh! what's this? Somebody saith every original writer has to educate his readers gradually to himself. How true this is in New York! Here, the people are at once the boldest and the timidest in the world. When the new presents itself here, each one waits for the other one to pronounce decisively; of course, at first, no one speaks; finally, some generous and open heart says, this is a good thing; and then straightway all the people join and push the good thing to heaven.

Once give them a start—these singular New Yorkers—and they will go any length.

BROOKLYN, November 21, 1873.

. . . I can but send thee a brief word this morning, telling thee that my Dane, Mr. Hamerik, was in New York two days ago; that, after a long search, we found each other; that he behaved most beautifully and nobly to me, and offered to do everything in the world to make my stay in Baltimore pleasant; and that finally I concluded an engagement with him as *flauto primo* in the Peabody symphony orchestra, for four months, commencing on December 1st, prox. We are to have four rehearsals a week, of two hours each, from 12 to 2 P.M., and one concert each week. This only takes up eleven hours out of the week's time, and gives me a great deal of opportunity to write. I do not get as much pay as I hoped, but I trust to make more with a pupil or two, and then I can finish my darling *Jacquerie* midst of the great libraries. I am overjoyed at this prospect.

BALTIMORE, December 2, 1873.

Well, *Flauto Primo* hath been to his first rehearsal.

Fancy thy poor lover, weary, worn, and stuffed with a cold, arriving after a brisk walk—he was so afraid he might be behind time—at the hall of Peabody Institute. He passeth down betwixt the empty benches, turneth through the green-room, emergeth on the stage, greeteth the Maestro, is introduced by the same to *Flauto Secondo*, and then, with as much carelessness as he can assume, he sauntereth in among

the rows of music-stools, to see if peradventure he can find the place where he is to sit—for he knoweth not, and liketh not to ask. Heremembereth where the flutes sit in Thomas's orchestra, but on going to the corresponding spot he findeth the part of contra-basso on the music-stand, and fleeth therefrom in terror. In despair, he is about to endeavor to get some information on the sly, when he seeth the good *Flauto Secondo* sitting down far in front, and straightway marcheth to his place on the left of the same, with the air of one that had played there since babyhood. This Hamerik of ours hath French ideas about his orchestral arrangements, and places his pieces very differently from Thomas. Well, I sit down, some late-comers arrive, stamping and blowing—for it is snowing outside—and pull the green-baize covers off their big horns and bass-fiddles. Presently the Maestro, who is rushing about, hither and thither, in some excitement, falleth to striking a great tuning-fork with a mallet, and straightway we all begin to toot A, to puff it, to groan it, to squeak it, to scrape it, until I sympathize with the poor letter, and glide off in some delicate little runs; and presently the others begin to flourish also, and here we have it, up chromatics, down diatonics, unearthly buzzings from the big fiddles, diabolical four-string chords from the 'cellos, passionate shrieks from the clarionets and oboes, manly remonstrances from the horns, querulous complaints from the bassoons, and so on. Now the Maestro mounteth to his perch. I am seated immediately next the audience, facing the first violins, who are separated from me by the conductor's stand. I place my part (of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, which I had procured two days before, in order to look over it, being told that on the first rehearsal we would try nothing but the Fifth Symphony) on my stand, and try to stop my heart from beating so fast—with unavailing arguments. Maestro rappeth with his *bâton*, and magically stilleth all the shrieks and agonies of the instruments. "Fierst" (he saith, with the Frenchiest of French accents—tho' a Dane, he was educated in Paris) "I wish to present to ze gentlemen of ze orchestra our fierst flutist, Mr. Sidney Lanier, also our fierst oboe, Mr. (I didn't catch his name)." Whereupon, not

knowing what else to do—and the pause being somewhat awkward—I rise and make a profound bow to the Reeds, who sit behind me, another to the 'Celli, the Bassi, and the Tympani, in the middle, and a third to the Violins opposite. This appeareth to be the right thing, for Oboe jumpeth up also, and boweth, and the gentlemen of the orchestra all rise and bow, some of them with great *empressement*. Then there is a little idiotic hum and simper, such as newly introduced people usually affect. Then cometh a man, whom I shall always hate—if I *could* hate anybody always—and, to my horror, putteth on my music-stand the flauto primo part of Niels Gade's Ossian Overture, and thereupon the Maestro saith, "We will try *that* fierst." Horrors! They told me they would play nothing but the Fifth Symphony, and this Ossian Overture I have never seen or heard! This does not help my heart-beats nor steady my lips—thou canst believe. However, there is no time to tarry, the *bâton* rappeth, the horns blow, my five bars' rest is out—I plunge.

—O! If thou couldst but be by me in this sublime glory of music! All through it I yearned for thee with heartbreaking eagerness. The beauty of it maketh me catch my breath—to write of it. I will not attempt to describe it. It is the spirit of the poems of Ossian done in music by the wonderful Niels Gade.

I got through it without causing any disturbance. Maestro had to stop twice on account of some other players. I failed to come in on time twice in the symphony. I am too tired now to give thee any further account. I go again to rehearsal to-morrow.

BALTIMORE, December 11, 1873.

. . . I send a programme of our concert last Saturday night. It was brilliant, and I failed not—though half-dead with cold, and though called on unexpectedly. I am better to-day. The music lifts me to a heaven of pain! . . . We are now rehearsing the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz, which representeth an opium-dream of a love-sick young man. 'Tis wonderfully hectic, and parts of it wonderfully beautiful.

BALTIMORE, December 21, 1873.

Last night we gave a magnificent concert. The house was crowded. Read the

inclosed *carte*, showing the fare we spread before the people . . . [But for loneliness] the music would have been complete, life would have been utterly full, my heart would have bathed itself in a sublime sea of passionate content. The orchestra was inspired, the *Symphonie Fantastique*, as difficult and trying a piece of orchestration as was ever written, was played to a marvel. . . . In this *Symphonie* of Berlioz every movement centreth about a lovely melody, repeated in all manner of times and places, which representeth the Beloved of the opium-eating musician. . . . Then, the "Hunt of Henry IV.!" . . . It openeth with a grave and courteous invitation, as of a cavalier riding by some dainty lady, through the green aisles of the deep woods, to the hunt—a lovely, romantic melody, the first violins discoursing the man's words, the first flute replying for the lady. Presently a fanfare; a sweet horn replies out of the far woods; then the meeting of the gay cavaliers; then the start, the dogs are unleashed, one hound gives tongue, another joins, the stag is seen—hey, gentlemen! away they all fly through the sweet leaves, by the great oaks and beeches, all a-dash among the brambles, till presently, bang! goeth a pistol (it was my veritable old revolver loaded with blank cartridge for the occasion, the revolver that hath lain so many nights under my head), fired by *Tympani* (as we call him, the same being a nervous little Frenchman who playeth our drums), and then the stag dyeth in a celestial concord of flutes, oboes, and violins. Oh, how far off my soul was in this thrilling moment! It was in a rare, sweet glen in Tennessee, the sun was rising over a wilderness of mountains, I was standing (how well I remember the spot!) alone in the dewy grass, wild with rapture and with expectation—yonder came, gracefully walking, a lovely fawn. I looked into its liquid eyes, hesitated, prayed, gulped a sigh, then, overcome with the savage hunter's instinct, fired; the fawn leaped convulsively a few yards, I ran to it, found it lying on its side, and received into my agonized and remorseful heart the reproaches of its most tender, dying gaze. But luckily I had not the right to linger over this sad scene; the conductor's *bâton* shook away the dying pause; on all sides shouts and fanfares

and gallopings "to the death," to which the first flute had to reply in time, recalled me to my work, and I came through brilliantly.

The Chopin Rondo Concerto, for piano and orchestra, I cannot describe to thee. It nearly killed me with longing . . . [through] the wondrous delicate, yet intense thoughts which pervade it; the "zäl," as Liszt calleth it. Herein the flute hath some lovely replies and dialogues with the piano, in solo, and the horns are exquisitely brought forth.

The songs were not particularly fine, tho' very enjoyable. The Masaniello Overture, thou hast, of course, heard before. It was played very brilliantly. To-day, Wysham* and I played a beautiful *adagio patetico* during the *offertorium* at St. Paul's, the largest church in the city. We had an organ accompaniment, played by a glorious organist, and as the two spirituelle silver tones went stealing and swelling through the great groined arches of the enormous church, I thought I had never heard flute-notes so worthily employed before. The people were greatly pleased, and Wysham was delighted.

I dined with Mrs. Bird to-day. . . . She hath been my constant and true friend, and I shall love her—I know thou wilt also—all my life.

BALTIMORE, December 25, 1873.

I am now from St. Paul's Church, where the musicians of our orchestra (among them myself) were engaged to help make the music for the grand services of the day. We were a first violin, viola, 'cello, double-bass, clarionet, French horn, bassoon, two flutes (Wysham and I), and great organ, with a choir of about forty boys and men, and some female voices. The service was nearly three hours long, and music, music, all the time. We opened with the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute" (which was, I am free to say, a most abominably outré affair for a church service), and then played with the choir throughout the service. This is a wonderfully ritualistic church. A shrine is in front-centre, flanked by two enormous lighted candles, and arched over by a number of smaller ones. Three clergymen and a number of acolytes, boys, etc., assisted in the service. The rector

* The Second Flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra.

marched in stately fashion down from his dais, the other clergymen, the acolytes and the choir filed two and two behind him; all marched down into the body of the church, singing a fine chant, then filed to the left, and so went in procession across to a side door, giving into a room in the rear of the church, through which all passed, still singing. The chant was kept up long after they had disappeared, and the door was shut, and as the voices receded and receded, until finally nothing but the clear treble of the boys could be heard, 'twas dramatically very beautiful. Some of the pieces were magnificent, and the crash of the voices and organs and instruments rolled gloriously among the great arches. All of them would have been fine, but some of the music . . . was not properly phrased, though containing a few good ideas. Next me sat Mr. G——, first clarionet. Presently the communion service came on; Mr. Y—— watched with great curiosity. It was the first one he had ever seen! When he saw the priest blessing the bread, he leaned over to Wysham (who is a devout member of this church) and asked, with great interest: "Does he eat *all* that?" Afterward, when the bread was distributed to the kneeling people, I observed him make gestures of much disgust at the smallness of the portion given to each, and finally he informed Wysham that *that* would not begin to be enough for him! Ah, these heathenish Germans! Double-bass was a big fellow, with a black moustache, to whom life was all a joke, which he expressed by a comical scowl, and Viola was a young Hercules, so full of beer that he dreamed himself in heaven, and Oboe was a young sprig, just out from Munich, with a complexion of milk and roses, like a girl's, and miraculously bright spectacles on his pale blue eyes, and there they sat—Oboe and Viola and Double-bass—and ogled each other, and raised their brows, and snickered behind the columns, without a suspicion of interest either in the music or the service. Dash these fellows, they are utterly given over to heathenism, prejudice and beer—they ought to be annihilated; if they *do* get control of the age, life will be a mere barbaric grab of the senses at whatever there is of sensual good in the world. . . . In the church sometimes, when looking around, out of my

dream for a moment, I would find . . . only the small choir-boy, who in default of a music-stand, held up my music for me.

BALTIMORE, MD., December 26, 1873.

For this inclosed \$25 (and \$5 more which I have kept) I have played the first-flute parts in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; the Ossian Overture, the Staccato air of the Magic Flute, the Nordische Suite, the overture to La Dame Blanche, the Symphonie Fantastique of Berlioz, the Mendelssohn concerto in G minor for piano and orchestra; the "Hunt of Henry IV" overture by Méhul; the Rondo Concerto of Chopin for piano and orchestra, and the overture of Masaniello. If they would only pay me by heart-beats, by agitations, by mental strains, by delights, by agonies, then I would already be grown rich on these aforementioned pieces. They say, however, that I play them very nicely, and that is some reward. . . . To-morrow night we have our second grand concert; the *Symphonie Fantastique*, the Méhul overture, the concerto of Chopin (J. N. Pattison, of New York, plays the piano part); these are all the orchestral pieces. There are besides a song from L'Africaine, with flute obligato, which Wysham is to play, and some baritone songs.

BALTIMORE, January 3, 1874.

Our concert opened with a symphony of Mozart in G major. An allegro movement, full of delicious interchanges, betwixt the wind and the strings comes presently to an abrupt end; then a long andante in six-eight time, which seems to be a record of sweetest confidences, whispered between the first flute and the first violins, as if they were two young girls just commencing a friendship! and of occasional intrusions of the oboe (as of a girl *de trop*) as well as of sage advice volunteered, here and there, by the elderly bassoons. Finally this conversation ends, and thereunto succeeds a minuet, stately, yet coquettish, courteous, yet piquant, grave, with the measured step of dignitaries, and of queenly women, yet illumined by the gleam of bright eyes and the flash of silver shoe-buckles. Then the finale closes all with a great outburst of joy, which breaks out in a thousand lovely phrases of self-repetition, and at last completely and satisfactorily expresses itself.

Then a lady howled dismally a beautiful air from the Barber of Seville. Then should have come a concerto for oboe with orchestra, but Oboe's lips were chapped; he vowed, until he almost shook his spectacles off, that he *könnte nicht spielen*, whereupon Maestro Hamerik announced the fact, and announced the further fact that Mr. Sidney Lanier and Mr. Henry Wysham had kindly consented to play a simple melody in place of the oboe concerto. Then those two gentlemen, and amidst great applause, advanced to the front. They played "Adieu, Dear Land," S. L. taking first, and H. C. W. skirmishing about as second, Mr. Hamerik palpitating a lovely accompaniment on the piano. Ah, my friend, need I tell thee how the heart of this same S. L. beat along every note of this lovely song—am I not, too, an exile from my dear Land, which is always the land where my loved ones are? We brought down the house, and responded to a thundering *encore* with "Annie Laurie" (which I hate with all my heart, but Harry liketh it, and we had not time to discuss). Then came our *pièce de résistance*, the "Dream of Christmas" overture, by Ferdinand Hiller. Sweet heaven—how shall I tell the gentle melodies, the gracious surprises, the frosty glitter of starlight, and flashing of icy *spiculæ*, and of frozen surfaces, the hearty chanting of peace and good-will to men, the thrilling pathos of original thoughts and trembling anticipations and lofty prophecies, the solemn and tender breathings-about of the coming reign of forgiveness and of love, and the final confusion of innumerable angels flying through the heavens and jubilantly choring together. . . .

We closed with a grand march of Mendelssohn, found after his death, and played by us to-night for the first time in this country, the strangest combination of Mendelssohn's most beautiful effects—particularly of reeds—with a singularly interpolated old Highland-pibroch sort of air in the middle, as if the ghost of the "March of the Cameron Men" were flitting about through the loveliest modern orchestral melodies. . . .

BALTIMORE, January 22, 1874

Aye, Thomas hath played for me: two nights.

I am beginning, in midst of the stormy glories of the orchestra, to feel my heart sure, and my soul discriminating. Not less do I thrill, to ride upon the great surges ; but I am growing calm enough to see the star that should light the musician, and, presently, my hand will be firm enough to hold the helm and guide the ship that way. *Now*, I am very quiet ; I am waiting. The music of the modern orchestra is greatly defective in the *f*, *ff*, and *fff* passages. When the frenzy of the *finale* comes upon these players of Thomas, for instance, it is too much a frenzy, the orchestral voices are in each other's way ; it is rather a noise, than music. And thus the invention of the orchestral composers, since Beethoven, is so poor ! We hear so much that we privately forgive in consideration of some special little strain that we liked, *e.g.*, the Rubenstein piece, "Ivan IV.," to-night. It was, of course, all in the Russian tone ; but at least one-half of it was noise. In the midst of the uproar, suddenly a dead silence ; then the 'cellos glided into a religious quartette, simple as the open heavens, beautiful beyond description. The proportion between this quartette and the noise was too greatly in favor of the latter.

To see Thomas lead . . . is music itself. His *bâton* is alive, full of grace, of symmetry ; he maketh no gestures, he readeth his score almost without looking at it, he seeth everybody, heareth everything, warneth every man, encourageth every instrument, quietly, firmly, marvellously. Not the slightest shade of nonsense, not the faintest spark of affectation, not the minutest grain of *effect* is in him. He taketh the orchestra in his hand as if it were a pen, and writeth with it.

BALTIMORE, February 3, 1874.

Oh, if thou couldst hear a symphony of Gade's which we rehearsed this morning ! It is lovely, not with the passionate loveliness that bringeth pain, but with the dainty and childlike, yet strong, loveliness of a mountain (say), all covered with flowers and many-colored rocks, and green leaves, and sparkling springs.

BALTIMORE, February 7, 1874.

. . . Randolph's criticism in the *Gazette*, on the English and American music,

was in the main just, though, of course, a little exaggerated, to eke out the spiciness thereof. He and I had a good laugh over it, next morning. I was disappointed in Sterndale Bennett's music. If I had not heard so much better, perhaps I would have enjoyed it, and he does occasionally get off a beautiful idea ; but his music is too unsubstantial, you bring nothing with you away from it ; it is much like Mendelssohn-and-water. The other pieces of the programme were equally unsubstantial. The overture to "Deborah" was pretty—nothing more ; the "Fugue" by Deems, was a very good fugue, doubtless, but was abominably dismal music, and the march by Rosewald (who is leader of our first violins) was decidedly the best piece on the programme, but was somewhat marred by a palpable imitation of wind-effects in a march of Mendelssohn we played some weeks ago.

Our concert to-night is to be a very beautiful one in the orchestral features. We are to play the Fernand Cortez overture, by Spontini ; the "Water-Carrier" overture, by Cherubini ; the "Fantastic Symphony," by Mercadante, and the "William Tell" overture, by Rossini. This last has a celebrated flute solo, in a beautiful pastoral scene, and I have had many compliments on my rendition of it at the rehearsals. I do not think much of it, though ; 'tis not the sort of playing I like most for the flute, and is more admired for its difficulty, I think, than for its beauty.

— hath but now brought over a duo for me to practice for next Sunday night. Start not ! 'Tis a charity concert, and are we not allowed to lift the poor out of the ditch o' Sundays ?

BALTIMORE, February 8, 1874.

If the constituents and guardians of my childhood—those good Presbyterians who believed me a model for the Sunday-school children of all time—could have witnessed my acts and doings this day, I know not what groans of sorrowful regret would arise in my behalf. For—the same being Sunday—I went at two o'clock to rehearse with an orchestra in which I was engaged, under Herr Leuschow, for the concert of the Germania Männerchor of Baltimore, which is to be next Wednesday night. I carried with me somewhat hidden in my

heart, whereby I felt safe and happy. Having arrived at the beautiful new hall which this Männerchor have just built—and the opening of which is the occasion of the concert—I found they were waiting for me, and so quickly took my seat and fell to. First, a concerto for violin and orchestra, by De Beriot, light, lovely, airy and wondrous delicate; then the “Jubel” overture of Weber, full of glory and triumph, ending with “God Save The Queen,” which is set in four sharps and carrieth the poor, straining *flauto primo* clear up to and thereabouts,



without pity; then in filed a great chorus of male and female voices, and we all plunged into that great “Athalia” of Mendelssohn for orchestra and chorus. Borne on the noble surges of the up-swelling tones, I floated hither and thither in that sea of glory-turned-into-music. Presently I found myself playing almost alone, in octaves, with a lovely soprano voice; I turned my eyes involuntarily, as we sailed along together, and my gaze fell full upon a pair of beautiful, liquid gazelle-eyes, which, by a similar impulse, I suppose, had sought mine; she—I mean the Eyes—looked me full in the face for a moment, then with a half-smile, full of dignity and sweetness, turned to her notes again, which also I had to do, not having seen or heard the piece before, and so, mutually cheered by this dumb exchange of sympathy, we

sang and played together to the end of the piece, which occupied, I should think, near three-quarters of an hour. When we had finished I rushed to Herr Leuschow and procured a presentation to the fair soprano. I found her a charming young woman, bright-faced and witty, . . . and had a little, really refreshing, champagny talk with her. . . . Then we played a cavatina from “Ernani,” sung by a stout German lady; then the “Sonnenuntergang” by Flamma, for chorus of men’s voices and orchestra.

Then I took a great draught of beer, and found it was six o’clock. I had had nothing to eat since 8 this morning, so hied me to a restaurant, and dined on oysters and a chop. Then home, laid me down for twenty minutes, rose, dressed in full concert-suit, and went forth with—to the great hall of the Masonic Temple. Here we found a large audience assembled to hear a concert for the benefit of the Carmelite nuns, and being quickly called, forth stepped the little man and I on the stage, and dashed into the elaborate tootle-ty-tootle-ty of Rabboni’s duo on themes from Rigoletto. I did laugh inwardly as I looked about the hall, to see the big Irishmen, servant-maids, and all, good Catholics every one, gazing and listening, rapt. They encored us, and we responded with “Adieu, Dear Land.”

Then, home, and here sit I . . . famished for . . . my highest-of-life. . . .

Bohemianism and compliments fill not my heart,—

(To be concluded.)



THE POINT OF VIEW

A LITTLE memorial pamphlet that has been sent out since the close of the war has seemed to me the memorial of a type, as well as of an individual American soldier. It concerns Major Casper Hauzer Conrad, who commanded the Eighth United States Infantry in the Santiago campaign, and who after all the fighting was over, died of malarial fever aboard the transport *Olivette*, and was buried at sea. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in 1862 as a private, distinguished himself at Chancellorsville, got a sunstroke on the way to Gettysburg, was detailed as clerk in Washington, and in 1867 received a commission as First Lieutenant of Infantry, that took him to Texas; after which his life for twenty-five years was almost all passed beyond the Mississippi. He married, and sons were born to him. Back and forth he migrated with his family, as the army lot is. When the war with Spain came, Major Conrad, with thirty years of service to his credit, was entitled to be retired, and with two sons in the service he might have felt himself sufficiently represented by proxy. He didn't. Commanding his regiment, he was the first to land at Daiquiri. In the bush-fighting that followed, he had the extreme right of the line. At El Caney, where gallantry was the rule, he was a notable figure on the firing-line, and was commended for gallant and soldierly conduct. After the capitulation, while suffering himself from malarial fever, he went to Santiago to get medicines and supplies for his men. That was his last service. The fever overcame him. He was taken to a hospital-ship; was transferred to another, and died on his way home.

The Regular
Officer.

On some accounts, the soldier's life as we see it lived by such officers as Major Conrad seems very favorable to the development of fine qualities of character. To serve is ennobling, and the army is "the service." To command men should develop some of the higher capabilities, and to command is an officer's calling; to obey—it seems so simple, yet it is every soldier's first duty. But the greatest advantage the American soldier has, in the eyes of his civilian fellow, is in being

quit of the obligation to make things pay. He is not in business. So long as his work is as well done as he can do it, it need not be his concern whether it is profitable or not. He can concentrate his attention on duty, and let promotion come along as it will. That was Major Conrad's notion of what a soldier ought to do. In his last telegram to his wife, a fortnight before his death, he says: "Use no influence for my advancement. If my services on July 1st do not warrant it, I don't wish it." To get his just dues without pulling a wire or asking a favor is doubtless what every good officer would prefer. More is the pity that, even in the army, life has not yet been simplified to the extent of making that always feasible. Even there men who deserve the best are sometimes led by sad experience to doubt whether even second best will be allotted to them, unless they elbow their way into notice. But whether his advancement is fast or slow, the American army officer is assured of a modest living. From many temptations and hazards that assail men in active civil life, the officer who is devoted to his profession is protected. His income, such as it is, is sure; and he knows what it is and what it is likely to be for years to come. Moreover, its limitations are known to all his fellows and acquaintances, and demands upon his purse are qualified accordingly. It is expected that he shall be an honest man and a gentleman. It is essential to his professional standing that he shall be the first, and shall be at least a fair approximation to the latter. It is the exception when he is not both, thoroughly and sincerely, and he is usually an accomplished and efficient public servant besides.

Since the war with Spain we know our regular army better than we did, and appreciate it more adequately, but in spite of all that we have heard and read of what was endured and accomplished at Santiago, some of us still feel that the officers of the regular army who were engaged there hardly got the full meed of glory that they were entitled to. The men to whom the public did justice were the men they knew beforehand. The campaign was too short for us to make many

new acquaintances in it, or learn the significance of many new names with which we had been unfamiliar. Most of us learned a few new names—Hawkins, Lawton, Kent, Ludlow, Chaffee, a dozen more, perhaps—and came to identify them with the gallant gentlemen who bore them; but with the great majority of the officers of the regular army at Santiago we are not yet acquainted, and probably never shall be. The ordinary readers of the war news merely know that there were a dozen or more regiments of regular troops in General Shafter's command and that, officers and men, whatever they were sent to do they did, and more; whatever had to be endured, they suffered; whatever courage, audacity, endurance, or intelligence the occasion demanded, they had in abundant measure, and used. So we have come to generalize about our regular army, and to think of its troops as admirable soldier-men, and of its officers as men qualified to do the highest credit to their country and their military training.

They are now about to be tried in a new field as temporary administrators of the government in territory that has suffered long and severely from maladministration. It is interesting to notice how confident we are that they will be equal to this difficult task, and how general is the feeling of satisfaction that it is to remain for the present in their hands.

IF there is one thing more than any other with which Americans have credited the Old World, it is reverence for its antiquities. If we have occasionally curled the lip of scorn in "acrid Asiatic mirth" over the vauntings of the cicerone, envy has been behind it, and at heart we too have shared their piety. The refusal of permission to exhibit wild cowboys and tame

Electricity in the
Catacombs.

Indians in the Coliseum met, on the whole, with our approval; and we recognized the self-denial of the debt-ridden Italian Government in declining the offers of syndicates to bring that structure bodily to the World's Fair at Chicago.

But what is to be said of a newspaper report that the very tomb and crypt of the venerable past is to be opened to the garish spirit of end-of-the-centuryism, and that the Catacombs of Rome are to be lighted by electricity? Worse yet, that the work is to be done by Americans, and that the invasion of these sacred reliques of the old White City

is to be entrusted to the smoky modern town of Pittsburg?

It is reported that an electric-light company of our smoke-metropolis has received a contract for the placing of six electric motors in six catacombs of Rome, each motor to be capable of furnishing four hundred and sixty incandescent lights. These are the bald facts; their spiritual significance roots deep. What now is to become of our reproach of the Goths and Longobards, who looted the Catacombs with pious motives and called every bone found in Roman soil a sacred relic, and carried it northward home, in mingled commercialism and reverence? What will they think of our innocent electricians trespassing in the sanctum of these ancient dead with their rude labors, and lighting with unseemly illumination their sleeping chambers?

What now will be the occupation of the skull of which Hawthorne writes in his "Marble Faun:" "grinning at its own wretched plight as is the ugly and empty habit of the thing?" What business have they left now to Memmius, that limited Wandering Jew in his labyrinthian parish; that sneaking spy of Diocletian's time, who, hiding in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus to overhear the rites of the persecuted Christians, was cursed and condemned to wander forever in the gloomy precincts of these tombs? What power now can he have to thrill and threaten the lone wanderer in the maze? What potency is left to the spell of his terror; what virtue to his fable? How can Memmius claim to be eternally lost when he has good electric lights and sign-boards to guide him wherever he would go?

But our shameless electricians are not to be stopped at the mere lighting-up of these mysteries; they are to put into the St. Calixtus Catacombs an elevator!—not a slow and funereal lift, but a flying electric American elevator! After that, what is to give the Catacombs any power for romance or terror above the horrific Avernus of the Boston Subway? And is this electrocution of their tradition only a beginning? The imagination already supplies abundant sequels.

"YOU don't look happy," said a passing acquaintance to a young woman in the shopping throng the other day. "I'm *not* happy," returned the young woman addressed, "for I've just seen a most depressing thing."

“No, it wasn't in the unspeakable slums,” she hastened to say; “I shock all my friends by delving in dreadfulness systematically and earnestly, and coming thence unhorrorified, though deeply impressed; wiser, but scarcely sadder, so to say. But just now I've seen a distressful thing of another kind. I have been used to think of ennui as the worst thing under the sun, and to associate it, in its quintessence, with, say, the Bourbon kings; but I beg pardon of the shades of the Bourbons, for I think I have seen them outclassed. I've been to a 'tea-room' for a mid-day bite, and I sat at the table with a mother and daughter, the latter, as it proved, a boarding-school miss of perhaps seventeen, at home for her Easter holiday. The girl wore large diamonds in her ears, three diamond rings, diamond sleeve-links in a silk shirt-waist, a diamond brooch, and a watch heavily studded with diamonds. She might have been a passable-looking girl but for the consummate listlessness of her expression and demeanor; and, outside of a not unamiable but quite uninterested reply she threw now and then to her mother's attempts at conversation, she made but two remarks. One was that she should have to have violet trimming on her black silk dress, and when her mother asked why, she explained that 'there is only pink, and blue, and green, and red, besides violet, and the other girls in the hall have got all those colors, so there's only violet left for me.' Poor thing! She'll look like Rameses' mummy, in violet. The other remark was apropos of the tea she was pouring out. I knew that it was strong enough and bitter enough to actually tan her stomach, but she only tasted of it dubiously and asked her mother if she thought it wasn't 'awfully strong'; her mother hazarded the idea that it was 'very nice,' so she drank the stuff mechanically. If they had been loud women,

with all the pitifulness of the girl's diamonds I should have been far less depressed, for there's no use fretting for the vulgar of that type; they are a class by themselves, in a way, and they don't know enough to pity themselves or to feel their unconquerable shortcomings. But these were not such; I doubt not that girl goes to a very excellent young ladies' seminary, and that her manners, as far as manners may be comprehended in 'Don'ts,' are unimpeachable as the ordinary. That is the awfulness of it; why, that girl will probably marry some nice, gentle fellow who is not as wise as he might be, though perhaps as wise as he'll ever be if he has to divide his allotment of brains with this poor creature. What a mother she'll be, with her necessity for violet ruchings because the other girls have taken all the becoming colors! What a home she'll make! I see her, in fancy, forever pouring gall-like tea and wearily condoning burnt chops. Of course, she's young; of course, she'll grow; but since she is so started, what reason has any one to think that at some miraculous season she'll change her spots and develop into a woman of capability and resource, with some inspiration and cheer. Somehow, I find the poor, weary 'army of the disenchanted' more harrowing to my pity than the more-discussed army of the toilers. Perhaps it is the poor themselves who have taught me not to pity them. Certainly, I never get discouraged or disheartened on account of them; I don't expect to destroy the hydra-headed monster of many cycles' growth in a quarter of a century of awakening benevolence and social science. But if the quantity and quality of education which is now broadcast among certain well-to-do classes can produce that girl and her mother, then am I really depressed. The individual matters little, but if she is a type? And I'm afraid, from all I've seen, that she is."

THE FIELD OF ART

MEDIEVAL GOLDSMITHS' WORK AT CONQUES

HIGH on an exposed slope, but defended from the rest of France by the bleak ridges and smoking, sulphurous hills of Aveyron, the village of Conques dozes behind the abbey-church. Few sightseers leave the distant railway to disturb its silence. Hardly a *commis-voyageur* insults the church-portal with his surprise. Its sculptures preserve their dignity in secret; and the gold and silver, jewels and enamel-work of the treasury, dazzle only pilgrims and the occasional archæologist. The abbey in its silence seems, indeed, to have lived through all the ages unknown and ignorant of the world, yet here one finds not only the barbaric goldsmith's work of untaught Franks, but delicately engraved gems, enamel-work designed like Eastern stuffs, and a stern, golden figure, strangely Byzantine in its splendid immobility.

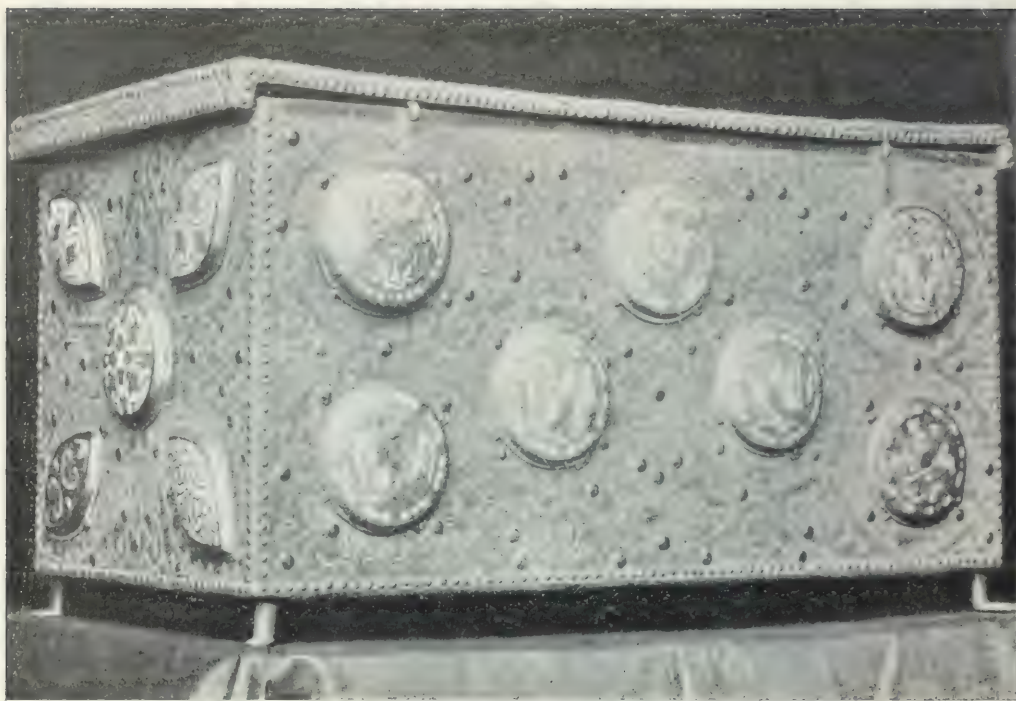
These varied wonders suggest anything but isolation. The hill-barriers which have preserved them from the vandalism of heresy and revolution must once, it seems, have been passed. And long ago they actually were passed, were stormed, in fact, by a naïve faith which developed here a school of monastic goldsmiths, and enlightened their art by making Conques a cosmopolitan centre.

Pilgrims, the cosmopolitans of past days, began forcing their way nine centuries since through the Aveyron hills. For the monks of Conques had astutely stolen from Agen the body of a virgin-martyr, Sainte Foy, whose miracles soon became so familiar that they were not irreverently termed "Sainte Foy's jokes." For rumor had it that she gave eyes to the eyeless, and, stranger still, raised donkeys from the grave. So rumor spread. And pilgrims, many of them bearing gifts, thronged to Conques from about the Byzantine great church of Périgueux, from the Venetian quarter of Montpellier, from all southern France, while nobles, French and foreign, gave lands and the spoils of war and a mosque in Spain. And the monks, thus stirred by the life of the outer world, came to see and study not only Frankish art, but the silverware of Saracens and rich stuffs and enamels brought from Venice and the East.

Meanwhile, Sainte Foy, the indirect cause of her monks' education, was directly aiding their art. She appeared to the Bishop of Beaulieu, asking for his two golden doves as ornaments for her statue at Conques, and though he tried to substitute a greater weight of gold coin, it is recorded that she got them. What is more, she demanded jewels and money from ladies, knights, and common folk, near and far:



Statuette of Sainte Foy, about eighty-five centimetres high, in gold on a core of wood. The surface is set with precious and semi-precious stones and engraved gems of different epochs. The head-dress is of gold ornamented with enamel. Two of the four crystal balls replace the doves mentioned in the text. The statuette may originally have represented an ecclesiastic. The tubes held in the hands are of silver and probably served to hold emblems or flowers. The hands date from the sixteenth century. The feet and footstool are modern.



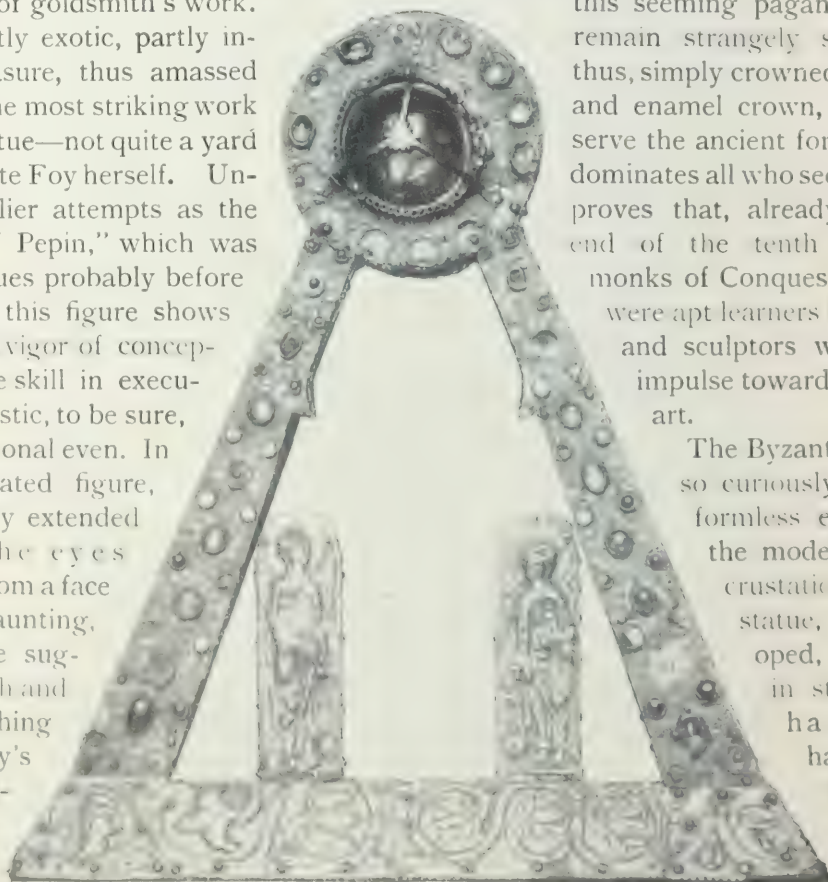
Box, serving as reliquary, of wood covered with black leather, which is adorned with enamel in small white beads arranged in scrolls. The larger beads are heads of silver nails. Of the thirty-one rondels of enamelled gold, a few are modern or restored. All are Byzantine in appearance, and the enamel is on gold and is applied by the *champlevé* process.

and so persistent was she that after her statue had been encrusted with precious stones, there remained ample materials for many another blazing piece of goldsmith's work.

In the partly exotic, partly indigenous treasure, thus amassed at Conques, the most striking work is the little statue—not quite a yard high—of Sainte Foy herself. Unlike such earlier attempts as the "reliquary of Pepin," which was sent to Conques probably before the year 840, this figure shows clearness and vigor of conception and some skill in execution. Unrealistic, to be sure, it is—conventional even. In the stiffly seated figure, the immovably extended arms, and the eyes which stare from a face rigid and haunting, there is little suggestion of flesh and blood and nothing of Sainte Foy's celestial girl-ishness. Yet impersonal

as the statue is, it is vividly impressive. Even stripped of its incrusting uncut emeralds, its cameos, amethysts, pearls, and sapphires, this seeming pagan deity would remain strangely solemn. For thus, simply crowned with its gold and enamel crown, it would preserve the ancient force which still dominates all who see it, and which proves that, already toward the end of the tenth century, the monks of Conques who made it, were apt learners from the East and sculptors with a strong impulse toward monumental art.

The Byzantine formality, so curiously mixed with formless exuberance in the modelling and incrustation of this statue, was developed, accordingly, in stone. Before half a century had passed, a stern, Byzantine Christ reigned in



The statue of Sainte Foy, which has been made at Conques toward the beginning of the twelfth century. Height forty-two centimetres, width forty centimetres. This reliquary is of oak, covered with silver-gilt and ornamented with uncut stones. On one side of the figure is a group of polished quartz, surrounded by other uncut stones; on the reverse side is an antique intaglio surrounded with enamel-work, *cloisonné* on gold, and much like that on the crown of the Sainte Foy statue. The *re-poussé* angels are of silver. The base, of a later date than the "A" proper, is covered with gilded silver.

the abbey - portal, with a fatefulness of look but dimly foreshadowed by the golden image ; and the East, which thus brought dignity into the grotesqueness of a mediæval bas-relief, still watched over the goldsmiths of Conques. Having diverted their monumental impulse into sculpture, it led them toward purely decorative achievements, and largely through the technical enticements of enamel-work it brought order into their confused decorations.

Enamelling had probably, of late, been more or less practised at Limoges. But Limoges, toward the tenth century, lay in ashes, a mere reminder of Norman devastations, and Conques soon reigned in its stead. There the enamelling Sainte Foy's crown was done, and there, at about the same time, or possibly as late as 1110, a box containing Sainte Foy's bones was ornamented with thirty-one medallions in rich enamel. These medallions, moreover, were not only agreeable in color, but orderly in form ; for while experience in Eastern stuffs had made harmonious color a delight to the artisans of Conques, the example of Eastern design and the limitations of mere material—the difficulty, for instance, of outlining complex figures in strips of gold—made these enamel-work birds and griffins almost inevitably regular in composition.

In all Europe there can be few pieces of old enamel more attractively soft in surface or more soothing in color. Among the products of Conques, however, one work, a portable altar, seems still more significant. Its enamels—Christ and the Paschal Lamb, the symbolic angel, dove, ox, and eagle, the



Pepin's reliquary, so-called, back view : a wooden case eighteen centimetres high and long, and nine centimetres through, covered with gold and decorated with polished stones. On the front are crude figures in *repoussé* work representing Christ, the Virgin, and St. John. On the back, above three arches, are two eagles whose wings are of *cloisonné* enamel on gold. This enamel-work, which is Oriental in character, dates from the same early period as most of the reliquary, *i.e.*, perhaps, the middle of the ninth century. But the enamels above the pilasters supporting the arches are of a later period. The border above the eagles, which is in silver gilt *repoussé*, dates from the sixteenth century. The ends of the case belong to a different reliquary.

Virgin, Sainte Foy and two unknown saints—are all charming in color-effect ; and even the human faces are decorative in their archaic conventionalism. But interesting as the work is in its artistic qualities, the technique and the date are still more striking. Unlike the birds and griffins on the box of bones, each mass of color in these medallions is not outlined with strips of gold laid edgewise on a foundation of gold ; but the masses of color are held in shallow curved depressions between which ridges of the foundation itself rise to the surface of the enamel and emphasize its design. In a word, the enamel-work of the portable altar is *cloisonné*, while that of the box is *champlevé*. And since *champlevé* work is probably of Western origin, while the *cloisonné* method seems to have reached Conques from the East, the enamels on the box are Eastern only in look, but those on the altar seem Eastern in their very structure.

The altar, then, may well be a link between the East and the West. Proof of this, however, would depend on questions too ob-



Portable altar, serving also as a reliquary; perhaps, formerly the cover of a book. The piece of stone is Oriental alabaster; the frame is silver-gilt; the ten plaquettes are of copper with decoration in *cloisonné* enamel.

scure for general discussion—from where, for instance, the monks of Conques actually gained their knowledge of the *cloisonné* method, and at what date they began to make *champlevé* enamels. But whatever the answers to these questions may be, the gist of the matter—the strength of Eastern influence at Conques—is evident. The portable altar, dating as it pretty precisely does from the first ten years of the twelfth century, shows the monks clinging at that comparatively late period to a method of probably Eastern origin; and the birds and griffins on the box prove their fidelity to Byzantine design during the eleventh and perhaps into the twelfth century. From these cases, accordingly—and, indeed, from others—it is clear that the grasp of Eastern art upon the school of Conques was firm. It was the strongest artistic force to pass the hill-barriers of the

Aveyron, and protected by them, it persisted long in vigorous life. But the power of beauty and order which had led the monks of Conques from such barbaric work as the “reliquary of Pepin” past the statue of Sainte Foy and on to such achievements as the Byzantine Christ of the portal and the medallions which so delightfully decorate the box of Sainte Foy’s bones, this orderly power at last began to wane. Agreeable works, to be sure, were still produced, and several are preserved at Conques. But little by little the decorative impulse faded, and the Byzantine enamel-work, which at Conques had largely supplanted goldsmith’s work proper, was itself displaced by a more elaborate art, the late enamel-work of Limoges. So the school of Conques was merged in the school of Limoges, and the Byzantine spirit in enamel-work finally died.

H. C. G.



Painted by J.M.W. Turner.

MONA
Fürstenberg Gallery, Gottenburg.

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THE MODERN GROUP OF SCANDINAVIAN PAINTERS

By Cecilia Waern



It may be well to begin by saying simply that the word modern is here taken as an adjective of quality, not of time.

The art of Denmark differs in several important respects from that of the two sister countries. Indeed, it used to be said and repeated at home (in Sweden) that there was a Danish school of painting while there never would be a Swedish school; there was no atmosphere in Sweden, the social conditions were too formal, too complicated, the Swedes too self-conscious altogether. In Denmark, instead, it was pointed out, there was an undeniable art tradition, social life was simple; above all, the Danish mind was really *naïf*. The Danes are, in fact, about as unlike the other Scandinavians as their country is unlike the typical water-and-mountain scenery of the peninsula. The Danish isles are large and nearly flat; shimmering beech-woods run down to the water's edge, kindly villages and dun-and-white farm yards, of the old thatched type, stud the fertile plains. Father Stork is the patron saint of it all. The Danes are cheery and talkative, humorous and unsophisticated. Swedish writers know to their cost that they can never hope to vie with the Danish flow of witty spirits, or attain the unconcerned ease of their literary manner. It is a fact that the *causerie* is almost as much at home in Copenhagen as it is in Paris. Certain other qualities help to give the Danes a prominent place as essayists and

critics on modern lines; cheerful industry, keen perceptions, quick sympathies, often amounting to imaginative penetration. But, above all, it is the untroubled directness of aim that tells. These circumstances and traits tell in art, as they do in literature, and may serve to explain the success of Peter Severin Krøyer in the difficult task he has set himself as a painter. He first made his mark in Paris, in the early eighties, as a *plein-airiste*—a painter of figures in the open air—and he still remains one. But of late years he has become more and more identified with the solving of that most difficult of problems: painting large gatherings of men at committee meetings, *conversazioni*, smoking musicales, etc. We all know how unsatisfactory such pictures are apt to be, how individualism and collectivism conflict here as in other spheres. Even the greatest portrait painters and physiognomists have rarely succeeded in giving ease to their groups and unity to their pictures, while the man that feels masses more than units generally subordinates the individual as unworthy of notice, compared with the sense of collective humanity or the beauties of atmospheric tone. Krøyer steers gayly past both Scylla and Charybdis. His groups are natural and amusing, his figures interesting in expression and gesture, and superb in treatment; his unity of effect most convincing. The secret lies partly—as so often—in knowledge. Krøyer knows a room, by night and by day, in all its aspects of light and shade, as some landscape artists know the play of light and dark in



Painted by Richard Bergh.

My Wife.

Museum, Gottenburg.

the branches of their trees. He knows the open air, too. His twilights and moonrises from the Scaw have a charm that lingers in the memory like the aromatic smell of certain seashore shrubs. As a luminist, he has been attracted by merry, open-air meals at midday. Many of these motives he shares with his friends in Sweden and Norway, as he has shared the French teaching that has given him the power to deal with them. The open air Krøyer, with his indisputable Northern note, is thus

the connecting link between the Danes and the other Scandinavians, including the painters of Finland—Albert Edelfelt and his countrymen—whom I must here reluctantly leave aside.

I must be brief, also, in my mention of the other Danes, and not attempt to do more than call attention to one or two other prominent figures of this rejuvenated Danish school. We can only regret that we have not been able to procure adequate illustrations, to bear out what I say.

Yet Viggo Johansen's art would deserve to be widely known for his charming treatment of the family group and the sociable, homely interior. He is one of the few *peintres de mœurs*—indoors—of the present day, who sees subjects round him, and does not need to resort to Breton coiffes or gilt Dutch head-pieces to make an interior interesting. If *naïveté* were to be had for the asking, indeed, he might be cited as an example that would deserve to be widely followed. Viggo Johansen's *naïveté* is Danish—who but a Dane could have given us "Washing the Children," that delightful nursery scene of scrubbing and tubbing?—his manner has none of the curious prosiness of the old Danish school. It is broad and soft, based on a most delicate observation of atmospheric values. His touch may be said to have less sparkle than Krøyer's, and more tenderness. Julius Paulsen belongs to the family of the Rembrandts and Whistlers. He is one of those mystics and dreamers to whom the beauties of the "enveloppe" are full of fascination and revelation. His typical canvases are small; quiet stretches of Danish landscape, with or without figures; but he has also painted larger canvases, with figure subjects; for instance, a much-discussed Madonna, conceived as a poor servant-girl sitting with her baby on her wretched pallet, reverently and admirably painted. But the true Paulsen is to be found in these small canvases that combine keen impressionist observation, delicacy of atmospheric rendering, with qualities of tone rare in the North, and subtle musical depths rare anywhere. And yet it is all so Danish in a delightful, indefinable way. The men mentioned above are middle-aged now, and many tendencies surge round them, not past them, leaving them unmoved. The Danish capital is about as assimilative as the country is

conservative, and the younger men are all more or less "in the movement," which is very lively in Copenhagen. Literary decadence has struck deep roots



Painted by Karl Larsson.

Lisbeth.

Fürstenberg Gallery, Gottenburg.

there and borne some noteworthy fruit. Painting has become symbolic and synthetic: Hammershøj, Slott-Möller, and Willumsen are some of the names that represent it. Willumsen's art many of us know from the salons. He has two manners: a forcible (Manet) realism, and a heavy (Gauguin) synthesis. He handles both with talent, observation, and the

courage of his convictions. His synthetic caricatures (often carved and painted panels) are about as ugly and queer as anything ever called art before, but not without wit when you have the perseverance to look for it. The others of the group I do not know well enough for detailed analysis. The Exhibition in Stockholm last summer showed that their art is serious and interesting, and withal more Danish in tradition and personal in quality than I had been led to expect.

The latest ideas are fermenting among the youngest Swedes and Norwegians, as elsewhere. But, as far as I have been able to see, the fruits are not yet ripe for international approval. So we shall confine our attention to the group of men now in their prime. We all remember the brilliant effect produced by their exhibition at the World's Fair, confirming the impression made in Paris in 1889. Here was talent—that *sine qua non*—technic and skill commanding both admiration and respect, yet full of freshness of spirit and handling, a national note of great purity and charm. Certain qualities might be lacking, all-essential to the worshippers of the "Old Masters," or to those who find their only artistic nourishment in more or less Pre-Raphaelite art; but this was no crime in the eyes of those who believe art to be a garden that grows fruit of many flavors, the wild, fragrant strawberry, as well as other kinds. As most gratifying of all, I should like to mention the intelligent appreciation and keen characterization of cultivated Japanese critics.

Altogether, it must be said, an art which one respects and loves, but does not admire without reserve, without a feeling that if much has been gained something has been lost in the zest and vigor of onslaught; an art modern, not classical; full of life, not perfect, either in the cold sense of correctness, whatever that may be, or as a synthesis of aims and endeavors which are too wide and seething to let these men rest satisfied with what they have already won. This restlessness in the Northern blood tells in two ways: If it prevents them from staying at home, like the Danes, and tilling the home field till it bears fruit a thousandfold, it also leads them to new paths of conquest, or at least endeavor,

and thus helps to keep their faculties alive.

These reservations made, I do not feel called upon to offer much criticism in detail. Myself a Swede, I cannot help feeling that I shall be of more service in the humble garb of an interpreter than in the solemn cap and gown of a judge.

The actual achievement of the Scandinavians (leaving their excellent portraits aside for the moment), may be briefly summed up; it consists in Impressionism applied to painting the North as it was never painted before. I here use the term Impressionism in the vague general sense, advisedly. It is the widest one, after all, of all the terms in use—including both portraiture and *plein-air*, the rendering of the mood and the passionate pursuit of the fact.

Impressionism in this sense only seems the natural form of expression of the Scandinavians, with their impetuous energy, their dreamy impressionability, and their ardent love of nature, that sways between the pole of actuality and the pole of imagination. In painting, these two poles have not proved to be so very wide apart. The "passionate pursuit of facts" about atmosphere, light, and reflections that are so full of beauty, has led the painters to feel and transmit certain *imaginative* facts that every true Northerner believes in as real facts. Else why should they appeal to all of us in the same way? The "national note," that the French speak of so glibly, has for us a meaning of profound spiritual significance—the "drama of the Seasons" is to us fraught with real intensity of passion and variety of motive. It is not Nature mirroring our emotions and fancies—it is man responding to the great voice of Nature, and feeling the tragic gloom of midwinter as actually as the passionate, hopeless longing of spring, and ineffable harmony of early summer. If Impressionism, or Naturalism, or whatever we choose to call it, has enabled the Northern painters to recall some of this to exacting sons and daughters of the North, surely it is something more than a mere school of technic and transition. It has done so, and in two ways: by training eye and hand to deal with the exquisite phenomena that are the visual *form* of these spiritual beauties, and by making the painters humbly willing to give ear to Nat-



Painted by Fritz Thunberg.

The Country Doctor's Carriage.

ure, and thus catch an echo of some of these strains of mystic poetry that pervade the atmosphere of the North.

These remarks apply to both countries alike, which are both alike Northern, nay Scandinavian, and have much in common, with great and important differences. Norway is grander than Sweden, and more heroic in character. It has mountain fastnesses of utter desolation, yet western fjords and seaports exposed to the quickening stimulus of the Gulf Stream. It is a country of contrasts; we have neither the intensified radiance of one of their

rich in accumulated stores of Northern energy that have lately found a vent in a sudden and splendid outburst into literature and art. With this intensity of patriotic feeling the painters could no longer be content to paint their country as their predecessors, the Gudes and Tidemands, had done, making up their pictures in their German studios from sketches and studies gleaned during the summer. They had to live at home and paint from nature. Impressionism naturally pointed in the same direction by its insistence on the open air and on the value of specialized observa-

tion. So, one by one, they came home from their studies in Paris, or Munich, or Italy, and settled in Norway. It was not an easy step to take. The social conditions in the North are almost indescribably cramping and complicated; "art" was then represented in Christiania by an "Art Union"—the stronghold of dilettanteism and Düsseldorf diluted—the better ones staying away, as I have said, and preferring exile to stagnation. The Moderns looked at the matter in another light, and literally fought their way to recognition by Storthing, press, and public. The inner history of the struggle is full of picturesque incident. It is even on record that one of the most vehement pioneers, Fritz Thaulow, had to spend a couple of months in prison for the mode of argument he employed when his opponent was



Painted by Salomon.

Les Communiantes. (Fragment.)

mountain-sides in summer, nor the pitiless austerity of one of their long valleys in winter. Grim old Ibsen is only possible in Norway.

The Norwegians are young as a nation, full of the turbulent sense of youth and the desire to reassert the fierce old spirit of independence of their Viking forefathers;

basely insulting. Artistically, they only seem to have been strengthened by the double struggle they have been engaged in through the wish to assert themselves as Norse, and the necessity to fight the enemy within their gates. If the Danes have inherited a school, these Norsemen may be said to have already formed one. Only



Painted by Erik Werenskiöld.

Young Peasant Girls.

an expert can tell from their Norwegian pictures where their first studies were made. They are neither "Paris" nor "Munich"; they are modern and Norse. The individuals vary, of course. Christian Skredsvig has a tendency to clearness and crisp definition, Eilif Petersen (in his landscapes) to a large dreaminess, Otto Sinding to a certain stern ruggedness, Hans Heyerdahl to quiet refinement, Gerhard Munthe to humorous characterization. But they are all interesting, all more or less vigorous. Many of their results have been gained by absorbing the processes of the Impressionists (in the narrow sense); but our illustrations will show that they do not suffer from the lack of the sense of construction with which this school is generally reproached. As for the Norse subjects, the pictures show some of the most typical ones. They paint other things as well, of course. Some of them travel, or have travelled; Heyerdahl and Petersen are admirable portraitists; Munthe is best

known for his grotesque and delightful transcripts from old folk-lore, colored outline drawings, or panels, in a kind of personal adaptation of the sampler, or rough tapestry style. There would be other interesting personalities to discuss; but the two great Norwegians are still waiting to be noticed.

Erik Werenskiöld first made himself remarked for his powerful and deeply imaginative illustrations for Norse folk-tales. Meanwhile he was painting vigorous portraits of prominent Norwegians (being one of the first in the North to obtain his effects by "Impressionist" brushwork), and trying his hand at the open air. Of late years he has combined all these branches in deeply interesting pictures of peasant life—out of doors—in Norway. Werenskiöld is not less of a painter than his fellows, only more of a dramatic and reflective poet. Some canvases, such as "A Peasant Burial," are serious and thoughtful; others have a more lyric quality. But



Painted by Eilif Petersen.

Fishermen.

all are painted with a depth of sympathy, a sincerity of observation and craft, that have become proverbial in the North.

Some of the well-known sources of Fritz Thaulow's inspiration are frozen snow, glistening in the sunlight and purple in the shadows; new-fallen snow, pure white and soft; melting snow, with its kid-like surface; running water, with its swirls and eddies, etc. He is now living at Dieppe, attracted, it seems, by the beauties of moonlight in Normandy, and of lamp-lit dusk lingering over the harbor or in the old streets of the town. The note of his art is a restful sense of power, combined with a delicacy of color, touch, and perception that seems rather surprising when you first see this big, blond, handsome, burly, Viking type of a man. And does it not seem at least a picturesque coincidence that the roving spirit, the desire for fresh conquests, should have landed him in—Normandy?

In Sweden we meet a differing set of social conditions. The country is larger than Norway, to begin with; more cultured, undoubtedly; also "older" in temper. It is a queer country, full of demo-

cratic tendencies and aristocratic prejudices; of high-strung vitality and heavy sluggishness; of many things that seem to incite to artistic production, and more things that tend to check it. Sweden was erst one of the Great Powers. It has still a courtly capital, famous for its lovely situation, with one of the finest palaces in Europe, and many "Royal" institutions, including an Academy of Fine Arts. It is, however, by no means an exhibiting academy, like the one in London: it is a teaching academy, that spends 70,000 kroner (about \$18,000) a year on schools and scholarships, *i.e.*, on the production of artists, while the state grant for the purchase of works of art amounts to 6,000 kroner (between \$1,500 and \$1,600). In the good old times most of the talented alumni came back, as a matter of course, after their *Wanderjahre*, to a professorship and a position in society. One great talent at least, Johan Fredrik Höckert, one of the shining lights at the Grand Exhibition of 1855, has been ruined in this way. There was no choice between this and doing as the gifted Norwegians of former genera-



Painted by Karl Larsson.

C ramique.

Mus e du Luxembourg.

tions had done: allowing themselves to be swallowed up by the schools of the continent. There was only this difference between them, that the Norwegians always gravitated naturally toward Germany, the Swedes to Paris. One of the foremost and most interesting representatives of the early Romantic school of landscape in Germany, Johan Christian Dahl, was a Norwegian. Many artists of note of the French school have been natives of Sweden. We may mention Hall, Laurence, Roslin, among earlier men; Höckert himself; and, lately, Salmson and Wahlberg, who may be said to represent the transition to the modern group of national painters.

At first the younger Swedes of this group did not show many tokens of "nationality." Zorn, an independent of the first water, was practising his self-taught art of water-color painting in Spain and London, after having left the Academy in disgust. The others had accepted the teaching, enjoying the camaraderie, and hoping for the scholarships, and then flocked to Paris, where they threw themselves into the coterie life of Montmartre and Grèz-sur-Loing with true Swedish zest and love of pleasure. They were young, too, when Naturalism was young, when the Gospel of the Open Air, of the figure in its natural setting, of seeing things as they were and as they belonged together, was filling us all with unbounded enthusiasm. They were strong, too, artistically, and soon made themselves felt in Paris as "fresh blood." Only one or two, but especially Ernst Josephson, felt the fevered pulse of color at the heart of the movement. The others swore by Bastien, and were dubbed at home "the gray school of Grèz." Exquisite grays some of them were, such as Larsson's garden-plots at Grèz, or Kreuger's French hillsides and waysides. But the French critics and Norwegian painters were right in characterizing them as acquisitions to the French school, not as an independent school. Even the portraits of this period are more skilful assimilations of French teaching than anything else. As for Swedish landscape, "the North could not be painted;" it was "too thin, too cold, too intangible." Meanwhile, discontent with the Academy was seething, because it withheld the scholarships from

those who felt that they had a right to them; because it sluggishly or aristocratically refused to give ear to the clamor for exhibitions, and because it was full of abuses generally. Matters were complicated by the fact that one of the leaders of the Academy, Count Georges von Rosen, is a conservative, accomplished and talented painter (mainly of Belgian training). But the discontent was so general that when a protest, proposing reforms, was drawn up, it found 86 signers among the artists in Paris, Düsseldorf, Sweden, and elsewhere. At the same time some of the "Parisians" then in Stockholm arranged an exhibition of their works, fitly called "from the Banks of the Seine." The only reply to the protest was a curt refusal to discuss any of the reforms proposed. The "opponents" thereupon declared war. They solemnly bound themselves not to accept any distinctions or salaries from the Academy; they determined to arrange their own exhibitions in the future. The first semi-official exhibition of this kind was held in the autumn of the same year: it was only the first of a whole series of brilliant exhibitions—triumphant vindications of the vitality of the new movement. Very soon, too, the painters struck a deep Swedish note that won many over completely, who had been in the habit of keeping their love of beauty in art separate from their love of beauty in (Swedish) nature. The fact was that the painters discovered, when they, too, had been caught by the homeward trend, that the beauties of Sweden were not "unpaintable"—only very difficult. Yet, one by one, they have all come home and tackled them, sticking manfully to their resolution not to have anything to do with Academy salaries or Academy protection. They have fared badly and fought bravely; they would have fared worse still, if one enlightened art-lover, Mr. Pontus Fürstenberg, of Gottenburg, had not from the outset understood the importance of the group, helped them in more ways than one, and instigated others to buy by the convincing charm of his now famous gallery. But even so, the painters have had all the stimulus of suffering for a cause. Taken all in all, the inner history of the movement is one of the most interesting chapters of the history of modern art.



Printed by Gerhard Munthe.

Norwegian Cottages.



Painted by Christian Skredsvig.

A Norwegian Hillside.
National Gallery, Christiania.

Sweden is a country of lakes and hills, forest and stream, less heroic and dramatic than Norway, and infinitely more lyrical—with a poetry made visible in the deep amber of rushing waters, in the dreamy silver of mirroring lakes, in a magic atmosphere, clear and yet veiled, still and yet suggestive, full of longing and resignation—and oh, so full of music. I do not mean to imply that the painters try to paint this; they are all eminently painters' painters, with a fine scorn of mixing up literature with art. But the same beauty that has slowly inspired and moulded the saddest and tenderest folk-songs in the world has crept on to some of their canvases, even when they, as in the case of Zorn's "At Midnight," represent a peasant girl in pink gingham, rowing home in the after-glow at midnight; or when they first of all aim at giving—as in the case of Nordström's "Easter Eve"—only the *vis-ual* impressions of an early spring evening, with the Easter fires lit on the hill-tops.

But Nordström feels nature so deeply and sternly that every one of his canvases is one of the best of poems, in splendid pictorial

language. Nils Kreuger's note is more tenderly lyrical. He has a vein of sympathetic humor and delicate observation that is especially delightful in his pictures of sleepy, country-town streets, or horses at grass in the stone-walled long shore meadow. His eye for delicate values is keen, and he has been as happy in his pursuit of the quivering quality of sea-side air as of harmony of light-and-dark. Nordström and Kreuger are both "Parisians." Bruno Liljefors, one of the most talented of this talented group, is as self-taught as a man can be nowadays. He knows the work of his Scandinavian friends, and has visited the Salon once or twice, that is all. And yet his best work can bear comparison with any for technic and power. His theme is the woods and waters, with the animals that live in them; he portrays them with an insight and a grasp that have grown, instead of rusting, from his country life, till he has become a true interpreter of the whole life of nature in the woods.

I must now be summary in my mention of the men whom we have been able to represent by fairly adequate illustrations.



A. Benoit, Bull, L. Carlier, Gerse, Braquemond, L. Garnon, Georges Petit, Roger Bullo, Armand Dayot, Rety, Gauthierin, Chapu, A. Mercie, P. Dubois, V. Klein, L. Pasteur, Pissis de Chavannes, Carolus Duran, Charles Garnier, Carl Jacobsen, Antonin Proust, Magne, L. G. rôme, F. L. L. rôme, T. rôme, K. rôme, Chaplin, L. rôme, K. rôme, Chaplin.

The Art Congress held in Denmark, 1894.



Painted by H. Heyerdahl.

The Two Sisters.

Zorn's "Mona" [frontispiece] has been chosen as illustrative of his earlier manner, when his limpid and serious water-colors first drew attention to the measure of his talent. His eminent art as a portrait painter does not need comment in America. He spends his summers at home, painting out of doors, always pursuing some new aspect of nature and life with an ardor all his own, and yet eminently Northern. Richard Bergh shares his distinction as a portraitist, with a differing temperament—more reflective and imaginative—in some cases, perhaps, even hampering. At least he would have painted more, if he had not dreamed and read and written so much. But who knows what this remarkable union of imagination and quick responsive painter's vision may bring forth in the end? Apart from his portraiture, which speaks for itself in our illustration, [p. 644] his *plein-air* motives have always had the distinction of poetry and shown a charming feeling for significant color and expressive line. He is now developing into a symboliste, who aims largely at combining illusion with line-synthesis and color, poetry

inspired by nature with pictorial suggestiveness. There are at least four Karl Larssons in one; all important, all full of exuberant vitality. There is Larsson, the illustrator; Larsson, the brilliant water-colorist of the French school; Larsson, the painter of the delightful portraits in a spirited wash-and-outline style of his own; Larsson, the fresco painter, whose monumental work in Gottenburg and Stockholm every student of decorative art should include in his tour of travel and comparison.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I have been careful to understate rather than overrate the importance of these, my countrymen, as judged by contemporary French standards. I can only regret that I have not space to discuss the art of Prince Eugène of Sweden, so charming in its personality of Ernst Josephson, the colorist and portraitist, poet and visionary, whose career has been cut short by illness; of P. Erkström, the lyrist; G. Pauli, the fresco painter; Mrs. H. Hirsch-Pauli, Eva Bonnier, Eugène Yansson, and others, middle-aged and young, that help to represent worthily this interesting school.

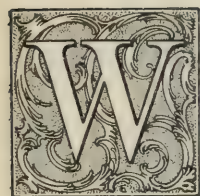


Third United States Artillery Acting as Infantry Advancing Beyond La Loma.*

THE BATTLE OF THE BLOCK-HOUSES

THE WAR WITH THE INSURGENTS AT MANILA

By Percy G. McDonnell



WE all knew that it was coming as sure as fate ; that sooner or later the climax would be reached and hostilities commenced. The Commission would have no cause for worry, as at the rate affairs were progressing, in all probability the whole question would be settled before their arrival. A member of the local commission treating with the Filipino delegates told some of his officers, who inquired about the regiment's return, that fighting was a certainty, and that if Christmas dinners were enjoyed at home, they might consider themselves lucky.

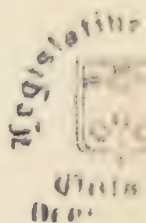
For six long months, ever since the 13th of August, there were constant friction, weekly bickerings, and nightly alarms that frightened the people, worried the soldiers, and kept Colonel Thompson, the press censor, at his wits' ends suppressing reports more or less sensational, escaping over the cable to the papers of the world.

History teaches that when two armies with the numbers and power of the American and Filipino forces exist for purposes not exactly similar in such close proximity, they cannot be disbanded without a trial of strength ; that one side will not grant concessions necessarily demanded by the other, and that war is the inevitable result.

A thousand times more certain are these conditions when there exists an inequality of civilization, where one army towers over the other in what the world pleases to call modern advancement ; and I am not so sure but the greater part of the blame—call it responsibility, if you wish—rests with the superior force.

The unusual circumstances surrounding the relations between the Americans and Filipinos have demanded the most delicate handling, in accordance with the conciliatory policy adopted, but a dozen times hostilities have been on the verge of precipitation. Ever since the native sentries on Paco Bridge threatened Lieutenant-Colonel Duboce of the First California Volunteers, and demanded the return of an American soldier who had been advanced a few feet beyond the usual beat, there has been more or less ill-feeling all along the line. Then came the killing of an insurgent captain in the streets of Manila, by a soldier whose command to halt had been disobeyed, and this seemed to stir up the entire native population. Threats of burnings and uprisings were so common that when people awakened in the morning they were thankful that their servants had not murdered them during the night, and many officers placed soldiers on guard at their quarters. One outpost in particular was the object of nightly annoyance ; it was patrolled by men of the Nebraska regiment and was located

* This and the following illustrations are from photographs by Lieutenant C. F. O'Keefe, Photograph Department, Office of Military Information, Eighth Army Corps.



close to block-house No. 7, just beyond Santa Mesa, where there was a village of hard characters. On the memorable night of February 4th, a little before dusk, the soldiers noticed several natives armed with bolas, running the lines. Once inside, they jeered at the guards in drunken taunts and then skipped back into their own lines again. These uncomfortable threats were taken good-naturedly, but as they continued the sentry remonstrated, and finally called the corporal of the guard. The corporal took the challenging upon himself and ordered that, in the event of further approaches, if the third command to halt was not obeyed, they fire to kill. About 8.45 P.M., three men, armed with rifles, were seen coming toward the post from the insurgent lines. Once, twice, three times the command halt was given, and then a shot rang out, quickly followed by two others—a native lieutenant and private lay dead, and the sentry had received a bullet through his hat. The reports were plainly heard in the Nebraska camp on the hill, some nine hundred yards to the right, and in five minutes the whole regiment was astir, guards were posted, and advance pickets thrown out. The news was telegraphed in to General Otis, and flashed around the long ten miles of American intrenchments. For a full half-hour everything was peaceful, and no sound was heard except the hurried commands of the officers locating their men. Less than a mile in the direct front were the head-quarters of Colonel Antonio Montenegro, and as the insurgent bugles gently sounded, the waiting soldiers remarked upon the beauty of the cadence, which is quick and high, ending in a long pure tone. What went on in the insurgent lines will never be known, but suddenly, in the midst of the deep quiet, from the large water-main running diagonally across the front, came a volley of Mausers popping and singing, and dozens of the boys ducked low, only to rise shame-facedly, and answer the challenge, almost with the rapidity of an echo. Scarcely had the first shots been exchanged when the firing began on the left with the Colorado men, quickly spreading still leftward to the South Dakota and Pennsylvania regiments, but here it stopped for a few minutes. On the Nebraska right, which

marked the centre point of the whole two-thirds of the circle, firing had not yet begun.

In the city, long before the heavy firing commenced, the alarm spread, a general call to quarters was sounded, and patrols thrown out through the streets. An excitable orderly rushed into the circus where several hundred soldiers and civilians were seated, and between gasps howled the California men to quarters; the place was in an uproar in a second, and as the men rushed over the flimsy structures through the rings, the people followed suit, and clowns and trained horses were forgotten in the general rush to the doors. A number of officers were present who attempted to restore order, but the delay cost them their carriages; for when they reached the street they found their horses had been taken by soldiers in their anxiety to get to barracks. The Spanish and foreign population deserted the drives and theatres, and rushed to their homes, locking the doors and extinguishing the lights. In half an hour the city was deserted, with the exception of the soldiers everywhere on guard or hurrying to the front in quick, measured steps that rang through the empty streets. The walled city was the refuge of many people who had deserted their houses and sought safety in the churches, as they feared their own servants. Companies from the First Oregon, the Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteers, and Twenty-third United States Infantry, under direction of General Hughes, the Provost-Marshal, maintained the best of order; and as all the residents bolted their houses as though to resist a siege of the old days, this part of the city was easily controlled. In the new city beyond the walls and in the outlying districts several attacks were made on individuals. Lieutenant-Colonel Colton was driving to Santa Mesa to join his regiment when a native, a mere boy, rushed at him with a sword, and only the blunt edge prevented a wound. Failing the first thrust he returned to the attack, and it took three shots from the Colonel's revolver to silence him.

To return again to the firing-line, which was still most active near the water-main, and on a hill overlooking a gently sloping valley, rising slightly some 2,500 yards



North Dakota Troops During the Advance Over the Rice-fields at Malate.

beyond where the barracks of the natives were located; at this point it was becoming hotter every minute as the Filipinos were receiving hastily called reinforcements, and the boys in blue were pumping away volleys on the old Springfields until many a shoulder ached. As the moon had not yet risen and the night was pitch dark, no other aim could be taken than the flash of the rifles, and the mortality was necessarily low, though the hospital corps were soon busy bringing in the wounded. A picket standing upon a stone wall, so that he might get better aim, suddenly went down in a heap, crying out, "Boys, I've got it;" but he was up again in a minute hopping about on one leg, and shouted, "I'll be damned if I care; I am not a rookie any more." He had been shot through the ankle. The "Rookies" is a term applied to the recruits who came to Manila after the fighting, and they have always been joshed and shut out of discussion among soldiers with some such slighting remark as, "What can a rookie know? he wasn't here for the scrap." Well, there are no more rookies in Manila to-day.

On the right the country was quiet; Brigadier-Generals King and Ovenshine were out on the lines inspecting the positions of their men, but as yet no firing had taken place; the gunboat Laguna de Bay, commanded by Captain Randolph, of the

Third Artillery, came up the river and passed a short distance beyond the lines, where she lay to, awaiting some signs of the enemy, but perforce remained inactive. About half-past nine Colonel Stotsenburg of the Nebraska regiment, finding the opposition so strong, sent in a mounted messenger asking for reinforcements; but before they were under way another horseman dashed in, reporting that the ground could be held.

On the left of the line were the South Dakota, Pennsylvania, Third United States Artillery (acting as infantry), Montana, and Kansas regiments, with two guns of the Utah Light Artillery, and before ten o'clock a large part of this wing, commanded by Brigadier-Generals Hale and H. G. Otis, was engaged repelling a vigorous attack by the insurgents quartered in the block-houses and bamboo jungles between Manila and Caloocan, the first station on the railway, some three miles north of the city. The firing began so close in that many of the bullets lodged in the Oriente Hotel and other buildings in the Binondo district. At Caloocan, two old Spanish smooth-bore guns were mounted, but their fire was ineffective. These are relics of the days when Aguinaldo was given arms, ammunition, barges, and many other things from the Cavité Arsenal, and are now somewhere up the railroad, whence they were taken when Caloocan fell. The

natives were cunning enough to rush all the rolling-stock up the road, and practically have possession of all the locomotives in their country to-day.

It was an utter impossibility for one man to follow the action at all points of the miles of firing-line, so after taking a hasty survey of the situation on the left wing, I returned to Santa Mesa—where the attack originated, and was being sustained most vigorously—and from there passed on to Santa Ana, Paco, and Malate, at which places the fighting was most spectacular and the official returns show that the mortality was greatest.

A word of explanation may give an idea of the country and the situation of the various towns and regiments. The defences of Manila consist of fourteen block-houses and a number of trenches arranged in a somewhat irregular two-thirds of a circle, extending from south of Caloocan on the north and left wing, to Malate, the south and right wing. These block-houses, all of which should have been held by the Americans, were nearly all in the hands of the insurgents, as were most of the trenches; the American troops occupied connected lines, strengthened a little at each place, where a native guard was maintained, and the artillery was mounted at various points of vantage. The forces were divided into two divisions: the first commanded by Major-General T. M. Anderson, and the second by Major-General Arthur MacArthur. Each division was made up of two brigades—in the first were the commands of Brigadier-Generals Samuel Owenshine and King; in the sec-

ond, Hale and Harrison G. Otis, in the order named. Thus it was in General Hale's brigade that the fight commenced, then spread to General Otis, and later reached King and Owenshine.

As soon as communication was established with the navy, Admiral Dewey ordered the Charleston to shell Caloocan,

and the Monadnock the insurgent trenches at Malate; and early in the fight the former's great guns were adding their terrifying explosions to the horrors of the night.

It was still too dark for the artillery to take part, but about two o'clock it became possible to make out the surrounding country; and in the clear pale light of the waning moon two guns of the Utah Battery opened fire from Santa Mesa Hill. Occasionally shrapnel was dropped into the bamboo sheltering the natives until



A White Rag of Some Description was Dangling.—Page 665.

about three o'clock, when there was a lull along a large portion of the line. The men were resting, cleaning their hot-barrelled guns and wondering whether the insurgents would retire with the coming of the morning, as they usually did; messages had come ordering the men back from the firing-line, and they were grumbling at having to leave the field to the enemy, when Assistant Adjutant Brooks, of General Hale's brigade, rode up bearing orders to "hold the line until released." A cheer was started that ran all down the line, and men howled who had no idea why they were doing it. The insurgents took this to be the signal for a charge, and they answered with yells and bullets without yielding an inch. For a few minutes the row flared up and threatened to be-



Spanish Block-house near General MacArthur's Head-quarters at La Loma.
Captain Grant's Battery firing on native trenches. An officer of the English Marines is on the right in white helmet.

come general, but quiet was restored with only the occasional boom of a Springfield or ps-ss-e's of a Mauser telling of vigilant sniping on both sides.

Between 3 and 4 A.M. the insurgents, having communicated with General Noriel and Colonel Montenegro, opened fire near Santa Ana and Paco, and in short order the California, Washington, Idaho, and Wyoming men were engaged almost through the Fourth United States Cavalry and North Dakota to the Fourteenth United States Infantry, where the regulars were pouring in steady volleys with the exactness of a machine.

Dawn found three companies of the Nebraska men charging down over the rice-fields, covered by the fire of the 3.2-inch Utah guns. The position of the natives was almost untenable, but for more than half an hour they withstood the heavy fire of the artillery and the cross-fires of the encroaching rifle-men. Every time a shell burst a line of white hats and feathered heads would leap in the air and yell "*Viva, Viva, Filipina!*" and then settle down and pour volleys, accompanied by arrows, into the American lines across the San Juan River. It was a wonderful exhibition of bravery, recklessness—perhaps fanaticism—but utterly useless against the overwhelming force of their enemies. Slowly, slowly they were forced back up

the hill to the head-quarters and barracks, where an effort was made to rally, then it was turned into a rout, and, leaving their dead, whom they had been faithfully carrying away slung over bamboo-poles, they took to the woods and fields, firing whenever a chance was offered.

In the meantime Santa Ana and Paco were seeing bloody work—in fact, a general advance had been made all around the line as soon as possible after daybreak, and every foot of ground was contested with a determination that called forth exclamations from old Spanish soldiers who visited the firing-lines, and they ought to know something about it. Colonel J. F. Smith, of the First California Volunteers, had been assigned to the protection of the city outside of the walled town; but the situation became so grave that General Anderson decided to relieve him, and accordingly the regiment was ordered to the front, and the Colonel was placed in command of the right wing of General King's brigade. The first shots in this division were fired at Paco, near block-house No. 11, into the California, Washington, and Idaho men, about twenty minutes to four, and for the next two hours the fiercest kind of street-fighting was carried on, during which the ambulances and hospital corps were repeatedly fired upon from behind stone-walls and nipa huts. Orders had



Captain Dyer's Battery, Sixth Light Artillery (Regulars).

been issued to light fires as the troops advanced, so that the rising smoke might indicate the American position. Seeing the town so strongly defended, the troops started fires in several places, and before the rapid burning and dense smoke of the nipa houses the natives retreated to the rice-fields on the south side. The Paco Cathedral, whose solid old walls formed a veritable fort, contained a body of insurgents who could not be dislodged by infantry fire. Colonel Duboce, of the First California, sent in for artillery, and was reinforced by Captain Dyer with the guns of the Sixth United States Light Artillery, which were soon battering away at the walls; but so well constructed was the old Spanish masonry that many of the shells failed to penetrate. The defenders took refuge in the tower, leaving the rear unprotected, and a number of men rushed in and set fire to the south wing. In a few moments the beautiful old edifice, with its carvings, paintings, and rich altar furnishings, was a mass of seething flame. The nuns in the convent of the Sisters of Charity, a quarter of a mile beyond, wept at the destruction of their patron institution. Though a shell crashed through their chapel and bullets repeatedly tore through the windows, the same devoted women did noble work for wounded Americans and Filipinos alike, exposing themselves in the

performance of their duty all through the awful day.

Next morning a soldier, rummaging about in the débris of the altar, picked up a mass of gold as large as a child's fist, probably the remains of a chalice. A peculiar circumstance is connected with this old cathedral. When the fire began a number of natives were shot in attempting to escape, but from the smoke-wreathed tower bullets kept falling among the soldiers below for half an hour; then all was quiet and it was supposed the gritty occupants had been suffocated. Hours later, when the fire had subsided, a number of men narrowly escaped being shot by rifle-men in the tower. As soon as it was possible a man scaled the walls with the aid of bamboos and reported seeing one gun and a heap of empty shells, but no bodies. To this day no communication has been discovered between the church and the tower, and the disappearance of the natives remains a mystery.

In the rice-fields on the south side, for hundreds of yards in all directions, the country appeared as flat as a billiard-table, and over this unprotected stretch the California, Washington, Idaho, and Fourth United States Cavalry men fought their way foot by foot, advancing in short rushes of ten to fifteen yards, dropping down to fire and then running forward

again. In many respects this place formed an ideal battle-field ; it is entirely without brush and affords no protection for a man standing or kneeling—thus the men were forced to lie flat on their stomachs, with only their heads above the little ridges to sight the guns ; many worked their way from ridge to ridge like snakes, but they were always getting nearer and always forcing the natives back. For an hour and a half there was desperate fighting at short range ; in some places less than fifty yards separated them, as was attested by the hundreds of spots of closely burned grass—grass that was green the day before, surrounded by cast-off blanket-rolls, haversacks, belts, heaps of empty shells, and ownerless rifles telling of the heat of the struggle. When the boys swept over the fields to Santa Ana, two hundred Filipinos were left for the burying parties, and the hospital corps filled the convent, given by the nuns as a temporary hospital, with wounded men of both nations. Pandacan, though close to

description, and drove like a South-Side funeral party returning from a wake, until he drew up in the town square and found the place half-deserted. While considering what was to be done with the assortment, a baby was discovered in one of the empty traps that had probably been forgotten in the hasty exit of the occupants ; but, nothing daunted, he shipped the outfit, baby and all, to Santa Mesa, where the transportation was appreciated.

About ten o'clock a gun-boat went up the river and shelled Santa Ana, where the main body of insurgents had retreated, while General King's brigade attacked on land. It was during this action that Major McConville was mortally wounded.

Fire was again resorted to and the native quarters were razed, several foreign houses suffering with the others. One earthwork, defended by about a hundred men, defied all attempts at capture and held back the advance ; the Washington men, who were nearest, seeing their com-



Bringing Ammunition to the Front for General H. G. Otis's Brigade, North of Manila.

the theatre of action, saw practically none of it, but, as sometimes happens, these are the very places credited with the heaviest fighting. Through some mistake, word reached town that there had been a heavy loss at Pandacan and that ambulances were most urgently needed. A surgeon-major in one of the fighting regiments heard the news, and immediately impressed every vehicle he came across, regardless of

rades falling on all sides, charged the work at the point of the bayonet amid the cheers of loyal supporters. Sixty-three dead were found behind the earthen wall. One of the foremost of the attackers came upon a wounded native, who begged for mercy, and as the soldier reached forward to take the surrendered rifle, he rose on his elbow and shot him through the heart. In a second the murderer was running to the

river; but the run was short, for he fell pierced by a dozen leaden avengers.

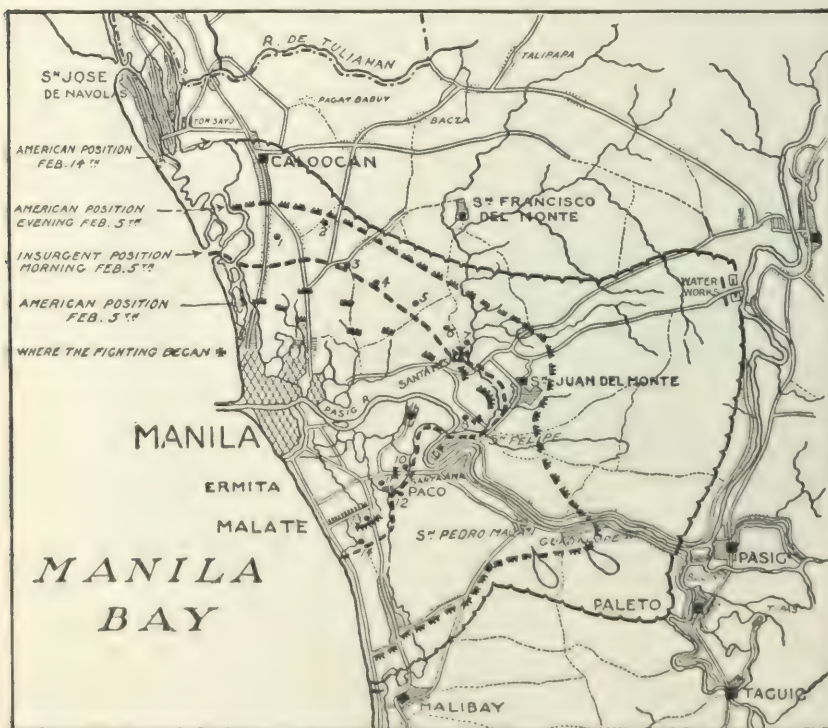
From Santa Ana the fight, now a chase, led to San Pedro Macati, a short distance to the south and east. Captain W. G. Haan, with Company A, Engineers (unattached), who had been fighting their way along the line, came up with Colonel Smith leading a squad of fifteen men, and these two composed the advance of the small numbers, who, keeping on a run, caught up with the natives and drove them pell-mell through the town of San Pedro Macati and into the bamboo jungles beyond. General King communicated with General Ovenshine and established his headquarters at Santa Ana, from which place he was able to reach headquarters by land and river.

Since seven o'clock in the morning the Monadnock had been thundering away with her ten-inch guns, followed by whole broadsides of the smaller batteries, which showered into the insurgent trenches below Malate at a range of less than a mile; and later in the day the Charleston came down

ant Fleming, added to the bombardment, along with those of Lieutenant Hawthorn, a little to the east on the line. The trenches at this point are particularly well constructed, completely preventing attempts at enfilading, so successfully carried out in other places. From the heights of the old Spanish fort which Dewey knocked out last August, the big navy shells could be seen bursting apparently in the midst of the insurgents; but they produced very little sign of weakening in the continuous shower of Mausers and Remingtons, several of which found their way out to the Monadnock. It is impossible to estimate the loss, as a large number of the dead and wounded were carried away by their comrades; but in these miniature volcanoes of earth and dust many a misguided native gave up his life for his "*libertad*."

The regiment which suffered the heaviest loss was the Fourteenth United States Infantry, which occupied the ground south of Malate in conjunction with the North Dakota Volunteers and Fourth United States Cavalry.

The natural defences of cane-brake and swamp, found so formidable by the Astor Battery, Thirteenth Minnesota, and Eighteenth United States Infantry on August 13th, at the taking of Manila, were improved upon by skilfully planned, well-constructed trenches, and every native house was a small fort in itself, banked up with two to six feet of earth about the foundations. In spite of the terrific shelling of the combined army and navy, the native force under General Noriel showed no signs of retreating, but the repeated charges of the Fourteenth regulars and North Dakota men gradually advanced the infantry. Companies E,



The City of Manila and Vicinity.

Showing the American and insurgent positions on the morning of February 5th and the advance of the American lines on the evening of the same day. Arranged by W. G. Haan, commanding Company A, Engineers.

from her work at Caloocan and took a hand. The guns of the Sixth Light Artillery on the fort, commanded by Lieuten-

I, and M of the Fourteenth pressed along the road some two hundred yards before striking into the rice-fields, where an arm of



Captain Sawtelle. Col. Funston, 20th Kansas. General MacArthur. Major Strong. Major Mallory.
General Arthur MacArthur, Officers of his Staff, and Colonel Funston, near Caloocan, North of Manila.

the creek caused them to separate. From every house along this road a white rag of some description was dangling, until it looked like a tenement-yard on wash-day, but from the same houses the boys were potted as they came back. E Company went on ahead, while M and I made a slight detour to the east. Suddenly fire opened from all sides at close range, and before the men could withdraw over the ground just passed, they found themselves under a cross-fire from the beach, the east trenches, and the block-house on the front. The situation was fast becoming desperate when Lieutenant Miles of E Company called for volunteers and charged on the block-house with only five men at his heels, but quickly followed by the rest of the company. It was a gallant stroke, and had the natives known that only one company was behind that yelling, shooting crowd of Americans, it is doubtful if there would have been a handful left to receive the congratulations of General Anderson.

As it was, the insurgents deserted the block-house and broke for the woods; those found in the trenches were dead to a man. For the second time in seven months the Stars and Stripes went up on block-house No. 14, whose capture on both

occasions cost the lives of several Americans. Why it should have been allowed to pass into the hands of the insurgents after the fall of Manila is hard to understand, and the same might be reasonably said of all the others.

Throughout the entire engagement the work of the artillery was a privilege to witness. Captain Dyer's battery and the Utah guns were distributed among the different commands wherever their services were most needed, and the accuracy of fire and rapidity with which the guns were moved from place to place reflects the highest credit on the men and commanders. The infantry soon learned their value and, loosening the leather straps, they threw their own guns over their shoulders and, grabbing the ropes with the artillerymen, snaked the cannon along together. During the heat of the action at the north of the city, several English officers from the war-ships in the harbor visited the head-quarters of General MacArthur, and with some members of the staff the party moved out on the lines near Captain Grant's battery of Utah Artillery. Attracted by the little congregation, the rebels began to send in a lively shower of Mauser bullets, several of which struck the

sides of the cannon. In his conservative manner one of the Englishmen said, "General, don't you think that you are rather exposing yourself at this point?" "Oh, yes, a little; but just watch that shot off there at the end of the brush," and McArthur, in his immaculate uniform and shining top-boots, continued the conversation, entertaining his visitors as though his quick eye and occasional commands were merely directing a dress-parade.

In the unusual character of the firing-line, its length, the varying opposition and the

two hours the natives held this position against the Third United States Artillery; Montana, Pennsylvania, and part of the South Dakota men, with two guns of the Utah Light Artillery of Grant's battery. Pennsylvania and Montana were in the centre, with the Third United States Artillery and South Dakota on the wings. As the charge was sounded Major Bierer, Tenth Pennsylvania, was wounded; but as he was being carried off the field Major Bell (Bureau of Information), who had been viewing the progress of the battle, ran



Blockhouse No. 11, Paco.—Captured Cannon and Flag.

number of different regiments that were actually on the front, there were many opportunities for the exhibition of individual bravery. Opposite the right wing of Brigadier-General H. G. Otis, was one of the strongest positions held by the natives. It is called La Loma, and contains an old chapel and two burial-grounds, the Spanish and Chinese. The ground rises a little in the form of a gigantic cross, in which the Chinese graves form the lower length and left arm, which the right and upper line are made by the Spanish chapel and cemetery. The numerous tombstones and long concrete mounds, after the fashion of the Chinese, gave the strongest kind of a position, in addition to the trees, out of which the sharp-shooters were frequently tumbled like squirrels. For more than

to the head of the line, shouting, "Men, follow me!" and at the front of the wounded Major's battalion he charged up the hill, over the gravestones, through fences and high grass, almost to the gate of the chapel, before a halt was made. The force and speed of the rushing body of men completely overwhelmed the natives, who fled from all directions, toward Caloocan. In this case, as in many of the others, supreme good-nature and buoyancy of spirits had much to do with the success of the operations. "They are off!" yelled a private, as he jammed home a big Springfield shell—"in a cloud of dust"—sang out his neighbor. "Ding, ding, ding! false start; come back!" cautioned the sergeant; but, as it happened, they were off in earnest, and, false start or not, they con-

tinued; and it became a foot-race with hurdles and obstacles, in which Montana and Pennsylvania made a close finish at the church-wall.

When evening fell, the American lines had been advanced, on an average, in all directions about a mile and a half, though in some places, notably where the Tennessee men had passed, smoke was visible two miles beyond.

These Tennessee men are an odd lot, and show excellent judgment in taking advantage of all opportunities. Once started they continued advancing, burning and clearing out the country around the Aqua Deposits, or reservoir, until evening, when messengers were despatched to bring them back. As one company passed the

last advance post, the guard asked, "Which way are you going, boys?" "To the other side of the island," was the answer; and apparently they meant it, for as they travelled they gathered in chickens, pigs, horses, and anything that would be handy in a campaign. Night fell at last and quiet reigned, except for occasional shots, marking the presence of distant snipers. All through the fields, before and behind the men, innumerable columns of smoke were slowly

rising; and here and there the bright blazes and rapid crackings indicated the position of a doomed native village or group of nipa houses. Hundreds of fires flared up in the distance, scarcely larger than the rifle's flash of the previous night, but around each one was a group of tired, hungry fellows hastily eating their dinners, before turning in for sleep.

"It was like hunting squirrels to get them niggers out of the brush," said a tall, lank corporal—"yes, or shootin' bally landlords in old Ireland," came from the region of the water-buckets, amid general laughter. But it was not so easy as the men would sometimes have you believe. All day Aguinaldo's men fought against the combined attacks of

the navy, artillery, and infantry. Scarcely a foot of ground was yielded until a charge was resorted to, or the position fired, and experience shows that the Filipinos cannot stand charges. Dozens of places were defended until the men rushed the works at the point of the bayonet, and then they found the trench piled with the dead. As a fighting-machine the Filipino has gone up several pegs in the estimation of the American soldier.



Dead Insurgents in the trench at Santa Ana.



Santa Mesa.

Fires indicating advance of left wing of General Anderson's Division, under command of Brigadier-General King.



Drawn by T. J. Fagarty

It was with a cowed and humbled air that the veterans reached the dock.—Page 675.

A BURIAL BY FRIENDLESS POST

By Robert Shackleton



EMUEL HALL, exhausted and almost unconscious, lay alone in his little room on the top floor of a rear tenement on Ludlow Street. His landlord, going to collect his pittance of rent, found him huddled in a corner, with the late rays of the afternoon sun shining upon him with dark obscurity through the dustily opaque glass of the small window.

The ambulance surgeon said that he was suffering from lack of food, and invigorated him with stimulants. Then Hall explained that he had been unable to earn any money for several weeks, as he was so feeble and so bent with rheumatism that nobody would employ him. He said that he had not tasted food for two days, and added, simply, that he had hoped death would come without his plight being discovered, as the thought of receiving charity was almost unbearable.

The landlord summoned a policeman and had Hall taken into custody on a charge of vagrancy. He told the officer that the man was penniless and down-hearted, and that he feared he would commit suicide. When taken the next morning to Essex Market Court, Hall weakly waited with the crowd of prisoners in the unventilated "pen," and when his name was called, he staggered out in front of the bar.

"Is that man drunk?" asked the magistrate, sharply.

"No, Your Honor, but I understand he's starving."

A hush fell upon the crowded, stuffy little court-room as the magistrate leaned over his desk and looked down at Hall, who tried, with pitiable ineffectuality, to stand erect and save his pride.

"He was arrested yesterday, after the adjournment of court, and there's no appropriation, you know, for the feeding of prisoners till they've been arraigned and formally remanded," continued the officer. "I didn't hear of his case until a few minutes ago. I understand that the ambulance surgeon gave him stimulants, but that he hasn't had anything since."

"What is your business? Have you any family or friends?" said the magistrate, looking at Hall with kindly scrutiny.

"I—I used to be a machinist—but I can't get work at—at anything. I'm willing to sweep or shovel—but I'm rheumatic and stiff. I've no friends——"

The judge handed some money to one of the court officers. "Take this, and go out and get something strong and nourishing for the man," he said, with a brusqueness that was intended to hide the unjudicial character of the act. And at

that a ragged fellow, who had just been fined a dollar for drunkenness, and who had stood, after paying his fine, to watch the man who had been found starving, stepped back to the bar and said:

"Judge, Your Honor, it was two dol-



THOMAS EDGARTY

Tried . . . to stand erect and save his pride.

lars as I wuz expectin' to be foined, an' me woife sint in to me that same, an' now I'll take it koindly if you'll let me give this extry dollar to——"

But Hall interrupted him, hurriedly. "No, no. I thank you—but I can't take your money." And a woman in a faded shawl and gown, and of an appearance that showed years of toil and hardship, pushed her way to the front, and with a look of set determination seized the would-be generous man by the arm, took the dollar from his hand, and pushed him un-resistingly toward the door.

"Hall, I don't want to commit you to the Workhouse as a vagrant," said the magistrate, kindly. "I feel a sympathy with a man in your condition, for you are evidently intelligent, and you impress me as one who has done his best to make a living. I shall send you where you will be given medical care if you need it, and where you will always be warm and have plenty to eat. I shall see that you are temporarily strengthened before you leave this building, and then you will be taken to the Almshouse.

"Don't, don't make a pauper of me!" cried Hall. "Let me just creep away somewhere and die!" But the judge briefly ordered the next case to be called, and two officers removed the limp form of Hall to an ante-room. In the afternoon he was taken to Blackwell's Island and entered as an inmate of the Almshouse.

From the first, in his new home, he was reserved and reticent. The garrulous curiosity of the old men who crept and hobbled about him and plied him with cunningly contrived questions as to his past, resulted in very little, for of his past he would not speak, further than to say that he had once been fairly prosperous, and had had a family, but that now he had no money and his family were all dead. His comrades grumbled at his balking of their curiosity.

"What can we talk of, over here, if new-comers won't tell us all about themselves?" was the burden of their complaint. Yet, in spite of this, Hall soon made himself well liked.

Inflammatory rheumatism, complicated with complaints that had come through neglect and insufficient food, kept Hall a prisoner within his ward for a considerable

part of the time, and frequently caused him excruciating pain, but he was always eager to be out as much as possible. Wearily walking, one day, toward a sunny spot overlooking the East River and its swirling tide, he saw a couple of others hobbling toward the same spot, and, reaching it, he found a score of crippled and palsied and feeble men holding what seemed to be a meeting, with a blind man acting as chairman. Several of the men had but an arm apiece; others had lost a leg; all were weak or disabled. Dressed in the almshouse suits, with cap and jacket and trousers of the same cheap cloth, which was neither a gray nor a brown, but an indistinguishable mixture of both, according as the wind and sun had weather-stained them, the men had anything but a military aspect; and yet there was something about them that told Hall that they were meeting as old soldiers.

He hobbled away, feeling that he ought not to intrude upon a private meeting, but his curiosity was great in regard to what he had seen, and he soon learned that he had come upon a meeting of Friendless Post, which met, in some part of the grounds or in a corner of one of the buildings, almost daily. Most frequently, they met at the spot where he had come upon them. He was pained to learn that, among the twenty-eight hundred inmates of the pauper institution, were thus a score or so of men who had helped to fight the battles of their country.

The men were not a part of the Grand Army of the Republic. It never occurred to them that they could be admitted, and, indeed, they would have shrunk from asking for recognition as a pauper Post. The name of Friendless Post had been given them by a newspaper man, and had been at once adopted by the veterans themselves and all on the island. They once a year elected a leader, and William Morrison, a blind man, was now serving his second term.

Gradually, Hall became acquainted with a few of the members; and, introducing the subject of their war experiences, found that with the slightest encouragement, they became interminably garrulous. By showing himself a good listener he aroused a strong friendship in the breasts of the withered old fellows; and so, one day, as he



THOMAS FOGARTY.

Went slowly away, with not a single voice to call him back.—Page 672.

again went by apparent chance near the spot where the veterans were meeting, he was greeted with shrill and crackly cries of welcome.

“Come over here! Sit down and talk with us! We’ll tell you all about the war!”

Hall limped over to them and, after punctiliously formal introductions, got down, with squirms of pain—for his rheumatism was quite bad that day—on one of the planks beside them. Three of the most helpless, who had been carried to the spot by their comrades, occupied a bench together. A couple of other benches, for the more feeble, served—with a few planks and the grass itself—for seats for the rest of the Post. The men were vying with each other in tales of various campaigns, and although the stories had been told dozens of times they were listened to attentively, for each man knew that the only way to secure attention for himself, when he came to tell his own oft-repeated tales of camp and march and battle, was to show interest in the adventures of the others.

Frequently, after that, did Hall join the garrulous gathering, and he always listened with close attention. Sometimes the old fellows condoled with him that he had not been able to be a soldier himself, and he always responded that it would indeed have been something to be proud of. And one day, when old Jube Marriott was tell-

ing a prosing tale, he could not recollect the name of the river just north of Allatoona Pass, and stammeringly hesitated in his story.

“The Etowah,” said Hall. “The river that Johnston didn’t want to cross till he could fight Sherman’s left wing at Cassville, you know.”

A silence fell upon the group, and Marriott was too much taken by surprise to continue his tale. “I didn’t know you’d ever been in Georgia,” he said.

“Oh, yes,” said Hall, looking with embarrassment over the water, while he felt, rather than saw, the glances of amazement that the men exchanged. Within a few minutes he said that he would have to be going, and the others were still too surprised to make more than a half-hearted effort to detain him. Then they held a council of war, as they termed it, and after a deal of discussion and solemn supposition Aleck Hanny said:

“Comrades, there ain’t but one explanation. This man Hall was a Confedrit, a Rebel, an’ that’s why he knows about these things, an’ its why he was always so blame careful not to let us think he knowed a thing.”

“Yes,” said the others. “Hall was a Confederate.”

“But,” said Blind Morrison, gently, “we must remember, comrades, that the

war is over, and that each side thought itself right. Don't let any of us treat him any different. We must have him meet with us just as he's been doing. And we must not let him think we have discovered his secret, for that would probably keep him away from us, and I am sure, from the sound of his voice when I have heard him speak, that he has enjoyed being with us. Let us be brave soldiers, and do nothing that would seem to be still fighting him."

It was not only that the veterans always listened to their blind leader with respect, but that in this case his words also appealed to their rough sense of chivalry, and so, when Hall absented himself for several days from the meetings, Hanny and Marriott sought him out, told him they all missed him, and the three hobbled and limped together to the meeting-place. There, however, although the veterans, by dint of intense self-control, refrained from asking direct questions as to Hall's army life, they could not keep from hovering on the verge of the forbidden ground, by forming inquiries in regard to distances, places, and campaigns in the South, and whenever Hall answered the questions, which they put to him with a labored effort to be natural, they furtively exchanged glances of intelligence. "I have been in the South, and of course know a good deal about it," he said, lamely.

For a week the old soldiers were able to keep from letting Hall know of their discovery, but they made up for their self-denial by prosing endlessly on the subject in their own wards and when Hall was not with them. And one day slow-witted Fred Ohlens blurted out, but from ignorance rather than design:

"Don't you Rebs feel that it was best,

after all, for us Unions to have whipped you?"

"What!" exclaimed Hall. "Did you take me for a Confederate?" He gasped, and looked around the group, and saw that every man was indeed of that opinion. "I was not a Confederate! No! I was—" But he stopped, twisted himself as nearly erect as his rheumatism, which had of late been growing worse, would permit, and went slowly away, with not a single voice to call him back.

"Then he must have been a deserter!" That was the stern verdict rendered against him, and not even Blind Morrison had a word to say in his defence.

Hall did not reappear at the meetings, nor did any member of Friendless Post suggest that he be sent for. He was often spoken of, and, taking their tone from Morrison, the men gradually

came to refer to him with pity, although not one would have consented that he again meet with them. For two weeks, none saw him, for his ward was at quite a distance from those of the members of the Post, and there was nothing strange, amid the great population and the various buildings of the institution, that a man should for many days chance not to be seen. But one day Marriott had news.

"Lemuel Hall's in the hospital ward. He hasn't been out of bed for a week, and the doctor says he's dying." A silence fell upon the group. "Comrade Hanny," said Morrison, at length, "will you please lead me to the sick ward?"

Hanny was semi-paralyzed and had but one leg, but he had long been a close friend of Morrison's, and was almost always the one who acted as the blind man's guide. Friendless Post watched in silence as the



Blind Morrison.

two companions started, arm in arm, toward the building to which the sick man had been taken. The door-keeper allowed them to pass, and they went haltingly down the cot-lined aisle, with hollow-eyed men intently watching them. Lemuel Hall saw them coming, and a light of eagerness came into his eyes.

"Comrade—for you were our comrade once," said Morrison, "is there anything we can do for you?"

"No. But it is good of you to come. Otherwise, I should have died without a friend to speak to me." He was very feeble, and his words came with difficulty.

"And I wanted you to know," went on Morrison, clumsily striving to ease the dying man's mind, "that all of us feel sure that, whatever your reason was for—for leaving the army as you did, you must have had some very strong temptation—I mean that all of us think you were an honest soldier at heart, and wouldn't act so again if you had it to do over—and if another old soldier, who gave his own eyesight for his country, can do or say anything that will help you, he wants to do it."

Hall's face grew very white. "They think me a deserter," he whispered, but more to himself than to them. Then he

feebly tried, but in vain, to get his stiffened hand into his bosom.

"There's a paper there; take it," he gasped. "I had thought that I would die with it, and ask the nurse to tell no one about it, but—just—have it buried with me. I—I—it was my pride. I was too proud to say, when I was a pauper, that I had been a soldier. It—was a mistake—but I didn't want to—disgrace—the old flag."

He choked, and seemed very weary. Morrison gently felt in his bosom, and drew forth a folded paper. He knew what it must be, but he passed it to Hanny to read. And Hanny, with his old eyes watery from emotion as well as from age, spelled slowly out, word by word, in an awed and hushed tone, while Hall lay very silent and with a look of serene peace upon his face, the document that formally certified that Lemuel Hall had been a member of the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, from the outbreak of the Civil War until his honorable discharge at its very close.

He concluded, but Hall still lay very still, and with that same look of peaceful serenity upon his face. "Comrade, we misunderstood you," said Morrison. "You were a brave man."



Spelled slowly out, word by word, in an awed and hushed tone.

Hall did not reply. His expression did not change. Hanny cleared his misty eyes and, looking closely at the still face, uttered a low cry. Morrison bent swiftly forward and laid his hand on Lemuel Hall's heart, but there was no responsive beat. A nurse was summoned, and she gently laid a white cloth over the dead man's face.

The next day a group of men, gray and withered, dodderingly stumbled from the Protestant chapel, bearing between them a cheap coffin, covered with an American flag. The faces of the men were solemn with importance, and also from a sense of pride in the burden that they bore. One of the Almshouse clerks stepped forward to save the coffin from a threatened fall, but they refused his aid as if he had tried to steady the Ark of the Covenant. The bearers were six, and all had the stooping, halting listlessness, that comes from weakness, and from day after day of nothing for the hands to do and almost nothing to occupy the mind.

Behind them came the firing squad ; six more men, each of whom carried a gun, and each of whom wore a long blue overcoat, such as were worn by inmates sent on errands, in winter-time ; and which, on occasions like the present, were privileged to answer for military coats. Behind the firing squad, who awkwardly formed on either side of the bearers in the little sunny spot beside the chapel, came another shrivelled and wrinkled few, rubbing their feeble eyes as they emerged from the gloom of the interior into the bright sunlight.

It was a proud privilege of the handful of old soldiers to bury, with military ceremony, such of their number as died on the island, and thus it was that Lemuel Hall was to be honored in death so far as Friendless Post could honor him.

"Attention !" cried William Morrison who, most erect of the entire group, stood with bared head and shoulders thrown back, and a look of grave earnestness upon his face. He knew that the men were ready, for the shambling, stumbling shuffle of the veterans had ceased, the guns had been awkwardly dropped at rest, and he had heard the butts strike the ground, while a little chorus of coughing and of clearing of throats, which was quite involuntary on the part of the old fellows,

bore testimony to their self-consciousness and also to the fact that they were waiting for the start.

"Forward, march !" cried Morrison, and away from the chapel and down the roadway, shaded from the heat of the sun by overhanging branches, the shambling, quavering procession went. Beside them the swift tide swept and gurgled, and upon the surface of the roughened East River, the sunlight refulgently glistened.

Profoundly wrapped up in the sense of playing an important part, the veterans were oblivious to the fact that the ceremony they were performing was attracting but little appreciative attention. Groups of Almshouse inmates stood and watched them pass ; some, indeed, with admiration at so brave a show, but most with careless indifference. A few employees and guards also watched them, and some even smiled at the poor old fellows' clumsiness, while on the faces of but very few was there any expression of interest or sympathy.

Blind Morrison marched bravely at the head of the desolate group, with Aleck Hanny awkwardly stumping along beside him, and now and then guiding him by a word or touch. The firing-squad, proudest and most self-conscious of the party, strutted pitifully, stiff with wounds and feebleness and rheumatism, holding their guns in erratically varied positions, and unconsciously shifting them, to ease their hands and shoulders, as they marched, and thus pointing the muzzles in eccentrically new directions. But the guns were not loaded. The blank cartridges that were to be fired were not to be put in till the squad should stand beside the grave, for otherwise there would have been six individual salutes, accidentally fired at startlingly unexpected intervals, before the firing-party had gotten a hundred yards from the chapel.

The coffin-bearers grew red in the face and staggered weakly, but none asked to be relieved of the burden of which all were so proud. A few of the old soldiers, too crippled or feeble to accompany the funeral party, looked after the little procession with wistful longing. Some, too, of the regular Almshouse inmates, in addition to those who stood in groups along the roadway, looked lazily after the veter-

ans from the windows of their wards or from doorways, but the majority of the hundreds of men and women who made their home there, were absolutely uninterested and sat unmoved upon the benches, or lay sprawled upon the grass, sluggishly gazing, as was their occupation for hour after hour and day after day, at the hurrying tide and the passing boats, in dormant apathy.

At the storehouse dock lay the steamer that had just unloaded its morning cargo of criminals, paupers, and sick, for the public hospitals, the Almshouse, and the penal institutions of that island of varied misery. The captain was impatient, for he saw that the shambling old fellows were proceeding very slowly. They were not only desirous to prolong the glory of their march, but hoped also that they would not reach the dock with their dead comrade till the criminals had been marched away. Yet they did not dare actually to loiter, for they knew, from previous experience, how harshly they would be berated for such temerity. They had once been told, indeed, that they ought to have the privilege of soldiers' funerals taken away from them for actually presuming to compel the boat to wait four minutes. To-day they had underestimated, a little, the time within which the boat would be ready for them.

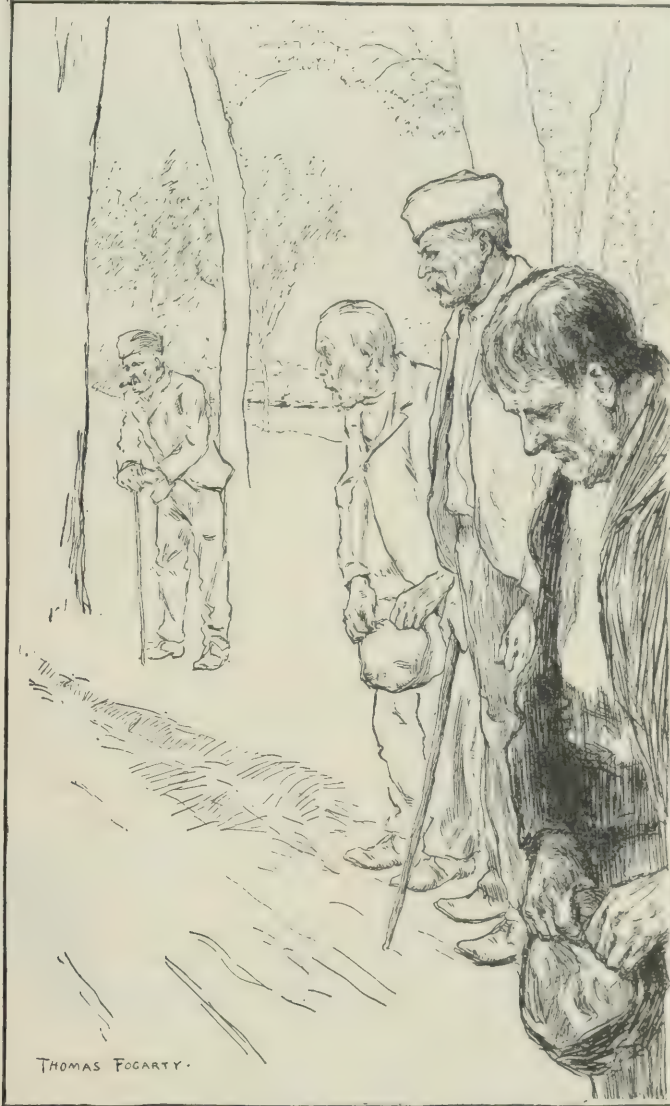
"Hurry up there! What are you so

slow about?" cried the captain, roughly, and Blind Morrison, in his eagerness to respond, tripped over a stone and would have fallen had not Hanny quickly caught him. The entire party then increased their pace, while the mate, obedient to the cap-

tain's command, ran out to meet them and hurry them along. It was with a cowed and humbled air that the veterans reached the dock, and shuffled, without order, aboard the steamer. A line of Workhouse prisoners, about to march off in custody of their guards, forgot their own plight and jeered at the discomfited men, while the fifteen convicts, who formed the crew of the steamer, grinned appreciatively in return.

"Step lively there! Just take that up in front with the other bodies!"

Friendless Post went to the forward end of the boat, bearing the body with



A few of the old soldiers . . . looked after the little procession.—Page 674.

them, but they did not put it down beside the other coffins that were there piled up, for the others held pauper bodies from the Morgue, that were to be given burial in Potter's Field, while it was the pride of Friendless Post that the soldier dead escaped that fate, one of the G. A. R. Posts, of New York, having purchased a plot of ground on Hart's Island, near, indeed, to the Potter's Field, yet entirely separate from it, and given it to the veterans of the Almshouse for use as a soldiers' cemetery.

To that dreary island, in Long Island

Sound, where New York City annually buries over two thousand pauper or unknown dead, the steamer puffed its leisurely way, and the soldiers were hurried ashore with their burden. At the little plot of land where, though paupers in life, they could at least lie in free soil in death, the company took on an aspect of curious dignity, and even the mate, who had gone after them to hurry their proceedings, took off his hat as he neared them and stood silent as he watched.

A friendly keeper, who had accompanied the party, loaded the muskets, the tottering firing squad lined up beside the open grave, and the service for the dead was slowly monotoned. Blind Morrison, whose arm was held tight by Hanny to keep him from stumbling into the open

grave, stood sombrely bowed and tears crept down his wrinkled cheeks. The chaplain concluded the brief service. The firing-squad, with a reawakening of self-conscious glory, braced themselves with tense importance, and Hanny whispered to Morrison, when all was ready.

"Fire!" said Morrison, loudly.

There came a scattering response, for the old and palsied fingers were too much affected by the nervousness of the supreme moment to give a concerted volley. Pointed down, or up, or toward either side, the guns flashed out their salute over the grave of the dead soldier, and Morrison stood in stiff rigidity till the sixth shot had sounded. Then, spurred on by the mate, and without semblance of order, Friendless Post shambled stragglingly back to the boat.

THE PILGRIM

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

WHERE is the haunt of Peace,
The place of all release—
Tell me, O Wind—the House of sweet repose?

"Night's dusky tent is spread
For tired heart and head,
And very fragrant is Night's orchard-close."

What of the soundless deep,
Those shining plains of Sleep
Whence the adventurer returns no more?

"Sleep is a golden sea,
With billows great and free,
But still they bear the swimmer back to shore."

Nay, tell me farther yet,
Where no swift waters fret,
Where rose and violet
Engarland not, nor ever blooms the May—
Tell me, O Wind, for you must know the way.

"Death's black pavilion stands
In the Unshapen Lands,
And in Death's garden all the flowers are gray."



The Bugler and his Well-trained Horse.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

THE RETURN HOME



The Bronze "Bronco-buster" Presented to Colonel Roosevelt by his Regiment.

Modelled and copyrighted by Frederic Remington.

TWO or three days after the surrender the cavalry division was marched back to the foothills west of Caney, and there went into camp, together with the artillery. It was a most beautiful spot beside a stream of clear water, but it was not healthy. In fact no ground in the neighborhood was healthy. For the tropics the climate was not bad, and I have no question but that a man who was able

being attacked by the severe malarial fever of the country. My own men were already suffering badly from fever, and they got worse rather than better in the new camp. The same was true of the other regiments in the cavalry division. A curious feature was that the colored troops seemed to suffer as heavily as the white. From week to week there were slight relative changes, but on the average all the six cavalry regiments, the Rough Riders, the white regulars, and the colored regulars seemed to suffer about alike, and we were all very much weakened; about as much as the regular infantry, although naturally not as much as the volunteer infantry.

Yet even under such circumstances adventurous spirits managed to make their way out to us. In the fortnight following the last bombardment of the city I enlisted no less than nine such recruits, six being from Harvard, Yale, or Princeton; and Bull, the former Harvard oar, who had been back to the States crippled after the first fight, actually got back to us as a stow-away on one of the transports, bound to share the luck of the regiment, even if it meant yellow fever.

to take good care of himself could live there all the year round with comparative impunity; but the case was entirely different with an army which was obliged to suffer great exposure, and to live under conditions which almost insured



A Street in El Caney.

There were but twelve ambulances with the army, and these were quite inadequate for their work; but the conditions in the large field hospitals were so bad, that as long as possible we kept all of our sick men in the regimental hospital at the front. Dr. Church did splendid work, although he himself was suffering much more than half the time from fever. Several of the men from the ranks did equally well, especially a young doctor from New York, Harry Thorpe, who had enlisted as a trooper, but who was now made acting assistant-surgeon. It was with the greatest difficulty that Church and Thorpe were able to get proper medicine for the sick, and it was almost the last day of our stay before we were able to get cots for them. Up to that time they lay on the ground. No food was issued suitable for them, or for the half-sick men who were not on the doctor's list; the two classes by this time included the bulk of the command. Occasionally we got hold of a wagon or of some Cuban carts, and at other times I used my improvised pack-train (the animals of which, however, were continually being taken away from us by our superiors) and went or sent back to the sea-coast at Siboney or into Santiago itself to get rice, flour, corn-

meal, oat-meal, condensed milk, potatoes, and canned vegetables. The rice I bought in Santiago; the best of the other stuff I got from the Red Cross through Mr. George Kennan and Miss Clara Barton and Dr. Lesser; but some of it I got from our own transports. Colonel Weston, the Commissary-General, as always, rendered us every service in his power. This additional and varied food was of the utmost service, not merely to the sick but in preventing the well from becoming sick. Throughout the campaign the Division Inspector-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Garlington, and Lieutenants West and Dickman, the acting division quartermaster and commissary, had done everything in their power to keep us supplied with food; but where there were so few mules and wagons even such able and zealous officers could not do the impossible.

We had the camp policed thoroughly, and I made the men build little bunks of poles to sleep on. By July 23d, when we had been ashore a month, we were able to get fresh meat, and from that time on we fared well; but the men were already sickening. The chief trouble was the malarial fever, which was recurrent. For a few days the man would be very sick indeed;

then he would partially recover, and be able to go back to work ; but after a little time he would be again struck down. Every officer other than myself except one was down with sickness at one time or another. Even Greenway and Goodrich succumbed to the fever and were knocked out for a few days. Very few of the men indeed retained their strength and energy, and though the percentage actually on the sick list never got over twenty, there were less than fifty per cent. who were fit for any kind of work. All the clothes were in rags ; even the officers had neither socks nor underwear. The lithe college athletes had lost their spring ; the tall, gaunt hunters and cow-punchers lounged listlessly in their dog-tents, which were steaming morasses during the torrential rains, and then ovens when the sun blazed down ; but there were no complaints.

Through some blunder our march from the intrenchments to the camp on the foothills, after the surrender, was made during the heat of the day ; and though it was only some five miles or thereabouts, very nearly half the men of the cavalry division dropped out. Captain Llewellyn had come back, and led his troop on the march. He carried a pick and shovel for one of his sick

men, and after we reached camp walked back with a mule to get another trooper who had fallen out from heat exhaustion. The result was that the captain himself went down and became exceedingly sick. We at last succeeded in sending him to the States. I never thought he would live, but he did, and when I met him again at Montauk Point he had practically entirely recovered. My orderly, Henry Bardshar, was struck down, and though he ultimately recovered, he was a mere skeleton, having lost over eighty pounds.

Yellow fever also broke out in the rear, chiefly among the Cubans. It never became epidemic, but it caused a perfect panic among some of our own doctors, and especially in the minds of one or two generals and of the home authorities. We found that whenever we sent a man to the rear he was decreed to have yellow fever, whereas, if we kept him at the front, it always turned out that he had malarial fever, and after a few days he was back at work again. I doubt if there were ever more than a dozen genuine cases of yellow fever in the whole cavalry division ; but the authorities at Washington, misled by the reports they received from one or two of their military and



In the Regimental Hospital, Camp Wikoff.

medical advisers at the front, became panic-struck, and under the influence of their fears hesitated to bring the army home, lest it might import yellow fever into the United States. Their panic was absolutely groundless, as shown by the fact that when brought home not a single case of yellow fever developed upon American soil. Our real foe was not the yellow fever at all, but malarial fever, which was not infectious, but which was certain, if the troops were left throughout the summer in Cuba, to

posed that we should shift camp every two or three days. Now, our transportation, as I have pointed out before, was utterly inadequate. In theory, under the regulations of the War Department, each regiment should have had at least twenty-five wagons. As a matter of fact our regiment often had none, sometimes one, rarely two, and never three; yet it was better off than any other in the cavalry division. In consequence it was impossible to carry much of anything save what the men had on their



Colonel Roosevelt and the Three Mascots, "Teddy," "Cuba," and "Josephine" at Camp Wikoff.

destroy them, either killing them outright, or weakening them so that they would have fallen victims to any disease that attacked them.

However, for a time our prospects were gloomy, as the Washington authorities seemed determined that we should stay in Cuba. They unfortunately knew nothing of the country nor of the circumstances of the army, and the plans that were from time to time formulated in the Department (and even by an occasional general or surgeon at the front) for the management of the army would have been comic if they had not possessed such tragic possibilities. Thus, at one period it was pro-

posed that we should shift camp every two or three days. Whenever we shifted camp the exertion among the half-sick caused our sick-roll to double next morning, and it took at least three days, even when the shift was for but a short distance, before we were able to bring up the officers' luggage, the hospital spare food, the ammunition, etc. Meanwhile the officers slept wherever they could, and those men who had not been able to carry their own bedding, slept as the officers did. In the weak condition of the men the labor of pitching camp was severe and told heavily upon them. In short, the scheme of continually shifting



Colonel Roosevelt.

Lieutenant-Colonel Brodie.

Surgeon Church.

Group of Officers on the Parade Ground at Camp Wikoff.

camp was impossible of fulfilment. It would merely have resulted in the early destruction of the army.

Again, it was proposed that we should go up the mountains and make our camps there. The palm and the bamboo grew to the summits of the mountains, and the soil along their sides was deep and soft, while the rains were very heavy, much more so than immediately on the coast—every mile or two inland bringing with it a great increase in the rainfall. We could, with much difficulty, have got our regiments up the mountains, but not half the men could have got up with their belongings; and once there it would have been an impossibility to feed them. It was all that could be done, with the limited number of wagons and mule-trains on hand, to feed the men in the existing camps, for the travel and the rain gradually rendered each road in succession wholly impassable. To have gone up the mountains would have meant early starvation.

The third plan of the Department was even more objectionable than either of the

others. There was, some twenty-five miles in the interior, what was called a high interior plateau, and at one period we were informed that we were to be marched thither. As a matter of fact, this so-called high plateau was the sugar-cane country, where, during the summer, the rainfall was prodigious. It was a rich, deep soil, covered with a rank tropic growth, the guinea-grass being higher than the head of a man on horseback. It was a perfect hotbed of malaria, and there was no dry ground whatever in which to camp. To have sent the troops there would have been simple butchery.

Under these circumstances the alternative to leaving the country altogether was to stay where we were, with the hope that half the men would live through to the cool season. We did everything possible to keep up the spirits of the men, but it was exceedingly difficult because there was nothing for them to do. They were weak and languid, and in the wet heat they had lost energy, so that it was not possible for them to indulge in sports or



Rough Riders' Guard Mount at Camp Wikoff.

pastimes. There were exceptions; but the average man who went off to shoot guinea-hens or tried some vigorous game always felt much the worse for his exertions. Once or twice I took some of my comrades with me, and climbed up one or another of the surrounding mountains, but the result generally was that half of the party were down with some kind of sickness next day. It was impossible to take heavy exercise in the heat of the day; the evening usually saw a rain-storm which made the country a quagmire; and in the

early morning the drenching dew and wet, slimy soil made walking but little pleasure. Chaplain Brown held service every Sunday under a low tree outside my tent; and we always had a congregation of a few score troopers, lying or sitting round, their strong hard faces turned toward the preacher. I let a few of the men visit Santiago, but the long walk in and out was very tiring, and, moreover, wise restrictions had been put as to either officers or men coming in.

In any event there was very little to do in the quaint, dirty old Spanish city, though



Rough Riders at Camp Wikoff.

it was interesting to go in once or twice, and wander through the narrow streets with their curious little shops and low houses of stained stucco, with elaborately wrought iron trellises to the windows, and curiously carved balconies; or to sit in the central plaza where the cathedral was, and the clubs, and the Café Venus, and the low, bare, rambling building which

not summoned a council of officers, hoping by united action of a more or less public character to wake up the Washington authorities to the actual condition of things. As all the Spanish forces in the province of Santiago had surrendered, and as so-called immune regiments were coming to garrison the conquered territory, there was literally not one thing of any kind what-



Picketed Cavalry Horses at Camp Wikoff.

was called the Governor's Palace. In this palace Wood had now been established as military governor, and Luna, and two or three of my other officers from the Mexican border, who knew Spanish, were sent in to do duty under him. A great many of my men knew Spanish, and some of the New Mexicans were of Spanish origin, although they behaved precisely like the other members of the regiment.

We should probably have spent the summer in our sick camps, losing half the men and hopelessly shattering the health of the remainder, if General Shafter had

soever for the army to do, and no purpose to serve by keeping it at Santiago. We did not suppose that peace was at hand, being ignorant of the negotiations. We were anxious to take part in the Porto Rico campaign, and would have been more than willing to suffer any amount of sickness, if by so doing we could get into action. But if we were not to take part in the Porto Rico campaign, then we knew it was absolutely indispensable to get our commands north immediately, if they were to be in trim for the great campaign against Havana, which would surely be the main



Colonel Roosevelt Thanking his Officers and Men upon the Presentation to him of the Bronze Bronco-buster.

event of the winter if peace were not declared in advance.

Our army included the great majority of the regulars, and was, therefore, the flower of the American force. It was on every account imperative to keep it in good trim; and to keep it in Santiago, meant its entirely purposeless destruction. As soon as the surrender was an accomplished fact, the taking away of the army to the north should have begun.

Every officer, from the highest to the lowest, especially among the regulars, realized all of this, and about the last day of July, General Shafter called a conference, in the palace, of all the division and brigade commanders. By this time, owing to Wood's having been made Governor-General, I was in command of my brigade, so I went to the conference too, riding in with Generals Sumner and Wheeler, who were the other representatives of the cav-

alry division. Besides the line officers all the chief medical officers were present at the conference. The telegrams from the Secretary stating the position of himself and the Surgeon-General were read, and then almost every line and medical officer present expressed his views in turn. They were almost all regulars and had been brought up to life-long habits of obedience without protest. They were ready to obey still, but they felt, quite rightly, that it was their duty to protest rather than to see the flower of the United States forces destroyed as the culminating act of a campaign in which the blunders that had been committed had been retrieved only by the valor and splendid soldierly qualities of the officers and enlisted men of the infantry and dismounted cavalry. There was not a dissenting voice; for there could not be. There was but one side to the question. To talk of continually shifting camp or of

moving up the mountains or of moving into the interior was idle, for not one of the plans could be carried out with our utterly insufficient transportation, and at that season and in that climate they would merely have resulted in aggravating the sickliness of the soldiers. It was deemed best to make some record of our opinion, in the shape of a letter or report, which would show that to keep the army in Santiago meant its absolute and objectless ruin, and that it should at once be recalled. At first there was naturally some hesitation on the part of the regular officers to take the initiative, for their entire future career might be sacrificed. So I wrote a letter to General Shafter, reading over the rough draft to the various Generals and adopting their corrections. Before I had finished making these corrections it was determined that we should send a circular letter on behalf of all of us to General Shafter, and when I returned from pre-

the officers began to plan methods of drilling the men on horseback, so as to fit them for use against the Spanish cavalry, if we should go against Havana in December. We had, all of us, eyed the captured Spanish cavalry with particular interest. The men were small, and the horses, though well trained and well built, were diminutive ponies, very much smaller than cow ponies. We were certain that if we ever got a chance to try shock tactics against them they would go down like nine-pins, provided only that our men could be trained to charge in any kind of line, and we made up our minds to devote our time to this. Dismounted work with the rifle we already felt thoroughly competent to perform.

My time was still much occupied with looking after the health of my brigade, but the fact that we were going home, where I knew that their health would improve, lightened my mind, and I was able



Colonel Roosevelt's Farewell to the Rough Riders.

senting him mine, I found this circular letter already prepared and we all of us signed it. Both letters were made public. The result was immediate. Within three days the army was ordered to be ready to sail for home.

As soon as it was known that we were to sail for home the spirits of the men changed for the better. In my regiment

thoroughly to enjoy the beauty of the country, and even of the storms, which hitherto I had regarded purely as enemies.

The surroundings of the city of Santiago are very grand. The circling mountains rise sheer and high. The plains are threaded by rapid winding brooks and are dotted here and there with quaint villages, curiously picturesque from their combin-

ing traces of an outworn Old-world civilization with new and raw barbarism. The tall, graceful, feathery bamboos rise by the water's edge, and elsewhere, even on the mountain-crests, where the soil is wet and rank enough; and the splendid royal palms and cocoanut palms tower high above the matted green jungle.

Generally the thunder-storms came in the afternoon, but once I saw one at sunrise, driving down the high mountain valleys toward us. It was a very beautiful and almost terrible sight; for the sun rose behind the storm, and shone through the gusty rifts, lighting the mountain-crests here and there, while the plain below lay shrouded in the lingering night. The angry, level rays edged the dark clouds with crimson, and turned the down-pour into sheets of golden rain; in the valleys the glimmering mists were tinted every wild hue; and the remotest heavens were lit with flaming glory.

One day General Lawton, General Wood and I, with Ferguson and poor Tiffany, went down the bay to visit Morro Castle. The shores were beautiful, especially where there were groves of palms and of the scarlet-flower tree, and the castle itself, on a jutting headland overlooking the sea and guarding the deep, narrow entrance to the bay, showed just what it was, the splendid relic of a vanished power and a vanished age. We wandered all through it, among the castellated battlements, and in the dungeons, where we found hideous rusty implements of torture; and looked at the guns, some modern and some very old. It had been little hurt by the bombardment of the ships. Afterward I had a swim, not trusting much to the shark stories. We passed by the sunken hulks of the Merrimac and the Reina Mercedes, lying just outside the main

channel. Our own people had tried to sink the first and the Spaniards had tried to sink the second, so as to block the entrance. Neither attempt was successful.

On August 6th we were ordered to embark, and next morning we sailed on the transport Miami. General Wheeler was with us and a squadron of the Third Cavalry under Major Jackson. The General put the policing and management of the ship into my hands, and I had great aid from Captain McCormick, who had been acting with me as adjutant-general of the

brigade. I had profited by my experience coming down, and as Dr. Church knew his work well, although he was very sick, we kept the ship in such good sanitary condition, that we were one of the very few organizations allowed to land at Montauk immediately upon our arrival.

Soon after leaving port the captain of the ship notified me that his stokers and engineers were insubordinate and drunken, due, he thought, to liquor which my men had

given them. I at once started a search of the ship, explaining to the men that they could not keep the liquor; that if they surrendered whatever they had to me I should return it to them when we went ashore; and that meanwhile I would allow the sick to drink when they really needed it; but that if they did not give the liquor to me of their own accord I would throw it overboard. About seventy flasks and bottles were handed to me, and I found and threw overboard about twenty. This at once put a stop to all drunkenness. The stokers and engineers were sullen and half mutinous, so I sent a detail of my men down to watch them and see that they did their work under the orders of the chief engineer; and we reduced them to obedience in



S. I. Wilkinson Mounting Running Horse.

short order. I could easily have drawn from the regiment sufficient skilled men to fill every position in the entire ship's crew, from captain to stoker.

We were very much crowded on board the ship, but rather better off than on the Yucatan, so far as the men were concerned, which was the important point. All the officers, except General Wheeler, slept in a kind of improvised shed, not unlike a chicken coop with bunks, on the aftermost part of the upper deck. The water was bad—some of it very bad. There was no ice. The canned beef proved practically uneatable, as we knew would be the case. There were not enough vegetables. We did not have enough disinfectants, and there was no provision whatever for a hospital or for isolating the sick; we simply put them on one portion of one deck. If, as so many of the high authorities had insisted, there had really been a yellow-fever epidemic, and if it had broken out on shipboard, the condition would have been frightful; but there was no yellow-fever epidemic.



McGinty on a Bronco.

Three of our men had been kept behind as suspects, all three suffering simply from malarial fever. One of them, Lutz, a particularly good soldier, died; another, who was simply a malingerer and had nothing the matter with him whatever, of course recovered; the third was Tiffany who, I believe, would have lived had we

been allowed to take him with us, but who was sent home later and died soon after landing.

I was very anxious to keep the men amused, and as the quarters were so crowded that it was out of the question for them to have any physical exercise, I did not interfere with their playing games of chance so long as no disorder followed. On shore this was not allowed; but in the particular emergency which we were meeting, the loss of a month's salary was as nothing compared to keeping the men thoroughly interested and diverted.

By care and diligence we succeeded in preventing any serious sickness. One man died, however. He had been suffering from dysentery ever since we landed, owing purely to his own fault, for on the very first night ashore he obtained a lot of fiery liquor from some of the Cubans, got very drunk, and had to march next day through the hot sun before he was entirely sober. He never recovered, and was useless from that time on. On board ship he died, and we gave him sea burial. Wrapped in a hammock, he was placed opposite a port, and the American flag thrown over him. The engine was stilled, and the great ship rocked on the waves unshaken by the screw, while the war-worn troopers clustered around with bare heads, to listen to Chaplain Brown read the funeral service, and to the band of the Third Cavalry as it played the funeral dirge. Then the port was knocked free, the flag withdrawn, and the shotted ham-



Sergeant Darnell Rides the Third Cavalry Buck.

mock plunged heavily over the side, rushing down through the dark water to lie, till the Judgment Day, in the ooze that holds the timbers of so many gallant ships, and the bones of so many fearless adventurers.

We were favored by good weather during our nine days' voyage, and much of the time when there was little to do we simply sat together and talked, each man contributing from the fund of his own experiences. Voyages around Cape Horn, yacht races for the America's cup, experiences on foot-ball teams which are famous in the annals of college sport; more serious feats of desperate prowess in Indian fighting and in breaking up gangs of white outlaws; adventures in hunting big game, in breaking wild horses, in tending great herds of cattle, and in wandering winter and summer among the mountains and across the lonely plains—the men who told the tales could draw upon countless memories such as these of the things they had done and the things they had seen others do. Sometimes General Wheeler joined us and told us about the great war, compared with which ours was such a small war—far-reaching in their importance though its effects were destined to be. When we had become convinced that we would escape an epidemic of sickness the homeward voyage became very pleasant.

On the eve of leaving Santiago I had received from Mr. Laffan of the *Sun*, a cable with the single word "Peace," and we speculated much on this, as the clumsy

transport steamed slowly northward across the trade wind and then into the Gulf Stream. At last we sighted the low, sandy bluffs of the Long Island coast, and late on the afternoon of the 14th we steamed through the still waters of the Sound and cast anchor off Montauk. A gun-boat of the Mosquito fleet came out to greet us and to inform us that peace negotiations had begun.

Next morning we were marched on shore. Many of the men were very sick indeed. Of the three or four who had been closest to me among the enlisted men, Color-Sergeant Wright was the only one in good health. Henry Bardshar was a wreck, literally at death's door. I was myself in first-class health, all the better for having lost twenty pounds. Faithful Marshall, my colored body-servant, was so sick as to be nearly helpless.

Bob Wrenn nearly died. He had joined us very late, and we could not get him a Krag carbine; so I had given him my Winchester, which carried the government cartridge; and when he was mustered out he carried it home in triumph, to the envy of his fellows, who themselves had to surrender their beloved rifles.

For the first few days there was great confusion and some want even after we got to Montauk. The men in hospitals suffered from lack of almost everything, even cots. But after these few days we were very well cared for and had abundance of all we needed, except that on several occasions



A Rough Rider at Skirmish Drill.

there was a shortage of food for the horses, which I should have regarded as even more serious than a shortage for the men, had it not been that we were about to be disbanded. The men lived high, with milk, eggs, oranges, and any amount of tobacco, the lack of which during portions of the Cuban campaign had been felt as seriously as any lack of food. One of the distressing features of the malarial fever which had been ravaging the troops was that it was recurrent and persistent. Some of my men died after reaching home, and many were very sick. We owed much to the kindness not only of the New York hospitals and the Red Cross and kindred societies; but of individuals, notably Mr. Bayard Cutting and Mrs. Armitage, who took many of our men to their beautiful Long Island homes.

On the whole, however, the month we spent at Montauk before we disbanded was very pleasant. It was good to meet the rest of the regiment. They all felt dreadfully at not having been in Cuba. It was a sore trial to men who had given up much to go to the war, and who rebelled at nothing in the way of hardship or suffering, but who did bitterly feel the fact that their sacrifices seemed to have been useless. Of course those who stayed had done their duty precisely as did those who went, for the question of glory was not to be considered in comparison to the faithful performance of whatever was ordered; and no distinction of any kind was allowed in the regiment between those whose good fortune it had been to go and those whose harder fate it had been to remain. Nevertheless the latter could not be entirely comforted.

The regiment had three mascots; the two most characteristic—a young mountain lion brought by the Arizona troops, and a war eagle brought by the New Mexicans—we had been forced to leave behind in Tampa. The third, a rather disreputable but exceedingly knowing little dog named Cuba, had accompanied us through all the vicissitudes of the campaign. The mountain lion, Josephine, possessed an infernal temper; whereas both Cuba and the eagle, which have been named in my honor, were extremely good-humored. Josephine was kept tied up. She sometimes escaped. One cool night in early

September she wandered off and, entering the tent of a Third Cavalry man, got into bed with him; whereupon he fled into the darkness with yells, much more unnerved than he would have been by the arrival of any number of Spaniards. The eagle was let loose and not only walked at will up and down the company streets, but also at times flew wherever he wished. He was a young bird, having been taken out of his nest when a fledgling. Josephine hated him and was always trying to make a meal of him, especially when we endeavored to take their photographs together. The eagle, though good-natured, was an entirely competent individual and ready at any moment to beat Josephine off. Cuba was also oppressed at times by Josephine, and was of course no match for her, but was frequently able to overawe by simple decision of character.

In addition to the animal mascots, we had two or three small boys who had also been adopted by the regiment. One, from Tennessee, was named Dabney Royster. When we embarked at Tampa he smuggled himself on board the transport with a 22-calibre rifle and three boxes of cartridges, and wept bitterly when sent ashore. The squadron which remained behind adopted him, got him a little Rough Rider's uniform, and made him practically one of the regiment.

The men who had remained at Tampa, like ourselves, had suffered much from fever, and the horses were in bad shape. So many of the men were sick that none of the regiments began to drill for some time after reaching Montauk. There was a great deal of paper-work to be done; but as I still had charge of the brigade only a little of it fell on my shoulders. Of this I was sincerely glad, for I knew as little of the paper-work as my men had originally known of drill. We had all of us learned how to fight and march; but the exact limits of our rights and duties in other respects were not very clearly defined in our minds; and as for myself, as I had not had the time to learn exactly what they were, I had assumed a large authority in giving rewards and punishments. In particular I had looked on court-martials much as Peter Bell looked on primroses—they were court-martials and nothing more, whether resting on the

authority of a lieutenant-colonel or of a major-general. The mustering-out officer, a thorough soldier, found to his horror that I had used the widest discretion both in imposing heavy sentences which I had no power to impose on men who shirked their duties, and, where men atoned for misconduct by marked gallantry, in blandly remitting sentences approved by my chief of division. However, I had done substantial, even though somewhat rude and irregular, justice—and no harm could result, as we were just about to be mustered out.

My chief duties were to see that the camps of the three regiments were thoroughly policed and kept in first-class sanitary condition. This took up some time, of course, and there were other matters in connection with the mustering out which had to be attended to; but I could always get two or three hours a day free from work. Then I would summon a number of the officers, Kane, Greenway, Goodrich, Church, Ferguson, McIlhenny, Frantz, Ballard and others, and we would gallop down to the beach and bathe in the surf, or else go for long rides over the beautiful rolling plains, thickly studded with pools which were white with water-lilies. Sometimes I went off alone with my orderly, young Gordon Johnston, one of the best men in the regiment; he was a nephew of the Governor of Alabama, and when at Princeton had played on the eleven. We had plenty of horses, and these rides were most enjoyable. Galloping over the open, rolling country, through the cool fall evenings, made us feel as if we were out on the great Western plains and might at any moment start deer from the brush, or see antelope stand and gaze, far away, or rouse a band of mighty elk and hear their horns clatter as they fled.

An old friend, Baron von Sternberg, of the German Embassy, spent a week in camp with me. He had served, when only seventeen, in the Franco-Prussian War as a hussar, and was a noted sharpshooter—being "the little baron" who is the hero of Archibald Forbes's true story of "The Pig-dog." He and I had for years talked over the possibilities of just such a regiment as the one I was commanding, and he was greatly interested in it. Indeed I had vainly sought permis-

sion from the German ambassador to take him with the regiment to Santiago.

One Sunday before the regiment disbanded I supplemented Chaplain Brown's address to the men by a short sermon of a rather hortatory character. I told them how proud I was of them, but warned them not to think that they could now go back and rest on their laurels, bidding them remember that though for ten days or so the world would be willing to treat them as heroes, yet after that time they would find they had to get down to hard work just like everyone else, unless they were willing to be regarded as worthless do-nothings. They took the sermon in good part, and I hope that some of them profited by it. At any rate, they repaid me by a very much more tangible expression of affection. One afternoon, to my genuine surprise, I was asked out of my tent by Lieutenant-Colonel Brodie (the gallant old boy had rejoined us), and found the whole regiment formed in hollow square, with the officers and color-sergeant in the middle. When I went in, one of the troopers came forward and on behalf of the regiment presented me with Remington's fine bronze, "The Bronco-buster." There could have been no more appropriate gift from such a regiment, and I was not only pleased with it, but very deeply touched with the feeling which made them join in giving it. Afterward they all filed past and I shook the hands of each to say good-by.

Most of them looked upon the bronze with the critical eyes of professionals. I doubt if there was any regiment in the world which contained so large a number of men able to ride the wildest and most dangerous horses. One day while at Montauk Point some of the troopers of the Third Cavalry were getting ready for mounted drill when one of their horses escaped, having thrown his rider. This attracted the attention of some of our men and they strolled around to see the trooper remount. He was instantly thrown again, the horse, a huge, vicious sorrel, being one of the worst buckers I ever saw; and none of his comrades were willing to ride the animal. Our men, of course, jeered and mocked at them, and in response were dared to ride the horse themselves. The challenge was instantly ac-

cepted, the only question being as to which of a dozen noted bronco-busters who were in the ranks should undertake the task. They finally settled on a man named Darnell. It was agreed that the experiment should take place next day when the horse would be fresh, and accordingly next day the majority of both regiments turned out on a big open flat in front of my tent—brigade head-quarters. The result was that, after as fine a bit of rough riding as one would care to see, in which one scarcely knew whether most to wonder at the extraordinary viciousness and agile strength of the horse or at the horsemanship and courage of the rider, Darnell came off victorious, his seat never having been shaken. After this almost every day we had exhibitions of bronco-busting, in which all the crack riders of the regiment vied with one another, riding not only all of our own bad horses but any horse which was deemed bad in any of the other regiments.

Darnell, McGinty, Wood, Smoky Moore, and a score of others took part in these exhibitions, which included not merely feats in mastering vicious horses, but also feats of broken horses which the riders had trained to lie down at command, and upon which they could mount while at full speed.

Toward the end of the time we also had mounted drill on two or three occasions; and when the President visited the camp we turned out mounted to receive him as did the rest of the cavalry. The last night before we were mustered out was spent in noisy, but entirely harmless hilarity, which I ignored. Every form of celebration took place in the ranks. A former Populist candidate for Attorney-General in Colorado delivered a fervent oration in favor of free silver; a number of the college boys sang; but most of the men gave vent to their feelings by improvised dances. In these the Indians took the lead, pure bloods and half-breeds alike, the cowboys and miners cheerfully joining in and forming part of the howling, grunting rings, that went bounding around the great fires they had kindled.

Next morning Sergeant Wright took down the colors, and Sergeant Guitillas the standard, for the last time; the horses, the rifles, and the rest of the regimental

property had been turned in; officers and men shook hands and said good-by to one another, and then they scattered to their homes in the North and the South, the few going back to the great cities of the East, the many turning again toward the plains, the mountains, and the deserts of the West and the strange Southwest. This was on September 15th, the day which marked the close of the four months' life of a regiment of as gallant fighters as ever wore the United States uniform.

The regiment was a wholly exceptional volunteer organization, and its career cannot be taken as in any way a justification for the belief that the average volunteer regiment approaches the average regular regiment in point of efficiency until it has had many months of active service. In the first place, though the regular regiments may differ markedly among themselves, yet the range of variation among them is nothing like so wide as that among volunteer regiments, where at first there is no common standard at all; the very best being, perhaps, up to the level of the regulars (as has recently been shown at Manila), while the very worst are no better than mobs, and the great bulk come in between.* The average regular regiment is superior to the average volunteer regiment in the physique of the enlisted men, who have been very carefully selected, who have been trained to life in the open, and who know how to cook and take care of themselves generally.

Now, in all these respects, and in others like them, the Roughs Riders were the equals of the regulars. They were hardy, self-reliant, accustomed to shift for themselves in the open under very adverse circumstances. The two all-important qualifications for a cavalryman are riding and shooting—the modern cavalryman being so often used dismounted, as an infantryman. The average recruit requires a couple of years before he becomes proficient in horsemanship and marksmanship; but my men were already good shots and first-class riders when they came into the regiment. The difference as regards officers and non-commissioned officers, between regulars and volunteers, is usually

* For sound common-sense about the volunteers see Far-ker's excellent little book, "The Gatlings at Santiago."

very great ; but in my regiment (keeping in view the material we had to handle), it was easy to develop non-commissioned officers out of men who had been round-up foremen, ranch foremen, mining bosses, and the like. These men were intelligent and resolute ; they knew they had a great deal to learn, and they set to work to learn it ; while they were already accustomed to managing considerable interests, to obeying orders, and to taking care of others as well as themselves.

As for the officers, the great point in our favor was the anxiety they showed to learn from those among their number who, like Capron, had already served in the regular army ; and the fact that we had chosen a regular army man as Colonel. If a volunteer organization consists of good material, and is eager to learn, it can readily do so if it has one or two first-class regular officers to teach it. Moreover, most of our captains and lieutenants were men who had seen much of wild life, who were accustomed to handling and commanding other men, and who had usually already been under fire as sheriffs, marshals, and the like. As for the second in command, myself, I had served three years as captain in the National Guard ; I had been deputy sheriff in the cow country, where the position was not a sinecure ; I was accustomed to big game hunting and to work on a cow ranch, so that I was thoroughly familiar with the use both of horse and rifle, and knew how to handle cowboys, hunters, and miners ; finally, I had studied much in the literature of war, and especially the literature of the great modern wars, like our own Civil War, the Franco-German War, the Turco-Russian War ; and I was especially familiar with the deeds, the successes and failures alike, of the frontier horse riflemen who had fought at King's Mountain and the Thames, and on the Mexican border. Finally, and most important of all, officers and men alike were eager for fighting, and resolute to do well and behave properly, to encounter hardship and privation, and the irksome monotony of camp routine, without grumbling or complaining ; they had counted the cost before they went in, and were delighted to pay the penalties inevitably attendant upon the career of a

fighting regiment ; and from the moment when the regiment began to gather, the higher officers kept instilling into those under them the spirit of eagerness for action and of stern determination to grasp at death rather than forfeit honor.

The self-reliant spirit of the men was well shown after they left the regiment. Of course, there were a few weaklings among them ; and there were others, entirely brave and normally self-sufficient, who, from wounds or fevers, were so reduced that they had to apply for aid—or at least, who deserved aid, even though they often could only be persuaded with the greatest difficulty to accept it. The widows and orphans had to be taken care of. There were a few light-hearted individuals, who were entirely ready to fight in time of war, but in time of peace felt that somebody ought to take care of them ; and there were others who, never having seen any aggregation of buildings larger than an ordinary cow-town, fell a victim to the fascinations of New York. But, as a whole, they scattered out to their homes on the disbandment of the regiment ; gaunter than when they had enlisted, sometimes weakened by fever or wounds, but just as full as ever of sullen, sturdy capacity for self-help ; scorning to ask for aid save what was entirely legitimate in the way of one comrade giving help to another. A number of the examining surgeons, at the muster-out, spoke to me with admiration of the contrast offered by our regiment to so many others, in the fact that our men always belittled their own bodily injuries and sufferings ; so that whereas the surgeons ordinarily had to be on the look-out lest a man who was not really disabled should claim to be so, in our case they had to adopt exactly the opposite attitude and guard the future interests of the men, by insisting upon putting upon their certificates of discharge whatever disease they had contracted or wound they had received in line of duty. Major J. H. Calef, who had more than any other one man to do with seeing to the proper discharge papers of our men, and who took a most generous interest in them, wrote me as follows : “ I also wish to bring to your notice the fortitude displayed by the men of your regiment, who have come before me to be mustered out

of service, in making their personal declarations as to their physical conditions. Men who bore on their faces and in their forms the traces of long days of illness, indicating wrecked constitutions, declared that nothing was the matter with them, at the same time disclaiming any intention of applying for a pension. It was exceptionally heroic."

When we were mustered out, many of the men had lost their jobs and were too weak to go to work at once, while there were helpless dependents of the dead to care for. Certain of my friends, August Belmont, Stanley and Richard Mortimer, Major Austin Wadsworth—himself fresh from the Manila campaign—Belmont Tiffany, and others, gave me sums of money to be used for helping these men. In some instances, by the exercise of a good deal of tact and by treating the gift as a memorial of poor young Lieutenant Tiffany, we got the men to accept something; and, of course, there were a number who, quite rightly, made no difficulty about accepting. But most of the men would accept no help whatever. In the first chapter, I spoke of a lady, a teacher in an academy in the Indian Territory, three or four of whose pupils had come into my regiment, and who had sent with them a letter of introduction to me. When the regiment disbanded, I wrote to her to ask if she could not use a little money among the Rough Riders, white, Indian, and half-breed, that she might, personally know. I did not hear from her for some time, and then she wrote as follows:

"MUSCOGEE, IND. TER., Dec. 19, 1898.

"MY DEAR COLONEL ROOSEVELT: I did not at once reply to your letter of September 23d, because I waited for a time to see if there should be need among any of our Rough Riders, of the money you so kindly offered. Some of the boys are poor, and in one or two cases they seemed to me really needy, but they all said no. More than once I saw the tears come to their eyes, at thought of your care for them, as I told them of your letter. Did you hear any echoes of our Indian

war-whoops over your election? They were pretty loud. I was particularly exultant, because my father was a New Yorker and I was educated in New York, even if I was born here. So far as I can learn, the boys are taking up the dropped threads of their lives, as though they had never been away. Our two Rough Rider students, Meagher and Gilmore, are doing well in their college work.

"I am sorry to tell you of the death of one of your most devoted troopers, Bert Holderman, who was here serving on the Grand Jury. He was stricken with meningitis in the jury-room, and died after three days of delirium. His father, who was twice wounded, four times taken prisoner, and fought in thirty-two battles of the civil war, now old and feeble, survives him, and it was indeed pathetic to see his grief. Bert's mother, who is a Cherokee, was raised in my grandfather's family. The words of commendation which you wrote upon Bert's discharge are the greatest comfort to his friends. They wanted you to know of his death, because he loved you so.

"I am planning to entertain all the Rough Riders in this vicinity some evening during my holiday vacation. I mean to have no other guests, but only give them an opportunity for reminiscences. I regret that Bert's death makes one less. I had hoped to have them sooner, but our struggling young college salaries are necessarily small and duties arduous. I make a home for my widowed mother and an adopted Indian daughter, who is in school; and as I do the cooking for a family of five, I have found it impossible to do many things I would like to.

"Pardon me for burdening you with these details, but I suppose I am like your boys, who say, 'The Colonel was always as ready to listen to a private as to a major-general.'

"Wishing you and yours the very best gifts the season can bring, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"ALICE M. ROBERTSON."

Is it any wonder that I loved my regiment?

THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

By Joel Chandler Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

MAJOR PERDUE'S BARGAIN



WHEN next I had an opportunity to talk with Aunt Minervy Ann, she indulged in a hearty laugh before saying a word, and it was some time before she found her voice.

"What is so funny to-day?" I inquired.

"Me, suh — nothin' 'tall but me, an' 'taint only ter-day, nudder. Hit's eve'y day sence I been big 'nuff fer to see myse'f in de spring branch. I laughed den, an' I laugh now eve'y time I see myse'f in my min'— ef I' got any min'. I wuz talkin' ter Hamp las' night an' tellin' 'im how I start in ter tell you sump'n 'bout Marse Paul Conant' shoul-der, an' den eend up by tellin' you eve'y-thing else I know but dat.

"Hamp 'low, he did, 'Dat ain't nothin', bekaze when I ax you ter marry me, you start in an' tell me 'bout a nigger gal' cross dar in Jasper County, which she make promise fer ter marry a man an' she crossed her heart; an' den when de time come she stood up an' marry 'im an' fin' out 'taint de same man, but somebody what she ain't never see' befo'."

"I speck dat so, suh, bekaze dey wuz sump'n like dat happen in Jasper County. You know de Waters fambly—dey kep' race-hosses. Well, suh, 'twuz right on der plantation. Warren Waters tol' me 'bout dat hisse'f. He wuz de hoss-trainer, an' he 'uz right dar on de groun'. When de gal done married, she look up an' holler, 'You ain't my husban', bekaze I ain't make no promise fer ter marry you.' De man he laugh, an' say, 'Don't need no promise atter you done married.'

"Well, suh, dey say dat gal wus skeer'd —skeer'd fer true. She sot an' look in de fire. De man sot an' look at 'er. She try ter slip out de do', an' he slipped wid 'er. She walked to'rds de big house, an' he walk' wid 'er. She come back, an' he

come wid 'er. She run an' he run wid 'er. She cry an' he laugh at 'er. She dun'ner what to do. Bimeby she tuck a notion dat de man mought be de Ol' Boy hisse'f, an' she drapped down on her knees an' 'gun ter pray. Dis make de man restless; look like he frettin'. Den he 'gun ter shake like he havin' chill. Den he slip down out'n de cheer. Den he got on his all-fours. Den his cloze drapped off, an', bless gracious! dar he wuz, a great big black shaggy dog wid a short chain roun' his neck. Some un um flung a chunk of fire at 'im, an' he run out howlin'.

"Dat 'uz de last dey seed un 'im, suh. Dey flung his cloze in de fire, an' dey make a blaze dat come plum out'n de top er de chimbley stack. Dat what make me tell Hamp 'bout it, suh. He ax me fer ter marry 'im, an' I wan't so mighty sho' dat he wan't de Ol' Boy."

"Well, that is queer, if true," said I, "but how about Mr. Conant's crippled shoulder?"

"Oh, it's de trufe, suh. Warren Waters tol' me dat out'n his own mouf, an' he wuz right dar. I dunno but what de gal wuz some er his kinnery. I don't min' tellin' you dat 'bout Marse Paul, suh, but you mustn't let on 'bout it, bekaze Marse Tumlin an' Miss Vallie des' ez tetchous 'bout dat ez dey kin be. I'd never git der fergivunce ef dey know'd I was settin' down here tellin' 'bout dat.

"You know how 'twuz in dem days. De folks what wuz de richest wuz de wussest off when de army come home from battlin'. I done tol' you 'bout Marse Tumlin. He ain't had nothin' in de roun' worl' but a whole passel er lan', an' me an' Miss Vallie. I don't count Hamp, bekaze Hamp 'fuse ter b'lieve he's free twel he ramble 'roun' an' fin' out de patterollers ain't gwine ter take 'im up. Dat how come I had ter sell ginger-cakes an'

chicken pies dat time. De money I made at dat ain't last' long, bekaze Marse Tumlin, he been use' ter rich vittles an' he went right down-town an' got a bottle er chow-chow, an' some olives, an' some sardines, an' some cheese, an' you know yo'se'f, suh, dat money ain't gwine ter las' when you buy dat kin' er doin's.

"Well, suh, we done mighty well whiles de money helt out, but 'tain't court-week all de time, an' when dat de case, money got ter come fum some'rs else 'sides sellin' cakes an' pies. Bimeby, Hamp, he got work at de liberty stable, whar dey hire out hosses an' board um. I call it a hoss tavern, suh, but Hamp, he 'low its a liberty stable. Anyhow, he got work dar, an' dat sorter he'p out. Sometimes he'd growl bekaze I tuck his money fer ter he'p out my white folks, but when he got right mad I'd gi' Miss Vallie de wink, an' she'd say: 'Hampton, how'd you like ter have a little dram ter-night? You look like youer tired.' I could a-hugged 'er fer de way she done it, she 'uz dat cute. An' den Hamp, he'd grin an' 'low, 'I ain't honin' fer it, Miss Vallie, but 'twont do me no harm, an' it may do me good.'

"An' den, suh, he'd set down an' atter he got sorter warmed up wid de dram, he'd kinder roll his eye and 'low, 'Miss Vallie, she is a fine white 'oman!' Well, suh, 'tain't long 'fo' we had dat nigger man trained—done trained, bless yo' soul! One day Miss Vallie had ter go 'cross town, an' she went by de liberty stable whar Hamp wuz at, leastways, he seed 'er some'rs; an' he come home dat night lookin' like he wuz feelin' bad. He 'fuze ter talk. Bimeby, atter he had his supper, he say, 'I seed Miss Vallie down-town ter-day. She wuz wid Miss Irene, an' dat 'ar frock she had on look mighty shabby.' I 'low, 'Well, it de bes' she got. She ain't got money like de Chippendales, an' Miss Irene don't keer how folks' cloze look. She too much quality fer dat.' Hamp say, 'Whyn't you take some er yo' money an' make Miss Vallie git er nice frock?' I 'low, 'Whar I got any money?' Hamp he hit his pocket an' say, 'You got it right here.'

"An' sho nuff, suh, dat nigger man had a roll er money—mos' twenty dollars. Some hoss drovers had come 'long an' Hamp made dat money by trimmin' up

de ol' mules dey had an' makin' um look yeung. He's got de art er dat, suh, an' dey paid 'im well. Dar wuz de money, but how wuz I gwine ter git it in Miss Vallie's han'? I kin buy vittles an' she not know whar dey come fum, but when it come ter buyin' frocks—well, suh, hit stumped me. Dey wan't but one way ter do it, an' I done it. I make like I wuz mad. I tuck de money an' went in de house dar whar Miss Vallie wuz sewin' an' mendin'. I went stompin' in, I did, an' when I got in I started my tune.

"I 'low, 'Ef de Perdues gwine ter go scandalizin' deyse'f by trottin' down town in broad daylight wid all kinder frocks on der back, I'm gwine 'way fum here; an' I dun'ner but what I'll go anyhow. 'Tain't bekaze dey's any lack er money, fer here de money right here.' Wid dat I slammed it down on de table. 'Dar! take dat an' git you a frock dat'll make you look like sump'n when you git outside er dis house. An' whiles you er gittin', git sump'n for ter put on yo' head!'"

Whether it was by reason of a certain dramatic faculty inherent in her race that she was able to summon emotions at will, or whether it was mere unconscious reproduction, I am not prepared to say. But certain it is that, in voice and gesture, in tone and attitude, and in a certain passionate earnestness of expression, Aunt Minervy Ann built up the whole scene before my eyes with such power that I seemed to have been present when it occurred. I felt as if she had conveyed me bodily into the room to become a witness of the episode. She went on, still with a frown on her face and a certain violence of tone and manner:

"I whipped 'roun' de room a time er two, pickin' up de cheers an' slammin' um down ag'in, an' knockin' things 'roun' like I wuz mad. Miss Vallie put her sewin' down an' lay her han' on de money. She 'low, 'What's dis, Aunt Minervy Ann?' I say, 'Hit's money, dat what 'tis—nothin' but nasty, stinkin' money! I wish dey wan't none in de worl' less'n I had a bairful.' She sorter fumble at de money wid 'er fingers. You dunno, suh, how white an' purty an' weak her han' look ter me dat night. She 'low, 'Aunt Minervy Ann, I can't take dis.' I blaze out at 'er, 'You don't haf'ter take it; you

done got it! An' ef you don't keep it, I'll rake up eve'y rag an' scrap I got an' leave dis place. Now you des' try me!"

Again Aunt Minervy Ann summoned to her aid the passion of a moment that had passed away, and again I had the queer experience of seeming to witness the whole scene. She continued:

"Wid dat, I whipt out er de room an' out er de house an' went an' sot down out dar in my house whar Hamp was at. Hamp, he 'low, 'What she say?' I say, 'She ain't had time ter say nothin'—I come 'way fum dar.' He 'low, 'You ain't brung dat money back, is you?' I say: 'Does you think I'm a start naked fool?' He 'low: 'Kaze ef you is, I'll put it right spang in de fire here.'

"Well, suh, I sot dar some little time, but eve'ything wuz so still in de house, bein's Marse Tumlin done gone down town, dat I crope back an' crope in fer ter see what Miss Vallie doin'. Well, suh, she wuz cryin'—settin' dar cryin'. I 'low, 'Honey, is I say anything fer ter hurt yo' feelin's?' She blubber' out, 'You know you aint!' an' den she cry good-fashion.

"Des 'bout dat time, who should come in but Marse Tumlin. He look at Miss Vallie an' den he look at me. He say, 'Valentine, what de matter?' I say, 'It's me! I'm de one! I made 'er cry. I done sump'n ter hurt 'er feelin's'. She 'low, 'Taint so, an' you know it. I'm des cryin' bekaze you too good ter me.'

"Well, suh, I had ter git out er dar fer ter keep fum chokin'. Marse Tumlin fol-ler me out, an' right here on de porch, he 'low, 'Minervy Ann, nex' time don't be so dam good to 'er.' I wuz doin' some sniffin' myse'f 'bout dat time, an' I ain't keerin' what I say, so I stop an' flung back at 'im, '*I'll be des ez dam good ter 'er ez I please—I'm free!*' Well, suh, stidder hittin' me, Marse Tumlin bust out laughin', an' long atter dat, he'd laugh eve'y time he look at me, des like sump'n wuz ticklin' 'im mightly nigh ter death.

"I speck he must er tol' 'bout dat cus-sin' part, bekaze folks 'roun' here done got de idee dat I'm a sassy an' bad-tempered 'oman. Ef I had ter work fer my livin', suh, I boun' you I'd be a long time findin' a place. Atter dat, Hamp, he got in de legislatur', an' it sho wuz a money-makin' place. Den we had eve'ything we

wanted, an' mo' too, but bimeby de legislatur' gun out, an' den dar we wuz, flat ez flounders, an' de white folks don't want ter hire Hamp des kaze he been ter de legislatur', but he got back in de liberty stable atter so long a time. Yit 'twant what you may call livin'.

"All dat time, I hear Marse Tumlin talkin' ter Miss Vallie 'bout what he call his wil' lan'. He say he got two thousan' acres down dar in de wiregrass, an' ef he kin sell it, he be mighty glad ter do so. Well, suh, one day, long to'rds night, a two-hoss waggin driv' in at de side gate an' come in de back-yard. Ol' Ben Sadler wuz drivin', an' he 'low, 'Heyo, Minervy Ann, whar you want deze goods drapped at?' I say, 'Hello yo'se'f, ef you wanter hello. What you got dar an' who do it b'long ter?' He 'low, 'Hit's goods fer Major Tumlin Perdue, an' whar does you want um drapped at?' Well, suh, I aint know what ter say, but I run'd an' ax'd Miss Vallie, an' she say put um out anywheres 'roun' dar, kaze she dun'ner nothin' 'bout um. So ol' Ben Sadler, he put um out, an' when I come ter look at um, dey wuz a bairl er sump'n, an' a kaig er sump'n, an' a box er sump'n. De bairl shuck like it mought be 'lasses, an' de kaig shuck like it mought be dram, an' de box hefted like it mought be terbarker. An', sho nuff, dat what dey wuz—a bairl er sorghum syr'p, an' a kaig er peach brandy, an' a box er plug terbarker.

"I say right den, an' Miss Vallie'll tell you de same, dat Marse Tumlin done gone an' swap off all his wil' lan', but Miss Vallie, she say no; he won't never think er sech a thing; but, bless yo' soul, suh, she wan't nothin' but a school-gal, you may say, an' she aint know no mo' 'bout men folks dan what a weasel do. An den, right 'pon top er dat, here come a nigger boy leadin' a bob-tail hoss. When I see dat, I dez good ez know'd dat de wil' lan' done been swap off, bekaze Marse Tumlin ain't got nothin' fer ter buy all dem things wid, an' I tell you right now, suh, I wuz rank mad, kaze what we want wid any ol' bob-tail hoss? De sorghum mought do, an' de dram kin be put up wid, an' de terbarker got some comfort in it, but what de name er goodness we gwine ter to wid dat ol' hoss, when we ain't got hardly nuff vittles fer ter feed ouse'f wid? Dat what I ax

Miss Vallie, an' she say right pine-blank she dunno.

"Well, suh, it's de Lord's trufe, I wuz dat mad I dunner what I say, an' I want keerin' nudder, bekaze I know how we had ter pinch an' squeeze fer ter git 'long in dis house. But I went 'bout gittin' supper, an' bimeby, Hamp, he come, an' I tol' him 'bout de ol' bob-tail hoss, an' he went out an' look at 'im. Atter while, here he come back laughin'. I say, 'You well ter laugh at dat ol' hoss.' He 'low, 'I aint laughin' at de hoss. I'm laughin' at you. Gal, dat de finest hoss what ever put foot on de groun' in dis town. Dat's Marse Paul Conant's trottin' hoss. He'll fetch fi' hunder'd dollars any day. What he doin' here?' I up an' tol' 'im all I know'd, an' he shuck his head, he 'low, 'Gal, you lay low. Dey's sump'n n'er behime all dat.'

"What Hamp say sorter make me put on my studyin'-cap; but when you come ter look at it, suh, dey wan't nothin' 'tall fer me ter study 'bout. All I had ter do was ter try ter fin' out what wuz behime it, an' let it go at dat. When Marse Tumlin come home ter supper, I know'd sump'n wuz de matter wid 'im. I know'd it by his looks, suh. It's sorter wid folks like 'tis wid chillun. Ef you keer sump'n 'bout um you'll watch der motions, and ef you watch der motions dey don't hatter tell you when sump'n de matter. He come in so easy, suh, dat Miss Vallie aint hear 'im, but I hear de do' scream, an' I know'd 'twuz him. We wuz talkin' an' gwine on at a mighty rate, an' I know'd he done stop ter lis'n.

"Miss Vallie, she 'low she speck somebody made 'im a present er dem ar things. I say, 'Uh-uh, honey! don't you fool yo'self. Nobody ain't gwine ter do dat. Our folks ain't no mo' like dey used ter wuz, dan crab apples is like plums. Dey done come ter dat pass dat whatsoever dey gits their han's on dey 'fuse ter turn it loose. All un um 'cep' Marse Tumlin Perdue. Dey ain't no tellin' what he gun fer all dat trash. *Trash!* Hit's wuss'n trash! I wish you'd go out dar

an' look at dat ol' bob-tail hoss. Why dat ol' hoss wuz stove up long 'fo' de war. By rights he ought ter be in de bone-yard dis ve'y minnit. He won't be here two whole days 'fo' you'll see de buzzards lined up out dar on de back fence waitin', an' dey won't hatter wait long nudder. Ef dey sen' any corn here fer



"Dat money ain't gwine ter las' when you buy dat kin' er doin's."—Page 695.

ter feed dat bag er bones wid, I'll parch it an' eat it myse'f 'fo' he shall have it. Ef anybody speck I'm gwine ter ten' ter dat ol' frame, deyer speckin' wid de wrong specks. I tell you dat right now.'

"All dis time Marse Tumlin wuz stan'in' out in de hall lis'nin'. Miss Vallie talk mighty sweet 'bout it. She say, 'Ef dey aint nobody else ter ten' de hoss, reckon I kin do it.' I low, 'My life er me, honey! de nex' news you know you'll be hirin' out ter de liberty stable.'

"Well, suh, my talk 'gun ter git so hot dat Marse Tumlin des' had ter make a fuss. He fumbled wid de do' knob, an' den come walkin' down de hall, an' by dat time I was in de dinin'-room. I walk



Trimmin' Up de Ol' Mules.—Page 695.

mighty light, bekaze ef he say anything I want ter hear it. You can't call it eave-drappin', suh; hit look like ter me dat 'twuz ez much my business ez 'twuz dern, an' I aint never got dat idee out'n my head down ter dis day.

"But Marse Tumlin ain't say nothin', 'cep' fer ter ax Miss Vallie ef she feelin' well, an' how eve'ything wuz, but de minnit I hear 'im open his mouf I know'd he had trouble on his min'. I can't tell you how I know'd it, suh, but dar 'twuz. Look like he tried to hide it, bekaze he tol' a whole lot of funny tales 'bout folks, an' 'twant long befo' he had Miss Vallie laughin' fit ter kill. But he ain't fool me, suh.

"Bimeby, Miss Vallie, she come in de dinin'-room fer ter look atter settin' de table, bekaze fum a little gal she allers like ter have de dishes fix des so. She wuz sorter hummin' a chune, like she ain't want' ter talk, but I ain't let dat stan' in my way.

"I 'low, 'I wish eve'ybody wuz like dat Mr. Paul Conant. I bet you right now

he been down-town dar all day makin' money han' over fist, des ez fast ez he can rake it in. I know it, kaze I does his washin' and cleans up his room fer 'im.'

"Miss Vallie say, 'Well what uv it? Money don't make 'im no better'n anybody else.' I 'low, 'Hit don't make 'im no wuss; an' den, 'sides dat, he ain't gwine to let nobody swindle 'im.'

"By dat time, I hatter go out an' fetch supper in, an' 'taint take me no time, bekaze I wuz des' achin' fer ter hear how Marse Tumlin come by dem ar contraptions an' contrivances. An' I stayed in dar ter wait on de table, which it ain't need no waitin' on.

"Atter while, I 'low, 'Marse Tumlin, I like ter forgot ter tell you—yo' things done come.' He say, 'What things, Minervy Ann?' I 'low, 'Dem ar contraptions, an dat ar bob-tail hoss. He look mighty lean an' hongry, de hoss do, but Hamp he say dat's bekaze he's a high-bred hoss. He say dem ar high-bred hosses won't take on no fat, no matter how much you feed um.'

"Marse Tumlin sorter drum on de table. Atter while he 'low, 'Dey done come, is dey, Minervy Ann?' I say, 'Yasser, dey er here right now. Hamp puts it down dat dat ar hoss one er de gay-liest creatures what ever make a track in dis town.'

"Well, suh, 'taint no use ter tell you what else wuz said, kaze 'twant much. I seed dat Marse Tumlin want gwine ter talk 'bout it, on account er bein' 'fear'd he'd hurt Miss Vallie's feelin's ef he tol' 'er dat he done swap off all dat wil' lan' fer dem ar things an' dat ar bob-tail hoss. Dat what he done. Yasser! I hear 'im sesso atterwards. He swap it off ter Marse Paul Conant.

"I thank my Lord it come out all right, but it come mighty nigh bein' de ruination er de fambly."

"How was that?" I inquired.

"Dat what I'm gwine ter tell you, suh. Right after supper dat night, Marse Tumlin say he got ter go down town fer ter see a man on some business, an' he ax me ef I won't stay in de house dar wid Miss Vallie. 'Taint no trouble ter me, bekaze I'd 'a' been on de place anyhow, an' so when I got de kitchen cleaned up an' de things put away, I went back in de house whar Miss Vallie wuz at. Marse Tumlin wuz done gone.

"Miss Vallie, she sot at de table doin' some kind er ruffin', an' I sot back ag'in de wall in one er dem ar high-back cheers. What we said I'll never tell you, suh, bekaze I'm one er deze kinder folks what ain't no sooner set down an' git still dan day goes ter noddin'. Dat's me. Set me down in a cheer, high-back er low-back, an' I'm done gone! I kin set here on de step an' keep des ez wide-'wake ez a skeer'd rabbit, but set me down in a cheer—well, suh, I'd like ter see anybody keep me 'wake when dat's de case.

"Dar I sot in dat ar high-back cheer, Miss Vallie ruffin' an' flutin' sump'n, an' tryin' ter make me talk, an' my head rollin'

'roun' like my neck done broke. Bimeby, *blam! blam!* come on de do'. We got one er dem ar jinglin' bells now, suh, but in dem times we had a knocker, an' it soun' like de roof fallin' in. I like ter jumped out'n my skin. Miss Vallie draped her conflutements an' 'low, 'What in de worl'! Aunt Minervy Ann, go ter de do'.'

"Well, suh, I went, but I ain't had no heart in it, bekaze I ain't know who it mought be, an' whar dey come fum, an' what dey want. But I went. 'Twuz me er Miss Vallie, an' I want gwine ter let dat chile go, not dat time er night, dough 'twant so mighty late.

"I open de do' on de crack, I did, an' 'low, 'Who dat?' Somebody make answer, 'Is de Major in, Aunt Minervy Ann?' an' I know'd right den it wuz Marse Paul Conant. An' it come over me dat he had sump'n ter do wid sendin' er dem con-



"She wuz cryin'—settin' dar cryin'."—Page 696.

traptions, mo' speshually dat ar bob-tail hoss. An' den, too, suh, lots quicker'n I kin tell it, hit come over me dat he been axin' me lots 'bout Miss Vallie. All come 'cross my min', suh, whiles I pullin' de do' open.

"I low, I did, 'No, suh; Marse Tumlin gone down-town fer ter look atter some business, but he sho ter come back ter-reckly. Won't you come in, suh, an' wait fer 'im?' He sorter flung his head back an' laugh, saft like an' say, 'I don't keer ef I do, Aunt Minervy Ann.'

"I 'low 'Walk right in de parlor, suh, an' I'll make a light mos' 'fo' you kin turn 'roun'.' He come in, he did, an' I lit de lamp, an' time I lit 'er she 'gun ter smoke. Well, suh, he tuck dat lamp, run de wick up an' down a time er two, an' dar she wuz, bright ez day.

"When I went back in de room whar Miss Vallie wuz at, she wuz stan'in' dar lookin' skeer'd. She say, 'Who dat?' I 'low, 'Hit's Marse Paul Conant, dat's who 'tis.' She say, 'What he want?' I 'low, 'Nothin' much; he des come a-courtin'. Better jump up an' not keep 'im waitin'.'

"Well, suh, you could 'a' knock'd 'er down wid a fedder. She stood dar wid 'er han' on 'er th'oad takin' short breffs

des like a little bird does when it flies in de winder an' dunner how ter fly out ag'in.

"Bimeby, she say, 'Aunt Minervy Ann, you ought ter be 'shame or yo'sef! I know dat man when I see 'im, an' dat's all.' I 'low, 'Honey, you know mighty well he ain't come callin'. But he wanter see Marse Tumlin, an' dey ain't nothin' fer ter hender you fum gwine in dar an' makin' 'im feel at home whiles he waitin'.' She sorter study awhile, an' den she blush up. She say, 'I dunno whedder I ought ter.'

"Well, suh, dat settled it. I know'd by de way she look an' talk dat she don't need no mo' 'swadin'. I say, 'All right, honey, do ez you please; but it's yo' house; you er de mist'iss; an' it'll look mighty funny ef dat young man got ter set in dar by hisse'f an' look at de wall whiles he waitin' fer Marse Tumlin. I dunner what he'll say, kaze I ain't never hear 'im talk 'bout nobody; but I know mighty well he'll do a heap er thinkin'.'

"Des like I tell you, suh—she skipped





"He been axin' me lots 'bout Miss Vallie."—Page 699.

'round' dar, an' flung on 'er Sunday frock, shuck out 'er curls, an' sorter fumble 'roun' wid some ribbons, an' dar she wuz, lookin' des ez fine ez a fiddle, ef not finer. Den she swep' inter de parlor, an', you mayn't b'lieve it, suh, but she mighty nigh tuck de man's breff 'way. Mon, she wuz purty, an' she aint do no mo' like deze eve'y-day gals dan nothin'. When she start 'way fum me, she wuz a gal. By de time she walk up de hall an' sweep in dat parlor, she wuz a grown 'oman. De blush what she had on at fust stayed wid 'er an' look like 't wuz er natchual color, an' her eyes shine, suh, like she had fire in um. I peeped at 'er, suh, fum behime de curtains in de settin'-room, an' I know what I'm talkin' 'bout. It's de Lord's trufe, suh, ef de men folks could tote derse'f like de wimmen, an' do one way whiles dey feelin' annuder way, dey wouldn't be no livin' in de worl'. You take a school gal, suh, an' she kin fool de smartest man what ever trod shoe leather. He may talk wid 'er all day an' half de night, an' he never is ter fin' out what she thinkin' 'bout. Sometimes de gals fools deyse'f, suh, but dat's mighty seldom.

"I dunner what all dey say, kaze I ain't been in dar so mighty long fo' I wuz noddin', but I did hear Marse Paul say he des drapt in fer 'pollygize 'bout a little joke he played on Marse Tumlin. Miss Vallie ax what wuz de joke, an' he 'low dat Marse Tumlin wuz banterin' folks fer ter buy his wil' lan'; and Marse Paul ax 'im what he take fer it, an' Marse Tumlin 'low he'll take anything what he can chaw, sop, er drink. Dem wuz de words—chaw, sop, er drink. Wid dat, Marse Paul say he'd gi' 'im a box er terbarker, a bairl er syr'p, an' a kaig er peach brandy an' th'ow in his buggy-hoss fer good medjer. Marse Tumlin say 'done' an' dey shuck han's on it. Dat what Marse Paul tol' Miss Vallie, an' he 'low he des done it fer fun, kaze he done looked inter dat wil' lan', an' he low she's wuff a pile er money.

"Well, suh, 'bout dat time, I 'gun ter nod, an' de fus news I knew'd Miss Vallie wuz whackin' 'way on de peanner, an' it look like ter me she wuz des tryin' 'er se'f. By dat time, dey wuz gettin' right chummy, an' so I des curl up on de flo' an' dream dat de peanner chunes wuz comin' out'n a bairl des like 'lasses.



"Marse Tumlin 'low he'll take anything what he can chaw, sop, er drink."—Page 701.

"When I waked up, Marse Paul Conant done gone, an' Marse Tumlin ain't come, an' Miss Vallie wuz settin' dar in de parlor lookin' up at de ceilin' like she got some mighty long thoughts. Her color wuz still up. I look at 'er an' laugh, an' she made a mouf at me, an' I say ter myse'f, 'Hey! sump'n de matter here, sho,' but I say out loud 'Marse Paul Conant sho gwine ter ax me ef you ain't had a dram.' She laugh an' say, 'What answer you gwine ter make?' I 'low, 'I'll bow an' say, 'No, suh; I'm de one dat drinks all de dram fer de fambly.'

"Well, suh, dat chile sot in ter laughin', an' she laugh an' laugh twel she went inter highsterics. She wuz keyed up too high, ez you mought say, an' dat's de way she come down ag'in. Bimeby, Marse Tumlin come, an' Miss Vallie, she tol' 'm 'bout how Marse Paul done been dar; an' he sot dar, he did, an' hummed an' haw'd, an' done so funny dat, bimeby, I 'low, 'Well, folks, I'll hatter tell you good-night,' an' wid dat I went out."

At this point Aunt Minervy leaned forward, clasped her hands over her knees, and shook her head. When she took up

the thread of her narrative, if it can be called such, the tone of her voice was more subdued, almost confidential in fact.

"Nex' mornin' wuz my wash-day, suh, an' 'bout ten o'clock, when I got ready, dey want no bluin' in de house an' mighty little soap. I hunted high an' I hunted low, but no bluin' kin I fin'. An' dat make me mad, bekaze ef I hatter go down-town atter de bluin', my wash-day'll be broke inter. But 'taint no good fer ter git mad, bekaze I wuz bleedz ter go atter de bluin'. So I tighten up my head-hankcher, an' flung a cape on my shoulders an' put out.

"I speck you know how 'tis, suh. You can't go down-town but what you'll see nigger wimmen stan'in' out in de front yards lookin' over de palin's. Dey all know'd me an' I know'd dem, an' de las' blessed one un um hatter hail me ez I go by, an' I hatter stop an' pass de time er day, kaze ef I'd 'a' whipt on by, dey'd 'a' said I wuz gwine back bofe on my church an' on my color. I dunner how long dey kep' me, but time I got ter Proctor's sto'. I know'd I'd been on de way too long.

"I notice a crowd er men out dar, some settin' and some stan'in, but I run'd in, I did,

an' de young man what do de clerkin', he fol-
ler me in an' ax what I want. I say I want a
dime's wuff er bluin' an' fer ter please, suh,
wrop it up des ez quick es he kin. I tuck
notice dat while he wuz gittin' it out'n de
box, he sorter stop like he lis'nin' an' den,
ag'in, whiles he had it in de scoop des
ready fer ter drap it in de scales, he helt
his han' an' wait. Den I know'd he wuz
lis'nin'.

"Dat makes me lis'n, an' den I hear
Marse Tumlin talkin', an' time I hear 'im
I know'd he wuz errytated. 'Twant be-
kaze he wuz talkin' loud, suh, but 'twuz
bekaze he wuz talkin' level. When he
talk loud, he feelin' good. When he talk

wil' lan' fer a little er nothin'. He'll
swindle you ef you trade wid 'im an' you
done trade wid 'im.' Marse Tumlin, 'low,
'Is Paul Conant ever swindle *you*?'
Tom Perryman say, 'No, he ain't, an' ef
he wuz ter I'd give 'im a kickin'.' Marse
Tumlin low, 'Well, you know you is a
swindler, an' nobody aint never kick you.
How come dat?' Tom Perryman say,
'Ef you say I'm a swindler, you're a liar.'

"Well, suh, de man ain't no sooner say
dat dan *bang!* went Marse Tumlin's pistol,
an' des ez it banged Marse Paul Conant
run 'twix um, an' de ball went right spang
thoo de collar-bone an' sorter sideways
thoo de p'int er de shoulder-blade. Marse



"I hatter stop an' pass de time er day."—Page 702.

low, an' one word soun' same ez anudder,
den somebody better git out'n his way. I
lef' de counter an' step ter de do' fer ter
see what de matter wuz betwixt um.

"Well, suh, dar wuz Marse Tumlin
stan'in dar close ter Tom Perryman.
Marse Tumlin, low, 'Maybe de law done
'pinted you my gyardeen. How you
know I been swindled?' Tom Perryman
say, 'Bekaze I hear you say he bought yo'

Tumlin drapt his pistol an' cotch 'im ez he
fell an' knelt down dar by 'im, an' all de
time dat ar Tom Perryman wus stan'in'
right over um wid his pistol in his han'.

I squall out, I did, 'Whyn't some er you
white men take dat man' pistol 'way fum
'im? Don't you see what he fixin' ter do?'

"I run'd at 'im, an' he sorter flung back
wid his arm, an' when he done dat some-
body grab 'im fum behime. All dat time



"Hunt up an' down fer dat ar Tom Perryman."

Marse Tumlin wuz axin' Marse Paul Conant ef he hurt much. I hear 'im say, 'I wouldn't 'a' done it fer de worl', Conant—not fer de worl'.' Den de doctor, he come up, an' Marse Tumlin, he pester de man twel he hear 'im say, 'Don't worry, Major; dis boy'll live ter be a older man dan you ever will.' Den Marse Tumlin got his pistol an' hunt up an' down fer dat ar Tom Perryman, but he done gone. I seed 'im when he got on his hoss.

"I say to Marse Tumlin, 'Ain't you des

ez well ter fetch Marse Paul Conant home whar we all kin take keer uv 'im?' He 'low, 'Dat's a *fack*. Go home an' tell yo' Miss Vallie fer ter have de big room fixed up time we git dar wid 'im.' I say, 'Humph! I'll fix it myse'f; I know I ain't gwine ter let Miss Vallie do it.'

"Well, suh, 'tain't no use fer ter tell yer de rest. Dar's dat ar baby in dar, an' what mo' sign does you want ter show you dat it all turned out des like one er dem ol'-time tales?."

THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

XI

LIZZIE REDEEMS HER DOLL AND HONORIA
THROWS A STONE



BROAD terrace ran along the southern front of Tredinnis House. It had once been decorated with leaden statues, but of these only the pedestals remained.

Honoria, perched on the terrace-wall, with her legs dangling, was making imaginary casts with a trout-rod, when she heard footsteps. A child came timidly round the angle of the big house—Lizzie Pezzack.

"Hullo! What do you want?"

"If you please, miss——"

"Well?"

"If you please, miss——"

"You've said that twice."

Lizzie held out a grubby palm with a half-crown in it: "I wants my doll back, if you please, miss."

"But you sold it."

"I didn't mean to. You took me so sudden."

"I gave you ever so much more than it was worth. Why I don't believe it cost you three ha'pence!"

"Tuppence," said Lizzie.

"Then you don't know when you're well off. Go away."

"'Tisn' that, miss——"

"What is it, then?"

Lizzie broke into a flood of tears.

Honoria, the younger by a year or so, stood and eyed her scornfully; then turning on her heel marched into the house.

She was a just child. She went upstairs to her bed-room, unlocked her wardrobe, and took out the doll, which was clad in blue silk and reposed in a dog-trough lined with the same material. Honoria had recklessly cut up two handkerchiefs (for underclothing) and her Sunday sash, and had made the garments in

secret. They were prodigies of bad needlework. With the face of a Medea she stripped the poor thing, took it in her arms as if to kiss it, but checked herself sternly. She descended to the terrace with the doll in one hand and its original calico smock in the other.

"There, take your twopenny baby!"

Lizzy caught and strained it to her breast; covered its poor nakedness hurriedly and hugged it again with passionate kisses.

"You silly! Did you come all this way by yourself?"

Lizzie nodded. "Father thinks I'm home, minding house. He's off duty this evening and he walked over here to the Bryanite Chapel, up to Four Turnings. There's going to be a big Prayer Meeting to-night. When his back was turned I slipped out after him, so as to keep him in sight across the towans."

"Why?"

"I'm terrible timid. I can't bear to walk across the towans by myself. You can't see where you be—they're so much alike—and it makes a person feel lost. There's so many bones, too."

"Dead rabbits."

"Yes, and dead folks, I've heard father say."

"Well, you'll have to go back alone, any way."

She hugged the doll. "I don't mind so much, now. I'll keep along by the sea, and run, and only open my eyes now and then. Here's your money, miss."

She went off at a run. Honoria pocketed the half-crown and went back to her fly-fishing. But, after a few casts, she desisted, and took her rod to pieces, slowly. The afternoon was hot and sultry. She sat down in the shadow of the balustrade and gazed at the long, blank façade of the house, baking in the sun: at the tall, uncurtained windows; at the peacock stalking to and fro like a drowsy sentinel.

"You are a beast of a house," she said.

contemplatively; "and I hate every stone of you!"

She stood up and strolled toward the stables. The stable-yard was empty but for the Gordon setter dozing by the pump-trough. Across from the kitchens came the sound of the servants' voices chattering. Honoria had never made friends with the servants.

She tilted her straw hat farther over her eyes, and sauntered up the drive with her hands behind her; through the great gates and out upon the towans. She had started with no particular purpose, and had none in her mind when she came in sight of the Parsonage, and of Humility seated in the doorway, with her lace pillow across her knees.

It had been the custom among the women of Beer Village to work in their doorways on sunny afternoons, and Humility followed it.

She looked up, smiling. "Taffy is down by the shore, I think."

"I didn't come to look for him. What beautiful work!"

"It comes in handy. Won't you step inside, and let me make you a cup of tea?"

"No, I'll sit here and watch you." Humility pulled in her skirts and Honoria found room on the doorstep beside her. "Please don't stop. It's wonderful. Now I know where Taffy gets his cleverness."

"You are quite wrong. This is only a knack. All his cleverness comes from his father."

"Oh, books! Of course, Mr. Raymond knows all about books. He's writing one, isn't he?"

Mrs. Raymond nodded.

"What about?"

"It's about St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews; in Greek, you know. He has been working at it for years."

"And he's indoors working at it now? What funny things men do!" She was silent for awhile, watching Humility's bobbins. "But I suppose it doesn't matter just *what* they do. The great thing is to do it better than anyone else. Does Mr. Raymond think Taffy clever?"

"He never talks about it."

"But he *thinks* so. I know; because at lessons when he says anything to Taffy it's quite different from the way he talks to George and me. He doesn't favor him,

of course; he's too much fair. But there's a difference. It's as if he *expected* Taffy to understand. Did Mr. Raymond teach him all those stories he knows?"

"What stories?"

"Fairy-tales and that sort of thing."

"Good gracious me, no!"

"Then *you* must have. And you *are* clever, after all. Asking me to believe you're not, and making that beautiful lace all the while, under my very eyes!"

"I'm not a bit clever. Here's the pattern, you see, and there's the thread, and the rest is only practice. I couldn't make the pattern out of my head. Besides, I don't like clever women."

"A woman must try to be *something*." Honoria felt that this was vague, but wanted to argue.

"A woman wants to be loved," said Mrs. Raymond, thoughtfully. "There's such a heap to be done about the house that she won't find time for much else. Besides, if she has children, she'll be planning for them."

"Isn't that rather slow?"

Humility wondered where the child had picked up the word. "Slow?" she echoed, with her eyes on the horizon beyond the dunes. "Most things are slow when you look forward to them."

"But these fairy-tales of yours?"

"I'll tell you about them. When my mother was a girl of sixteen, she went into service as a nurse-maid in a clergyman's family. Every evening the clergyman used to come into the nursery and tell the children a fairy-tale. That's how it started. My mother left service to marry a farmer—it was quite a grand match for her—and when I was a baby she told the stories to me. She has a wonderful memory still, and she tells them capitally. When I listen, I believe every word of them; I like them better than books, too, because they always end happily. But I can't repeat them a bit. As soon as I begin they fall to pieces, and the pieces get mixed up, and, worst of all, the life goes right out of them. But Taffy, he takes the pieces and puts them together, and the tale is better than ever: quite different, and new, too. That's the puzzle. It's not memory with him; it's something else."

"But don't you ever make up a story of your own?" Honoria insisted.

Now you might talk with Mrs. Raymond for ten minutes, perhaps, and think her a simpleton; and then suddenly a cloud (as it were) parted, and you found yourself gazing into depths of clear and beautiful wisdom.

She turned on Honoria with a shy, adorable smile:

"Why, of course I do—about Taffy. Come in and let me show you his room and his books."

An hour later when Taffy returned he found Honoria seated at the table and his mother pouring tea. They said nothing about their visit to his room; and though they had handled every one of his treasures, he never discovered it. But he did notice—or rather, he felt—that the two understood each other. They did: and it was an understanding he would never be able to share, though he lived to be a hundred.

Mr. Raymond came out from his study and drank his tea in silence. Honoria observed that he blinked a good deal. He showed no surprise at her visit and after a moment seemed unaware of her presence. At length he raised the cup to his lips and finding it empty set it down and rose to go back to his work. Humility interfered and reminded him of a call to be paid at one of the upland farms. The children might go too, she suggested. It would be a very little distance out of Honoria's way.

Mr. Raymond sighed, but went for his walking-stick; and they set out.

When they reached the farm-house he left the children outside. The town-place was admirably suited for a game of "Follow-my-leader," which they played for twenty minutes with great seriousness, to the disgust of the roosting poultry. Then Taffy spied a niche, high up, where a slice had been cut out of a last year's haystack, and fetched a ladder. Up they climbed, drew the ladder after them, and played at being Outlaws in a Cave, until the dusk fell.

Still Mr. Raymond lingered indoors. "He thinks we have gone home," said Honoria. "Now the thing would be to creep down and steal one of the fowls, and bring it back and cook it."

"We can make believe to do it," Taffy suggested.

Honoria considered for a moment. "I'll tell you what: there's a great Bryanite meeting, to-night, down at the Chapel. I expect there'll be a devil hunt."

"What's that?"

"They turn out the lights and hunt for him in the dark."

"But he isn't *really* there."

"I don't know. Suppose we play at scouts and creep down the road? If the Chapel is lit up we can spy in on them; and then you can squeeze your nose on the glass and make a face, while I say 'Boo!' and they'll think the Old Gentleman is really come."

They stole down the ladder and out of the town-place. The Chapel stood three-quarters of a mile away, on a turfed wastrel where two highroads met and crossed.

Long before they reached it, they heard clamorous voices and groans.

"I expect the devil hunt has begun," said Honoria. But when they came in sight of the building, its windows were brightly lit. The noise inside was terrific.

The two children approached it with all the precaution proper to scouts. Suddenly the clamor ceased, and the evening fell so silent that Taffy heard the note of an owl away in the Tredinnis plantations to his left. This silence was daunting, but they crept on and soon were standing in the illuminated ring of furze whins which surrounded the Chapel.

"Can you reach up to look in?"

Taffy could not; so Honoria obligingly went on hands and knees, and he stood on her back.

"Can you see? What's the matter?"

Taffy gasped. "*He's* in there!"

"What?—the Old Gentleman?"

"Yes; no—your grandfather!"

"What? Let me get up. Here, you kneel——"

It was true. Under the rays of a paraffin lamp, in face of the kneeling congregation, sat Squire Moyle; his body stiffly upright on the bench, his jaws rigid, his eyes, with horror in them, fastened upon the very window through which Honoria peered—fastened, it seemed to her, upon her face. But, no; he saw nothing. The Bryanites were praying; Honoria saw their lips moving. Their eyes were all on the old man's face. In the straining silence his mouth opened—but

only for a moment—while his tongue wetted his parched lips.

A man by the pulpit-stairs shuffled his feet. A sigh passed through the Chapel as he rose and relaxed the tension. It was Jacky Pascoe. He stepped up to the Squire, and, laying a hand on his shoulder, said, gently, persuasively, yet so clearly that Honoria could hear every word:

"Try, brother. Keep on trying. O, I've knowed cases—. You can never tell how near salvation is. One minute the heart's like a stone, and the next maybe 'tis melted and singing like fat in a pan. 'Tis working! 'tis working!"

The congregation broke out with cries: "Amen!" "Glory, glory!" The Squire's lips moved and he muttered something. But stony despair sat in his eyes.

"Ay, glory, glory! You've been a doubter, and you doubt no longer. Soon you'll be a shouter. Man, you'll dance like as David danced before the ark! You'll feel it in your toes! Come along, friends, while he's resting a minute! Sing all together—Oh, the blessed peace of it!"——

I long to be there, His glory to share——

He pitched the note, and the congregation took up the second line with a rolling, gathering volume of song. It broke on the night like the footfall of a regiment at charge. Honoria scrambled off Taffy's back, and the two slipped away to the highroad.

"Shall you tell your father?"

"I—I don't know."

She stooped and found a loose stone. "He sha'n't find salvation to-night," she said, heroically.

As the stone crashed through the window, the two children pelted off. They ran on the soft turf by the wayside, and only halted to listen when they reached Tredinnis's great gates. The sound of feet running, far up the road, set them off again, but now in opposite ways. Honoria sped down the avenue, and Taffy headed for the Parsonage, across the Towans. Ordinarily, this road at night would have been full of terrors for him; but now the fear at his heels kept him going, while his heart thumped on his ribs. He was just beginning to feel secure, when he blun-

dered against a dark figure which seemed to rise straight out of the night.

"Hullo!"

Blessed voice! The wayfarer was his own father.

"Taffy! I thought you were home an hour ago. Where on earth have you been?"

"With Honoria." He was about to say more, but checked himself. "I left her at the top of the avenue," he explained.

XII

TAFFY'S CHILDHOOD COMES TO AN END



HE summer passed. There was a talk in the early part of it that the Bishop would be coming, next spring, to consecrate the restored church and hold a confirmation service. Taffy and Honoria were to be confirmed, and early in August Mr. Raymond began to set apart an hour each day for preparing them. In a week or two the boy's head was full of religion. He spent much of his time in the church, watching the carpenter at work upon the new seats; his mind ran on the story of Samuel, and he wished his mother had followed Hannah's example and dedicated him to God; he had a suspicion that God would be angry with her for not doing so.

He did not observe that, as the autumn crept on, a shadow gathered on Humility's face. One Sunday the old Squire did not come to church; and again on the next Wednesday, at the harvest festival, Honoria sat alone in the Tredinnis pew. The shadow was on his mother's face as he chattered about this on their way home to the Parsonage; but the boy did not perceive it. He loved his parents, but their lives lay outside his own, and their sayings and doings passed him by like a vain show. He walked in the separate world of childhood, and it seemed an enormous world yet, though a few weeks were to bring him abruptly to the end of it.

But just before he came to the precipice he was given a glimpse of the real world—and of a world beyond that, far

more splendid and romantic than any region of his dreams.

The children had no lessons during Christmas, or for three weeks after. On the last morning before the holidays, George brought a letter for Mr. Raymond, who read it, considered for awhile, and laid it among his papers.

"It's an invitation," George announced, in a whisper. "I wonder if he'll let you come."

"Where?" whispered Taffy.

"Up to Plymouth—to the Pantomime."

"What's that?"

"Oh—clowns, and girls dressed up like boys, and policemen on slides, and that sort of thing."

Taffy sat bewildered. He vaguely remembered Plymouth as a mass of roofs seen from the train, as it drew up for a minute or two on a high bridge. Someone in the railway carriage had talked of an engine called *Brutus*, which (it appeared) had lately run away and crashed into the cloak-room at the end of the platform. He still thought of railway engines as big, blundering animals, with wills of their own, and of Plymouth as a town rendered insecure by their vagaries; but the idea that its roofs covered girls dressed up like boys and policemen on slides was new to him, and pleasant on the whole, though daunting.

"Will you give my thanks to Sir Harry," said Mr. Raymond after lessons; "and tell him that Taffy may go."

So on New Year's Day Taffy found himself in Plymouth. It was an experience which he could never fit into his life except as a gaudy interlude; for when he awoke and looked back upon it, he was no longer the boy who had climbed up beside Sir Harry and behind Sir Harry's restless pair of bays. The whirl began with that drive to the station; began again in the train; began again as they stepped out on the pavement at Plymouth, just as a company of scarlet-coated soldiers came down the roadway with a din of brazen music. The crowd, the shops, the vast size of the hotel, completely dazed him, and he seriously accepted the waiter, in his black suit and big white shirt-front, as a contribution to the fun of the entertainment.

"We must dine early," Sir Harry an-

nounced at lunch; "The Pantomime begins at seven."

"Isn't— isn't this the Pantomime?" Taffy stammered.

George giggled. Sir Harry set down his glass of claret, stared at the boy and broke into musical laughter. Taffy perceived he had made some ridiculous mistake and blushed furiously.

"God bless the child—Pantomime's at the theatre!"

"Oh!" Taffy recalled the canvas booth and wheezy cornet of his early days with a faint chill of disappointment.

But with George at his side it was impossible to be anything but happy. After lunch they sallied out, and it would have been hard to choose the gayest of the three. Sir Harry's radiant good-temper seemed to gild the streets. He took the boys up to the Hoe and pointed out the war-ships; he whisked them into the Camera Obscura; thence to the Citadel, where they watched a squad of recruits at drill; thence to the Barbican, where the trawling-fleet lay packed like herring, and the shops were full of rope and oil-skin suits and marine instruments, and dirty children rolled about the roadway between the legs of seabooted fishermen; and so up to the town again, where he lingered in the most obliging manner while the boys stared into the fishing-tackle shops and toy shops. On the way he led them up a narrow passage and into a curious room, where fifteen or twenty men were drinking, and talking at the top of their voices. The most of them seemed to know Sir Harry well and greeted him with an odd mixture of respect and familiarity. Their talk was full of mysterious names and expressions, and Taffy thought at first they must be free-masons. 'Something or other was a walk-over for the Milkman; Lapidary was scratched, which left it a soft thing, unless Sir Harry fancied Nursery Governess at nine-stone-eight, in which case Billy behind the bar would do as much business as he liked at six-to-one'—and so forth. After awhile Taffy discovered they were talking about horses, and wondered why they should meet to discuss horses in a dingy room up a back yard. "Youngster of yours is growin', Surrarry," said a red-faced man. "Who's his stable companion?" Taffy

was introduced, and to his embarrassment Sir Harry began to relate his ridiculous mistake at lunch. The men roared with laughter.

He made another, quite as ridiculous, at the pastry-cook's where Sir Harry ordered tea. "What'll you take with it? Call for what you like, only don't poison yourselves." Taffy referring his gaze from the buns and confections on the counter to the card in his hands, which was inscribed with words in unknown tongues, made a bold plunge and announced that he would take a "*marasheno*."

This tickled Sir Harry mightily. He ordered the waitress with a wink to "bring the young gentleman a *marasheno*;" and Taffy, who had expected something in the shape of a macaroon, was confronted with a tiny glass of a pale liquor which, when tasted, in the most surprising manner put sunshine into his stomach and brought tears into his eyes. But under Sir Harry's quizzical gaze he swallowed it down bravely and sat gasping and blinking.

It may have been that the maraschino induced a haze upon the rest of the afternoon. The gas-lamps were lit when they left the pastry-cook's and entered a haberdasher's where Taffy, without knowing why, was fitted with a pair of white kid gloves. Of dinner at the hotel he remembered nothing except that the candles on the tables had red shades, of which the silverware gave funny reflections; that the same waiter flitted about in the penumbra; and that Sir Harry, who was dressed like the waiter, said, "Wake up, young *Marasheno*! Do you take your coffee black?" "It's usually light brown at home," answered Taffy; at which Sir Harry laughed again. "Black will suit you better to-night," he said, and poured out a small cupful which Taffy drank and found exceedingly nasty. And a moment later he was wide awake, and the three were following a young woman along a passage which seemed to run in a complete circle. The young woman flung open a door; they entered a little room with a balcony in front; and the first glorious vision broke on the child with a blaze of light, a crash of music and the murmur of hundreds of voices.

Faces, faces, faces!—faces mounting from the pit below him, up and up to the

sky-blue ceiling, where painted goddesses danced and scattered pink roses around the enormous gasalier. Fauns piping on the great curtain, fiddles sawing in the orchestra beneath, ladies in gay silks and jewels leaning over the gilt balconies opposite—which were real, and which a vision only? He turned helplessly to George and Sir Harry. Yes, *they* were real. But what of Nannizabuloe, and the sand-hills, and the little parsonage to which that very morning he had turned to wave his handkerchief?

A bell rang, and the curtain rose upon a company of russet-brown elves dancing in a green wood. The play was "Jack the Giant-killer;" but Taffy, who knew the story in the book by heart, found the story on the stage almost meaningless. That mattered nothing; it was the world—the new and unimagined world, stretching deeper and still deeper as the scenes were lifted—a world in which solid walls crumbled, and forests melted, and loveliness broke through the ruins, unfolding like a rose; it was this that seized on the child's heart until he could have wept for its mere beauty. Often he had sought out the trout-pools on the moors behind the to-wans and lying at full length had watched the fish moving between the stones and water-plants; and watching through a summer's afternoon had longed to change places with them and glide through their grottoes or anchor among the reed-stalks and let the ripple run over him. As long back as he could remember, all beautiful sights had awakened this ache, this longing—

O, that I were where I would be!
Then would I be where I am not;
For where I am I would not be,
And where I would be, I can not.

It seemed to him that these bright beings on the stage had broken through the barriers, had stepped beyond the flaming ramparts, and were happy. Their horse-play, at which George laughed so immoderately, called to Taffy to come and be happy, too; and when Jack the Giant-killer changed to Jack in the Beanstalk, and when in the Transformation Scene a real beanstalk grew and unfolded its leaves, and each leaf revealed a fairy seated, with the limelight flashing on star and jewelled

wand, the longing became unbearable. The scene passed in a minute. The clown and pantaloone came on, and presently Sir Harry saw Taffy's shoulders shaking, and set it down to laughter at the harlequinade. He could not see the child's face.

But, perhaps, the queerest event of the evening (when Taffy came to review his recollections) was this: He must have fallen into a stupor on leaving the theatre, for when he awoke he found himself on a couch in a gas-lit room, with George beside him, and Sir Harry was shaking him by the collar, and saying, "God bless the children, I thought they were in bed hours ago!" A man—the same who had talked about race horses that afternoon—was standing by the table, on which a quantity of cards lay scattered among the drinking glasses; and he laughed at this, and his laugh sounded just like the rustling of paper. "It's all very well—" began Sir Harry, but checked himself and lit a candle, and led the two boys off shivering to bed.

The next morning, too, had its surprises. To begin with, Sir Harry announced at breakfast that he must go and buy a horse. He might be an hour or two over this business, and meanwhile the boys had better go out into the town and enjoy themselves. Perhaps a sovereign apiece might help them.

Taffy, who had never in his life possessed more than a shilling, was staring at the gold piece in his hand, when the door opened, and Sir Harry's horse-racing friend came in to breakfast and nodded "Good-morning."

"Pity you're leaving to-day," he said, as he took his seat at a table hard by them.

"My revenge must wait," Sir Harry answered.

It seemed a cold-blooded thing to be said so carelessly. Taffy wondered if Sir Harry's search for a horse had anything to do with this revenge, and the notion haunted him in the intervals of his morning's shopping.

But how to lay out his sovereign? That was the first question. George, who within ten minutes had settled his own problem by purchasing a doubtful fox-terrier of the Boots of the hotel, saw no difficulty. The Boots had another pup for sale—one of the same litter.

"But I want something for mother, and the others—and Honoria."

"Botheration! I'd forgotten Honoria, and now the money's gone! Never mind; she can have my pup."

"Oh!" said Taffy, ruefully. "Then she won't think much of my present."

"Yes she will. Suppose you buy a collar for him—you can get one for five shillings."

They found a saddler's and chose the dog-collar, which came to four shillings; and for eighteen pence the shopman agreed to have "*Honoria from Taffy*," engraved on it within an hour. Humility's present was chosen with surprising ease—a large, framed photograph of the Bishop of Exeter; price, six shillings.

"I don't suppose," objected George, "your mother cares much for the Bishop of Exeter."

"Oh, yes, she does," said Taffy; "he's coming to confirm us next spring. Besides," he added, with one of those flashes of wisdom which surely he derived from her, "mother won't care what it is, so long as she's remembered. And it costs more than the collar."

This left him with eight-and-sixpence; and for three-and-sixpence he bought a work-box for his grandmother, with a view of Plymouth Hoe on the lid. But now came the crux. What should he get for his father?

"It must be a book," George suggested.

"But what kind of a book? He has so many."

"Something in Latin."

The bookseller's window was filled with yellow-backed novels and toy-books, which obviously would not do. So they marched in and demanded a book suitable for a clergyman who had a good many books already—"a middle-aged clergyman," George added.

"You can't go far wrong with this," suggested the bookseller, producing Crockford's "Clerical Directory" for the current year. But this was too expensive; "and," said Taffy, "I think he would rather have something in Latin. The bookseller rubbed his chin, went to his shelves, and took down a small *De Imitatione Christi*, bound in half-calf. "You can't go far wrong with this, either," he assured them. So Taffy paid down his money.

Just as the boys reached the hotel, Sir Harry drove up in a cab; and five minutes later they were all rattling off to the railway station. Taffy eyed the cab-horse curiously, never doubting it to be Sir Harry's new purchase; and was extremely surprised when the cabman whipped it up and trotted off—after receiving his money, too. But in the bustle there was no time to ask questions.

It was about three in the afternoon, and the sun already low in the southwest, when they came in sight of the cross-roads and Sir Harry pulled up his bays. And there, on the green by the sign-post, stood Mrs. Raymond. She caught Taffy in her arms and hugged him till he felt ashamed, and glanced around to see if the others were looking; but the phaëton was already bowling down the road.

"But why are *you* here, mother?"

Mrs. Raymond stared awhile after the carriage before speaking. "Your father had to be at the church," she said.

"But there's no service——" He broke off. "See what I've brought for you!" And he pulled out the portrait. "Do you know who it is?"

Humility thanked him and kissed him passionately. There was something odd with her this afternoon.

"Don't you like your present?"

"Darling, it is beautiful," she stooped and kissed him again, passionately.

"I've a present for father, too; a book. Why are you walking so fast?" In a little while he asked again, "Why are you walking so fast?"

"I—I thought you would be wanting your tea."

"Mayn't I take father his book first?"

She did not answer.

"But mayn't I?" he persisted.

They had reached the garden-gate. Humility seemed to hesitate. "Yes; go," she said at length; and he ran, with the *De Imitatione Christi* under his arm.

As he came within view of the church he saw a knot of men gathered about the door. They were pulling something out from the porch. He heard the noise of hammering, and Squire Moyle, at the back of the crowd, was shouting at the top of his voice:

"The church is yours, is it? I'll see about that! Pitch out the furnitcher, my billies—that's mine, anyway!"

Still the hammers sounded within the church.

"Don't believe in sudden convarision, don't 'ee? I reckon you will when you look round your church. Bishop coming to consecrate it, is he? Consecrate *my* furnitcher? I'll see you and your bishop to blazes first!"

A heap of shattered timber came flying through the porch.

"*Your* church, hey? *Your* church?"

The crowd fell back and Mr. Raymond stood in the doorway, between Bill Udy and Jim the Huntsman. Bill Udy held a brazen ewer and paten, and Jim a hammer; and Mr. Raymond had a hand on one shoulder of each.

For a moment there was silence. As Taffy came running through the lych-gate a man who had been sitting on a flat tombstone and watching, stood up and touched his arm. It was Jackey Pascoe, the Bryanite.

"Best go back," he said, "'tis a wisht poor job of it."

Taffy halted for a moment. The Squire's voice had risen to a sudden scream—he sputtered as he pointed at Mr. Raymond.

"There he is, naybours! Get behind the varmint, somebody, and stop his earth! Calls hisself a minister of God! Calls it *his* church!"

Mr. Raymond took his hands off the men's shoulders, and walked straight up to him. "Not *my* church," he said, aloud and distinctly. "God's church!"

He stretched out an arm. Taffy, running up, supposed it stretched out to strike. "Father!"

But Mr. Raymond's palm was open as he lifted it over the Squire's head. "God's church," he repeated. "In whose service, sir, I defy you. Go! or if you will, and have the courage, come and stand while I kneel amid the ruin you have done and pray God to judge between us."

He paused, with his eyes on the Squire's.

"You dare not, I see. Go, poor coward, and plan what mischief you will. Only now leave me in peace a little."

He took the boy's hand and they passed into the church together. No one followed. Hand in hand they stood before the dismantled chancel. Taffy heard the sound of feet shuffling on the walk outside, and looked up into Mr. Raymond's face.

"Father!"

"Kiss me, sonny."

The *De Imitatione Christi* slipped from Taffy's fingers and fell upon the chancel step.

So his childhood ended.

XIII

THE BUILDERS



THESE things happened on a Friday. After breakfast next morning Taffy went to fetch his books. He did so out of habit and without thinking; but his father stopped him.

"Put them away," he said. "Some day we'll go back to them, but not yet."

Instead of books Humility packed their dinner in the satchel. They reached the church and found the interior just as they had left it. Taffy was set to work to pick up and sweep together the scraps of broken glass which littered the chancel. His father examined the wreckage of the pews.

While the boy knelt at his task, his thoughts were running on the Pantomime. He had meant, last night, to recount all its wonders and the wonders of Plymouth; but somehow the words had not come. After displaying his presents he could find no more to say: and feeling his father's hand laid on his shoulder, had burst into tears and hidden his face in his mother's lap. He wanted to console them and they were pitying *him*—why he could not say—but he knew it was so.

And now the Pantomime, Plymouth, everything, seemed to have slipped away from him into a far past. Only his father and mother had drawn nearer and become more real. He tried to tell himself one of the old stories; but it fell into pieces like the fragments of colored glass he was handling, and presently he began to think of the glass in his hands and let the story go.

"On Monday we'll set to work," said his father. "I dare say Joel"—this was the carpenter down at Innis village—will lend me a few tools to start with. But the clearing up will take us all to-day."

They ate their dinner in the vestry.

Taffy observed that his father said: "*We* will do this," or "*Our* best plan will be so-and-so," and spoke to him as to a grown man. On the whole, though the dusk found them still at work, this was a happy day.

"But aren't you going to lock the door?" he asked as they were leaving.

"No," said Mr. Raymond. "We shall win, sonny; but not in that way."

On the morrow, Taffy rang the bell for service as usual. To his astonishment Squire Moyle was among the first-comers. He led Honoria by the hand, entered the Tredinnis pew and shut the door with a slam. It was the only pew left unmutilated. The rest of the congregation—and curiosity made it larger than usual—had to stand; but a wife of one of the miners found a hassock and passed it to Humility, who thanked her for it with brimming eyes. Mr. Raymond said afterward that this was the first success of the campaign.

Not willing to tire his audience, he preached a very short sermon; but it was his manifesto, and all the better for being short. He took his text from Nehemiah, Chapter II., verses 19 and 20—"But when Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian, heard it, they laughed us to scorn, and despised us, and said: 'What is this thing that ye do? Will ye rebel against the King?'"

"Then answered I them and said unto them, 'the God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore, we His servants will arise and build.'"

"Fellow-parishioners," he said, "you see the state of this church. Concerning the cause of it I require none of you to judge. I enter no plea against any man. Another will judge, who said, '*Destroy this temple and in three days I will rear it up.*' But He spake of the temple of His body; which was destroyed and is raised up; and its living and irrevocable triumph I, or some other servant of God, will celebrate at this altar, Sunday by Sunday, that whosoever will may see, yes, and taste it. The state of this poor shell is but a little matter to a God whose glory once inhabited a stable; yet the honor of this, too, shall be restored. You wonder how, perhaps. *It may be the Lord will*

work for us; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few. Go to your homes now and ponder this; and having pondered, if you will, pray for us."

As the Raymonds left the church they found Squire Moyle waiting by the porch. Honoria stood just behind him. The rest of the congregation had drawn off a little distance to watch. The Squire lifted his hat to Humility, and turned to Mr. Raymond with a sour frown.

"That means war?"

"It means that I stay," said the Vicar. "The war, if it comes, comes from your side."

"I don't think the worse of 'ee for fighting. You're not going to law, then?"

Mr. Raymond smiled. "I don't doubt you've put yourself within the reach of it. But if it eases your mind to know, I am not going to law."

The Squire grunted, raised his hat again and strode off, gripping Honoria by the hand.

She had not glanced toward Taffy. Clearly she was not allowed to speak to him.

The meaning of the Vicar's sermon became plain next morning, when he walked down to the village and called on Joel Hugh, the carpenter.

"I knows what thee'rt come after," began Joel; "but 'tis no use, parson dear. Th' old fellow owns the roofs over us, and if I do a day's work for 'ee, out I goes, neck and crop."

Mr. Raymond had expected this. "It's not for work I'm come," said he; "but to hire a few tools, if you're minded to spare them."

Joel scratched his head. "Might manage that, now. But, Lord bless 'ee! thee'lt never make no hand of it." He chose out saw, hammer, plane and auger, and packed them up in a carpenter's frail, with a few other tools. "Don't 'ee talk about payment, now; naybors must be nayborly. Only, you see, a man must look after his own."

Mr. Raymond climbed the hill toward the towans with the carpenter's frail slung over his shoulder. As luck would have it, near the top he met Squire Moyle descending on horseback. The Vicar nodded "Good-morning" in passing, but had not gone a dozen steps when the old man reined up and called after him.

"Hi!"

The Vicar halted.

"Whose basket is that you're carrying?" Then, getting no answer, "Wait till next Saturday night, when Joel Hugh comes to thank you. I suppose you know he rents his cottage by the week?"

"No harm shall come to him through me," said the Vicar, and retraced his steps down the hill. The Squire followed at a foot-pace, grinning as he went.

That night Mr. Raymond went back to his beloved books, but not to read; and early next morning was ready at the cross-roads for the van which plied twice a week between Innis village and Truro. He had three boxes with him—heavy boxes, as Calvin the van-driver remarked when it came to lifting them on board.

"Thee'rt not leaving us, surely?" said he.

"No."

"But however didst get these lumping boxes up the hill?"

"My son helped me."

He had modestly calculated on averaging a shilling a volume for his books; but discovered on leaving the shop at Truro that it worked out at one-and-threepence. He returned to Nannizabuloe that night with one box only—but it was packed full of tools—and a copy of Fuller's "Holy State," which at the last moment had proved too precious to be parted with—at least, just yet.

The woodwork of the old pews—painted deal for the most part, but mixed with a few boards of good red pine and one or two of teak, relics of some forgotten shipwreck—lay stacked in the belfry and around the front under the west gallery. Mr. Raymond and Taffy spent an hour in overhauling it, chose out the boards for their first pew, and fell to work.

At the end of another hour the pair broke off and looked at each other. Taffy could not help laughing. His own knowledge of carpentry had been picked up by watching Joel Hugh at work, and just sufficed to tell him that his father was possibly the worst carpenter in the world.

"I think my fingers must be all thumbs," declared Mr. Raymond.

The puckers in his face set Taffy laughing afresh. They both laughed and fell to work again, the boy explaining his notions

of the difficult art of morticing. They were rudimentary, but sound as far as they went, and his father recognized this. Moreover, when the boy had a tool to handle he did it with a natural deftness, in spite of his ignorance. He was Humility's child, born with the skill-of-hand of generations of lace-workers. He did a dozen things wrongly, but he neither fumbled, nor hammered his fingers, nor wounded them with the chisel—which was Humility's husband's way.

At the end of four days of strenuous effort, they had their first pew built. It was a recognizable pew, though it leaned to one side, and the door (for it had a door) fell to with a bang if not cautiously treated. The triumph was, the seat could be sat upon without risk. Mr. Raymond and Taffy tested it with their combined weight on the Saturday evening, and went home full of its praises.

"But look at your clothes," said Humility; and they looked.

"This is serious," said Mr. Raymond. "Dear, you must make us a couple of working suits—corduroy or some such stuff—otherwise this pew-making won't pay."

Humility stood out against this for a day or two. That *her* husband and child should go dressed like common workmen! But there was no help for it, and on the Monday week Taffy went forth to work in moleskin breeches, blue guernsey, and loose white smock. As for Mr. Raymond, the only badge of his calling was his round clerical hat; and as all the miners in the neighborhood wore hats of the same soft felt and only a trifle higher in the crown, this hardly amounted to a distinction.

Humility's eyes were full of tears as she watched them from the door that morning. But Taffy felt as proud as Punch. A little before noon he carried out a board that required sawing, and rested it on a flat tombstone where, with his knee upon it, he could get a good purchase. He was sawing away when he heard a dog barking, and looked up to see Honoria coming along the path, with George's terrier frisking at her heels.

She halted outside the lych-gate, and Taffy, vain of his new clothes, drew himself up and nodded.

"Good-morning," said Honoria. "I'm

not allowed to speak to you, and I'm not going to, after this." She swooped on the puppy and held him. "See what George brought home from Plymouth for me. Isn't he a beauty?"

Held so, by the scruff of his neck, he was not a beauty. Taffy had it on the tip of his tongue to tell her about the collar. He wished he had brought it.

"I wonder," she went on, pensively, "your mother had the heart to dress you out in that style. But I suppose now you'll be growing up into quite a common boy."

Taffy decided to say nothing about the collar. "I like the clothes," he declared, defiantly.

"Then you can't have the common instincts of a gentleman. Well, good-by! Grandfather has salvation all right this time; he said he'd put the stick about me if I dared to speak to you."

"He won't know."

"Won't know? Why I shall tell him, of course, when I get back."

"But—but he *mustn't* beat you!"

She eyed him for a moment or two in silence. "Mustn't he? I advise you to go and tell him." She walked away slowly, whistling; but by and by broke into a run and was gone, the puppy scampering behind her.

As the days grew longer and the weather milder, Taffy and his father worked late into the evenings; sometimes, if a job needed to be finished, by the light of a couple of candles.

One evening, about nine o'clock, the boy as he planed a bench paused suddenly. "What's that?"

They listened. The door stood open, and after a second or two they heard the sound of feet tip-toeing away up the path outside.

"Spies, perhaps," said his father. "If so, let them go in peace."

But he was not altogether easy. There had been strange doings up at the Bryanite Chapel of late. He still visited a few of his parishioners regularly—hill farmers and their wives for the most part, who did not happen to be tenants of Squire Moyle, and on whom his visits therefore could bring no harm; and one or two had hinted of strange doings, now that the Bryanites had gotten hold of the old Squire. They themselves had been up—just to look, they

confessed it shame-facedly, much in the style of men who have been drinking over-night. Without pressing them and showing himself curious, the Vicar could get at no particulars. But as the summer grew he felt a moral sultriness, as it were, growing with it. The people were off their balance, restless ; and behind their behavior he had a sense, now of something electric, menacing, now of a hand holding it in check. Slowly in those days the conviction deepened in him that he was an alien on this coast, that between him and the hearts of the race he ministered to there stretched an impalpable, impenetrable veil. And all this while the faces he passed on the road, though shy, were kinder than they had been in the days before his self-confidence left him—it seemed now so long ago !

On a Saturday night early in May, the footsteps were heard again, and this time in the porch itself. While Mr. Raymond and Taffy listened the big latch went up with a creak, and a dark figure slipped into the church.

“Who’s there?” challenged Mr. Raymond from the chancel where he stood peering out of the small circle of light.

“A friend. Pass, friend, and all’s well !” answered a squeaky voice. “Bless you, I’ve sarved in the militia before now.”

It was Jacky Pascoe, with his coat-collar turned up high about his ears.

“What do you want?” Mr. Raymond demanded, sharply.

“A job.”

“We can pay for no work here.”

“Wait till thee’rt asked, parson dear. I’ve been spying in upon ’ee these nights past. Pretty carpenters you be ! T’other night, as I was a-peeping, the Lord said to me, ‘Arise, go, and show they chaps how to do it fitty.’ ‘Dear Lord,’ I said, ‘thou knowest I be a Bryanite.’ The Lord said to me, ‘None of your back-answers ! Go and do as I tell ’ee.’ So here I be.”

Mr. Raymond hesitated. “Squire Moyle is your friend, I hear, and the friend of your chapel. What will he say if he discovers that you are helping us?”

Jacky scratched his head. “I reckon the Lord must have thought o’ that, too. Suppose you put me to work in the vestry? There’s only one window looks in on the vestry, you can block that up with a curtain, and there I’ll be like a weevil in a biscuit.”

When this screen was fixed, the little Bryanite looked round and rubbed his hands. “Now I’ll tell ’ee a prabble,” he said—“a prabble about this candle I’m holding. When God Almighty said ‘*Let there be light,*’ He gave every man a candle—to some folks, same as you, long sixes perhaps and best wax ; to others, a farthing dip. But they all helps to light up : and the beauty of it is, Parson”—he laid a hand on Mr. Raymond’s cuff—“there isn’ one of ’em burns a ha’porth the worse for every candle that’s lit from ’em. Now sit down, you and the boy, and I larn ’ee how to joint a board.”

(To be continued.)



A VICTORY FOR THE PEOPLE

By William Allen White



THE Governor flatly refused to consider the claims of the men who aspired to succeed the dead Senator until ten days after the senatorial funeral ; so the day following the ceremony half a dozen patriots secured suites of rooms in the hotel frequented by the politicians at the capital. Newspapers and callow strangers called these suites "head-quarters," but in the dialect of the time and the place they figured as "the Judge's room," "Joe's room" and "Tom's room."

As the ten days wore on, lounging men disordered the beds in these rooms earlier and earlier in the day. The white and brown squares in the tiled floor of the hotel office remained beneath the dirt that covered them farther and farther into the night. The low-keyed roar of the idle crowd in the corridors did not cease on the ninth day until after midnight, and the porters who straightened the long rows of office-chairs in the hotel lobby were called from their work to take the valises of guests who came in on early morning trains. These guests pulled the chairs out of line again, and snoozed by the fire until breakfast. But even while these wayfarers slept, there roamed above them, under the light of single gas-jets turned low, restless spirits who flitted in and out of bedrooms, plotting, pleading, threatening—all with the spent energy of a worn-out day. When the new day came to those who had been sleeping above stairs, with it came the stale odors of the busy night ; and a thousand feet stepped anxiously from the path of dreams into the tangled wilderness of treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

A free people was choosing a leader, and great events were stirring. Therefore, after the hour appointed by the Governor on the tenth day, little groups of men began to file into the Governor's office, and to draw their chairs closely about his big walnut table. Crowds of men began to

tramp in, take possession of the corner nearest the outer door, and stand there patiently while their orator grew red with impassioned eulogy of their candidate. Later in the day unheralded gentlemen slipped in and out through side doors. Enthusiastic gentlemen came and clutched the Governor's coat-front, while they bruised his breastbone with stiff index fingers on good right hands. Men with moist breath blew secrets into the gubernatorial ear until the Governor longed for the power a cat has to shake its ear spasmodically. In the moments between the onslaughts Governor Rhodes stood at the window of his office and looked listlessly down at the snow-covered State House grounds, or he paced his room wearily like a prisoner, with his hands clasped behind him.

Two long days passed thus. At three o'clock on the third day the Governor barred his doors and wrote a note. When Harvey K. Bolton read that note he was in Tom Wharton's room at the hotel, and the jug which usually sat behind the wash-stand in the corner had just made the circuit of the room. Bolton rose and pocketed the note. To Mr. Wharton and his retainers Bolton replied :

"I am going over to the State House to sound another clarion-note for the friend of the great plain people, the Honorable Thomas Wharton, M. C."

And breaking his mock heroics, he went out of the room and down the long corridor and into the stench of the hotel lobby. He walked briskly, and as he passed through the crowd men tried to stop him. He swung them off lightly, with a smile when necessary, with a shake of the head when it would suffice. His overcoat was buttoned trimly about him, and he tugged at his gloves as he neared the sidewalk. Harvey K. Bolton was a large man who moved well on his feet. His shoulders were as square as his jaw was rectangular. He walked in a bee-line and made others turn for him.

He stopped in a cigar-store and re-read the Governor's note.

"MY DEAR HARVEY: You've got to take it. There is no use talking of Tom. Come over. C. R."

Bolton gripped his unlighted cigar firmly in his teeth as he went toward the State House. He nodded to wayfarers in passing, but he was full of the issue of his errand. He was sure of one thing: that he did not wish to give up a twenty-five thousand dollar salary as attorney for the Corn Belt Railroad, for two years of an unexpired term in the United States Senate. When he left the hotel he intended to go directly to the Capitol, but on his way he turned into the entrance of the Corn Belt building and went to his office. There he spent a reflective half-hour. He decided three times that he did not care to go to the Senate; and yet he liked to fancy himself there, and to picture the power that he felt he could command. In his profession he stood higher than most of the members of the Senate had stood in their professions when they left private life. As an orator he was in demand upon occasions of national celebration as often as any Senator was. He realized these things, and yet he feared that his career as a railroad attorney would injure his chances for election two years thereafter. He considered well the power of the party machine, which he believed he could control if he were Senator. On the other hand, he saw clearly that his elevation to the Senate would embarrass his party at the polls, and perhaps defeat it. His political sense told him it would be unwise for him to accept the appointment, yet there was the temptation before him in black and white. Not the least part of Bolton's temptation was a sincere ambition to give his talents (and he estimated them fairly and not in vanity) to his country. A fervid moment came to him. In this moment he felt the need of strong men on the right side of the battle for good government, and ambition glowed in his heart. An instant later reason smothered the flame. It was in a sane mood that Bolton rose to leave the office. Passing his desk, he noticed an unopened letter from the President of the Corn Belt road. Bolton stopped to read it. He found that it was an answer to a communication from

him about the senatorial situation as it had appeared to Bolton three days before. The president's letter urged Bolton to control the appointment at any hazard. The writer spoke of the prominence which the newspapers had been giving to the candidacy of John Gardiner. The president urged Bolton to watch that part of the situation carefully. The letter announced that there was a rumor in Chicago that Gardiner had been employed by the enemies of the Corn Belt, who were insisting upon the Government foreclosure of the road if the debt which the Government's mortgage stood for should not be paid. After admonishing Bolton not to be too sure that the Gardiner candidacy was a bubble—as Bolton had called it in a previous letter—the president of the Corn Belt continued: "Why should not Governor Rhodes appoint you? With you in the Senate, we should feel absolutely safe." The letter closed by saying that the president of the Corn Belt would inquire more closely into the rumors connecting Gardiner with the men who were insisting upon foreclosure, and that Bolton would receive advice by wire. When Bolton put down that letter he ceased to be a senatorial possibility. The president's inference that Bolton as Senator would be a Corn Belt attorney hurt him for a second; but when he recovered his poise, it was the attorney for the Corn Belt who shut down the top of the desk and hurried to the street. Bolton had bought a good many purchasable men, but he distinctly understood that he was not in the market himself.

As he hurried along, Bolton's mind turned to John Gardiner, the candidate who was leading the "anti-gang" faction in his party. He was known as the Truly Good. He did not establish headquarters in the Capitol; but among that indefinite minority known as the best people of the State there was a strong feeling that Gardiner would make an ideal Senator. Coupled with that was the restful certainty that Gardiner had no possible prospect of being appointed. This popular support of Gardiner crystallized into a petition in his behalf, signed by respectable persons whose names were never enrolled in the party conventions. More than that, there was a concert of powers among the newspapers of the better sort; and the concert

was for Gardiner in the most vehement double leads. In postscripts to half the business letters which reached the executive council were endorsements of Gardiner. Nevertheless, everyone conceded that no one with any influence was for him. Bolton knew of the unorganized sentiment for Gardiner. He had seen the petitions, he had read the newspapers, he knew of the postscripts to the letters, and he appreciated the strength and the weakness of the Gardiner sentiment. The Corn Belt attorney liked Gardiner. The two men belonged to the same town club, and they often sat before the grate-fire in the club reading-room making grotesque pictures for each other with the iniquity of political corruption for rhetorical pigment. The two men read the same books. They often went to New York together, where they enjoyed the same pictures and laughed at the same things in the theatres. Bolton knew that Gardiner thought because the papers were for him he had the best of the senatorial situation; he even knew in a vague way, without ever having asked for it explicitly, that Gardiner expected the Corn Belt attorney's help. But he felt that he could not rely on Gardiner to prevent the foreclosure of the Government mortgage on the Corn Belt road, even if it should transpire that Gardiner was not the attorney for the opposition.

Bolton came bustling into the Governor's office, took off his overcoat, and flung a "Hello, Charlie" to the Governor. The Governor looked up from a paper and said, "Well, Senator?"

Governor Rhodes was a tall, lank man with an actor's face, loose-skinned and wrinkled. He had sharp brown eyes, and the effect of his gray-streaked hair and mustache against his clean olive skin had produced an argument for his nomination. There was no contradicting the claim of the Rhodes men that he was a "good looker." He often stopped and puffed cigar-smoke between important words exasperatingly. Strangers thought he did it to show his pride in being Governor. Only his best friends and his most intimate enemies knew the other signs of his vanity.

"Lookie here, Charlie Rhodes," exclaimed Bolton, as he threw himself on the

lounge back of the Governor's desk, so that the Governor had to swing around to face him; "I don't want to go to the Senate. I'm running a law office."

The Governor smiled complacently, and replied, quietly: "All right, Harvey K.; but I'm going to send you there, law or no law."

"Well, I won't accept. I'm in earnest, Charlie. It's mighty good of you, but I don't want it. You must give it to Tom. There's no other way out of it."

The Governor lighted a cigar deliberately, shaking his head blandly as he flipped away the match.

"Why not?" asked Bolton, rising.

"Damn" (puff, puff) "scoundrel."

Bolton had not met this mood in Rhodes before. The attorney looked his man over, and lay back on the lounge. He decided to find what was moving in the gubernatorial mind. The Governor put his feet on his desk, puffed contentedly for awhile, and then ejaculated, over his shoulder:

"You or Gardiner!"

Bolton did not move. He was looking at Rhodes through little slits where his large bright eyes should have been. The Governor had braced himself for an uncomfortable session, so he called the meeting to order with:

"Politics too rotten in this State. People are tired of Tom Wharton's methods." The speaker did not like the silence that followed. He walked over to Bolton and said, querulously: "Harvey, why won't you take it?"

Bolton's half-closed, beady eyes were irritating the Governor's nerves. The silence deepened. Rhodes sat down and let his cigar go out. The pause lasted two minutes. Finally the Governor exclaimed: "Well?"

Then Bolton rose and said, with all the curl he could put on his closely cropped upper lip:

"I suppose you know what you are saying, Charlie Rhodes?"

"What's the matter, Harvey? What's wrong now?"

"Politics are rotten, are they? Well, when did you turn sky-pilot? Haven't you forgotten something? Who made you Governor? Where would you be now if Tom Wharton hadn't taken Corn Belt

money, and gone out and bought a lot of coyote counties in that convention? Hell's afire, and the calves are out, Charlie Rhodes, when you talk about rotten politics and Tom Wharton's methods."

The Governor grinned reminiscently. Bolton paced the floor of the office twice, and then came and stood directly in front of Rhodes, with the walnut table between them.

"Charlie Rhodes, I hate to believe you are a pup. I know you will take money from one side; but I did not think you were dishonest. I did not think you would take money from both sides. Who is putting up for Gardiner, anyway?"

The Governor flushed, then cleared his throat, and returned: "I wouldn't take that from anyone but you, sir." He added, in a natural voice, "Now, Harvey, talk sense. Keep your shirt on. What have you got against Gardiner? Come, sit down. Talk this over sensibly."

When Bolton had brought the affair to this stage, he sat down, drew his chair next to the Governor's, and began:

"I was a little rough, Charlie; but to see you about to make so many kinds of a fool of yourself made me hot. You know why we can't have Gardiner, Charlie. Who's for him? Look them over, and every mother's son of them is after you with a gun. Look at Moulton! He's wearing a Gardiner badge and circulating Gardiner petitions, and slashing your liver with a cheese-knife at every jump in the road. Look at the Reverend Michael Hogan—the old pie-face! He was in to see you to-day. What did he say?"

The Governor laughed. "Oh, he said he was placed where he had to promise Gardiner to come and see me; but he hoped I wouldn't think he was out of the race himself. He said if he wasn't appointed himself, he supposed I couldn't do better than Gardiner, but that I knew best."

"That's it, Charlie, that's it. That's your purification of politics. That's the outfit that's whooping it up for Gardiner. Do you know what that old fraud told Gardiner to-day? He said he had been up here, and had laid down on you, and had withdrawn from the race, and had demanded Gardiner's appointment on behalf of fifty thousand Republicans in his

Conference. He said you told him that his resignation cleared the air, and that you promised to appoint John Gardiner. There's your holier-than-thou crowd, Charlie Rhodes. I don't blame you for laughing. Now, honest Ingin, Charlie, are you going to desert us for that crowd?"

The Governor replied, peevishly: "Harvey, I can't appoint Tom. It would look like a deal. The papers would abuse us, and we'd be drummed out of the State. Don't you see I can't do it? I'd like to, but I can't."

The two men rose and walked to the window. Bolton's arm was on the Governor's shoulder. He laughed as he spoke. "Oh, Charlie, Charlie, I thought I explained all that the last time." He feigned impatience, and won a smile from Rhodes for his feigning.

"Charlie, how many times will I have to tell you that they can't hurt you. With Tom in the Senate and you here, all hell can't beat you. You know it; and if you put in Gardiner, what would he do? He'd be monkey-doodlin' around with some Chinese labor bill or some civil service twaddle, and his own county would instruct a delegation against you. The only fellows he would wake up to reward are your enemies. He'd give them sinews to strangle you. More than that, he would help them strangle all your friends."

At the close of the silence the Governor said to Bolton: "Give me a match!" Bolton lighted it for the Governor, who walked back to his chair, and sighed: "Oh, Lord, I wish I was out of it. What does a man ever want to be Governor for, anyway?" The last sentence came, punctuated with puffs. Bolton read this for a good sign. He was looking out of the window when he saw the Governor's wife across the great square of the State House grounds. He did not turn around, but asked, with apparent carelessness: "Where did you get that Gardiner idea, Charlie?"

"I don't know; he's a good man. Why?"

"Haven't promised anyone you'd appoint him, have you?" asked the attorney, with his eyes still following the woman's figure in the distance. A quick, unemphasized "No" was followed by a petulant, "Why are you so dead set on the appointment of Tom? His record is



The Governor looked up and said, "Well Senator?"—Page 719.

bad. How the papers would scream." Bolton laughed sympathetically, and said:

"Charlie, I didn't come here to abuse you. I came here with an idea. It's this: I don't want to go to the Senate. I don't care any more for Tom Wharton than you do—I mean personally. But I'm under obligations to him, and so are you; and what's more, I need him in my business. He is the only man I can trust in this Corn Belt foreclosure matter; it's only for two years anyway. Then it will be your time."

The Governor turned quickly to Bolton, saw the meaning of the words, and shook his head.

"Oh, yes, you can, Charlie; and I'll help you. To begin with, I'll get fifteen thousand dollars as a campaign fund, and we'll put a fellow in the central committee rooms whose business it will be to see that every man-jack running for the Legislature who gets any aid from the State com-

mittee is for you. Then you work your end of the business with the State Senators who hold over, and you can make it. I tell you, you've got an immortal cinch."

The Governor put his cigar on the desk edge, and asked: "How 'bout Tom?"

"I'll take care of him," replied the attorney.

"How?"

"Oh, lot's of ways. Pull the bribery business, if I have to. He is easy."

"But he's such a fraud, Harve. There's no use talking, I can't appoint him." At the end of the pause Rhodes continued: "I suppose I could count on Melling's help in the Senate, and Brewster would come back and lead the fight in the House?"

Bolton reeled out the line with a nod. Rhodes made for the bottom with: "We could at least send Tom back to Congress at the end of his term. That ought to be enough for him."

And Bolton began to wind in: "Yes.

down in his district they never go back on the old man."

The Governor puffed his cigar. The line tightened as he replied: "When you

The room was warm, but the warmth of the heated iron felt good to him. He stood with his hands behind him, thinking. He was planning rapidly, and fitting the

furniture of his fancy to the new prospect perhaps more rapidly than he planned for the realization of his hopes. His mind was absorbed in the riot of his ambitions, when his wife came in and startled him. Mrs. Rhodes was a woman of middle age, and no one ever hinted that the glow in her cheeks was anything but good health and good spirits. There was gray in her light fluffy hair, but no one noticed it; and even her enemies admitted that she carried her weight well. She associated herself with gowns of the simplest and most stylish cut, and her bonnets kept her gowns good company. There was a large grace about her tall, well-covered frame that made agile, catty women envy her. When she came into the office that winter day, Mrs. Rhodes brought the world in with her.

There was a brusque out-



"I hate to believe you are a pup."—Page 720.

break the news to old Tom, be sure and take along a shoe-spoon and some powdered chalk, or he won't be able to get his hat on." Bolton laughed heartily, and the two men rose.

And so it ended as Harvey K. Bolton desired it to end. The Governor followed the Corn Belt attorney to the door. Bolton said:

"That's all right, Charlie. It's on me. I thought you had given us the mitten. How'd I know you were fooling? I'll see Tom at supper and tell him. This is a mighty wise move, Charlie, and you'll not suffer by it." After a long grip from the gubernatorial hand, Bolton walked out into the crisp winter air.

The Governor went back to a hissing steam-coil, and held his thin hands over it.

of-doorsness about her, and a masterful strength in her quick step that was bracing. She broke in on her husband with: "Charlie Rhodes, if you ever send another worthless darkey out to cut wood because he can carry a precinct in Stringtown, I'll leave you. That creature you sent out this morning hasn't done a thing all day but feel of his back and grunt. I came down for my new bonnet; how do you like it?"

After an exchange of courtesies, Mrs. Rhodes asked: "Well, Charlie, tell me, did Harvey Bolton take it?"

The question brought the Governor up to his situation abruptly. He had hoped to approach it from his own path, leading his wife in his own good time over the ground, carefully picking out the advantageous

avenues for her to traverse toward an agreement with him. A man in the ecstasy of a newly organized plan or of a freshly rooted hope, dislikes to return to the bald earth upon which the plan rises or in which the hope grows. No man enjoys rebuilding the temple of his plan, or regenerating his hope for another's satisfaction. So Governor Rhodes did what most men do who take their wives into their lives at all—he rushed into the middle of the affair, and tried to drag Mrs. Rhodes with him to his view of the outlook by an almost endless chain of words. When they were seated—the man on the lounge, and his wife in a stuffy, slippery, leather chair—Rhodes was saying :

“Of course, everything is uncertain in politics. But this is as sure as anything can be. Bolton can get the money, and we've known him too long to question his fidelity. Tom Wharton is pretty bad, Lizzie, I know ; but Melling would be for me. I can make Rawlins a railroad commissioner, and get him. Wharton won't fight me. How would you like to be Mrs. Senator Rhodes, anyway? ”

Mrs. Rhodes sat looking at a great mirror above a mantel, across the room. She replied, absently, “It looks all right, Charlie ; give me time to think.” And her husband began again :

“Why, it's a good scheme. Wharton feels that I ought to do something for him. He helped me. We'll be out of debt when we leave here. We can afford it. Why don't you like it, Lizzie? ”

“Why, I do like it,” replied Mrs. Rhodes, in a preoccupied manner.

Her husband went over the proposition again from a different stand-point. He did not know that he was trying to rush an endorsement of his promise from his wife before she had time to consider the matter. The sense of guilt was not defined in his heart. Some subconsciousness must have known the truth, and it must have been clamoring for an approval to use in rebuttal in debates to come. Rhodes finished with the words : “Now, I don't see why that isn't a mighty good arrangement. I thought it was, or I never would have——” He honestly intended to say “consented to it,” but his mouth said, “proposed it.”





Read the words on the white slip and knit his brows.—Page 728

A ghost of some answer danced past Mrs. Rhodes's face and twitched her forehead, but she did not speak. She rose and measured the room three times, walking. In the fourth lap the Governor asked, "Well?" His wife stood still and faced him with: "Charlie, it won't do. Don't you see it won't do? If Harvey K. Bolton wouldn't take the place himself, and yet would give \$15,000 of Corn Belt money to keep Gardiner out, there must be something disreputable for Tom Wharton to do when he gets there."

Mrs. Rhodes grew suddenly pale. The thought that came to her leaped to her lips: "Charlie, don't you see they're trying to sugar-coat a bribe? My! what a conscienceless rascal that Bolton is!"

Mrs. Rhodes sat down by her husband, and the two looked into space for a moment—she with her chin in her hand, he with his fingers clasped back of his head. The woman found her voice first:

"Well, now, this is a pretty kettle of fish. Have you promised him—Bolton?"

"Yes," laughed her husband, ruefully: "that's the trouble."

"Well then, Charlie, you keep it. I'd rather see a regiment of Tom Whartons in the Senate—than that." Mrs. Rhodes added the last phrase after hunting for her words: for she was a careful woman, and loved her husband well.

The Governor went to his desk, and going said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get him to release me."

"Do you suppose you can, Charlie? I hope you can. This is a really great opportunity for you. It doesn't come to a man often to serve the people by putting a clean, smart, bright man like Gardiner in the Senate." While Mrs. Rhodes was speaking her husband reached for the telephone transmitter. After the preliminaries of the telephonic conversation were concluded, she heard her husband say:

"That you, Harve? This is Rhodes."

Mrs. Rhodes did not like the familiarity after what had occurred, but the monologue went on.

"Yes." A hollow laugh followed—the kind of laugh that has become a part of civilized expression with the telephone. A

laugh—palpably, intentionally funny—preceded the words:

“Say, Harve, you haven’t said anything to him, have you?”

Another risible demonstration followed. Then:

“All right. Yes, yes. Well, say, don’t tell anyone about it till to-morrow.”

Mrs. Rhodes wondered what was coming on the wire. Her husband answered:

“Oh, no, not exactly; but I want to talk it over again. Nothing serious.”

Another laugh was rasped off, and with, “Yes. All right. That’s all. Good-by.”

The Governor put up the receiver, and his wife asked: “Now, how are you going about it, Charlie?”

“Oh, heavens! I don’t know, Lizzie; but I’ll fix it some way.”

As Mrs. Rhodes went down the stone steps of the Capitol, a resolve began to form itself in her mind. It was a nebulous resolve, and the sharp winter air in her face almost blew it away. When she turned into the main thoroughfare of the town, the panorama of the street filled the foreground of her thought, and crowded into the shadow her half-formed intention to help her husband in his predicament; for in the faces that passed by her Mrs. Rhodes had much delight. She looked at the bonnets and the gowns of the women, and she read strange stories in the eyes of the passers-by. She could see all the details of the tragedy in a made-over gown on a last year’s bride. The sacrifice of a mother in a black straw hat and a shawl for a spendthrift son reached Mrs. Rhodes’s heart. She had known the common privations that often come in the course of things to the average American home, and little makeshifts of dress on those about her painted for the Governor’s wife the home-life of the wearer. As a politician passed her, she classified him among the sheep or the goats according to the support or the trouble that he gave her husband. Occasionally there passed some office-seeker whose obsequiousness vexed her. The resolution that hovered about her as she came down the Capitol steps had almost dissolved into thin air, when a woman in noisy silks, an aggressive sealskin cloak, and pronounced diamond earrings flashed by Mrs. Rhodes with a gracious bow. The Governor’s wife

returned the salutation pleasantly enough, and mechanically remembered that three months before this woman had come to the Capitol wearing a green beaver jacket and a hat in its third season. Her husband was a State Senator from Hancock County, and Mrs. Rhodes wondered rather idly how a woman could flaunt the signs of her husband’s dishonor so openly. The Governor’s wife was reflecting gratefully that she would take in washing before she would allow her husband to barter his official acts; then a sharp anguish gripped her throat. It struck Mrs. Rhodes with a flash of anger that she could not pity the State Senator’s wife unless she stopped the appointment of Tom Wharton. Then it was that the nebulous resolve froze into a deed, and the heels of the Governor’s wife clicked on the pavement with a vim that would have told one who knew her well that she was bent upon a definite mission. Her increasing speed was the only outward and visible sign of her inward and boiling temper. The bland face and the kindly smile that greeted her acquaintances would have deceived the casual observer. Mrs. Rhodes realized that she was about to do an unusual thing. She did not shrink from the visit to Bolton’s office. Every week when he was in town the Corn Belt attorney was at the Rhodes home. Mrs. Rhodes knew him—as she had often told her husband—from cover to cover. She had heard the gossip about his work with legislators, but as she believed in his ends she despised the men whose cupidity made Bolton’s means necessary. She was tempted to turn back at Bolton’s door. She had an instinctive repugnance for any sort of interference in her husband’s affairs. Not more than three men knew how much influence she had in administrative councils. One of these three men was Bolton. But in spite of the fact that she knew of his knowledge of her place in the executive cabinet, Mrs. Rhodes hesitated before intruding even in a good cause. But she brushed aside her scruples on the threshold; and the next moment Harvey K. Bolton, who had walked out of the Governor’s office rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, who loved a victory for its own sake and did not look at the superscription of the coin that brought the victory, heard a voice that

made him weak for an instant and sick. He was dictating a letter when the voice first came to him. It was sweet and gentle, with not a tremor in it, not a sliver on its timbre. "Is Mr. Bolton in?"

"Yes," the clerk answered.

A second later Bolton heard the rustle of skirts, and Mrs. Rhodes spoke in the ante-room for him to hear:

"Well, Mr. Bolton, is this your busy day?"

Bolton rose to greet her. "Why, Mrs. Rhodes, I'm glad to see you. Come right in."

Mrs. Rhodes did not seem out of breath nor flurried. She waited until the stenographer had left the room, and then drawled, as she leaned forward with her elbows on the forearms of the chair:

"Tom Wharton!"

There was the caloric fury of a woman's scorn in her voice, properly cooled by a sense of humor which kept the situation out of caricature. Bolton laughed with his guest, and then began to spar for position.

"What's the matter with Tom?" inquired Bolton, fumbling with a paper-knife and crossing his feet. "There are worse fellows to have for a friend than Tom," he added.

He had been looking at the trinket in his hand until he finished the sentence; then he glanced furtively at Mrs. Rhodes to see how she would take the last of it. Mrs. Rhodes parried it with a good-natured smile.

"But there is a difference between a friend in politics and a Senator from your State."

Bolton answered: "Take it as a rule, the fellows in politics are better than the men in office. There has been a scandalous lot of old brigands among the official representatives of these Western States. It has always been that way. Back in the seventies a kind of wagon-painter dropped into Topeka, and got a contract to paint pictures of all the Governors of the State in the Senate chamber. He finished the job before the Legislature adjourned, and some patron of the arts presented a resolution authorizing the wagon-painter to paint portraits of Jim Lane—Senator Lane who killed himself, you'll remember—and old John Brown. When

the resolution came before the State Senate, an old codger from Osborn County, who hadn't opened his head during the session, except to throw hot, rebellious liquor into his blood, rose and said——"

In recounting this story Bolton pantomimed it. He was doing his best to kill time, in the vain hope that some distracting circumstance might turn the discussion from what he knew to be the object of Mrs. Rhodes's visit. Bolton continued his story: "I d'sire to offer this amendment: Resolved, that when th' artist paints the portraits of these two great Kansis statesmen—these two em'nent Kansins, whose lives are so typical of our b'loved State—b'loved State—that th' artist is requested to lab'l the pictures so that fusure gen'rations may know whish gloris son of Kansis was hung, and which committed suicide."

When the laugh subsided, Bolton added: "As it was in the beginning, so it shall be ever after, Mrs. Rhodes. Tom Wharton isn't so bad when you think of him in comparison with other Western Senators."

Mrs. Rhodes was not quite ready for the fray, so she skirmished: "Well, that's not the question. Compare him with Gardiner. Gardiner's a fine fellow—a man of brains and honor. What this State needs is that sort of a representative, a man of moral courage—a man like you, for instance." She put the full stop of half a dozen merry dimples at the end of her sentence, and her eyes danced. Bolton laughed with her, and Mrs. Rhodes resumed, "Now, sir, what are you and Charlie going to sacrifice your trump on a two-spot for? You owe a duty—now that's the truth, Harvey Bolton—you owe a duty to the people—you, just as surely as Charlie—to put a strong man in the Senate from this State, a man like Gardiner."

Bolton put his hands in his pocket, and jingled his keys as he paced the rug. He was irritated, but was too wise to show it. He turned to the Governor's wife, and chuckled as he stood in front of her chair. "So it's Gardiner, is it?" he asked. Then he spent a few seconds in effervescent fancy, and finally popped out, in a fizz of merriment. "Now honestly, Mrs. Rhodes, don't you think Tom Wharton in Washington would reflect as much credit

on this State as Mrs. Gardiner in her red hat and her heliotrope satin dress?"

Mrs. Rhodes might have laughed herself into a surrender, but she stopped laughing to reply, meditatively: "Why do you suppose the wives of good men and great will insist on red velvet in their hats after they begin to wear vermilion rubber in their teeth?"

It was Bolton's move, and he had gained nothing by his manoeuvre. He answered, on a venture: "Well, now, Mrs. Rhodes, what's the matter with Tom? He has a machine. What of it? He got it by telling the truth. He is in politics as a business. What of that? He doesn't sell out his friends. He is a bulldozer; but that's merely a method. He will take advice. He doesn't pretend to know it all."

Mrs. Rhodes saw her advantage. "That is all true; but why are you so anxious for Wharton just now, and why do you want to spend fifteen thousand dollars to put him in the Senate?"

Bolton grew grave. He replied, soberly: "You are wrong there, Mrs. Rhodes; that was to help Charlie."

Bolton saw that the fencing was over. The little muscles at the corners of Mrs. Rhodes's mouth quivered an instant, then set. Her eyes lost their softness. She faced the attorney and spoke carefully, in a low voice: "Mr. Bolton, that offer was cruel of you—cruel and ungrateful. I have always thought you held Charlie and me in too high esteem for that. You know how much the Senate would mean to Charlie and to me also. Have we not been too good friends with you for you to class us with the others—the cattle you buy? Did you think the Senate was about our size?"

Bolton's features did not move while she spoke. She could not tell whether his face wore a sneer, or whether it was curious attention that fixed his frank, clear, blue eyes upon her and kept him still. He did not reply, so she continued: "Don't think I'm meddling. You and Charlie can do as you please. You men pretend to be for clean politics. I have heard you talk about corruption and its dangers; yet here you are, at your best opportunity, giving the lie to your sentiments, and putting up a disgraceful deal to elevate the sort of

men you deplore. If you go ahead with this deal, you put yourself on a level with that kind of men."

Mrs. Rhodes watched for some change in Bolton's face; but the eyes still met her eyes fearlessly. She did not notice, however, that Bolton's mouth was farther apart than it was when she turned the conversation into a monologue. Bolton's right-hand fingers were drumming on the desk beside him, and Mrs. Rhodes did not notice how vigorously they hit the oak. She could not see that the other hand was rapidly putting a key on and off a ring in his trousers' pocket. When the right hand rested Mrs. Rhodes saw only the unblinking eyes gazing toward her—fathomless.

She paused, but only for a moment. She proceeded: "I don't think you understand the meaning of what you've offered to Charlie—your friend—and I'm sure he doesn't. I tell you, Harvey Bolton, it hurts to have you do what you've done—to try to stain the honor of a friend. It cuts deep to find that you are so morally dead that you would thoughtlessly put me beside that woman from Hancock County with her sealskins and diamonds—you know, Senator Wilton's wife. It hurts worse to know you did this thoughtlessly than to feel that you did it with malicious knowledge."

Bolton sighed. His features displayed no sign of the meaning of the muscular act. Mrs. Rhodes settled back in her chair. Her ruddy face had grown white, and she asked, sharply:

"How much better am I, if my husband trades off his State's good name for his own advancement than that poor creature whose husband made the Corn Belt stand and deliver sealskins and diamonds for his vote against that absurd maximum rate bill."

Bolton was about to speak when a messenger-boy with a telegram came into the room. Mrs. Rhodes walked to the window, and watched the clerks and office people scurrying homeward through the approaching twilight. She could not see Bolton flush almost purple. She could not see his steady eyes blink, nor could she see him moisten his lips with his tongue. She did not see the attorney shut his eyes tightly, brush his hand across them, after

he read the telegram. Bolton saw on the paper before him, over the signature of the president of the Corn Belt road, this message :

"That appointment must be prevented. I have just learned certainly that it will hurt our interests. Take any one but him as a compromise." Bolton folded the telegram up, and kept folding and unfolding it, as Mrs. Rhodes from her station by the window took up her monologue :

"And yet, Mr. Bolton, when the test comes, you would dishonor us all. You would bribe your best friend to do something you will not go to the Senate and do yourself. I don't know what it is."

Bolton's unchanging expression made Mrs. Rhodes nervous. In her normal mind, she would have found a hopeful sign in the fact that Bolton kept creasing the telegram. When Mrs. Rhodes paused, he turned to his desk and wrote a few words. While his back was toward her the woman said :

"I'm not here asking you to release Charlie from his promise. That is between you and him. What I want is that you shall see what you have done just as it is, and have no false lights to deceive you."

In the pause Governor Rhodes entered the room. Bolton, who turned quickly from his desk at the sound of a footfall, regained self-possession in an instant, and handed the message he had been creasing to Mrs. Rhodes ; and the white slip of paper, upon which he had been writing his answer, he passed to the Governor. Rhodes read the words on the white slip and knit his brows, staring from his wife to Bolton when he had finished reading. Mrs. Rhodes looked up, flushed with the first anger that escaped her control, and said, as she handed the creased, crumpled telegram from the president of the Corn Belt Railroad back to Bolton :

"That means Gardiner, I suppose."

Bolton nodded, and indicated with his eyes that the Governor should hand the white paper slip in his hand to his wife. Bolton's face did not flinch as she read aloud the street address of the president of the Corn Belt and Bolton's answer which followed :

"Your wishes cannot be fulfilled. Gardiner has already been appointed."

Mrs. Rhodes leaned back in her chair and said, half in a sigh and half in a smile : "Well, Harvey K. Bolton, your fortune is not in politics ; it's in cards. What a face for poker !" And that was all the thanks that the attorney for the Corn Belt received.

Bolton sat down and laughed quietly. Then he said to the Governor, who was just grasping the situation.

"Well, Charlie Rhodes, your wife's fortune isn't in cards ; it's in politics."

And yet in after days, when Harvey Bolton recalled the light in Mrs. Rhodes's liquid gray eyes, as she looked up from his answer to the Corn Belt president's telegram, he could not for the life of him settle in his mind whether that light came from a twinkle or a tear ; and being a man of some pride in his discernment, he would give a decent sum to any charity if he could be sure that it was not a twinkle.

And now that the facts are recorded, it may be just as well to know the history of this transaction which the world accepts. Every one concedes that history is written by the newspapers, and here is what the *Morning State Times* printed about the matter in hand. The thrilling leader in the *Times* ran thus :

"A VICTORY FOR THE PEOPLE.

"The appointment of John Gardiner as junior Senator from this State by Governor Rhodes last night is a magnificent example of the power of public opinion. It was clearly a victory for the people. Ring rule was rebuked. The star chamber had no part in the choice. The Governor's ear bent to the prairie grass, and he heard the voice of the masses demanding this appointment. Heretofore the *Times* has had little to commend in the Rhodes administration ; but we take this public opportunity to say that, in repulsing the whispering fixers and old hangers-on who have disgraced the State House by their presence, Governor Rhodes has spread a thick mantle over his multitude of sins. For once he has obeyed his constituents. This was indeed and in truth a victory for the people."

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

DAVOS: 1880-1882



IN the interval between the two Riviera winters, 1873-74 and 1883-84, there were three regions, as I have said, apart from his native Edinburgh, which Stevenson most frequented, and which in his friends' minds are especially associated with his memory. These are the forest of Fontainebleau, the California coast, and the mountain health-station of Davos in the Grisons Alps. The correspondence of the Fontainebleau period was too meagre to yield material for a separate paper; that from California furnished the subject of our last; we now come to Davos. Returning with his wife and young stepson from California in the August of 1880, Stevenson had been joined by his parents at Liverpool, and thence the whole party had gone to make a stay in Scotland, first at Edinburgh, and afterwards for a few weeks at the Highland health resorts of Blair Athol and Strathpeffer. Here it soon became apparent that the state of his health was very threatening. He suffered from acute chronic catarrh, accompanied by disquieting lung symptoms and great weakness, and was told accordingly that he must go for the winter, and probably for several succeeding winters, to the mountain valley of Davos, which within the last few years had been coming into repute as a place of recovery, or at least of arrested mischief, for lung patients. Hither he and his wife and stepson came accordingly at the end of October; nor must another member of the party be forgotten, a black thoroughbred Skye terrier, the gift of Sir Walter Simpson (Stevenson's companion on the Inland Voyage). This creature was named after his giver Walter—a name subsequently corrupted into Wattie, Woggie, Wogg, Woggins, Bogue, and a number of other affectionate diminutives. He was a remarkably pretty, engaging, excitable, capricious little specimen of his race, the occasion of infinite anxiety and laughing care to his devoted master and mistress until his death six years later.

The Davos of 1880, approached by an eight hours' laborious drive up the valley of the Prättigau, consisted of one group of German hotels near the centre of the old Swiss village, with another smaller and more scattered group of English hotels situated at a little distance beside the open road, and was a very different place from the vastly extended and embellished Davos of to-day, which to some readers of this magazine is doubtless familiar, with its railway, its modern shops, its electric lighting, and its crowd of winter visitors bent on outdoor and indoor entertainment. The Stevensons' quarters for the first winter were at the Hotel Belvedere, then a mere nucleus of the huge establishment it has since become. Besides the usual society of an invalid hotel, with its mingled tragedies and comedies, they had there the great advantage of the presence, in a neighboring house, of a brilliant man of letters and one of the most charming of companions, John Addington Symonds, with his family. Mr. Symonds, whose health had been desperate before he tried the place, was a living testimony to its virtues, and was at this time engaged in building the chalet which became his home until he died fifteen years later. During Stevenson's first season at Davos, though his mind was full of literary enterprises, he was too ill to do much actual work. Leaving the Alps at the approach of Spring, 1881, he returned, after a short stay near Paris, to his family in Edinburgh. Thence the whole party again went to the Highlands, this time to Pitlochry and Braemar. Here for awhile Stevenson was able to work well, among other things making a start while at Braemar upon the book which was his first popular success, "Treasure Island." But one of the most in-

clement of Scottish summers had before long undone all the good gained in the previous winter at Davos; and in the autumn of the year he repaired thither again. This time his quarters were at a small chalet, the Chalet am Stein, in the near neighborhood of the Symonds' house. The beginning of his second stay was darkened by the serious illness of his wife; nevertheless the winter was one of much greater literary activity than the last. "Treasure Island" was finished; the greater part of the "Silverado Squatters" written; so were the Essays on "Talk and Talkers," "A Gossip on Romance," and several other of his best papers for magazines; while by way of whim and pastime he occupied himself, to his own and his stepson's delight, with the little sets of woodcuts and verses printed by the latter at his toy press—"The Davos Press" as they called it—as well as with mimic campaigns carried on between the man and boy with armies of lead soldiers, as narrated in this magazine for last December. Moreover, for the first and almost the only time in his life, there awoke in him during this second spring in Davos the spirit of lampoon, and he poured forth sets of verses, not without touches of a Swifteen fire, against commercial frauds in general, and those of certain local tradesmen who he thought had cheated him in particular; as well as others in memory of a defunct publican of Edinburgh who had been one of his butts in youth. Finally, much revived in health by the beneficent air of the Alpine valley, he left it again in midspring, to return once more to Scotland, and to be once more thrown back to, or below, the point where he had started. But he had himself felt deeply the austerity and monotony of the white Alpine world in winter; and though he had unquestionably gained in health there, his wife had on her part suffered much. Accordingly his next choice of health resorts was in the South, and Davos knew him no more.

I print at the head of his first winter's letters from the Alps some verses from one in rhyme, which he addressed by way of thanks to a Cambridge friend, Mr. A. G. Dew-Smith, who had sent him a present of a box of cigarettes. It gives his first general impressions of the place, some of which he presently found cause to modify; and is very characteristic in its comments on the tame behaviour of the valley stream, the Landwasser, at this part of its course.

Figure me to yourself, I pray—
 A man of my peculiar cut—
 Apart from all the wise and gay,
 Into an Alpine valley shut;
 Shut in a kind of damned Hotel
 Discountenanced by God and man;
 The food?—Sir, you would do as well
 To cram your belly full of bran.
 The company? Alas, the day
 That I should dwell with such a crew,
 With devil anything to say,
 Nor anyone to say it to!
 The place? Although they call it Platz.
 I will be bold and state my view;
 It's not a place at all—and that's
 The bottom verity, my Dew.
 There are, as I will not deny,
 Innumerable inns; a road;
 Several Alps indifferent high;
 The snow's inviolable abode;
 Eleven English parsons, all
 Entirely inoffensive; four

True human beings—what I call
 Human—the deuce a cipher more;
 A climate of surprising worth;
 Innumerable dogs that bark;
 Some air, some weather, and some earth;
 A native race—God save the mark!—
 A race that works, yet cannot work,
 Yodels, but cannot yodel right,
 Such as, unhelp'd, with rusty dirk,
 I vow that I could wholly smite.
 A river that from morn to night
 Down all the valley plays the fool;
 Not once she pauses in her flight,
 Nor knows the comfort of a pool;
 But still keeps up, by straight or bend,
 The self-same pace she hath begun—
 Still hurry, hurry, to the end—
 Good God, is that the way to run?
 If I a river were, I hope
 That I should better realize
 The opportunities and scope
 Of that romantic enterprise.

I should not ape the merely strange,
But aim besides at the divine ;
And continuity and change
I still should labor to combine.

Here should I gallop down the race,
Here charge the sterling like a bull ;
There, as a man might wipe his face,
Lie, pleased and panting, in a pool.

But what, my Dew, in idle mood,
What prate I, minding not my debt ?
What do I talk of bad or good ?
The best is still a cigarette.

Me whether evil fate assault
Or smiling providences crown—
Whether on high the eternal vault
Be blue, or crash with thunder down—

I judge the best, whate'er befall,
Is still to sit on one's behind,
And, having duly moistened all,
Smoke with an unperturbèd mind.
R. L. S.

[The two following letters are addressed to Mr. Gosse, and contain suggestions as to a volume of selected English odes which that gentleman was about to edit (published by Kegan Paul in 1881)] :

HOTEL BELVEDERE, DAVOS-PLATZ,
December 6, 1880.

MY DEAR WEG,—I have many letters that I ought to write in preference to this ; but a duty to letters and to Weg prevails over any private consideration. You are going to collect odes ; I could not wish a better man to do so ; but I tremble lest you should commit two sins of omission. You will not, I am sure, be so far left to yourself as to give us no more of Dryden than the hackneyed St. Cecilia ; I know you will give us some others of those surprising masterpieces where there is more sustained eloquence and harmony of English numbers than in all that has been written since ; there is a machine about a poetical young lady and another about either Charles or James, I know not which ; and they are both indescribably fine. (Is Marvell's Horatian Ode good enough ? I half think so.) But my great point is a fear that you are one of those who are unjust to our old Tenny-

son's Duke of Wellington. I have just been talking it over with Symonds, and we agreed that whether for its metrical effects, for its brief, plain, stirring words of portraiture, as—he "that never lost an English gun," or—the soldier salute or for the heroic apostrophe to Nelson, that ode has never been surpassed in any tongue or time. Grant me the Duke, O Weg ! I suppose you must not put in yours about the war-ship ; you will have to admit worse ones, however—Ever yours,
R. L. S.

DAVOS, December 19, 1880

This letter is a report of a long sederunt, also steterunt in small committee at Davos-Platz, December 15, 1880. Its results are unhesitatingly shot at your head.

MY DEAR WEG,—We both insist on the Duke of Wellington. Really it cannot be left out. Symonds said you would cover yourself with shame, and I add, your friends with confusion, if you leave it out. Really, you know it is the only thing you have, since Dryden, where that irregular odic, odal, odous (?) verse is used with mastery and sense. And it's one of our few English blood-boilers.

(2) Byron : if anything, *Prometheus*.

(3) Shelley (1), *The world's great age* from Hellas we are both death on. After that you have, of course, *The West Wind* thing. But we think one would maybe be enough ; no more than two any way.

(4) Herrick. *Meddowes* and *Come, my Corinna*. After that *Mr. Wickes* : two any way.

(5) Leave out stanza 3rd of Congreve's thing like a dear ; we can't stand the "sigh" nor the "peruke."

(6) Milton. *Time* and the *Solemn Music*. We both agree we would rather go without *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* than these ; for the reason that these are not so well known to the brutish herd.

(7) Is the *Royal George* an ode or only an elegy ? It's so good.

(8) We leave Campbell to you.

(9) If you take anything from Clough, but we don't either of us fancy you will, let it be *Come back*.

(10) Quite right about Dryden. I had a hankering after *Threnium Augustalis* ;

but I find it long and with very prosaic holes: though, O! what fine stuff between whiles.

(11) Right with Collins.

(12) Right about Pope's Ode. But what can you give? *The Dying Christian*? or one of his inimitable courtesies? These last are fairly odes, by the Horatian model, just as my dear *Meddowes* is an ode in the name and for the sake of Bandusia.

(13) Whatever you do you'll give us the Greek Vase.

(13) Do you like Jonson's "loathed stage?" Verses 2, 3, and 4 are so bad, also the last line. But there is a fine movement and feeling in the rest.

We will have the Duke of Wellington by God. Pro Symonds and Stevenson.

R. L. S.

[The three next letters refer principally to a project of a social history of the Highlands in the eighteenth century. Stevenson's early interest in this subject had been strongly reawakened, since his return from the States, by conversations at Strathpeffer with Principal Tulloch, the well-known head of St. Andrew's University, who had urged him to take it up in earnest. The scheme had the full sympathy of his father, who during this winter supplied him liberally from home with books and authorities for the purpose.]

DAVOS, December 12th, 1880.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Here is the scheme as well as I can foresee. I begin the book immediately after the '15, as then began the attempt to suppress the Highlands.

I. THIRTY YEARS' INTERVAL.

- (1) Rob Roy.
- (2) The Independent Companies: the Watches.
- (3) Story of Lady Grange.
- (4) The Military Rords and Disarmament: Wade; and
- (5) Burt.

II. THE HEROIC AGE.

- (1) Duncan Forbes of Culloden.
- (2) Flora Macdonald.
- (3) The Forfeited Estates; including Hereditary Jurisdictions; and the admirable conduct of the tenants.

III. LITERATURE HERE INTERVENES.

- (1) The Ossianic Controversy.
- (2) Boswell and Johnson.
- (3) Mrs. Grant of Laggan.

IV. ECONOMY.

Highland Economics.

The Reinstatement of the Proprietors.

The Evictions.

Emigration.

Present State.

V. RELIGION.

The Catholics, Episcopal, and Kirk, and Soc. Prop. Christ. Knowledge.

The Men.

The Disruption.

All this, of course, will greatly change in form, scope, and order; this is just a bird's-eye glance. Thank you for *Burt*, which came, and for your Union notes. I have read one-half (about 900 pages) of Wodrow's *Correspondence*, with some improvement, but great fatigue. The Doctor thinks well of my recovery, which puts me in good hope for the future. I should certainly be able to make a fine history of this.

My Essays are going through the press, and should be out in January or February.—Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. S.

December 21st, 1880. DAVOS.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,—I do not understand these reproaches. The letters come between seven and nine in the evening; and every one about the books was answered that same night, and the answers left Davos by seven o'clock next morning. Perhaps the snow delayed them; if so, 'tis a good hint to you not to be uneasy at apparent silences. There is no hurry about my father's notes; I shall not be writing anything till I get home again, I believe. Only, I want to be able to keep reading *ad hoc* all winter, as it seems about all I shall be fit for. About John Brown [author of *Rab and his Friends*], I have been breaking my heart to finish a Scotch poem to him. Some of it is not really bad, but the rest will not come, and I mean to get it right before I do anything else.

The bazaar is over, £160 gained, and everybody's health lost; Fanny was in bed



General View of Davos.

with neuralgia in her eye the last day; altogether I never had a more uncomfortable time; apply to her for further details of the discomfort.

We have our Wogg in somewhat better trim now, and vastly better spirits. The weather has been bad—for Davos, but indeed it is a wonderful climate. It never feels cold; yesterday, with a little chill, small, northerly draught, for the first time, it was pinching. Usually, it may freeze, or snow, or do what it pleases, you feel it not, or hardly any.

Thanks for your notes; that fishery question will come in, as you notice in the Highland Book, as well as under the Union; it is very important. I hear no word of Hugh Miller's *Evictions*; I count on that. What you say about the old and new Statistical is odd. It seems to me very much as if I were gingerly embarking on a *History of Modern Scotland*. Probably Tulloch will never carry it out. And, you see, once I have studied and written these two volumes, *The Transformation of the Scottish Highlands* and *Scotland and the Union*, I shall have a good ground to go upon. The effect on my mind of what I have read has been to awaken a livelier sympathy for the Irish; although they never had the re-

markable virtues, I fear they have suffered many of the injustices of the Scottish Highlanders. Ruedi has seen me this morning; he says the disease is at a standstill, and I am to profit by it to take more exercise. Altogether he seemed quite hopeful and pleased.—I am your ever affectionate son,

R. L. S.

DAVOS, Christmas, 1881

MY DEAR COLVIN,—Thanks for yours; I waited as I said I would. I now expect no answer from you, regarding you as a mere dumb cock-shy, or a target, at which we fire our arrows diligently all day long, with no anticipation it will bring them back to us. We are both sadly mortified you are not coming; but health comes first; alas, that man should be so crazy; what fun we could have, if we were all well, what work we could do, what a happy place we could make it for each other. If I were able to do what I want; but then I am not, and may leave that vein.

No. I do not think I shall require to know the Gaelic; few things are written in that language, or ever were; if you come to that, the number of those who could write or even read it, though almost all my period, must, by all accounts, have

been incredibly small. Of course, until the book is done, I must live as much as possible in the Highlands, and that suits my book as to health. It is a most interesting and sad story, and from the '45 it is all to be written for the first time. This of course will cause me a far greater difficulty about authorities; but I have already learnt much, and where to look for more. One pleasant feature is the vast number of delightful writers I shall have to deal with: Burt, Johnson, Boswell, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Scott. There will be interesting sections on the Ossianic controversy and the growth of the taste for Highland scenery. I have to touch upon Rob Roy, Flora Macdonald, the strange story of Lady Grange, the beautiful story of the tenants on the Forfeited Estates, and the odd, inhuman problem of the great evictions. The religious conditions are wild, unknown, very surprising. And three out of my five parts remain hitherto entirely unwritten. Smack!—

Yours ever,

R. L. S.

DAVOS, December 26, 1880.

CHRISTMAS SERMON.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I was very tired yesterday and could not write; tobogganed so furiously all morning; we had a delightful day, crowned by an incredible dinner—more courses than I have fingers on my hands. Your letter arrived duly at night, and I thank you for it as I should. You need not suppose I am at all insensible to my father's extraordinary kindness about this book; he is a brick; I vote for him freely.

The assurance you speak of is what we all ought to have, and might have, and should not consent to live without. That people do not have it more than they do is, I believe, because persons speak so much in large—drawn, theological similitudes, and won't say out what they mean about life, and man, and God, in fair and square human language. I wonder if you or my father ever thought of the obscurities that lie upon human duty from the negative form in which the Ten Commandments are stated, or of how Christ was so continually substituting affirmations. "Thou shalt not" is but an example;

"Thou shalt" is the law of God. It was this that seems meant in the phrase that "not one jot nor tittle of the law should pass." But what led me to the remark is this: A kind of black, angry look goes with that statement of the law of negatives. "To love one's neighbour as oneself" is certainly much harder, but states life so much more actively, gladly, and kindly, that you can begin to see some pleasure in it, and till you can see pleasure in these hard choices and bitter necessities, where is there any Good News to men? It is much more important to do right than not to do wrong; further, the one is possible, the other has always been and will ever be impossible; and the faithful *design to do right* is accepted by God; that seems to me to be the Gospel, and that was how Christ delivered us from the law. After people are told that surely they might hear more encouraging sermons. To blow the trumpet for good would seem the Parson's business; and since it is not in our own strength, but by faith and perseverance (no account made of slips), that we are to run the race, I do not see where they get the material for their gloomy discourses. Faith is not to believe the Bible, but to believe in God; if you believe in God (or, for it's the same thing, have that assurance you speak about), where is there any more room for terror? There are only three possible attitudes,—Optimism, which has gone to smash; Pessimism, which is on the rising hand and very popular with many clergymen who seem to think they are Christians. And this Faith, which is the Gospel. Once you hold the last, it is your business (1) to find out what is right in any given case and (2) to try to do it; if you fail in the last, that is by commission, Christ tells you to hope; if you fail in the first, that is by omission, his picture of the last day gives you but a black look out. The whole necessary morality is kindness; and it should spring, of itself, from the one fundamental doctrine, Faith. If you are sure that God, in the long run, means kindness by you, you should be happy; and if happy, surely you should be kind.

I beg your pardon for this long discourse; it is not all right, of course, but I am sure there is something in it. One thing I have not got clearly; that about the omission and the commission; but



The Old Church of Davos.

there is truth somewhere about it, and I have no time to clear it just now. Do you know, you have had about a Cornhill page of sermon? It is, however, true.

Lloyd heard with dismay Fanny was not going to give me a present; so F. and I had to go and buy things for ourselves and go through a representation of surprise when they were presented next morning. It gave us both quite a Santa Claus feeling on Xmas eve to see him so excited and hopeful; I enjoyed it hugely.

Your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[I did go out to my friend after all in January; found him apparently little improved in health, and depressed by a sad turn of destiny which had brought out to the same place, at the same time, his old friend of Suffolk and Edinburgh days to watch beside the deathbed of her son. The following letter refers to a copy of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* which I had sent out to him some time after I came back to England.]

DAVOS, March, 1884.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—My health is not just what it should be; I have lost weight,



Chalet am Stein, Davos-Platz, in 1881-82.

pulse, respiration, etc. and gained nothing in the way of my old bellows. But these last few days, with tonic, cod liver oil, better wine (there is some better now), and perpetual beef tea, I think I have progressed. To say truth, I have been here a little over long. I was reckoning up, and since I have known you, already quite a while, I have not, I believe, remained so long in any one place as here in Davos. That tells on my old gipsy nature; like a violin hung up, I begin to lose what music there was in me, and with the music, I do not know what besides, or do not know what to call it, but something radically part of life, a rhythm, perhaps, in one's old and so brutally over-ridden nerves, or perhaps a kind of variety of blood that the heart has come to look for.

I purposely knocked myself off first. As to F. A. S., I believe I am no sound authority. I know the thing to be terribly perilous, I fear it to be now altogether hopeless. Luck has failed; the weather has not

been favourable; and in her true heart, the mother hopes no more. But—well, I feel a great deal, that I either cannot or will not say, as you well know. It has helped to make me more conscious of the wolverine on my own shoulders, and that also makes me a poor judge and poor adviser. Perhaps, if we were all marched out in a row, and a piece of platoon firing to the drums performed, it would be well for us; although, I suppose—and yet I wonder! so ill for the poor mother and the dear wife. But you can see this makes me morbid. *Sufficit; explicit.*

You are right about the Carlyle book; F. and I are in a world not ours; but pardon me, as far as sending on goes, we take another view: the first volume, *à la bonne heure!* but not—never—the second. Two hours of hysterics can be no good matter for a sick nurse, and the strange, hard, old being in so lamentable and yet human a desolation—crying out like a burnt child, and yet always wisely

and beautifully—how can that end, as a piece of reading, even to the strong, but on the brink of the most cruel kind of weeping! I observe the old man's style is stronger on me than ever it was, and by rights, too, since I have just laid down his most attaching book. God rest the baith o' them! But even if they do not meet again, how we should all be strengthened to be kind, and not only in act, in speech also, that so much more important part. See what this apostle of silence most regrets, not speaking out his heart.

I was struck as you were by the admirable, sudden, clear sunshine upon Southey—even on his works. Symonds, to whom I repeated it, remarked at once: a man who was thus respected by both Carlyle and Landor must have had more in him than we can trace. So I feel with true humility.

It was to save my brain that Symonds proposed reviewing. He and, it appears, Leslie Stephen fear a little some eclipse; I am not quite without sharing the fear. I know my own languor as no one else does, it is a dead down-draught, a heavy fardel. Yet if I could shake off the wolverine aforesaid, and his fangs are lighter, though perhaps I feel them more, I believe I could be myself again awhile. I have not written any letter for a great time; none saying what I feel, since you were here, I fancy. Be duly obliged for it, and take my most earnest thanks, not only for the books but for your letter. I feel it is asking you too much to write to me, but send me half a page now and then.—Your affectionate, R. L. S.

The effect of reading this, on Fanny, shows me I must tell you I am very happy, peaceful and jolly, except for questions of work and the states of other people.

Woggin sends his love.

[A close intimate of J. A. Symonds, and frequent visitor at Davos, was Mr. Horatio F. Brown, author of "Life on the Lagoons," etc. He took warmly, as did every one, to Stevenson; and the following two notes are from a copy of Penn's *Fruits of Solitude*, printed at Philadelphia, which Stevenson sent him as a gift this winter after his return to Venice.]

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DAVOS.

MY DEAR BROWN,—Here it is, with the mark of a San Francisco *bouquiniste*. And if ever in all my "human conduct" I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on—with a wrench—one to another. My wife cries out and my own heart misgives me, but still here it is. I could scarcely better prove myself yours affectionately,

R. L. STEVENSON.

DAVOS.

MY DEAR BROWN,—I hope, if you get thus far, you will know what an invaluable present I have made you. Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street cars and ferry-boats, when I was sick unto death, and found in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion. But I hope, when you shall have reached this note, my gift will not have been in vain; for while just now we are so busy and intelligent, there is not the man living, no, nor recently dead, that could have put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest, kind wisdom into words.

R. L. S.

[The remaining Davos letters belong to the next season, 1881-82. In the intervening summer, R. L. S. had become a candidate for the Edinburgh chair of Law and Constitutional History; he knew his chances were very small; but the election was still pending when he went back to the Alps. The following note to his father shows that he thought for a moment of giving the electors a specimen of his qualifications in the shape of a magazine article on the Appin murder—a theme afterwards turned to so much more vital account in the tales of "Kidnapped" and "Catriona."]

DAVOS, October or November, 1881.

MY DEAR FATHER,—It occurred to me last night in bed that I could write

The Murder of Red Colin.
a Story of the Forfeited Estates.

This I have all that is necessary for, with the following exceptions:—

Trials of the Sons of Rob Roy with Anecdotes: Edinburgh, 1818, and

The second volume of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

You might also look in Arnot's *Criminal Trials* up in my room, and see what observations he has on the case (Trial of James Stewart in Appin for murder of Campbell of Glencoe, 1752); if he has none, perhaps you could see—O, yes, see if Burton has it in his two vols. of trial stories. I hope he hasn't; but care not; do it over again, anyway.

The two named authorities I must see. With these, I could soon pull off this article; and it shall be my first for the electors.

Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. S.

[When his wife was away ill in December, Stevenson had some doleful times alone in the chalet, and this letter to Mr. Baxter records a mood of retrospect, such as occasionally visited him, towards the days of his youthful freaks and tribulations in Edinburgh.]

DAVOS, 5th December, 1881

MY DEAR CHARLES,—We have been in miserable case here; my wife worse and worse; and now sent away with Lloyd for sick nurse, I not being allowed to go down. I do not know what is to become of us; and you may imagine how rotten I have been feeling, and feel now, alone with my weasel-dog and my German maid, on the top of a hill here, heavy mist and thin snow all about me, and the devil to pay in general. I don't care so much for solitude as I used to; results, I suppose, of marriage.

Pray write me something cheery. A little Edinburgh gossip, in Heaven's name. Ah! what would I not give to steal this evening with you through the big, echoing, college archway, and away south under the street lamps, and away to dear Brash's, now defunct! But the old time is dead also, never, never to revive. It was a sad time too, but so gay and so hopeful, and we had such sport with all our low spirits and all our distresses, that it looks like a lamplit kind of fairyland behind me. O for ten Edinburgh minutes—sixpence be-

tween us, and the ever-glorious Lothian Road, or dear, mysterious Leith Walk! But here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling; here in this strange place, whose very strangeness would have been heaven to him then; and aspires, yes, C. B. with tears, after the past. See what comes of being left alone.

R. L. S.

[The next is after going down to meet his wife and stepson, after the former had left the doctor's hands at Berne.]

CHALET AM STEIN, DAVOS-PLATZ,
December 26, 1881.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Yesterday, Sunday and Christmas, we finished this eventful journey by a drive in an *open* sleigh—none others were to be had—seven hours on end through whole forests of Christmas trees. The cold was beyond belief. I have often suffered less at a dentist's. It was a clear, sunny day, but the sun even at noon falls, at this season, only here and there into the Prättigau. There was one place, about Mezzaselva, where the wind blew on us from the Silvretta Glacier—I am sure another turn of the screw would have set us all *bumming*. I kept up as long as I could in an imitation of a street singer:—

Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses, etc.

At last Lloyd remarked, a blue mouth speaking from a corpse-coloured face: "You seem to be the only one with any courage left?" And, do you know, with that word my courage disappeared, and I made the rest of the stage in the same dumb wretchedness as the others. My only terror was lest Fanny should ask for brandy, or laudanum, or something. So awful was the idea of putting my hands out, that I half thought I would refuse. Well, none of us are a penny the worse, Lloyd's cold better; I, with a twinge of the rheumatiz'; and Fanny better than her ordinary.

General conclusion between Lloyd and me as to the journey: A prolonged visit to the dentist's, complicated with the fear of death. Never, O never, do you get me there again.

Parton come. Many thanks. Pray send the Hazlitts.

Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. S.

[The following letter to Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton contains references to the writer's failure as a candidate for the chair of History and Constitutional Law, as well as to the previous failure of his correspondent as a candidate for the chair of Fine Art.]

VILLA AM STEIN, DAVOS-PLATZ,
GRISONS, SWITZERLAND [Winter 1881-82].

MY DEAR MR. HAMERTON,—My conscience has long been smiting me, till it became nearly chronic. My excuses, however, are many and not pleasant. Almost immediately after I last wrote to you, I had a hemoreage (I can't spell it), was badly treated by a doctor in the country, and have been a long while picking up—still, in fact, have much to desire on that side. Next, as soon as I got here, my wife took ill; she is, I fear, seriously so; and this combination of two invalids very much depresses both.

I have a volume of republished essays coming out with Chatto and Windus; I wish they would come, that my wife might have the reviews to divert her. Otherwise my news is *nil*. I am up here in a little *châlet*, on the borders of a pine wood, overlooking a great part of the Davos Thal, a beautiful scene at night, with the moon upon the snowy mountains, and the lights warmly shining in the village. J. A. Symonds is next door to me, just at the foot of my Hill Difficulty (this you will please regard as the House Beautiful), and his society is my great stand-by.

Did you see I had joined the band of the rejected? "Hardly one of us," said my *confrères* at the bar.

I was blamed by a common friend for asking you to give me a testimonial; in the circumstances he thought it was indelicate. Lest, by some calamity, you should ever have felt the same way, I must say in two words how the matter appeared to me. That silly story of the election altered in no tittle the value of your testimony: so much for that. On the other hand, it led me to take quite a particular pleasure in asking you to give it; and so much for the other. I trust, even if you cannot share it, you will understand my view.

I am in treaty with Bentley for a life of Hazlitt; I hope it will not fall through, as I love the subject, and appear to have

found a publisher who loves it also. That, I think, makes things more pleasant. You know that I am a fervent Hazlittist; I mean regarding him as *the* English writer who has had the scantiest justice. Besides which, I am anxious to write biography; really, if I understand myself in quest of profit, I think it must be good to live with another man from birth to death. You have tried it, and know.

How has the cruising gone? Pray remember me to Mrs. Hamerton and your son, and believe me, yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The following is in reply to a letter he had received on some questions connected with his proposed Life of Hazlitt, from the veteran critic and bibliographer, since deceased, Mr. Alexander Ireland.]

TO ALEXANDER IRELAND, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR.—This formidable paper need not alarm you; it argues nothing beyond penury of other sorts, and is not at all likely to lead me into a long letter. If I were at all grateful it would, for yours has just passed for me a considerable part of a stormy evening. And speaking of gratitude, let me at once and with becoming eagerness accept your kind invitation to Bowden. I shall hope, if we can agree as to dates when I am nearer at hand, to come to you sometime in the month of May. I was pleased to hear you were a Scot; I feel more at home with my compatriots always; perhaps the more we are away, the stronger we feel that bond.

You ask about Davos; I have discoursed about it already, rather sillily I think, in the *Pall Mall*, and I mean to say no more, but the ways of the Muse are dubious and obscure, and who knows? I may be wiled again. As a place of residence, beyond a splendid climate, it has, to my eyes, but one advantage—the neighborhood of J. A. Symonds—I daresay you know his work, but the man is far more interesting. It has done me, in my two winters' Alpine exile, much good; so much, that I hope to leave it now forever, but would not be understood to boast. In my present unpardonably crazy state, any cold might send me skipping, either back to Davos, or further off. Let us hope not. It is dear, a little dreary; very far from many things

that both my taste and my needs prompt me to seek; and altogether not the place that I should choose of my free will.

I am chilled by your description of the man in question, though I had almost argued so much from his cold undigested volume. If the republication does not interfere with my publisher, it will not interfere with me; but there, of course, comes the hitch. I do not know Mr. Bentley, and I fear all publishers like the devil, from legend and experience both. However, when I come to town, we shall, I hope, meet and understand each other as well as author and publisher ever do. I liked his letters; they seemed hearty, kind and personal. Still—I am notably suspicious of the trade—your news of this re-publication alarms me.

The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet. *Les Rois en Exil* comes very near being a masterpiece. For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted. I would not give a chapter of old Dumas, (meaning himself, not his collaborators), for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the small-pox—or the great one; diseased, anyway, and black-hearted and fundamentally at enmity with joy.

I trust that Mrs. Ireland does not object to smoking; and if you are a teetotaller, I beg you to mention it before I come—I have all the vices; some of the virtues, also, let us hope—that, at least, of being a Scotchman, and yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S.—My father was in the old High School the last year, and walked in the procession to the new. I blush to own I am an Academy boy; it seems modern, and smacks not of the soil.

P. P. S.—I enclose a good joke—at least, I think so—my first efforts at wood engraving, printed by my stepson, a boy of thirteen. I will put in also one of my later attempts. I have been nine days at the art—observe my progress. R. L. S.

[DAVOS? 1882.]

MY DEAR HENLEY,—I hope and hope for a long letter—soon I hope to be superseded by long talks—and it comes not. I remember I have never formally

thanked you for that hundred quid, nor in general for the introduction to Chatto and Windus, and continue to bury you in copy as if you were my private secretary. Well, I am not unconscious of it all; but I think least said is often best, generally best; gratitude is a tedious sentiment, it's not ductile, not dramatic.

If Chatto should take both, *cui dedicare?* I am running out of dedictees; if I do, the whole fun of writing is stranded. *Treasure Island*, if it comes out, and I mean it shall, of course goes to Lloyd. Lemme see I have now dedicated to

W. E. H. [William Ernest Henley]

S. C. [Sidney Colvin]

T. S. [Thomas Stevenson]

Simp. [Sir Walter Simpson]

There remains: C. B., the Williamses—you know they were the parties who stuck up for us about our marriage, and Mr. W. was my guardian angel, and our Best Man and Bridesmaid rolled in one, and the only third of the wedding party—my sister-in-law, Nellie—who is booked for Prince Otto—Jenkin I suppose some time—George Meredith, the only man of genius of my acquaintance; and then I believe I'll have to take to the dead, the immortal memory business.

Talking of Meredith, I have just re-read for the third and fourth time *The Egoist*. When I shall have read it the sixth or seventh, I begin to see I shall know about it. You will be astonished when you come to read it; I had no idea of the matter—human, red matter he has contrived to plug and pack into that strange and admirable book. Willoughby is, of course, a pure discovery; a complete set of nerves, not heretofore examined, and yet running all over the human body—a suit of nerves. Clara is the best girl I ever saw anywhere. Vernon is almost as good. The manner and the faults of the book greatly justify themselves on further study. Only Dr. Middleton does not hang together; and Ladies Busshe and Culmer *sont des monstruosités*. Vernon's conduct makes a wonderful odd contrast with Daniel Deronda's. I see more and more that Meredith is built for immortality.

Talking of which, Heywood, as a small immortal, an immortalet, claims some attention. *The Woman killed with Kindness* is one of the most striking novels—not

plays, though it's more of a play than anything else of his—I ever read. He had such a sweet, sound soul, the old boy. The death of the two pirates in *Fortune by Sea and Land* is a document. He had obviously been present, and heard purser and Clinton take death by the beard with similar braggadocios. Purser and Clinton, names of pirates; Scarlet and Bobbington, names of highwaymen. He had the touch of names, I think. No man I ever knew had such a sense, such a tact, for English nomenclature: Rainsforth, Lacy, Audley, Forrest, Acton, Spencer, Frankford—so his names run.

Byron not only wrote *Don Juan*; he called Joan of Arc “a fanatical strumpet.” These are his words. I think the double shame, first to a great poet, second to an English noble, passes words.

Here is a strange gossip—I am yours loquaciously, R. L. S.

My lungs are said to be in a splendid state, a cruel examination, an exanimation I may call it, had this brave result. Taïaut! Hillo! Hey! Stand by! Avast! Hurrah!

VILLA AM STEIN, DAVOS-PLATZ.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Here comes the letter as promised last night. And first two requests: pray send the enclosed to % Blackmore's publisher, 'tis from Fanny. Second, pray send us Routledge's shilling book, Edward Mayhew's *Dogs*, by return if it can be managed.

Our dog is very ill again, poor fellow, looks very ill too, only sleeps at night because of morphine; and we do not know what ails him, only fear it to be a canker of the ear. He makes a bad, black spot in our life, poor, selfish, silly, little tangle; and my wife is wretched. Otherwise she is better, steadily and slowly moving up through all her relapses. My knee never gets the least better; it hurts to-night, which it has not done for long. I do not suppose my doctor knows any least thing about it. He says it is a nerve that I struck, but I assure you he does not know.

I have just finished a paper, *A Gossip on Romance*, in which I have tried to do, very popularly, about one-half of the matter you wanted me to try. In a way, I have found an answer to the question. But the subject was hardly fit for so chatty

a paper, and it is all loose ends. If ever I do my book on the Art of Literature, I shall gather them together and be clear.

To-morrow, having once finished off the touches still due on this, I shall tackle San Francisco for you [that is, for the *Magazine of Art*, which Mr. Henley at this time edited]. Then the tide of work will fairly bury me, lost to view and hope. You have no idea what it costs me to wring out my work now. I have certainly been a fortnight over this Romance, sometimes five hours a day; and yet it is about my usual length—eight pages or so, and would be a d——d sight the better for another curry. But I do not think I can honestly re-write it all; so I call it done, and shall only straighten words in a revision currently.

I had meant to go on for a great while, and say all manner of entertaining things, but a kind of clap happened in my brain, and all's gone. I am now an idiot.

Yours ever,

R. L. S.

[The next letter informs Mr. Gosse of the writer's last new mode of child's play, the Davos Press woodcuts and verses, and alludes also to a scheme, lately broached between Mr. Gosse and R. L. S., for a joint volume in which famous murder stories should be retold].

DAVOS, March 23, 1882.

MY DEAR WEG,—And I had just written the best note to Mrs. Gosse that was in my power! Most blameable.

I now send (for Mrs. Gosse)

BLACK CANYON.

Also an advertisement of my new appearance as poet (bard, rather) and hartis on wood. The cut represents the Hero and the Eagle, and is emblematic of Cortez first viewing the Pacific Ocean, which (according to the bard Keats) it took place in Darien. The cut is much admired for the sentiment of discovery, the manly proportions of the voyager, and the fine impression of tropical scenes and the untrodden waste, so aptly rendered by the hartis.

I would send you the book; but I declare I'm ruined. I get a penny a cut and a halfpenny a set of verses from the flint-hearted publisher, and only one specimen



A Peak in Darien.

Broad-gazing on untrodden lands,
See where adventurous Cortez stands;
While in the heavens above his head,
The Eagle seeks its daily bread.
How aptly fact to fact replies:
Heroes and Eagles, hills and skies.
Ye, who condemn the fatted slave,
Look on this emblem and be brave

copy, as I'm a sinner. — was apostolic alongside of Osbourne.

I hope you will be able to decipher this, written at steam speed with a breaking pen, the hot-fast postman at my heels. No excuse, says you. None, sir, says I, and touches my 'at most civil (extraordinary evolution of pen, now quite doomed—to resume—) I have not put pen to the Bloody Murder yet. But it is early on my list; and when once I get to it, three weeks should see the last bloodstain—maybe a fortnight. For I am beginning to combine an extraordinary, laborious slowness while at work, with the most surprising quick results in the way of finished manuscripts. How goes Gray? Colvin is to do Keats. My wife is still not well.

Yours ever, R. L. S.

[The following flight of fancy refers to supposed errors of judgment on the part of an eminent firm of publishers, with whom Stevenson had at this time no connection. But very soon afterwards, it

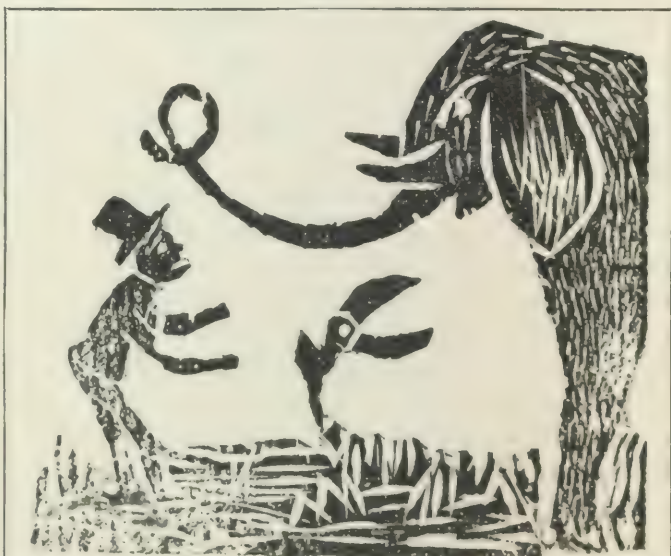
should be noted, he entered into relations with them which proved equally pleasant and profitable to both parties, and were continued on the most cordial terms until his death.]

DAVOS, March 10, 1882.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Last night we had a dinner-party, consisting of the John Addington, curry, onions (lovely onions), and beef-steak. So unusual is any excitement, that F. and I feel this morning as if we had been to a coronation. However, I must, I suppose, write.

I was sorry about your female contributor squabble. 'Tis very comic, but really unpleasant. But what care I? Now that I illustrate my own books, I can always offer you a situation in our house—S. L. Osbourne and Co. As an author gets a halfpenny a copy of verses, and an artist a penny a cut, perhaps a proof-reader might get several pounds a year.

O that Coronation! What a shouting crowd there was! I obviously got a firework in each eye. The king looked very magnificent, to be sure; and that great



See in the print, how moved by whim
Trumpeting Jumbo, great and grim,
Adjusts his trunk, like a cravat,
To noose that individual's hat.
The sacred Ibis in the distance
Joys to observe his bold resistance.

hall where we feasted on seven hundred delicate foods, and drank fifty royal wines—*quel coup d'œil!* but was it not overdone, even for a coronation—almost a vulgar luxury? And eleven is certainly too late to begin dinner. (It was really 6.30 instead of our usual 5.30.)

Your list of books that Cassells have refused in these weeks is not quite complete; they also refused:—

1. Six undiscovered tragedies, one romantic comedy, a fragment of journal extending over six years, and an unfinished autobiography reaching up to the first performance of King John. By William Shakespeare.

2. The journals and private correspondence of David, King of Israel.

3. Poetical Works of Arthur, Iron Dook of Wellington, including a monody on Napoleon.

4. Eight Books of an unfinished novel, *Solomon Crabb*. By Henry Fielding.

5. Stevenson's Moral Emblems.

You also neglected to mention as *per contra*, that they had during the same time accepted and triumphantly published Brown's *Handbook to Cricket*, Jones's *First French Reader*, and Robinson's *Picturesque Cheshire*, uniform with the same author's *Stately Homes of Salop*.

O if that list could come true! How we would tear at Solomon Crabb! O what a bully, bully, bully business. Which would you read first—Shakespeare's autobiography, or his journals? What sport the monody on Napoleon would be—what wooden verse, what stucco ornament! I should read both the autobiography and the journals before I looked at one of the plays, beyond the names of them, which shows that Saintsbury was right, and I do care more for life than for poetry. No—I take it back. Do you know one of the tragedies—a Bible tragedy too—*David*—was written in his third period—much about the same time as *Lear*? The comedy *April Rain*, is also a late work. *Beckett* is a fine ranting piece, like *Richard II.*, but very fine for the stage. Irving is to play it this autumn when I'm in town; the part rather suits him—but who is to play Henry—a tremendous creation, sir. Betterton in his private journal seems to have seen this piece; and he says distinctly that Henry is the

best part in any play. 'Though,' he adds, 'how it be with the ancient plays I know not. But in this I have ever feared to do ill, and indeed will not be persuaded to that undertaking.' So says Betterton. *Rufus* is not so good; I am not pleased with *Rufus*: plainly a *rejuvenement* of some inferior work; but there are some damned fine lines. As for the purely satiric ill-minded *Abélard and Héloïse*, another *Troilus, quoi!* it is not pleasant truly, but what strength, what verve, what knowledge of life, and the Canon! What a finished, humorous, rich picture is the Canon! Ah, there was nobody like Shakespeare. But what I like is the David and Absalom business: Absalom is so well felt—you love him as David did; David's speech is one roll of royal music from the first act to the fifth.

I am enjoying *Solomon Crabb* extremely; Solomon's capital adventure with the two highwaymen and Squire Trecothick and Parson Vance; it is as good, I think, as anything in *Joseph Andrews*. I have just come to the part where the highway man with the black patch over his eye has tricked poor Solomon into his place, and the squire and the parson are hearing the evidence. Parson Vance is splendid. How good, too, is old Mrs. Crabb and the coastguardsman in the third chapter, or her delightful quarrel with the sexton of Seaham; Lord Conybeare is surely a little overdone; but I don't know either: he's such sport. Do you like Sally Barnes? I'm in love with her. Constable Muddon is as good as Dogberry and Verges put together; when he takes Solomon to the cage, and the highwayman gives him Solomon's own guinea for his pains, and kisses Mrs. Muddon, and just then up drives Lord Conybeare, and instead of helping Solomon, calls him all the rascals in Christendom—O Henry Fielding, Henry Fielding! Yet perhaps the scenes at Seaham are the best. But I'm bewildered among all these excellences.

Stay, cried a voice that made the welkin crack—
This here's a dream, return and study BLACK!

—Ever yours,

R. L. S.

[In the following, Stevenson gives his mother the key to the persons intended in the essay on "Talk and Talkers," and

refers incidently to the matters which drew from him the lampoons in verse referred to at the beginning of this paper.]

DAVOS, April 9, 1882.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Herewith please find belated birthday present. Fanny has another.

Cockshot=Jenkin.

Jack=Bob.

Burley=Henley.

Athelred=Simpson.

Opalstein=Symonds.

Purcel=Gosse.

But

pray

regard

these

as

secrets.

My dear Mother, how can I keep up with your breathless changes. Innerleithen, Cramond, Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Selkirk. I lean to Cramond, but I shall be pleased anywhere, any respite from Davos; never mind, it has been a good, though a dear lesson. Now, with my improved health, if I can pass the summer, I believe I shall be able no more to exceed, no more to draw on you. It is time I sufficed for myself, indeed. And I believe I can.

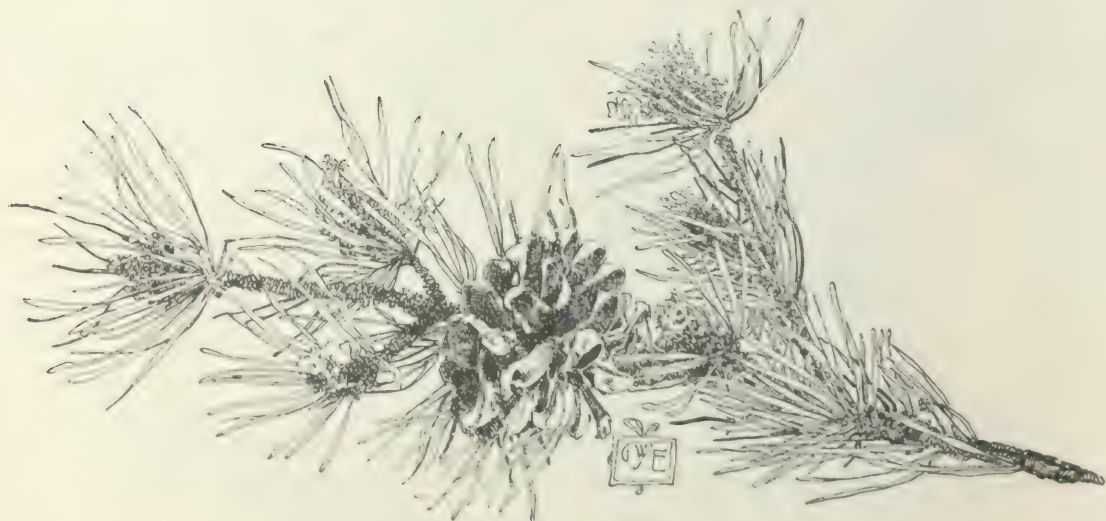
I am still far from satisfied about Fanny;

she is certainly better, but it is by fits a good deal, and the symptoms continue, which should not be. I had her persuaded to leave without me this very day (Saturday, 8th), but the disclosure of my mismanagement broke up that plan; she would not leave me lest I should mismanage more. I think this an unfair revenge; but I have been so bothered that I cannot struggle. All Davos has been drinking our wine. During the month of March, three litres a day were drunk—O, it is too sickening—and that is only a specimen. It is enough to make any one a misanthrope, but the right thing is to hate the donkey that was duped—which I devoutly do.

I have this winter finished *Treasure Island*, written the preface to the *Studies*, a small book about the *Inland Voyage* size, *The Silverado Squatters*, and over and above that upwards of ninety (90) *Cornhill* pages of magazine work. No man can say I have been idle.

Your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.



A POET'S MUSICAL IMPRESSIONS*

From the Letters of Sidney Lanier

BALTIMORE, February, 1874.

I AM just from the concert. It was splendidly successful. The orchestra was in fine trim, the audience in a good-humor, the singing delightful, the piano-playing simply exquisite. The "Tell" overture went off well, save that the 'cellos, which have a beautiful introduction, were not as well harmonized as might be. I had another triumph in the Pastoral Scene. When Oboe and I had finished our long interchange of confidences, the audience broke into applause, which was only stilled by the continuance of the overture, and the conductor came down and said that it was beautifully played. My greatest trouble in playing has been to keep in tune with the oboe; the tone of that instrument is so strange, so strident, and so indecisive when one is close to the player (he sitteth immediately behind me), that I have infinite difficulty in accommodating my pitch to his. Some of the notes in his instrument, too, are incorrect; and inasmuch as he *cannot* change his tones, and, as my music is often written in octaves above his, I have to use the utmost caution and skill in turning the embouchure in and out, so as to be in perfect accord with him. For some weeks I did not succeed in this, and suffered untold agonies thereanent; but I believe I have now discovered all his quips and his quirks, and to-night we were in lovely harmony with each other.

I read far better than at first, and am greatly improved in the matter of keeping time in the orchestra. How much I have learned in the last two months! I am not yet an artist, though, on the flute. The technique of the instrument has many depths which I had not thought of before, and I would not call myself a virtuoso within a year. I feel sure that in that time I could do anything possible to the instrument. But thou wouldst not know my tone, now! How I wish I might play for thee! I have just composed a thing

I call "Longing." . . . I have not played it for anyone, save for myself, when my heart is quite too full. I suspect the people in the house think I am stark mad, in the twilight, when I send this strenuous sigh out on the air. Suppose a tuberose should just breathe itself out in perfume, and disappear utterly in a sweet breath—thus my heart in this melody.

BALTIMORE, February 12, 1874.

. . . —To offset this Jeremiad, I may tell thee that from a hundred indications I gather that I have conquered myself a place here as an orchestral player. The prejudices, the cliques, the claques, the difficulties I had to encounter, were innumerable and appalling; but by straightforward behavior and hard work and steady improvement, I have finally managed to beat down and trample on every one of them. I believe my "Tell" solo, on Saturday night, quite gave the *coup de grâce* to them, and the managers of the smaller orchestras about town have freely proffered engagements for odd occasions, although I do not belong to the "Musical Union," which embraceth nearly all the musicians in town, and which obligeth all its members to employ each other in preference to outsiders. I played last night with the Germania Männerchor orchestra; next week I am to play with the Liederkranz, and have four other engagements of similar character. I was also engaged to play solos in two concerts at Wheeling, Va.; but this has been postponed until after Lent; . . . and the leader of the Harmonic Männerchor has engaged me for a solo at their next concert, the date of which is not yet determined.

I am copying off—in order to try the publishers therewith—a *danse des mouches-roues* (midge-dance), which I have written for flute and piano, and which I think enough of to let it go forward as op. 1. Dost thou remember one morning last summer, C—— and I were walking in the upper part of the yard before breakfast, and saw a swarm of gnats, of whose

* See also article under same title in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May.

strange evolutions we did relate to thee a marvellous tale? I have put the grave oaks, the quiet shade, the sudden sunlight, the fantastic, contrariwise and ever-shifting midge-movements, the sweet hills afar off, . . . *all*) in the piece, and thus *I* like it; but I know not if others will; I have not played it for anybody.

BALTIMORE, April 3, 1874.

I am just come from Venice, . . . and have strolled home through the moonlight, singing serenades. . . .

—In plain terms—sweet Heaven, how I do abhor these same plain terms—I have been playing Stradella (in the orchestra at the Concordia Theatre), and I am full of gondellies, of serenades, of balconies with white arms leaning over the balustrades thereof, of gleaming waters, of lithe figures in black velvet, of stinging-sweet coquetries, of diamonds, daggers, and desperadoes.

Truth to say, the performance was but indifferent good, saving a lovely tenor, but I had never heard the opera before, and I cannot tell thee the intense delight which these lovely conceptions of Flotow gave me. The man has put Venice, lovely, romantic, wicked-sweet Venice, into music, and the melodies breathe out an eloquence that is at once honied and spicy, at once sentimental and powerful, at once languid and thrilling . . .

BALTIMORE, April 9, 1874.

. . . Last night I won from music much glory playing the sonata of Kuhlau (which thou broughtest me from Savannah) to the most critical audience in town,—viz., at a private concert of the Germania Club.

I have now to rush down to the Concordia, to rehearse with an orchestra there. To-night I am going to play that lovely serenade which we heard at Theodore Thomas's concert in Macon—for flute and French horn. I play it with a noble 'cellist, the horn part having been arranged for violoncello. I also play first flute to-night in the orchestra which is to accompany the Liederkranz in bringing out Mendelssohn's Forty-second Psalm.

NEW YORK, September 3, 1874.

I think I have invented a flute which will go down to G below the staff, and

which will entirely remedy the imperfections that now exist in that part of the flute that extendeth below D. I have stirred up Badger about it—with infinite labor, for the old Satyr is far more concerned about silver dollars than about silver flutes, and is almost inexpugnably conservative. He is always wonderfully kind to me, however, and gazes on me with a half-amused smile when I am talking, as if I were a precocious child whom he was showing off. I have some good hopes of the new flute. O . . . dream with me that some day we will listen to an orchestra in which shall be as many first flutes as first violins, and as many second flutes as second violins!

And why should it not be so? What reason is there in the nature of things why the violins should be the orchestra, and the flutes and other instruments mere adjuncts? I say this not of any foolish advocacy of the flute: thou knowest I love the violin with my whole soul. No, I speak in advocacy of pure music. No one can hear an orchestra constituted like Thomas's (*e.g.*) without being convinced that, with all its perfection of handling, its material is *not* perfect. The tutti in *fff* is always a grief to me. I defy any musician to extract anything out of such passages unless he have the score before him, or is otherwise familiar with the theme. Then he can faintly discern the idea, but to those who are not musicians it is as sound and fury, signifying nothing. . . .

BROOKLYN, September 7, 1874.

. . . Badger worked for me like a Trojan all Saturday afternoon, experimenting on my new long flute. We were much put to it for some time to get a certain motion that was essential, but I kept him at it, in spite of the most dismal croaking on his side, until our efforts were crowned with brilliant success. I am going over now to recommence work on it. . . .

September 17, 1874.

. . . The long flute is nearly done, and I think it will work. It hath revealed sundry hitches which have taxed my ingenuity severely, but I have managed to overcome them all, and the final prospect is now good.

September 21, 1874.

. . . The long flute will succeed in time. It is near enough finished for me to see that. Dost thou know, everything I do or write is so new and upturn-y of old mouldy ideas, here, that I have infinite trouble. *E.g.*, old Badger has been making flutes for forty years, and when any luckless wight maketh suggestion to him thereanent, he smileth a battered and annihilating smile, which saith plainly enough, *Pooh*, I exhausted all that a half-century ago. Now this Satyr fought me at every stage and up every step of my long flute. He declared in the very beginning that it was impossible, that a tube so long could not be filled by the human breath, that a column of air so long could not be made to vibrate, etc., and that he had long ago tried it thoroughly, and satisfied himself it was physically non-achievable. This last, of course, staggered me, yet with foolhardiness (as it is called), I worked at him until I got him to draw out a long tube, upon which in a few minutes I demonstrated to him that the G was not only a possible, but a beautiful note. He then retreated to his second line, and entrenched himself behind the C-key, averring that a key could not be constructed which would make C and at the same time hold down the four keys of the right hand. Then I proved to him it could be done, by good logic, and he finally made the key I wanted, and it *was* done. Thus from breastwork to breastwork hath he been driven; in three days more I expect him to surrender at discretion. . . .

September 25, 1874.

. . . I am going to move heaven and earth for ways and means to take lessons from Dr. Damrosch, who is leader of the Arion Society and the Oratorio Society of Brooklyn. He is a beautiful violinist, and is considered at the head of fine music in New York. A slender, blue-eyed man, with a broad forehead, is he, and a man of culture withal. . . .

BROOKLYN, October 2, 1874.

. . . On Tuesday I went by invitation to P——'s rooms to play flute quartettes. They made me take the first part, and placed before me a terribly difficult quartette of Walckier's, which I had never seen

before. I could never tell how beautiful it was; such long-drawn chords with sweet thoughts in them, like flowers hid in green leaves. I went through it in a great ecstasy, without a break. When we finished, P—— cried out to me, "Well sir, you are the best sight-reader I ever saw; H—— would have broken down at every second bar." Thou wouldst be greatly pleased to know how greatly I have improved in this particular, by a little practice in it, which I have just had for the first time in my life. During the past two weeks L—— has been coming twice a week to my room, and playing for an hour old-fashioned duos which I never saw before. This has set me up greatly in reading. Last night Mme. A—— gave a little musicale, in order that Dr. C——, an amateur flutist, of Brooklyn, might hear me play. He brought a lot of music wholly new to me, and, although embarrassed at playing at sight before so many people, and with an accompanist who was also reading at sight, I went through in grand style, amidst such showers of applause and of compliments as quite reddened my face. . . .

NEW YORK, Sunday, October 18, 1874.

I have been in my room all day, and have just concluded a half-dozen delicious hours, during which I have been devouring, with a hungry ferocity of rapture which I know not how to express, *The Life of Robert Schumann*, by his pupil, Von Wasilewski. This pupil, I am sure, did not fully comprehend his great master. I think the key to Schumann's whole character, with all its labyrinthine and often disappointing peculiarities, is this: That he had no mode of self-expression, or, I should rather say, of self-expansion, besides the musical mode. This may seem a strange remark to make of him who was the founder and prolific editor of a great musical journal, and who perhaps exceeded any musician of his time in general culture. But I do not mean that he was confined to music for self-expression, though, indeed, the sort of critical writing which Schumann did so much of is not at all like poetry in its tranquillising effects upon the soul of the writer. What I do mean is that his sympathies were not *big* enough; he did not go through the awful struggle of genius, and lash and storm and

beat about until his soul was grown large enough to embrace the whole of life and the All of things; that is, large enough to appreciate (if even without understanding) the magnificent designs of God, and tall enough to stand in the trough of the awful cross-waves of circumstance and look over their heights along the whole sea of God's manifold acts, and deep enough to admit the peace that passeth understanding. This is, indeed, the fault of all German culture, and the weakness of all German genius. A great artist should have the sensibility and expressive genius of Schumann, the calm grandeur of Lee, and the human breadth of Shakespeare, all in one.

Now, in this particular—of being open, unprejudiced, and unenvious—Schumann soars far above his brother Germans. He valiantly defended our dear Chopin and other young musicians who were struggling to make head against the abominable pettiness of German prejudice. But, withal, I cannot find that his life was great, as a whole; I cannot see him caring for his land, for the poor, for religion, for humanity. He was always a restless soul, and the ceaseless wear of incompleteness finally killed, as a maniac, him whom a broader love might have kept alive as a glorious artist to this day.

The truth is, the world does not require enough at the hands of genius. Under the special plea of greater sensibilities, and of consequent greater temptations, it excuses its gifted ones, and even sometimes makes "a law of their weakness." But this is wrong; the sensibility of genius is just as much greater to high emotions as to low ones; and whilst it subjects to stronger temptations, it at the same time interposes—if it will—stronger considerations for resistance.

These are scarcely fair things to be saying *apropos* of Robert Schumann: for I do not think he was ever guilty of any excesses of genius—as they are called; I only mean them to apply to the *unrest* of his life.

And yet, for all I have said, how his music does burn in my soul! It stretches me upon the very rack of delight; I know no musician that fills me so full of heavenly anguish, and if I had to give up all the writers of music save one, my one should be Robert Schumann.

Some of his experiences cover some of my own as aptly as one-half of an oyster-shell does the other half. Once he went to Vienna—that gay New York of Austria; and he writes back to his sister Theresa:

" . . . So my plans have as yet progressed but little. The city is so large that one needs double time for everything. . . . But to tell you a secret, I shouldn't like to live here long, and *alone*. Serious men and Saxons are seldom wanted or understood here. . . . In vain do I look for musicians; that is, musicians who not only play passably well upon one or two instruments, but who are cultivated men, and understand Shakespeare and Jean Paul. . . . I might relate all this at full length. But I don't know how the days fly, here; I've been here three months to-day; and the post-time, four o'clock, is always just at hand. . . . Clara goes the first of January to Paris, and probably to London later. We shall then be far apart. Sometimes I feel as if I could not bear it. But you know the reason; she wants to make money, of which we are indeed in need. May the good God guard her, the good, faithful girl!"

NEW YORK, October 29, 1874.

To-day I played for the great Dr. Damosch; and won him. I sang the Wind-Song to him. When I finished he came and shook my hand, and said it was done like an artist; that it was wonderful, in view of my education; and that he was greatly astonished and pleased with the poetry of the piece and the enthusiasm of its rendering. He then closed the door on his next pupil, and kept him waiting in the front parlor a half hour, while giving me a long talk. I had told him that I wished to pursue music. He said: "Do you know what that means? It means a great deal of work, it means a thousand sacrifices. It is very hazardous."

I replied, I knew all that; but it was not a matter of mere preference, it was a spiritual necessity; I must be a musician, I could not help it.

This seemed to please him; and he went on to speak as no other musician here *could* speak, of many things. He is the only poet among the craft here; and is a thoroughly cultivated man in all particulars. He offered to do all he could

in my behalf; and was altogether the gentleman and the wise artist.

Thou wilt share with me the pleasure I take in thinking that I have never yet failed to win favor with an artist. Although I am far more independent of praise than formerly, and can do without it perfectly well; yet, when it comes, I keenly enjoy it; particularly from one who is the friend of Liszt, of Von Bülow, and of Wagner.

Moreover, I played abominably; being both tired, weakened by the warm weather, and excited.

I am pleased that Hamerik should have so cordially invited me back to my old place; and anticipate a winter in Baltimore full of substantial work. I find I need thorough-bass sorely, and am studying it with might and main. . . .

BROOKLYN, November 8, 1874.

. . . I have spent the whole Sunday in my room in reading, with slow labor—for my German is but limited—Wagner's "Rhein-Gold," the first part of his great Trilogy, or rather Tetralogy—for it has four parts—which I am going to translate, unless some happy mortal gets ahead of me. The conception is very fine; but there is something in it, or rather something *not* in it, which I detect in everything that any German has yet done in the way of music or poetry. I know not exactly what to call it, or indeed, how to define it. It is, that (if I may express it in a very roundabout way) sentiment lying deep in the heart of the author which would produce on his face a quiet, wise smile all the while he was writing—a sort of consciousness underlying all his enthusiasms (which are not at all weakened thereby), that God has charge, that the world is in His hands, that any bitterness is therefore small and unworthy of a poet. This was David's frame of mind; it was also Shakespeare's. No German has approached it, except, perhaps, Richter.

1874.

. . . The great deeps, the wild heights, the passionate cities, the happy vales, the dear, secret springs, the broad and generous-bosomed rivers, the manifold exquisite flowers, the changeful seasons, the

starry skies, the present, the past, the future . . . of the world of music: into these he hath not been, into these will he never enter. But he hath ~~not one~~ infinitely sweet to present ever before him the glorious ideal of his youth, to keep him ever trustful in the brightness and reality and sufficiency of love, to hold him ever self-watchful and solicitous, to be all that is high and manly and noble, in order to maintain himself in some way worthy of his unapproachable Beloved.

BALTIMORE, January 3, 1875.

Doth not this inclosed programme show a feast of glory? And how we did play it! We were forty-four in orchestra, and we all played as if our soul's welfare hung on each note. How can I tell thee the heaven of it, to me?

Then, after the concert, Mr. Sutro and his wife invited Hamerik, Seifert (leader of the violins, just from Berlin), Wysham and myself to take champagne with them at their rooms, where we sat until far into the morning, talking music.

My playing is greatly improved, and my flute now fits upon the oboe like the down upon a peach.

My head is all full of my "Gnat-dance," which I am going to turn into a symphony, for orchestra, with flute *obligato*.

BALTIMORE, January 6, 1875.

. . . I had a long talk to-day with Mr. Uhler, librarian of the Peabody. He tells me that there is a full set of apparatus for the physics of music lectures now at the institute, and that they are not even unpacked! I have the strongest hope of being able to accomplish my project anent the establishment of such a chair in connection with the conservatory. I am working hard at all the books I can find in the library on the subject, and I am going over in a few moments to spend the balance of the evening there.

BALTIMORE, January 9, 1875.

. . . Our second concert comes off to-night, and we are to play such beautiful music as makes my heart tremble even to think of. First comes Beethoven's second symphony, one written before the dreadful deafness had come upon his ears, and pierced into his heart. The whole three

movements are ravishing melodies from beginning to end, and the second movement, a larghetto, is as if the wind-instruments and strings were having a game of hide-and-seek in heaven. Then Mme. De Ryther, a lady in form and manner and stage-appearance much like our dear departed G——, is to sing, with a glorious contralto voice, a noble aria from Händel's little-known opera, *Rinaldo*. There we play Bernhard Scholz's overture, *Im Freien* ("In the free air"), an exquisite embodiment of tender sky, of birds, of joyful green leaves and lush grasses and brilliant flowers. Then we have some English songs by Mme. De Ryther, and conclude all with Karl Reinecke's lovely overture to Calderon's *Dame Kobold*.

BALTIMORE, January 12, 1875.

I have a nice piano just arrived. . . . I found I could not write my Gnat Symphony without it. I am going to put into the slow movement of my Gnat Symphony my No. 1, which thou didst admire so long ago, taking the melody first for the flute, then for the violins. The melody seems fairly ravishing to me.

. . . The fury of creation is on me to-day, and I am now going down for some score-paper, and to mail this . . . then to the pen.

Hamerik is interested in the chair of physics, and will take me to see Mr. E——, who is chief among the trustees in the conservatory department. . . .

BALTIMORE, January 20, 1875.

On Monday night came Hamerik to spend the evening with me. At seven came he; and at 2 A.M. left he. Such another music-talk have I never had. The fellow is a rare genius: his music is the most poetic subtlety of tone-combination that could be imagined.

BALTIMORE, January 24, 1875.

Our concert last night was magnificently successful.

Our first number was the greatest of modern works, the symphony by Svendsen. The third movement is a long and intricate scherzo of indescribable lightness and beauty; and is, throughout, a solo for the first flute, supported by a multitudinous accompaniment of the reed and strings. The

instant we had finished, the audience furiously demanded an *encore*, the director smiled his congratulations over upon me, and we plunged into it again like a flock of butterflies drunk with sunlight swooping upon a flower-bed.

The whole symphony gave me immeasurable delight. I am so much improved now in playing that I can preserve my internal dignity in great measure free from the dreadful distractions of solicitude, and thus my soul revels in the midst of the heaven of these great symphonic works with almost unobstructed freedom. . . .

I believe I have had the good fortune to discover a very curious fact in relation to the vibration of strings, which will exert an important influence in explaining the difference of *timbre* between stringed instruments and wind; and perhaps in other directions which I have not had time to think toward. I have communicated the substance of the proposition to Professor F. H. Smith, of the University of Virginia, —a very eminent authority in such matters—and he replies that my idea is unquestionably correct. . . .

BALTIMORE, February 7, 1875.

. . . Our concert last night—whereof I send the beautiful programme—was brilliantly successful. We had only rehearsed the Mozart *Concerto* once. Mr. Hoffman not arriving until Friday; but it went off nobly, on the part of the orchestra, and Mr. Hoffman played it with a subtle delicacy of touch and of expression of which I had never dreamed him capable. The Proch variations were sung charmingly by Miss Thursby; I standing with her and playing the flute obligato; all with such effect that I had twice to lead her back in response to vociferous encores. The third movement of the Hiller symphony was full of lovely flute-effects; and my playing won me many compliments from the stolid Germans of the orchestra.

BALTIMORE, February 26, 1875.

Well, then, instalment No. 1 shall relate to thee in how wholly unorthodox a manner—yet to me how devout—I spent last Sunday. . . .

At half-past ten I was ready for action, and proceeded to meet my colleagues of the wind-quintette—with whom I was to

play at the concert that night—for the rehearsal of our piece, which, by reason of short notice and of the exactions of our orchestra rehearsals, we had not been able to rehearse before. This occupied until after one o'clock, when I rushed back to my room, made some changes of toilet, and repaired to the P——'s, where I was promised to dinner. After dinner, Mr. P—— and I looked over a magnificent bound collection of colored prints, representing the progress of art in all times and countries till half-past five, when I returned to my room, fell on the bed, and rested an hour; then tea; then a hasty arrayal in dress-coat and white tie, and a flight to the Germania Hall, where we were to play the quintette. Which having played, I rushed, at nine o'clock, to the house of Mr. R——, where I had been engaged to play in a string quintette of Haydn for three strings, flute, and piano; Mme. R—— playing the piano part, and her daughter playing the violoncello part. Arriving here, found the violin and the viola men had not come, so played trios with mother and daughter (violoncello, flute, and piano), and chatted with the father until 11; then took leave of these charming, cultivated, unaffected, simple-mannered French people and got me home to bed, tired, as thou mayst imagine.

Of course, this was an exceptional Sunday. I usually spend the day until dinner-time in my room, writing to thee, and meditating upon God. I then dine at Mrs. Bird's, and spend my evening alone in my room, bringing my life up.

BALTIMORE, February 28, 1875.

. . . We had a beautiful concert last night; the seventh symphony of Beethoven, the great concerto of Schumann for piano and orchestra, the "Marriage of Figaro;" winding up with the dreary old "Good Night" symphony of Haydn, in which each of us had a candle attached to his stand (the hall being in total darkness), which he blew out as his part was finished (the parts came to an end successively), until finally naught was left but a lonesome old fiddler, who dismally sawed away, but at last left, the leader beating time for a few bars longer, then sadly blowing out his solitary candle and moving away.

BALTIMORE, March 12, 1875.

. . . I have so many fair dreams and hopes about music in these days. It is a gospel whereof the people are in great need. As Christ gathered up the ten commandments and re-distilled them into the clear liquid of that wondrous eleventh—Love God utterly, and thy neighbor as thyself—so I think the time will come when music, rightly developed to its now-little-foreseen grandeur, will be found to be a later revelation of all gospels in one. Only think how it is beginning to do the people's worship in the churches, here, of late!

I was at one the other day where half of the service was music, and if the man at the organ had been at all a preacher in soul (alas! he was not) he would have dealt out the far heavenlier portion of the doctrine. . . .

BALTIMORE, March 18, 1876.

I have just come from the last concert, whereof I send thee herein a programme. A certain sense of melancholy is upon me—the last of anything is *per se* not joyful—but I quite kill it with the thought that I am now entirely free . . . as soon as I have finished my centennial ode.* I do not know how soon this will be. It ought to be in the hands of the printers and engravers early in April, but it has been so much interrupted by illness and a thousand little extraneous matters, that I fear it will be late. However, the God of the humble poet is very great. And I have had so many signal instances of His upholding grace that I do not now ever quite despair of anything.

Thomas is to be here next Wednesday, and I hope then to have some final report from him as to whether he will be able to put in another flute in his orchestra.

I have received a copy of the piano score of the Cantata, which I will send on Monday. . . . The poem appears on the first page in connected shape, as well as in its proper place along with the music. This piano-score is only written for the purpose of drilling the chorus, the full orchestra score will soon be printed, and then I will send that to thee. . . . I am continually and increasingly annoyed at the intense rate of life at which I have

* "The Psalm of the West," in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

to live here. There is never a moment when I have what could be called leisure, a duty of some sort is always ready. I am always pressed for time, and that, too, at the total neglect of scores of visits which I ought to pay here. I do not even have time to think out why it is so.

I hope thou wilt like my dactyls. I am greatly interested in them. . . . If I were only fresh to write this poem! but it is done with a laggard spirit.

After a concert, not dated.

. . . . The great Beethoven concerto, the Mendelssohn concerto (for violin and orchestra), the Wolfram's Song, these will kill me if I do not hear them some day [as I would]! I dare not talk about them more. There was the largest audience ever assembled in that hall. Even the aisles were crowded with ladies, standing.

How well now I understand the foundation which music has, in the culture of the soul! A broad and liberal spirit wielding the *bâton* to-night could have set the hearts of fifteen hundred people a-fire. As it was, they were (merely) greatly pleased.

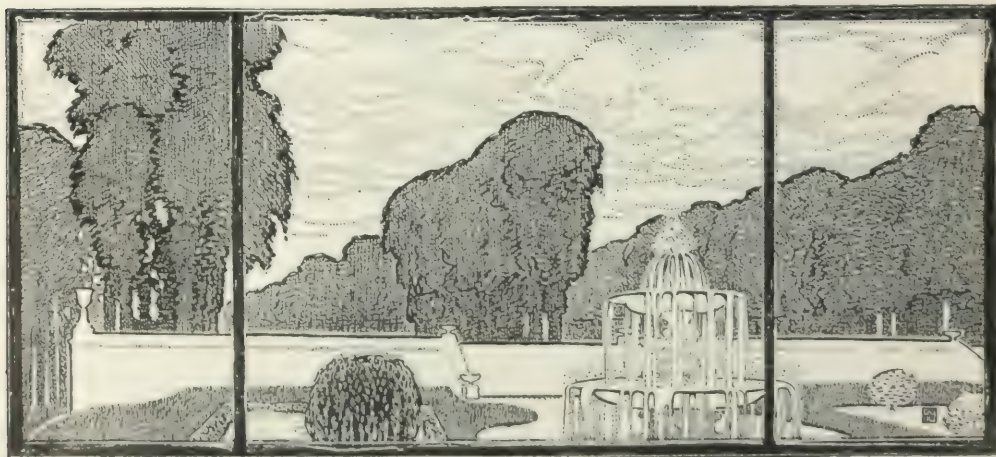
There is a certain heaven in store for me; it is to play with thine accompaniment, some day, certain songs out of a

"Schubert Album" which I have. Oh, if thou couldst hear the passion, the melodious eloquence, the pleading pathos wherewith my dear Silvertongue* rendereth these!

PHILADELPHIA, May 28, 1876.

To-day . . . I had an invitation from Wehner to come and spend the morning with him. I went at half-past ten, flute in hand. His knowledge of English is even less than mine of German, and we wasted not a word in talk beyond the usual salutations, but went immediately to our matters, by a delightful plunge into a volume of Kuhlau's duos which I had not before seen. We were in a cool, retired parlor, the morning was sweet, there was no third person in the room, the music was of the simple, grave, religious character of Bach's, and my heart was all a-cry. At the end of each movement, as we played straight through the book, my big, phlegmatic, square-built German cried Gut! and looked meaningfully upon me; I said *wunderschön*, and looked meaningfully upon him; and at the end of two hours I made a hasty *adé* with a full heart, and came back to the Peacocks for dinner.

* A silver Boehm flute, in one long tube, which Mr. Lanier played for a time. He finally returned to the wooden Boehm, having a mouthpiece of ivory inserted to procure greater resonance.



"EUROPE"

By Henry James

I



OUR feeling is, you know, that Becky *should* go." That earnest little remark comes back to me, even after long years, as the first note of something that began, for my observation, the day I went with my sister-in-law to take leave of her good friends. It is a memory of the American time, which revives so at present—under some touch that doesn't signify—that it rounds itself off as an anecdote. That walk to say good-by was the beginning; and the end, so far as I was concerned with it, was not till long after; yet even the end also appears to me now as of the old days. I went, in those days, on occasion, to see my sister-in-law, in whose affairs, on my brother's death, I had had to take a helpful hand. I continued to go, indeed, after these little matters were straightened out, for the pleasure, periodically, of the impression—the change to the almost pastoral sweetness of the good Boston suburb from the loud, longitudinal New York. It was another world, with other manners, a different tone, a different taste; a savor nowhere so mild, yet so distinct, as in the square white house—with the pair of elms, like gigantic wheat-sheaves in front, the rustic orchard not far behind, the old-fashioned door-lights, the big blue and white jars in the porch, the straight, bricked walk from the high gate—that enshrined the extraordinary merit of Mrs. Rimmle and her three daughters.

These ladies were so much of the place and the place so much of themselves, that from the first of their being revealed to me I felt that nothing else at Brookbridge much mattered. They were what, for me, at any rate, Brookbridge had most to give: I mean in the way of what it was naturally strongest in, the thing that we called in New York the New England expression, the air of Puritanism reclaimed and refined. The Rimmles had brought this down to a wonderful delicacy. They

struck me even then—all four almost equally—as very ancient and very earnest, and I think theirs must have been the house, in all the world, in which "culture" first came to the aid of morning calls. The head of the family was the widow of a great public character—as public characters were understood at Brookbridge—whose speeches on anniversaries formed a part of the body of national eloquence spouted in the New England schools by little boys covetous of the most marked, though perhaps the easiest, distinction. He was reported to have been celebrated, and on such high, superior, exemplary grounds that he was consistent, somehow, even in death. He was likewise understood to have made, in his wife's company, the tour of Europe at a date not immensely removed from that of the battle of Waterloo. What was the age, then, of the bland, firm, antique Mrs. Rimmle at the period of her being first revealed to me? That is a point I am not in a position to determine—I remember mainly that I was young enough to regard her as having reached the limit. And yet the limit for Mrs. Rimmle must have been prodigiously extended; the scale of its extension is, in fact, the very moral of this reminiscence. She was old, and her daughters were old, but I was destined to know them all as older. It was only by comparison and habit that—however much I recede—Rebecca, Maria, and Jane were the "young ladies."

I think it was felt that, though their mother's life, after thirty years of widowhood, had had a grand backward stretch, her blandness and firmness—and this in spite of her extreme physical frailty—would be proof against any surrender not overwhelmingly justified by time. It had appeared, years before, at a crisis of which the waves had not even yet quite subsided, a surrender not justified by anything that she should go, with her daughters, to Europe for her health. Her health was supposed to require constant support; but when it had at that period tried com-

clusions with the idea of Europe, it was not the idea of Europe that had been insidious enough to prevail. She had not gone, and Becky, Maria, and Jane had not gone, and this was long ago. They still merely floated in the air of the visit achieved, with such introductions and such acclamations, in the early part of the century; they still, with fond glances at the sunny parlor-walls, only referred, in conversation, to divers pictorial and other reminders of it. The Miss Rimmles had quite been brought up on it, but Becky, as the most literary, had most mastered the subject. There were framed letters—tributes to their eminent father—suspended among the mementoes, and of two or three of these, the most foreign and complimentary, Becky had executed translations that figured beside the text. She knew already, through this and other illumination, so much about Europe that it was hard to believe, for her, in that limit of adventure which consisted only of her having been twice to Philadelphia. The others had not been to Philadelphia, but there was a legend that Jane had been to Saratoga. Becky was a short, stout, fair person with round, serious eyes, a high forehead, the sweetest, neatest enunciation, and a miniature of her father—"done in Rome"—worn as a breastpin. She had written the life, she had edited the speeches, of the original of this ornament, and now at last, beyond the seas, she was really to tread in his footsteps.

Fine old Mrs. Rimmle, in the sunny parlor and with a certain austerity of cap and chair—though with a gay new "front" that looked like rusty brown plush—had had so unusually good a winter that the question of her sparing two members of her family for an absence had been threshed as fine, I could feel, as, even under that Puritan roof, any case of conscience had ever been threshed. They were to make their dash while the coast, as it were, was clear, and each of the daughters had tried—heroically, angelically, and for the sake of each of her sisters—not to be one of the two. What I encountered that first time was an opportunity to concur with enthusiasm in the general idea that Becky's wonderful preparation would be wasted if she were the one to stay with their mother. They

talked of Becky's preparation—they had a sly, old-maidish humor that was as mild as milk—as if it were some mixture, for application somewhere, that she kept in a precious bottle. It had been settled, at all events, that, armed with this concoction and borne aloft by their introductions, she and Jane were to start. They were wonderful on their introductions, which proceeded naturally from their mother and were addressed to the charming families that, in vague generations, had so admired vague Mr. Rimmle. Jane, I found at Brookbridge, had to be described, for want of other description, as the pretty one, but it would not have served to identify her unless you had seen the others. *Her* preparation was only this figment of her prettiness—only, that is, unless one took into account something that, on the spot, I silently divined: the lifelong, secret, passionate ache of her little rebellious desire. They were all growing old in the yearning to go, but Jane's yearning was the sharpest. She struggled with it as people at Brookbridge mostly struggled with what they liked, but fate, by threatening to prevent what she disliked, and what was therefore duty—which was to stay at home instead of Maria—had bewildered her, I judged, not a little. It was she who, in the words I have quoted, mentioned to me Becky's case and Becky's affinity as the clearest of all. Her mother, moreover, on the general subject, had still more to say.

"I positively desire, I really quite insist that they shall go," the old lady explained to us from her stiff chair. "We've talked about it so often, and they've had from me so clear an account—I've amused them again and again with it—of what is to be seen and enjoyed. If they've had hitherto too many duties to leave, the time seems to have come to recognize that there are also many duties to *seek*. Wherever we go we find them—I always remind the girls of that. There's a duty that calls them to those wonderful countries, just as it called, at the right time, their father and myself—if it be only that of laying up for the years to come the same store of remarkable impressions, the same wealth of knowledge and food for conversation as, since my return, I have found myself so happy to possess." Mrs. Rimmle spoke

of her return as of something of the year before last, but the future of her daughters was, somehow, by a different law, to be on the scale of great vistas, of endless after-tastes. I think that, without my being quite ready to say it, even this first impression of her was somewhat upsetting; there was a large, placid perversity, a grim secrecy of intention, in her estimate of the ages.

"Well, I'm so glad you don't delay it longer," I said to Miss Becky before we withdrew. "And whoever should go," I continued in the spirit of the sympathy with which the good sisters had already inspired me, "I quite feel, with your family, you know, that *you* should. But of course I hold that everyone should." I suppose I wished to attenuate my solemnity; there was something in it, however, that I couldn't help. It must have been a faint foreknowledge.

"Have you been a great deal yourself?" Miss Jane, I remember, inquired.

"Not so much but that I hope to go a good deal more. So perhaps we shall meet," I encouragingly suggested.

I recall something—something in the nature of susceptibility to encouragement—that this brought into the more expressive brown eyes to which Miss Jane mainly owed it that she was the pretty one. "Where, do you think?"

I tried to think. "Well, on the Italian lakes—Como, Bellagio, Lugano." I liked to say the names to them.

"Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare—nor misty are the mountains there!" Miss Jane softly breathed, while her sister looked at her as if her familiarity with the poetry of the subject made her the most interesting feature of the scene she evoked.

But Miss Becky presently turned to me. "Do you know everything——?"

"Everything?"

"In Europe."

"Oh, yes," I laughed, "and one or two things in America."

The sisters seemed to me furtively to look at each other. "Well, you'll have to be quick—to meet *us*," Miss Jane resumed.

"But surely when you're once there you'll stay on."

"Stay on?"—they murmured it simultaneously and with the oddest vibration of

dread as well as of desire. It was as if they had been in the presence of a danger and yet wished me, who "knew everything," to torment them with still more of it.

Well, I did my best. "I mean it will never do to cut it short."

"No, that's just what I keep saying," said brilliant Jane. "It would be better, in that case, not to go."

"Oh, don't talk about not going—at this time!" It was none of my business, but I felt shocked and impatient.

"No, not at *this* time!" broke in Miss Maria, who, very red in the face, had joined us. Poor Miss Maria was known as the flushed one; but she was not flushed—she only had an unfortunate surface. The third day after this was to see them embark.

Miss Becky, however, desired as little as anyone to be in any way extravagant. "It's only the thought of our mother," she explained.

I looked a moment at the old lady, with whom my sister-in-law was engaged. "Well—your mother's magnificent."

"Isn't she magnificent?"—they eagerly took it up.

She *was*—I could reiterate it with sincerity, though I perhaps mentally drew the line when Miss Maria again risked, as a fresh ejaculation: "I think she's better than Europe."

"Maria!" they both, at this, exclaimed with a strange emphasis; it was as if they feared she had suddenly turned cynical over the deep domestic drama of their casting of lots. The innocent laugh with which she answered them gave the measure of her cynicism.

We separated at last, and my eyes met Mrs. Rimmle's as I held for an instant her aged hand. It was doubtless only my fancy that her calm, cold look quietly accused me of something. Of what *could* it accuse me? Only, I thought, of thinking.

II

I LEFT Bookbridge the next day and for some time after that had no occasion to hear from my kinswoman; but when she finally wrote there was a passage in her letter that affected me more than all

the rest. "Do you know the poor Rimmles never, after all, 'went'? The old lady, at the eleventh hour, broke down; everything broke down, and all of *them* on top of it, so that the dear things are with us still. Mrs. Rimmle, the night after our call, had, in the most unexpected manner, a turn for the worse—something in the nature (though they're rather mysterious about it), of a seizure; Becky and Jane felt it—dear, devoted, stupid angels that they are—heartless to leave her at such a moment, and Europe's indefinitely postponed. However, they think they're still going—or *think* they think it—when she's better. They also think—or think they think—that she *will* be better. I certainly pray she may." So did I—quite fervently. I was conscious of a real pang—I didn't know how much they had made me care.

Late that winter my sister-in-law spent a week in New York; when almost my first inquiry on meeting her was about the health of Mrs. Rimmle.

"Oh, she's rather bad—she really is, you know. It's not surprising that at her age she should be infirm."

"Then what the deuce *is* her age?"

"I can't tell you to a year—but she's immensely old."

"That of course I saw," I replied—"unless you literally mean so old that the records have been lost."

My sister-in-law thought. "Well, I believe she wasn't positively young when she married. She lost three or four children before these women were born."

We surveyed together a little, on this, the "dark backward." "And they were born, I gather, *after* the famous tour? Well, then, as the famous tour was in a manner to celebrate—wasn't it?—the restoration of the Bourbons—" I considered, I gasped. "My dear child, what on earth do you make her out?"

My relative, with her Brookbridge habit, transferred her share of the question to the moral plane—turned it forth to wander, by implication at least, in the sandy desert of responsibility. "Well, you know, we all immensely admire her."

"You can't admire her more than I do. She's awful."

My interlocutress looked at me with a certain fear. "She's *really* ill."

"Too ill to get better?"

"Oh, no—we hope not. Because then they'll be able to go."

"And *will* they go, if she should?"

"Oh, the moment they should be quite satisfied. I mean *really*," she added.

I'm afraid I laughed at her—the Brookbridge "really" was a thing so by itself. "But if she shouldn't get better?" I went on.

"Oh, don't speak of it! They want so to go."

"It's a pity they're so infernally good," I mused.

"No—don't say that. It's what keeps them up."

"Yes, but isn't it what keeps *her* up too?"

My visitor looked grave. "Would you like them to kill her?"

I don't know that I was then prepared to say I should—though I believe I came very near it. But later on I burst all bounds, for the subject grew and grew. I went again before the good sisters ever did—I mean I went to Europe. I think I went twice, with a brief interval, before my fate again brought round for me a couple of days at Brookbridge. I had been there repeatedly, in the previous time, without making the acquaintance of the Rimmles; but now that I had had the revelation I couldn't have it too much, and the first request I preferred was to be taken again to see them. I remember well indeed the scruple I felt—the real delicacy—about betraying that *I* had, in the pride of my power, since our other meeting, stood, as their phrase went, among romantic scenes; but they were themselves the first to speak of it, and what, moreover, came home to me was that the coming and going of their friends in general—Brookbridge itself having even at that period one foot in Europe—was such as to place constantly before them the pleasure that was only postponed. They were thrown back, after all, on what the situation, under a final analysis, had most to give—the sense that, as everyone kindly said to them and they kindly said to everyone, Europe would keep. Everyone felt for them so deeply that their own kindness in alleviating everyone's feeling was really what came out most. Mrs. Rimmle was still in her stiff chair and in the sunny parlor, but if *she* made no scruple

ple of introducing the Italian lakes my heart sank to observe that she dealt with them, as a topic, not in the least in the leave-taking manner in which Falstaff babbled of green fields.

I am not sure that, after this, my pretexts for a day or two with my sister-in-law were not apt to be a mere cover for another glimpse of these particulars: I at any rate never went to Brookbridge without an irrepressible eagerness for our customary call. A long time seems to me thus to have passed, with glimpses and lapses, considerable impatience and still more pity. Our visits indeed grew shorter, for, as my companion said, they were more and more of a strain. It finally struck me that the good sisters even shrank from me a little, as from one who penetrated their consciousness in spite of himself. It was as if they knew where I thought they ought to be, and were moved to deprecate at last, by a systematic silence on the subject of that hemisphere, the criminality I fain would fix on them. They were full instead—as with the instinct of throwing dust in my eyes—of little pathetic hypocrisies about Brookbridge interests and delights. I dare say that as time went on my deeper sense of their situation came practically to rest on my companion’s report of it. I think I recollect, at all events, every word we ever exchanged about them, even if I have lost the thread of the special occasions. The impression they made on me after each interval always broke out with extravagance as I walked away with her.

“*She* may be as old as she likes—I don’t care. It’s the fearful age the ‘girls’ are reaching that constitutes the scandal. One shouldn’t pry into such matters, I know; but the years and the chances are really going. They’re all growing old together—it will presently be too late; and their mother meanwhile perches over them like a vulture—what shall I call it?—calculating. Is she waiting for them successively to drop off? She’ll survive them each and all. There’s something too remorseless in it.”

“Yes; but what do you want her to do? If the poor thing *can’t* die, she can’t. Do you want her to take poison, or to open a blood-vessel? I dare say she would prefer to go.”

“I beg your pardon,” I must have replied; “you daren’t say anything of the sort. If she would prefer to go she *would* go. She would feel the propriety, the decency, the necessity of going. She just prefers *not* to go. She prefers to stay and keep up the tension, and her calling them ‘girls’ and talking of the good time they’ll still have is the mere conscious misdeed of a subtle old witch. They won’t have *any* time—there isn’t any time to have! I mean there’s, on her own part, no real loss of measure or of perspective in it. She *knows* she’s a hundred-and-ten, and she takes a cruel pride in it.”

My sister-in-law differed with me about this; she held that the old woman’s attitude was an honest one and that her magnificent vitality, so great in spite of her infirmities, made it inevitable she should attribute youth to persons who had come into the world so much later. “Then suppose she should die?”—so my fellow-student of the case always put it to me.

“Do you mean while her daughters are away? There’s not the least fear of that—not even if at the very moment of their departure she should be *in extremis*. They would find her all right on their return.”

“But think how they would feel not to have been with her!”

“That’s only, I repeat, on the unsound assumption. If they would only go tomorrow—literally make a good rush for it—they’ll be with her when they come back. That will give them plenty of time.” I’m afraid I even heartlessly added that if she *should*, against every probability, pass away in their absence, they wouldn’t have to come back at all—which would be just the compensation proper to their long privation. And then Maria would come out to join the two others, and they would be—though but for the too scanty remnant of their career—as merry as the day is long.

I remained ready, somehow, pending the fulfilment of that vision, to sacrifice Maria; it was only over the urgency of the case for the others respectively that I found myself balancing. Sometimes it was for Becky I thought the tragedy deepest—sometimes, and in quite a different manner, I thought it most dire for Jane. It was Jane, after all, who had most sense of life. I seemed in fact dimly to deserv

in Jane a sense—as yet undescried by herself or by anyone—of all sorts of queer things. "Why didn't *she* go? I used desperately to ask; why didn't she make a bold personal dash for it, strike up a partnership with some one or other of the travelling spinsters in whom Brookbridge more and more abounded? Well, there came a flash for me at a particular point of the gray middle desert: my correspondent was able to let me know that poor Jane at last *had* sailed. She had gone of a sudden—I liked my sister-in-law's view of suddenness—with the kind Hathaways, who had made an irresistible grab at her and lifted her off her feet. They were going for the summer and for Mr. Hathaway's health, so that the opportunity was perfect, and it was impossible not to be glad that something very like physical force had finally prevailed. This was the general feeling at Brookbridge, and I might imagine what Brookbridge had been brought to from the fact that, at the very moment she was hustled off, the doctor, called to her mother at the peep of dawn, had considered that *he* at least must stay. There had been real alarm—greater than ever before; it actually did seem as if this time the end had come. But it was Becky, strange to say, who, though fully recognizing the nature of the crisis, had kept the situation in hand and insisted upon action. This, I remember, brought back to me a discomfort with which I had been familiar from the first. One of the two had sailed, and I was sorry it was not the other. But if it had been the other I should have been equally sorry.

I saw with my eyes, that very autumn, what a fool Jane would have been if she had again backed out. Her mother had, of course, survived the peril of which I had heard, profiting by it indeed as she had profited by every other; she was sufficiently better again to have come down-stairs. It was there that, as usual, I found her, but with a difference of effect produced somehow by the absence of one of the girls. It was as if, for the others, though they had not gone to Europe, Europe had come to them: Jane's letters had been so frequent and so beyond even what could have been hoped. It was the first time, however, that I perceived on

the old woman's part a certain failure of lucidity. Jane's flight was, clearly, the great fact with her, but she spoke of it as if the fruit had now been plucked and the parenthesis closed. I don't know what sinking sense of still further physical duration I gathered, as a menace, from this first hint of her confusion of mind.

"My daughter has been; my daughter has been——" She kept saying it, but didn't say where; that seemed unnecessary, and she only repeated the words to her visitors with a face that was all puckers and yet now, save in so far as it expressed an ineffaceable complacency, all blankness. I think she wanted us a little to know that she had not stood in the way. It added to something—I scarce knew what—that I found myself desiring to extract privately from Becky. As our visit was to be of the shortest, my opportunity—for one of the young ladies always came to the door with us—was at hand. Mrs. Rimmle, as we took leave, again sounded her phrase, but she added this time: "I'm so glad she's going to have always——"

I knew so well what she meant that, as she again dropped, looking at me queerly and becoming momentarily dim, I could help her out. "Going to have what *you* have?"

"Yes, yes—my privilege. Wonderful experience," she mumbled. She bowed to me a little as if I would understand. "She has things to tell."

I turned, slightly at a loss, to Becky. "She has then already arrived?"

Becky was at that moment looking a little strangely at her mother, who answered my question. "She reached New York this morning—she comes on to-day."

"Oh, then——!" But I let the matter pass as I met Becky's eye—I saw there was a hitch somewhere. It was not she but Maria who came out with us; on which I cleared up the question of their sister's reappearance.

"Oh, no, not to-night," Maria smiled; "that's only the way mother puts it. We shall see her about the end of November—the Hathaways are so indulgent. They kindly extend their tour."

"For *her* sake? How sweet of them!" my sister-in-law exclaimed.

I can see our friend's plain, mild old face

take on a deeper mildness, even though a higher color, in the light of the open door. "Yes, it's for Jane they prolong it. And do you know what they write?" She gave us time, but it was too great a responsibility to guess. "Why, that it has brought her out."

"Oh, I knew it *would!*" my companion sympathetically sighed.

Maria put it more strongly still. "They say we wouldn't know her."

This sounded a little awful, but it was, after all, what I had expected.

III

My correspondent in Brookbridge came to me that Christmas, with my niece, to spend a week; and the arrangement had of course been prefaced by an exchange of letters, the first of which from my sister-in-law scarce took space for acceptance of my invitation before going on to say: "The Hathaways are back—but without Miss Janel!" She presented in a few words the situation thus created at Brookbridge, but was not yet, I gathered, fully in possession of the other one—the situation created in "Europe" by the presence there of that lady. The two together, at any rate, demanded, I quickly felt, all my attention, and perhaps my impatience to receive my relative was a little sharpened by my desire for the whole story. I had it at last, by the Christmas fire, and I may say without reserve that it gave me all I could have hoped for. I listened eagerly, after which I produced the comment: "Then she simply refused——?"

"To budge from Florence? Simply. She had it out there with the poor Hathaways, who felt responsible for her safety, pledged to restore her to her mother's, to her sisters' hands, and showed herself in a light, they mention under their breath, that made their dear old hair stand on end. Do you know what, when they first got back, they said of her—at least it was *his* phrase—to two or three people?"

I thought a moment. "That she had 'tasted blood'?"

My visitor fairly admired me. "How clever of you to guess! It's exactly what he did say. She appeared—she contin-

ues to appear, it seems—in a new character."

I wondered a little. "But that's exactly—don't you remember?—what Miss Maria reported to us from them, that we 'wouldn't know her.'"

My sister-in-law perfectly remembered. "Oh, yes—she broke out from the first. But when they left her she was worse."

"Worse?"

"Well, different—different from anything she ever *had* been, or—for that matter—had had a chance to be." My interlocutress hung fire a moment, but presently faced me. "Rather strange and bold and violent."

"Violent?" I wondered again.

"Peculiarly so, I inferred, on the question of not coming away. She wouldn't hear of it, and, when they spoke of her mother, said she had given her mother up. She had thought she should like Europe, but didn't know she should like it so much. They had been fools to bring her if they expected to take her away. She was going to see what she could—she hadn't yet seen half. The end of it was, at any rate, that they had to leave her alone."

I seemed to see it all—to see even the scared Hathaways. "So she *is* alone?"

"She told them, poor thing, it appears—and in a tone they'll never forget—that she was, at any rate, quite old enough to be. She cried—she quite went on—over not having come sooner. That's why the only way for her," my companion mused, "*is*, I suppose, to stay. They wanted to put her with some people or other—to find some American family. But she says she's on her own feet."

"And she's still in Florence?"

"No—I believe she was to travel. She's bent on the East."

I burst out laughing. "Magnificent Jane! It's most interesting. Only I feel that I distinctly *should* know her. To my sense, always, I must tell you, she had it in her."

My relative was silent a little. "So it now appears Becky always felt."

"And yet pushed her off? Magnificent Becky!"

My companion met my eyes a moment. "You don't know the strangest part. I mean the way it has *most* brought her out."

I turned it over. I felt I should like to

know—to that degree indeed that, oddly enough, I jocosely disguised my eagerness. "You don't mean she has taken to drink?"

My visitor hesitated. "She has taken to flirting."

I expressed disappointment. "Oh, she took to *that* long ago. Yes," I declared at my kinswoman's stare, "she positively flirted—with *me*."

The stare perhaps sharpened. "Then you flirted with *her*?"

"How else could I have been as sure as I wanted to be? But has she means?"

"Means to flirt?"—my friend looked an instant as if she spoke literally. "I don't understand about the means—though of course they have something. But I have my impression," she went on. "I think that Becky——" It seemed almost too grave to say.

But I had no doubts. "That Becky's backing her?"

She brought it out. "Financing her."

"Stupendous Becky! So that morally then——"

"Becky's quite in sympathy. But isn't it strange?" my sister-in-law asked.

"Not in the least. Didn't we know, as regards Jane, that Europe was to bring her out? Well, it has also brought out Rebecca."

"It has indeed!" my companion indulgently sighed. "So what would it do if she were there?"

"I should like immensely to see. And we *shall* see."

"Why, do you believe she'll still go?"

"Certainly. She *must*."

But my friend shook it off. "She won't."

"She shall!" I retorted with a laugh. But the next moment I said: "And what does the old woman say?"

"To Jane's behavior? Not a word—never speaks of it. She talks now much less than she used—only seems to wait. But it's my belief she thinks."

"And—do you mean—knows?"

"Yes, knows that she's abandoned. In her silence there she takes it in."

"It's her way of making Jane pay?" At this, somehow, I felt more serious. "Oh, dear, dear—she'll disinherit her!"

When, in the following June, I went on to return my sister-in-law's visit the first object that met my eyes in her little

white parlor was a figure that, to my stupefaction, presented itself for the moment as that of Mrs. Rimmle. I had gone to my room after arriving, and, on dressing, had come down: the apparition I speak of had arisen in the interval. Its ambiguous character lasted, however, but a second or two—I had taken Becky for her mother because I knew no one but her mother of that extreme age. Becky's age was quite startling; it had made a great stride, though, strangely enough, irrecoverably seated as she now was in it, she had a wizened brightness that I had scarcely yet seen in her. I remember indulging, on this occasion, in two silent observations: one to the effect that I had not hitherto been conscious of her full resemblance to the old lady, and the other to the effect that, as I had said to my sister-in-law at Christmas, "Europe," even as reaching her only through Jane's sensibilities, had really at last brought her out. She was in fact "out" in a manner of which this encounter offered to my eyes a unique example: it was the single hour, often as I had been at Brookbridge, of my meeting her elsewhere than in her mother's drawing-room. I surmise that, besides being adjusted to her more marked time of life, the garments she wore abroad, and in particular her little plain bonnet, presented points of resemblance to the close sable sheath and the quaint old head-gear that, in the white house behind the elms, I had from far back associated with the eternal image in the stiff chair. Of course I immediately spoke of Jane, showing an interest and asking for news; on which she answered me with a smile, but not at all as I had expected.

"Those are not really the things you want to know—where she is, whom she's with, how she manages, and where she's going next—oh, no!" And the admirable woman gave a laugh that was, somehow, both light and sad—sad, in particular, with a strange, long weariness. "What you do want to know is when she's coming back."

I shook my head very kindly, but out of a wealth of experience that, I flattered myself, was equal to Miss Becky's. "I do know it. Never."

Miss Becky, at this, exchanged with me a long, deep look. "Never."

We had, in silence, a little luminous talk about it, in the course of which she seemed to tell me the most interesting things. “And how’s your mother?” I inquired.

She hesitated, but finally spoke with the same serenity. “My mother’s all right. You see, she’s not alive.”

“Oh, Becky!” my sister-in-law pleadingly interjected.

But Becky addressed herself only to me. “Come and see if she is. I think she isn’t—but Maria, perhaps, isn’t so clear. Come, at all events, and judge and tell me.”

It was a new note, and I was a little bewildered. “Ah, but I’m not a doctor!”

“No, thank God—you’re not. That’s why I ask you.” And now she said good-bye.

I kept her hand a moment. “*You’re* more alive than ever!”

“I’m very tired.” She took it with the same smile, but for Becky it was much to say.

IV

“Not alive,” the next day, was certainly what Mrs. Rimmle looked when, coming in according to my promise, I found her, with Miss Maria, in her usual place. Though shrunk and diminished, she still occupied her high-backed chair with a visible theory of erectness, and her intensely aged face—combined with something dauntless that belonged to her very presence and that was effective even in this extremity—might have been that of some centenarian sovereign, of indistinguishable sex, brought forth to be shown to the people as a disproof of the rumor of extinction. Mummified and open-eyed she looked at me, but I had no impression that she made me out. I had come, this time, without my sister-in-law, who had frankly pleaded to me—which also, for a daughter of Brookbridge, was saying much—that the house had grown too painful. Poor Miss Maria excused Miss Becky on the score of her not being well—and that, it struck me, was saying most of all. The absence of the others gave the occasion a different note; but I talked with Miss Maria for five minutes and perceived that—save for her saying, of her

own movement, anything about Jane—she now spoke as if her mother had lost hearing or sense, or both, alluding freely and distinctly, though indeed favorably, to her condition. “She has expected your visit and she much enjoys it,” my interlocutress said, while the old woman, soundless and motionless, simply fixed me without expression. Of course there was little to keep me; but I became aware, as I rose to go, that there was more than I had supposed. On my approaching her to take leave Mrs. Rimmle gave signs of consciousness.

“Have you heard about Jane?”

I hesitated, feeling a responsibility, and appealed for direction to Maria’s face. But Maria’s face was troubled, was turned altogether to her mother’s. “About her life in Europe?” I then rather helplessly asked.

The old woman fronted me, on this, in a manner that made me feel silly. “Her life?”—and her voice, with this second effort, came out stronger. “Her death, if you please.”

“Her death?” I echoed, before I could stop myself, with the accent of deprecation.

Miss Maria uttered a vague sound of pain, and I felt her turn away, but the marvel of her mother’s little unquenched spark still held me. “Jane’s dead. We’ve heard,” said Mrs. Rimmle. “We’ve heard from—where is it we’ve heard from?” She had quite revived—she appealed to her daughter.

The poor old girl, crimson, rallied to her duty. “From Europe.”

Mrs. Rimmle made at us both a little grim inclination of the head. “From Europe.” I responded, in silence, with a deflection from every rigor, and, still holding me, she went on: “And now Rebecca’s going.”

She had gathered by this time such emphasis to say it that again, before I could help myself, I vibrated in reply. “To Europe—now?” It was as if for an instant she had made me believe it.

She only stared at me, however, from her wizened mask; then her eyes followed my companion. “Has she gone?”

“Not yet, mother.” Maria tried to treat it as a joke, but her smile was embarrassed and dim.

“Then where is she?”

"She's lying down."

The old woman kept up her hard, queer gaze, but directing it, after a minute, to me. "She's going."

"Oh, some day!" I foolishly laughed; and on this I got to the door, where I separated from my younger hostess, who came no farther. Only, as I held the door open, she said to me, under cover of it and very quietly:

"It's poor mother's idea."

I saw—it was her idea. Mine was—for some time after this, even after I had returned to New York and to my usual occupations—that I should never again see Becky. I had seen her for the last time, I believed, under my sister-in-law's roof, and in the autumn it was given to me to hear from that fellow-admirer that she had succumbed at last to the situation. The day of the call I have just described had been a date in the process of her slow shrinkage—it was literally the first time she had, as they said at Brookbridge, given up. She had been ill for years, but the other state of health in the contemplation of which she had spent so much of her life had left her, till too late, no margin for meeting it. The encounter, at last, came simply in the form of the discovery that it *was* too late; on which, naturally, she had given up more and more. I had heard indeed, all summer, by letter, how Brookbridge had watched her do so; whereby the end found me in a manner prepared. Yet in spite of my preparation there remained with me a soreness, and when I was next—it was some six months later—on the scene of her martyrdom I replied, I fear, with an almost rabid negative to the question put to me in due course by my kinswoman. "Call on them? Never again!"

I went, none the less, the very next day. Everything was the same in the sunny parlor—everything that most mattered, I mean: the immemorial mummy in the

high chair and the tributes, in the little frames on the walls, to the celebrity of its late husband. Only Maria Rimmle was different: if Becky, on my last seeing her, had looked as old as her mother, Maria—save that she moved about—looked older. I remember that she moved about, but I scarce remember what she said; and indeed what was there to say? When I risked a question, however, she had a reply.

"But *now* at least—?" I tried to put it to her suggestively.

At first she was vague. "'Now'?"

"Won't Miss Jane come back?"

Oh, the headshake she gave me! "Never." It positively pictured to me, for the instant, a well-preserved woman, a sort of rich, ripe *seconde jeunesse*, by the Arno.

"Then that's only to make more sure of your finally joining her."

Maria Rimmle repeated her headshake. "Never."

We stood so, a moment, bleakly face to face; I could think of no attenuation that would be particularly happy. But while I tried I heard a hoarse gasp that, fortunately, relieved me—a signal strange and at first formless from the occupant of the high-backed chair. "Mother wants to speak to you," Maria then said.

So it appeared from the drop of the old woman's jaw, the expression of her mouth opened as if for the emission of sound. It was difficult to me, somehow, to seem to sympathize without hypocrisy, but, so far as a step nearer could do so, I invited communication. "Have you heard where Becky's gone?" the wonderful witch's white lips then extraordinarily asked.

It drew from Maria, as on my previous visit, an uncontrollable groan, and this, in turn, made me take time to consider. As I considered, however, I had an inspiration. "To Europe?"

I must have adorned it with a strange grimace, but my inspiration had been right. "To Europe," said Mrs. Rimmle.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE last days of May will find readers following in the newspapers the reports of the proceedings of the Czar's Peace Congress at The Hague.

Among sports war takes first rank. No sport seems to rank very high which is not arduous and somewhat dangerous. War is the most arduous and the most dangerous exercise we have. It has been esteemed and faithfully practised since civilization began. It is glorious in some particulars, and it brings out some fine qualities, as well as most of the bad ones. Its defenders have maintained that it was useful in restricting the increase of population in the earth, and ameliorating the fierceness of industrial competition. Altogether its merits, such as they are, have always been amply appreciated; but still the feeling grows that, in spite of all its uses, it costs too much, and that somehow we ought to get along without it. Every year it grows prospectively deadlier and more expensive, and the burden of keeping ready for it grows so extravagantly oppressive that, in Europe at least, the point has clearly been reached where, in spite of all that wars have done in times past to further civilization, it is seriously doubted whether any game can be worth so much candle.

War as a
Sport.

It is not hoped to perfect any plan at the Peace Congress by which the game may be abolished altogether. The most the Czar hopes for is to induce the powers to agree not to increase their present armament, and so to provide for minimizing the annual expenditure of candle. If such an agreement should be reached it would be interesting to observe how the integrity of the European powers would compare with that of American railroad presidents, who have been known to make solemn compact with one another not to cut rates, and then go home and fall straightway back into the same ruinous practices from which they had agreed to abstain. Nevertheless, there is a state of facts that constantly coerces railroads to respect their mutual agreements, and which drives them ever to divide business instead of wiping out

all profit. Analogous considerations are constantly inciting the great powers of earth to divide creation instead of fighting over it. To us Americans who are used to trusts and have seen the bitterest commercial rivals join their interests and work together, it cannot be inconceivable that the great nations of earth should do something similar, and agree at least to restrict the production of war material for a fixed term.

These are wonderful times, and whoever would forecast coming events and resulting conditions, has need to take very large views of many things. Civilization is surging on into the uttermost parts of the world. In Asia and Africa the Caucasian daily enlarges and perfects his dominion. Coal, iron, and electricity are making all places accessible; soldiers and missionaries are making all places comparatively safe. Soon it is likely to come to pass that there will be no corner of the earth left which is not held or protected by some power that is strong enough to defend it. Soon, too, it seems likely that the great political forces of the world will compose two or three groups of allied nations, bound together for mutual protection. If that comes to pass humanity will be organized as it never has been before. How will it stand so much organization? That power should be bunched instead of scattered, seems to make for peace. Each group will strive to keep the peace among its own members, and will have a powerful motive for restraining any of those members from coming to blows with any member of another group. The influence of organization will tend to hinder all wars except those between groups, and these would be so enormously costly and destructive that the imagination recoils from the thought of them.

With such considerations as these to swell one's hopes of peace, the greatest obstacle to the discontinuance of war seems its standing as a sport. Can we get along yet without the agitation of occasional fighting? Would the other competitions, both between individuals and between nations, suffer long to make life interesting enough to be endurable?

None can answer that question. Earth knows well what it is to have too much war, but if there is such a thing as having too little, she has not experienced it. What comes when two nations are really spoiling for a fight and don't get it? Do they spoil? Is it something of that sort, for example, that seems to ail France? Little wars answer the purpose of sport very well. England is always fighting somewhere, and that is one reason why English families are still as large as ever, and the race seems in no danger of running out. Our little war had a soothing effect on us. We are not spoiling for a fight now.

Oh, well; let us hope on. Perhaps this need of war is an imaginary ailment, which is only real for lack of being efficiently contradicted. Gentlemen used to fight duels, but that practice has practically gone out of use in fully civilized society, and isn't very common even in continental Europe. Then, too, the other sports have gained hugely in their rivalry of fighting. As Nature gives up more and more of her secrets, the work of wresting them from her is far more exciting than it used to be. Money-making is a livelier pastime also, and a satisfaction to those who are good at it. There is golf too! Perhaps we can get on without war. At any rate, we shall be glad to experiment with all the peace the Czar's Peace Congress can domesticate on the earth, and we are sure we shall not complain that there is too much of it.

A CONTEMPORARY authority declares that we are positively suffering as a people from the continuing influence of the maxims of Franklin's "Poor Richard," which, admirably useful in their day, are out of date now and do harm by restricting expenditures for luxuries in a community which, for the present, has all the railroads and mills and factories that it can use. Let the doctors dispute about these matters; whatever profit there may be in having people with incomes spend them, there is no question about the expediency of not spending what one has not got, or cannot spare.

Our Expenditures.

In American society at present the rich and the not rich, the people of leisure and the working-people are very much mixed up.

They play together. They must! There are not enough rich people of leisure yet to make a society of their own, nor are those who are available fond enough of one another to dispense with other playmates. This intimate association of people of unequal fortunes doubtless tends both to restrain the expenditures of the rich and to stretch those of the comparatively poor. People who happen to be very rich, and who love their poorer associates and are beloved by them, often take pains to keep their establishments down to a modest scale, not too different from those of their friends; and, of course, poor people who have their rich brethren, and like to entertain them, are always apt to strive overmuch to have things on such a scale that their rich friends will not miss too acutely the apparatus they are accustomed to. Thus the rich keep raising the scale of living of the less rich, and the poor keep restraining the expenditures of the amiable rich, and no school of expounders is quite satisfied with the result.

The accomplished Francesca, who knows everyone, reads all the wisest books, talks to all the wisest men, ruminates on all she sees and hears and reads, says that the day is coming in this country when there will be enough rich people who are out of work to form a society; that the members of the leisure class will play one with another, and give over tempering their winds to shorn lambs; that the members of the working classes will also stick to their classmates; and that by the force of circumstances and the automatic working of material facts now in existence people will be stratified and assorted in this matter of expenditure to their mutual advantage and relief. These are rather awful thoughts, and adapted, one would think, to promote the concealment of large pots of money by rich people of discernment who object to having their privilege of choice disturbed; but the admirable Francesca says it will be the making of the intelligent poor when these changes come to pass, and that they will be able once more to live in peace and breathe in comfort as they did in the days before the Civil War, when the gold at the end of the rainbow had not yet been discovered, and there were only about a dozen millionnaires on the continent of America.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE EDUCATION OF THE ARTIST, HERE AND NOW

AS a matter of course, the artist should be born with a vocation so strong that it will surmount and overcome the opposition which the healthy average common sense of the world shows at the first sign of a desire of the would-be artist to break the harness in which most of the world works, and to go afield upon the commons, where he may find pitfalls, or where he may have the world to browse upon.

To define the born artist I should say that he was one who, from earliest childhood, found it natural to express himself by pictures. The child-artist must have more than a vagrant fancy; most children will desert the color-box for any other childish amusement, but to him it is the most important thing in life, beside which all other interests pall. Even such a child, a few years later, may not be able to stand the fiery ordeal of education and practice; for, joined to the natural artistic impulse, must be a capacity to acquire technical education so trying, so infinitely difficult in all its details, so unrelenting in its constant demands for force to retain, to continue, and to progress, that there are few who attain it.

How do we in America train our artists? By commencing where wiser men leave off, by beginning at the top, by opening the doors of the university to those who lack the common school. For the many manifestations of art as applied to industry there is hardly a beginning in the way of schools, and Pailissy, the potter, and Cellini, the goldsmith, are left to get their training as best they may while we assiduously devote ourselves to the cultivation of future Raphaels. It is in these lesser branches of art that a graduated scholastic training can be best applied, and it is a reproach to our professed practical character that we have flown too high, and, by a system of artificial incubation, have attempted to bring out great numbers of fledgeling artists equipped after a manner to paint pictures, if perchance they have in their minds any pic-

ures to paint. If we reflect how very few names survive in the long history of art, how rare it is that any artist bears an inspired message to his time, or to the world, this wholesale application of a high art education seems futile, silly, and cruel.

With the aim of producing picture-makers, however, schools for the higher education of the artist have sprung up throughout our country. And they count their pupils by the thousand. Here is a self-gratulatory extract from a recent paper:

"The Chicago *Times-Herald*, speaking of the work of the Art Institute of that city, says:

"It is in the work of its art school, however, that the Chicago Institute distances all its rivals. This has grown so as to seriously tax the facilities of the institution. Its advantages are so great that it has attracted pupils from all over the West. During the present year the number will reach 2,000, having more than doubled in the last five years. Comparison with the attendance of the leading art schools of the United States during the year 1898 will best illustrate the position attained by Chicago's art school. The figures are taken from the enrolment of last year, as follows:

Cooper Institute (New York).....	250
Academy of Design (New York).....	250
Corcoran Art School (Washington).....	230
Boston Museum of Fine Arts.....	275
New York Art School (W. M. Chase's).....	275
St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts.....	300
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts....	375
Cincinnati Museum of Fine Arts.....	475
Art Students' League (New York).....	625
Art Institute (Chicago).....	1,803

Count up the total and think what an artist-ridden community we should be; save that the survival of the fittest holds good here as elsewhere.

Of these thousands, many who fail at the beginning of their career might have found satisfaction for their artistic impulse if they had entered schools designed to train them in the direction of applied art. Failure at the beginning of a career, however, is, grace to the elasticity of the American temperament, only

a lesser evil of this wholesale application of higher art education. The student of the average university often takes his course in the interest of general culture, and makes his choice of a career at the completion of his studies; but the art university entails the definite choice from the start. The daily practice of drawing and painting is all-sufficient for the years of study, and the student imperceptibly glides into the artist when school is finished. Here tradition sustains him for a time, for it is notorious that success seldom comes early to the artist—above all in a state where no post-graduate honors are provided. If the awakening comes soon enough, with our many outlets for energy and the before-mentioned elasticity of our national character, perhaps no great harm is done. The failure enters another career, and from his past study will remain, as a saving grace, an appreciation of art, all too rare even among our most educated classes. But the relentless law of survival strikes harder where the perception of mistaken choice comes in middle life. Where two practitioners of art are met together, two men whose effort has been crowned with a continuance of production—with success as success goes here—let their talk turn to the past and they will look down the vista of years and find it filled with the memorials of comrades fallen by the wayside. I know nothing sadder save the failure of those others whose service to art has closed to them other avenues to usefulness, and who linger dead fruits of the living tree.

A second and artistically graver fault of our present system of art education lies in the lack of purpose which prevails in our schools. As at present constituted our schools serve principally to enable a student to draw and paint, more or less correctly, a figure from life. There is, it is true, a vague recognition that this knowledge is to be applied at some future time in putting figures and other objects together and making pictures, though the term "studies" is preferred for the moment.

Thus the neophyte, leaving school and taking a canvas, begins his picture. He does not care to relent toward the general public with its healthy desire to see something of interest on the canvas. Throwing aside the possibility of expressing a thought through the medium of his art, he places an object—living or otherwise—before him and exercises his newly acquired proficiency in copying it for the purpose of pleasing himself first, in which

desire he is quite right, and of asking the public to look at it attentively and perhaps buy it afterward, in which desire he is generally quite wrong. "Generally" must be said, for there have existed a few men, in the history of art, who could paint, it little mattered what, and, by the magic of their handicraft (surely transmuted through the alembic of their rare temperaments), create a marvellous work of art. But these men are so few in the long list of artists that we are wrong if we establish a school on the pretention that it is only necessary to show a pupil how to paint, and not of the least use to help him to know what to paint.

That a subject, that a thought in a picture, is a drawback is, I know, a prevailing idea; that the artist is a curiously endowed human camera; that his imagination, which occasionally seizes mere hints from nature to elaborate them into the ceiling of the Sixtine Chapel, is something to be sternly repressed, these I know are the words of the prevailing gospel. Against this belief of the day, however, one can turn and look backward to the pictures which have most impressed him, and consequently with almost equal certainty to the pictures which will impress him in the future, and he will find that painting is a means of expression, and that the thought ennobles the execution. I would not, however, have any word of mine appear to lessen the one at the expense of the other. A picture is a painted thought, the better the execution the clearer its expression; and a part, and a most important part, of an artist's education should be to differentiate between those thoughts fitted to be pictorially expressed and those where words are the only medium of expression. A painted anecdote is, of course, the negation of art.

How then can we help our pupils to learn *what* to paint with the same success that we have met in teaching them *how* to paint? Certainly not by any hard and fast system of prescribed subjects, or methods of enforced acceptance of rules for the composition of pictures. That would have the effect of making them all think and paint alike, and would stifle that most precious of natural gifts, the personal temperament. No, the first serious step toward the attainment of comprehensive art education should be at the outset of the artistic career.

At present a pupil is admitted to any of our

art schools upon the approval, by the master or a committee, of a drawing from a cast. This can be a purely mechanical performance, quite within the reach of anyone endowed with a reasonably accurate eye and sufficient practice in the use of charcoal and crayon.

It is on this slight basis that a youth is encouraged to enter a profession which, even in our new country, is overcrowded, and in which, if he lacks the sustaining power of strong artistic temperament, he is certain to find more disappointments and less gratification than he would find in almost any other pursuit.

The die once cast, the habit of work once formed, there is enough success to be had in the early stages of study to encourage the pupil to keep on. Life in art schools is tolerably amusing and, with our interest in the quantity rather than in the quality of education, the pupil soon receives a share of attention which makes him of importance in his own estimation and in that of his family. Practice makes more or less perfect. He advances through various grades of the school, and at last steps out into the world to find that he has learned how but not what to do, and that possibly in his dull brain no conception of a work of art has ever existed or could exist. Therefore let us ask, at the threshold of the school: "Are you certain that nature intends you to be an artist?"

There are a few born artists who have not from childhood worked in an effort at expression; and of far more value in deciding the reception of a pupil would be a little sheaf of these childish attempts rather than the semi-mechanical copy of a cast. In fact the examining board of admission to our schools should be held responsible and, to a degree should judge of the would-be student's temperamental capacity. This would singularly lessen the number of applicants and the number of pupils in our schools, and would enable the master to know the temperament of each student and suit the criticism to his needs. To-day he must perforce hurry from one to the other with more or less perfunctory criticism on the accuracy of the scholar's copy from the cast or living model, and the influence of the master in the main ends there.

The ideal school would be one which corresponded as nearly as possible with the "shops," as they were called in Italian, of the painters and sculptors of the time of the Renaissance. Something of this kind exists

as a kind of post-graduate course in the sculptors' studios of France and elsewhere, and with the growth of decorative work is even possible in our painters' studios at home. But the haste in which we moderns execute our work demands skilled assistance, and service such as the young Raphael gave to Perugino in the days of his apprenticeship is seldom of avail here. In the older day the master had under way work of varying descriptions, pictures, cartoons for glass or preliminary studies for decorative work to be executed in place. The many channels in which his genius flowed made him an integral part of his epoch and, as the brain conceives faster than the hand can execute, he had of necessity a number of pupils about him who were busy under his guidance executing minor portions of work which he could honestly sign, and by which we perchance know the master at this late day. Here the pupil had the practical executive side of art under his eyes, not single unrelated studies of models in the conventional or academic positions, but figures welded together in the cunning composition of the master-artist. Here he learned the reasons which, back of the intuition which creates a work of art in the brain of the master, preside at its execution and, as sympathy grew between the elder and the younger artist, each helped the other.

Something in a degree like this might exist in our schools. In most of them there are classes in composition where a given subject is treated by such pupils as choose, and the resulting sketches are brought together for criticism by the master. This class is generally considered of slight importance, an hour's criticism once a fortnight is considered all that is desirable, and the critic-master finds spread before him, in our largest schools, fifty or sixty attempts at composition. These embrace embryotic efforts where no thought of the situation to be depicted has been considered, conscious or unconscious plagiarisms of pictures, treating the same or similar subjects, and a minority of designs where the young artist has thought of his subject as a pictorial possibility and has treated it according to his skill. Now by the simple expedient of having a committee which would perform a service like that of the jury of admission for an exhibition, a jury chosen partly from the school-board and partly from the students, the composition sketches could be

so arranged in classes that, while all might be shown, the master's criticism could be confined to half a dozen. If half a dozen only were shown the bewildered master—I speak with feeling as I speak from experience—might give a sustained and reasoned criticism. But like all the æsthetic side of art, the class in composition is pushed to the wall, and the eternal grind of drawing from the model all the morning, of painting from the model all the afternoon, and returning to draw in the life class all the evening, is kept up.

Every practical artist knows that in his own studio, three or four hours of work from life are all that he can profit by; that the tension of working with the constantly changing model before him makes it impossible to concentrate the attention, and work with intelligence after that length of time. Yet we hear the industrious student commended who works eight or ten hours from the model, and not infrequently he carries off the honors of his class—as classes go to-day.

A vivid memory arises of the arrival in the studio where I was studying in Paris, of the youth who afterwards became its most distinguished pupil, and than whom to-day no one is more illustrious in modern art. He was barely seventeen, and he brought, to submit to our master as a means of admission to the ranks of his pupils, a great roll of drawings and sketches in color. They were not conventional drawings from the cast or model, though doubtless he had made numbers of these, as we all must do sooner or later, but they were works which showed that the youth had the temperament of an artist and was worthy of the painstaking assistance in the development of his gift which he sought at the hands of the master. And, as I look back on the Paris of twenty years ago, I see clearly that, of the numbers of art students assembled there, everyone who is known to-day, who has done anything to be known by, could have been admitted to study, if such had been the rule, by the submission of spontaneous original work.

There are many details which would help form a comprehensive scheme of art education which cannot be elaborated here. No more

can be suggested than that the schools of higher grade could, by decrease of numbers and increase of the standard of admission, be rendered more effective. And it is perhaps necessary again to repeat that no hard and fast rule could be enforced, my contention leading me as far from the German system of the time of Cornelius, which eliminated individual temperament, and gave in place æsthetic principles cast in an iron mold, as from our present or French system, which contents itself with technical proficiency and leaves the student to absorb the æsthetic principle from the circumambient air—an easier task in the proverbial art atmosphere of Paris than in the latitude of New York or Chicago. Finally, under the present conditions, the individual student can do much to supplement the barren instruction of the school. Let him read and endeavor to stimulate his imagination. Let him seek the galleries with the purpose of studying what has been done as well as how the task has been performed. Let him attend the sparsely followed lectures on the history of art which our museums and universities offer to him. Let him endeavor to repeat from memory the drawing on which his week in the life class has been passed. Let him look about him and make the constant effort to use the suggestions of nature as did the cave-dweller in the dawn of time. In a word, let him think as well as work.

W. H. Low.

“To-day . . . in learned France, the very art of painting, as a mirror of the full-colored appearance of things, has for a quarter of a century been in peril, under the influence of the academy drawing-school, the model in studio light, and the vain attempt to rival the photograph. And perhaps it is needless to repeat again how we have lost the sense of natural decoration and expression of meaning by general arrangement of lines and spaces, so that again in France we are astonished at M. Puvis de Chavannes, who uses powers that have once been common to almost all our race.”—JOHN LA FARGE: “Letters from Japan.”

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